

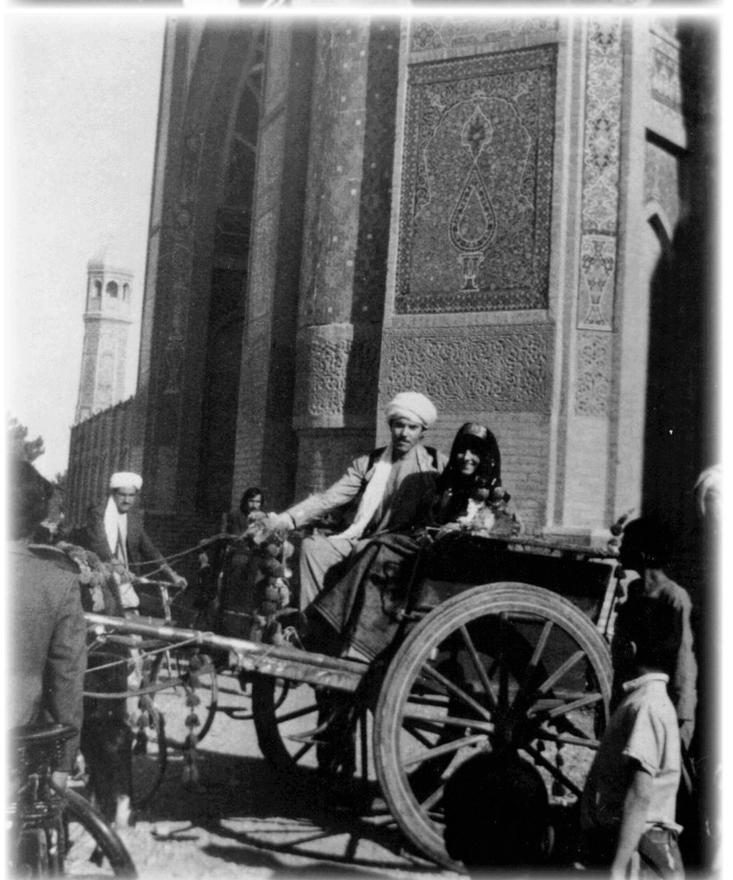
SUFI, SAINT AND SWINGER

A Jazzman's Search for Spiritual Manifestations in Many Nations

by

Dr. Lloyd Clifton Miller

© 2007 Lloyd Clifton Miller



SUFI, SAINT AND SWINGER

(A Jazzman's Search for Spiritual Manifestations in Many Nations)

by

Dr. Lloyd Clifton Miller

© 2007 Lloyd Clifton Miller

***Nama baga vazrka Ahuramazda hya imam bumim ada, hya avam asmanam ada,
hya martiyam ada, hya shiyatim ada martiyahya***

Benam-e khoda-ye bakhshande-ye mehraban

Bismillahi-rahmani-rahim

Note by Author

The experiences in this book are true and correct as I remember them. The book is written in the third person because many times the incidents appeared as if they were being witnessed from the outside and happening to someone else. Many of these experiences I wouldn't believe myself if I hadn't been there in person. The term 'swinger' in the title should be taken in the old sense as in 'a swingin' jazz cat.'

Almost all persons represented in this biography are called by their own names because it is a correct historical account and no offense is meant against anyone even if a few criticisms occur. In the eternal picture, all individuals have their varied rolls, whether pleasant or not; thus no one should be permanently disfavored for undertaking their various tasks therefore assuring a balance of energy between good and evil. Therefore I wish to acknowledge positively, to honor and to thank all persons mentioned herein whether benefactors or detractors, for they all have been necessary participants this unusual saga.

In all cases, it has been endeavored to relate the full truth about every subject without pulling any punches or acquiescing to the restrictive straight jacket of political correctness enforced by prejudicial contemporary American social dictatorship. Any severe opinions and angry thoughts expressed in this story during various phases of personal development, however true they may be or were perceived to be, eventually mellowed to a slightly more accepting peaceful philosophy although certain dangerous and violent ideas and entities still need to be continually and intensely opposed.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | |
|---|-----|
| CHAPTER 1. Khodafez Tehran | 1 |
| CHAPTER 2. On the Rooftop of the World | 2 |
| CHAPTER 3. Lebanon Before the Strife | 5 |
| CHAPTER 4. The Glass Eaters of Kurdistan | 9 |
| CHAPTER 5. A Drop in the Ocean of Eternal Godliness | 14 |
| CHAPTER 6. Daring Desert Drive on a Rugged Road from Kerman to Shiraz | 16 |
| CHAPTER 7. Managing a Major Hotel in Herat | 21 |
| CHAPTER 8. Problems and Pleasures at the Tus Festival in Mashhad | 48 |
| CHAPTER 9. Kurosh's Wedding and the Shiraz Arts Festival | 55 |
| CHAPTER 10. Buying a Car and a Scary Drive Through Turkey | 68 |
| CHAPTER 11. A Drive to Beirut to Sell a Contraband Car | 77 |
| CHAPTER 12. Memories of Beirut | 85 |
| CHAPTER 13. The Caspian, Olives and Orange Blossoms | 94 |
| CHAPTER 14. The Music Maker of Trabzon | 100 |
| CHAPTER 15. Jamming with Jazzman Tony Scott in Sunny Italy | 105 |
| CHAPTER 16. Stop off in Beirut in the late 1950s | 110 |
| CHAPTER 17. Hard Times in Hitler's Homeland | 120 |
| CHAPTER 18. Languages and Jazz in Geneva | 140 |
| CHAPTER 19. Dear Old Stockholm | 146 |
| CHAPTER 20. I Love Paris | 159 |
| CHAPTER 21. Back in Brussels at the Rose Noire | 164 |
| CHAPTER 22. Back in Paris | 170 |
| CHAPTER 23. Jazzin' with Jef Gilson and Rise to Fame | 181 |
| CHAPTER 24. Sinking in Sin, and a Setting for Salvation | 196 |
| CHAPTER 25. Radical Lifestyle Reversal | 208 |
| CHAPTER 26. Seeking to be Saintly | 218 |
| CHAPTER 27. On a New Path of Purity | 230 |
| CHAPTER 28. Spreading the Gospel in Europe | 245 |
| CHAPTER 29. Re-entry Crisis to Revisit Yankee Hell | 255 |
| CHAPTER 30. Oriental Jazz and Asian Studies at BYU | 260 |
| CHAPTER 31. From Blue to Red, Moving from the Y to the U | 285 |
| CHAPTER 32. Jazz in L.A., the Golden Years in the Golden State | 307 |
| CHAPTER 33. A Germinating Jazz Genius in Private Prep Schools | 318 |
| CHAPTER 34. Todd School for Boys in Illinois | 328 |
| CHAPTER 35. Way Down Yonder in New Orleans with George Lewis | |
| CHAPTER 36. Ridin' & Ropin' at the Orme Ranch in Arizona | |
| CHAPTER 37. Madison High in Rexburg Idaho; Torture in a Denver Nut House | |
| CHAPTER 38. Factory Gig in Bell Gardens and Jamming Around L.A. | |
| CHAPTER 39. Fulbright scholarship for 7 More Years in Iran | |
| CHAPTER 40. Unsuccessful Efforts as an Unwelcome Uncalled for Missionary | |
| CHAPTER 41. Kurosh Produces IAS LP then becomes Prominent in the Press | |
| CHAPTER 42. Submerged in the Subcontinent and Afghanistan | |
| CHAPTER 43. A Prolific Perceptive yet Poison Pen with and Immense Influence | |

Chapter 1

Khodafez Tehran

It was the late 70s and the loudspeaker of the Mehrabad International Airport crackled as a voice droned “Pan Am flight 001 to Frankfurt, London and New York is now ready for boarding, please proceed to the check-in area.” Having waited in line the usual three hours, Kurosh Ali Khan was glad to have finally reached the check-in desk after tediously shuffling along with other weary passengers. He hefted his obviously overweight suitcase onto the scale and shot a hopeful smile to the Iranian baggage worker who grinned back and scooted the bag directly onto the moving belt. The Armenian ticket man glanced up through the tops of his glasses and asked “checked all the way to New York, sir?” Kurosh Ali nodded affirmatively in Armenian “*ayo baron*” and the ticket agent blandly added “250 *rials* airport tax please.” Kurosh Ali plunked down several one and two *toman* coins along with a green five and a red ten *toman* note on the counter smiling “*ahavasi, baron, sedesutiun* (here you are sir, goodbye)” then took his yellow airport tax receipt and returned to where he had stashed his two huge carry-on bags.

He then proceeded through the gate showing his passport to the friendly policeman who proudly flaunted his few words of English in a dramatic “bye-bye meester.” Kurosh stunned him by answering “*khodahafez agha, enshallah baz ‘am bebinimetun.*” (good-bye sir, Allah willing we’ll see you again). Tugging his over forty pounds of hand luggage stacked on a dolly, Kurosh Ali made his way towards the desk where he presented his airport tax receipt then moved on to the passport checkout. As the line slowly snailed forward, a chubby cigar-puffing American behind him smirked “if we’re lucky, we might get to the plane in time to see it off.” A Yankee gal with two messy brawling brats turned and brashly shot back “that would be really speedy for this dump!”

A half hour later, Kurosh Ali finally reached the passport check where he was treated to a languid look from the jet-black almond eyes of a delicate little police girl with long wavy hair. She shyly and slyly glanced up at him, self-consciously wriggling in her snug fitting blue passport police uniform, and exclaimed “*sallam agha-ye Kurosh Ali Khan, baz ‘am mirid?* (Hello Mr. Kurosh Ali Khan, you’re going again?)” He timidly blushed and retorted wishfully “*bali azizam, ama bar migardam, enshallah.* (Yes, my dear, but I’ll be back, Allah willing).” She giggled and, stamping the purple inkpad then his passport, confiding “*shoma ra television didam.*” (I saw you on TV). Her intoxicating eyes froze on his for a moment as her tiny fingers slid his passport toward him; “*kheili khub mizanid* (you play very well)” she added with a tantalizing toss of her silken hair. “*Khodetun khub mishnavid, junam* (it is you who listens well, my darling)” he retorted as he slipped his passport into his pocket and smiled goodbye.

While he walked on towards the transit lounge he somberly mused “I’ll really miss these my adopted people; they may be a bit goofed-up, but the greatest.” He remembered when he first met that passport girl on one of his many visa trips to Beirut. He had fleetingly flirted with her on that occasion as well when he stared deep into her enchanting dark eyes and chided in Persian “are you going to arrest me?” then quickly added “if you would be my jailer then please arrest me right away.” They both laughed and a sort of romantic friendship was formed.

Kurosh Ali passed the door into the transit hall and looked up from his thoughts to see an old friend dressed in the dark green of the Iranian customs service. “Kurosh Ali Khan, it’s you again” the customs man exclaimed in Mashhadi Persian. It was good old Mahmud, his friend from the Tayebad border station where he had traversed dozens of times on visa trips to Herat, his favorite town in the world. He kissed his friend on both cheeks and asked in Persian “how are you and how is my friend Mr. Hosseini in Tayebad?” Mahmud responded “just fine” adding “when are you coming to Tayebad again? I’ll be transferred back

there next month.” Kurosh Ali sighed and ventured “only Allah knows, hopefully in the near future. This time I’ll bring my future wife; she is from Kabul, so you see I finally found a bride, even if she is from the other side of the border.”

Kurosh Ali waved goodbye and scanned the transit hall for a seat on the rows of brown couch-like chairs. Moving to a vacant spot, he noticed a grouchy-looking, blue-eyed man reading the *Süd Deutsche Zeitung* and, wondering about the seat, asked “*entschuldigung, ist hier frei?*” The little chubby man gruffly retorted positively “*bitte schön*” as Kurosh Ali sat to contemplate the sights and sounds presented by the collage of European, American, Iranian and other travelers. A Pakistani gentleman with his shy wife in a colorful *dupata* around her neck and flowing down behind her wandered by and carefully took seats next to Kurosh Ali who politely inquired as to their health “*sallam sahib, ap ka hal kya hai? Enshallah tik hai.*” The surprised couple responded in Urdu then Kurosh Ali settled comfortably in his seat reminiscing fondly about the time he tried in vain to visit the legendary health hideaway of Hunza at the rooftop of the world in Pakistani Kashmir.

Chapter 2

On the Rooftop of the World

“You gort it, I see.” The PIA desk employee at the Pindi airport smiled as he handed back the tourist card. That card had cost Kurosh a whole day of running around after having been turned away from boarding the day before. He shuffled out to the small prop plane that was to carry the few passengers high in the mountains to the Shangri-La type village of Gilgit which is in the north of Pakistan near the Afghan and Chinese borders.

The real reason Kurosh had originally wanted to go to Gilgit was to see the legendary Hunza valley where there were formerly no police, no hospitals, no jails, no white bread, white sugar, soda pop or other evils of modern society. There, in the quiet beauty of the mountains, people lived happily without needing money, cars, radios and TV, some of them reaching the ripe old age of 150 years. According to experts on the valley, the heavy mineral content of the water which flows directly from glaciers and is grayish brown from clean mineral mud, along with a healthy diet (one of the ingredients being apricot oil which some nutritionists feel contains a deterrent to cancer) has been a main factor in the incredible stamina and longevity of the Hunza valley inhabitants. But without realizing it, Kurosh had come all the way to Rawalpindi almost in vain because no one, including the friendly blue-eyed Kashmir Affairs chief Sekert, PIA, the Tourist Organization, Walji, head of Walji’s Travel and, even the prince of Hunza, Ghazenfar Ali, who Kurosh accidentally bumped into at the Intercontinental Hotel while telling his tale of woe to the PIA office, could do a thing to get him into Hunza. Because of the military road that was then being built through Hunza valley to China and, for some other reasons, no tourist, not even Pakistanis, were allowed into Hunza unless in a guided group of about 14 people. Sekert was very kind and suggested seeing the U.S. embassy that was planning a group trip; but after going there, Kurosh found that there weren’t accommodations for any more. They already had a waiting list of 100 or so and couldn’t in all fairness add anyone at such late notice. So Kurosh resigned himself to just seeing Gilgit plus the national polo tournament that was, conveniently and unbeknownst to him, scheduled for that weekend, and maybe the Mir of Hunza who, according to his son, would be at the polo match.

Kurosh sat back in his seat, sad but still excited about the new experience ahead, and gazed out the window at the beautiful mountains and the tidily terraced farmlands below. They passed over Kagan valley, rivulets, villages, earthen houses and a myriad of winding terraced fields up to green pines and

clusters of grass in the mountains. The captain drew attention to Nanga Parbat, a breath-taking massive mountain that guards a cluster of snow-frosted crags. Finally the plane descended to the green fields, tall trees and earthen compounds of Gilgit where a man from the travel agency greeted Kurosh and arranged for him to stay at their guesthouse.

The local people, who seemed to be very friendly, natural and uncomplexed, wore clothes that were reminiscent of areas of Afghanistan. The men were clad in billowing trousers (*shalwar*) long shirts (*kurta*) worn to the knees and a kind of rolled-up hat (*gharmi*) with the round rolled part circling the head above the ears. The ladies were adorned with flowing full dresses over *shalwar* and covered by a *kurta* topped off by a round, flat cap under a long scarf which was wound around the head. In Gilgit the only transportation were expensive jeeps or feet. Kurosh chose the latter which took him about 45 minutes or an hour to walk to town each time he wanted to get something. But the walk was so enjoyable, passing kids playing their version of polo using crooked branches for sticks, friendly old people and occasionally a lovely young girl whose mother or father would scold warning her not to look too intently at Kurosh as he trudged over the fresh scented fields. Once a pair of children followed along as he was returning to the guesthouse with a prize of unforgettably delicious dried apricots, unsulfured and unsprayed of course. He offered them each an apricot and in their simple shyness at first they wouldn't accept but finally gave in.

The apricots in Gilgit with seeds that were as sweet as the apricots, are sweeter than candy, silky soft and cheap as dirt and themselves almost warrant a trip there. One kilo was only two rupees fifty *paisa* or about 25 cents. The language spoken in Gilgit was recognizably an Indian or Indo-Aryan dialect which, from having worked on several Indo-Iranian languages, Kurosh was almost able to occasionally decipher. The English that gets any tourist by all over Pakistan and India was of only moderate use and Urdu seemed to be the only way to communicate. The crazy thing was that, after struggling for a few days, constantly whipping out his trusty Urdu dictionary when he got stuck, Kurosh found on his last day there that most people, especially those from Hunza, were fluent in Dari Persian which Kurosh spoke quite well.

Polo Matches

Kurosh made his way along the winding rutted road towards the polo grounds, enjoying the pure air, the quiet and the frank, friendly faces of the local inhabitants. Suddenly the familiar sound of *surna* (type of oboe) and *dhol* (barrel drum) caught his ear. Music being his thing, he quickened his steps toward the sound and soon came upon a large walled in compound where a few village folk were peeping through the gateway at what appeared to be the pep band warming up for the evening game. Three *urnas* whined away in loose unison accompanied by a large *dhol* player who used sticks on each end of the drum. The hardy, exciting and, at times, frenzied sound was very much like Afghan *surna* and *dhol* music and Kurosh even imagined he could recognize melodic patterns that resembled with Turkic *zurna* and *davul* or even Southeast Asian *pinai* and *taphon* duets. This would prove the previously postulated theory he had in the back of his mind that somehow this particular type of festive oboe and drum ensemble was spread from a common origin to as far as Korea in the East and Europe in the West.

He turned left and continued on his way to the polo grounds where helpful people found him a seat right in the middle of the stadium. The man from the rest house knew how enamored Kurosh was with Hunza and pointed out the Mir who was sitting with the local political agent only a few seats away. The cornet blew and the three sets of oboe and drum ensembles screeched out in frantic fervor as the

match exploded into action. Players used mallets, not only for hitting the ball, but for other purposes as well, such as baring opponents, pushing them away and, although it didn't occur this time, one could surmise that in the wilder days, players may have even given each other a solid tap or two.

There seemed to be no referee but there wasn't really any need for one. When the ball was struck out, someone threw it back in and on went the game. Some long drives went the length of the field and bouncing the ball off the side wall was a reoccurring tactic. Players would take a few minutes out to tighten a saddle strap or get a new mallet when theirs got broken or accidentally tossed into the crowd. The whole thing bore resemblance to the rougher, probably related game, *buzkashi* popular in North Afghanistan where a headless goat carcass was the ball.

The half-time entertainment was furnished by local talent that consisted of three fellows in white who did a sort of shuffle dance with their hands fluttering in snake-like gestures. One step they did resembled the Afghan national dance, the *Atan*. The second half was as rough as the first. Players raced back and forth to the screech of alternating *surna* bands. Besides the *dhol*, part of the ensembles were two upright single head drums beaten with sticks, which closely resembled the Arabo-Persian *nagarat*.

After the match, a couple of fellows jumped out into the middle of the field and started a wild hopping dance which faded into a swishing hand, arm and foot workout finally ending in a stomping step sprinkled with whirls and twirls. Soon, half the spectators were out on the field dancing up a storm even joined by a cop in full uniform, staff and all. The dance developed into a follow-the-leader mincing shuffle that ended in a wild free-for-all. The *surna* music went on late into the night after the match, and served as an aid, or maybe hindrance, to sleep.

Naltar

At the different polo matches Kurosh fell in with a few of the other tourists who sat in the special visitors' section. Two of them were Paks and two others were American ladies. All five of them ended up sitting around moping and moaning about the stiff restrictions which prevented anyone from seeing the legendary Hunza valley. During the talks, the jeep dispatcher from the travel agency suggested a substitute destination, a trip to Naltar which he claimed was as beautiful as Hunza even though it wasn't as well-known. After they countered that there was no famous apricot oil, no 150 year old men, no glacier water, ect., he finally convinced them that getting within a few miles of Hunza was better than just grumbling around the guest-house.

So the next morning all five guests and a Hunza-born driver were off to Naltar. They crossed the suspension bridge and wound up the mountain path as the jeep ground away in first or second gear. Stone huts and occasional trees greeted them as the jeep twisted and reeled past bleak boulders and ragged rock. Village areas were decorated with green fields surrounded by piled stone walls and inhabited by beautiful healthy-looking people. Everyone seemed so relaxed and happy. Blue or green eyes were as common as they were in Gilgit, and clothes were similar to those of Gilgit. The group paused a moment at the rest house in Normal, a village from which the road to Hunza separates from the one to Naltar. They were informed that the rest-house was only three chips a night (about 30 cents) and Kurosh was ready to stay there a few days, except it would cost a fortune to have a jeep come up and take him back to Gilgit.

Off they went, up, up over creaky bridges into the pines and finally Naltar. The dispatcher was right; when they pulled up to the Naltar rest house and stopped, it was like an unbelievable dream. All was so quiet and fresh. The sound of rushing streams, and the panorama of low rock houses nestled among majestic peaks shooting up on all sides, left everyone in an awe-struck silence. Since it was

lunch-time, the local rest house manager went to find some food which ended up being ambrosial apricots and the best bread Kurosh had ever had the honor to eat in his life. The bread was in the form of a thick flat round *chapati* but the whole grains were so unadulterated that the bread was full of half chunks of the seeds. The water they were served, even though not the ‘glacial milk’ from Hunza, was green from the fresh plant content and possessed the flavor of pine needles. They almost weren’t allowed to pay for the meal because the fellow didn’t seem to know what rupee notes were and it appears that up there money had almost no meaning. After lunch, the group was taken for a hike by the rest house manager. Even though he was about 70, he scampered up the hills like a young boy. The American ladies gave up near the bottom and the Paks were constantly slipping. Kurosh managed to keep up with him probably due to 12 years of a strict healthy diet consisting mainly of fruits and vegetables. No one really wanted to leave the heavenly hideaway in the tops of the mountains, but dusk was approaching and the jeep driver feared the dangerous return trip in the dark.

Meeting the Mir

Back in Gilgit, the next morning Kurosh eagerly clamored out of bed and dressed anxiously anticipating the surprise honor of meeting the famous Mir of Hunza. Kurosh had seen him in a documentary about Hunza and their healthy way of life and, to many adherents of natural diet, the Mir had become somewhat of an icon. The jeep dispatcher, who had been constantly helpful, turned out to be the Mir’s cousin and had arranged a meeting for Kurosh on the morning he was to leave Gilgit. They drove to the Mir’s compound where several people, likely his subjects waiting to gain an audience with him, were standing around in the yard. Among them was an Islamic leader in white turban and brown *aba* or robe. As Kurosh entered the guest room, the Mir stood and greeted him warmly in his kind, gentle way. They talked a while in English, but when he heard Kurosh was living in Tehran, the Mir asked if Kurosh knew Persian. Kurosh answered “*shma Dari yad dari?* (you know Dari?)” and from then on the conversation continued in Dari Persian.

When the Mir’s wife entered the room in her quiet delicate Middle Eastern way, he presented her declaring “the *Rani*.” She looked as young as she was in the documentary filmed some years prior. She was attired in a silky white scarf and her green eyes were clear, sparkling with straightforward honesty. In answer to the question to what race the Hunza natives belong, the Mir said “We are Greeks from the days of Alexander.” After a restful hour talking to the Mir, his brother and the *Rani*, Kurosh bade farewell and excused himself to catch the plane. As the small plane purred up into the snow-capped peaks, the words of the jeep driver continually went through Kurosh’s mind; when he had asked about the 150 year old men, the driver answered that there were nearly none left, explaining in Urdu “*chai aur soda on ko mardalay* (tea and soda killed them).”

Chapter 3

Lebanon before the Strife

The familiar sound of Lebanese Arabic brought Kurosh Ali back from his memories of Kashnir to the present in the Tehran airport waiting room as a young couple with their children passed by. Kurosh remembered one of his several visits to Beirut years ago when it was a peaceful paradise of fresh fruit, cheerful people and sunny weather.

Kurosh kissed Mona goodbye on the cheek as the Syrian taxi drivers looked on in shocked amazement. “Be careful, people are watching” she gasped, then self consciously backed up the hill to the Damascus-Beirut taxi station calling out “*masallama*, next time we’ll see the cedars and Baalbek, I promise.” As he drove off across the desert towards Baghdad, Kurosh thought of the places they had seen and the friends they had made. Mona (or Yumna) Habshi, born in a Lebanese village near Baalbek, was sweet 26 and never been kissed (except on the cheek).

Beirut, Sidon and Biblos

Mona had been Kurosh’s guide every time he visited Beirut. The first time they went sight seeing was only a few days after they met. He was peacefully sleeping in his room at the Atlas Hotel in Hamra, Beirut’s modern shopping district, when the phone rang. He reached over and picked it up as a familiar cheery voice chimed “*yalla!* Wake up, it’s 7:30 already.” Kurosh mumbled “good morning, Mona, *keefik?*” to which Mona responded “I’m good. I’ve planned an interesting day; meet me at the ‘*asir* stand on the Borj at 8:15 OK?” Kurosh quickly dressed and hopped a bus to the Borj, Beirut’s main square. At the juice stand, he chose crushed sugar cane from the large selection of juices and was sipping it down when he felt a little tug on his sleeve. It was Mona. “Come on,” she said “We’re going to Saida.”

Kurosh soon learned never to argue with Mona when she came up with an idea. They walked a short distance to where a young fellow was chanting “*Saida, Saida, yalla Saida!*” They climbed on the rusty old bus and rode past the palms and green countryside to Saida which, Mona explained, was an ancient fishing port in south Lebanon, the Biblical Sidon. In Saida the two passed the tiny shops and friendly people to a causeway that led out to a former fortress. After wandering through the rooms of the castle they climbed to the top and rested, drinking in the salt air and placid view of Saida with its turquoise mosques. Across the bay the *muazzin* called the faithful to prayer as the peaceful sound of his chant merged with the languid lapping of wavelets against the tiny island. Re-crossing the causeway, Kurosh and Mona stopped at a café and soon were deep in conversation with the manager who told them about the castle and the crusaders. He insisted they be his guests for an orange juice and even wanted them to stay for dinner. But they politely excused themselves after which he kindly drove the couple to the bus stop.

The next day, as Kurosh was waiting in front of the juice stand, Mona jumped off her bus, walked up and stated “Today we’re going to Byblos.” Half an hour later they found themselves walking down a narrow dusty road to another castle near the sea. When the caretaker wanted five *lira* to show them the castle, Kurosh offered him half, according to the Lebanese bargaining tradition; but he grumbled to their amusement “I’m not selling tomatoes.” Later Mona showed Kurosh an old Maronite church where the two peered a while through the windows and were about to leave when the caretaker appeared at the balcony of his house. “*Usbur, bizhi!* (wait, I’m coming!)” he shouted, jingling a large ring of keys and scampering down the stairs. He opened the door and invited them in with a cheerful “*Ahlan, faddal.*” As they entered the church he proudly showed the old art treasures. Afterwards, Kurosh tried to give him a couple of *lira* but he refused and even seemed insulted. Mona explained on the way back to Beirut that the Lebanese were mostly genuinely hospitable and were happy to see visitors interested in their rich cultural heritage.

Harisa

Back for lunch at the *filafil* stand on the Borj and two sandwiches later, Mona suggested a trip to Harisa. So the two found a *servis* taxi, sharing it with three other people. Um Khultum was crooning a song on the radio as the Mercedes climbed into the cool pines. Kurosh and Mona got out at a small village and the cab sped away leaving them in a green meadow. After walking some distance they came to an old monastery where there was a church high on a rock. Mona led the climb up the curling staircase to the dome which was covered with prayers and requests written on scraps of paper. Beneath stretched the verdant valley and emerald sea which they contemplated at length in the afternoon breeze before returning to Beirut.

Although Mona was an excellent guide, at times she left Kurosh to struggle with his phrasebook Arabic. Like the time they rode an empty bus through the mountains to Hamdun and at the end of the line the driver asked where they were going. “*Wain?*” he asked. “Beirut” Kurosh answered. The driver explained partly by dramatic sign language, that he would take them back for free after his lunch. Kurosh pantomimed and fumbled in a combination of Lebanese and literary Arabic that he would take a walk and soon return. All the time Mona was watching the comedy and giggling secretly. She believed in the good old Middle Eastern tradition which requires the man to do the talking even if he has to use a dictionary. After lunch, the bus driver’s wife rode in the back with Kurosh and Mona and at the end of the trip she asked Mona in Arabic “you were Lebanese all the time, weren’t you?” and they all had a good hearty laugh. During their short stay in Hamdun, Mona and Kurosh were walking through the village when a lady called out “*ahlan*” and motioned them to come in. Although they hesitated, she insisted and soon the two were eating fruit and discussing philosophy like part of the family. She showed them around her simple yet comfortably furnished home and even wanted to keep them for dinner once more demonstrating Middle Eastern hospitality that never ceased to amaze Kurosh.

Shopping in Beirut

One of Beirut’s most interesting sights was the *su’* (bazaar) where Kurosh and Mona often wandered, shopping or just enjoying the atmosphere. “*Tayyib el moz*” the banana merchants would call out and others might invent little songs to attract customers. One day a boy began avidly chanting “*yalla banadura be lira o nas*” (come on, tomatoes a *lira* and a half) and soon the others joined in standing on crates and clapping in rhythm. Then a colleague improvised new lyrics “*kilo banadura be lira o nas*” and the rest followed. The next time they came the hit tune was “*ya banadura, arba be lira*” (tomatoes, four for a *lira*). Besides food items, the bazaar offered handicrafts and elegant embroidered long dresses (*kaftan*). But Kurosh always got *kaftans* cheaper at the bazaar in Damascus along with *kafiyas* which he sported as a neck scarf on colder days and also around his head when sleeping to block out the light. He bought some big juicy dark grapes and then Mona showed Kurosh a new way to wash grapes. She went over to a faucet on the street corner and filled the paper bag with water and then punched a hole in the corner of the bag. As they walked along eating grapes and chatting, Kurosh innocently patted Mona on the rear in a fatherly way noting “*tayyib el khubz*” (nice bread) in reference to her slight weight augmentation since his last visit. Mona laughed slyly knowing that Kurosh favored fuller figures than the whimpy magazine models and took it as a compliment.

Music Fest in Alei

One evening, Mona was late for their meeting at the juice stand. As Kurosh stood gazing at the people bustling about the Borj, a village girl in a long *kaftan* and hand-worked scarf appeared in front of him. “Mona” he blurted “I didn’t recognize you.” She asked “you like my dress, it’s real Lebanese?” then added “I’ve passed twice and you didn’t see me.” Then she disclosed the plans for the evening. “Tonight we are going to a song fest in Alei to hear my favorite singer Samira Toufi’!” So off they went in a clattering old bus full of energetic youngsters who were soon singing and clapping along. The bus arrived at the *Amphitheatre du Liban* in the small mountain village Madraj Alei on the road to Damascus. The common evening dress worn by lady spectators consisted of beautiful long embroidered *kaftans* with or without fancy scarves. The large outdoor arena was nearly packed with enthusiastic listeners who broke into intermittent cheers during the emcee’s introductory speech. The program began with some rhythm-free vocal styling by a raucous redhead backed up by a 20-piece orchestra that combined traditional and, to Kurosh’s chagrin, Western instruments. The group broke into a lively rhythm with the audience frantically clapping in time and yelling continual approvals. Vocal passages by the girl were answered and echoed in unison by a trio of male singers standing behind the band.

One of the most memorable events of the evening was a Kurdish instrumental and dance performance. The group’s announcer gave a long talk in Kurdish which, for a change, Kurosh was able to partially translate for Mona. The instrumental ensemble was composed of four long string instruments that resembled the Turkish *saz* (long lute), a *ney* (flute) and two *darbukka* or goblet drums. The dance troupe, wearing full folk wear, danced hand in hand in a line with the leader on the end whirling a long handkerchief. One song was sung in Turkish style by a male artist while three girls chanted the refrains clapping or waving their scarves in time to the rhythm. After the Kurdish group, a bouncy girl, Lubluba, bubbled out on stage and did humorous imitations of well-known Arab pop singers. She was followed by an Iraqi fellow with a vocal styling closer to Iranian tradition, who offered an emotion-filled long *mawal* or free-rhythm prelude. At about two in the morning, Kurosh decided he couldn’t stay any longer because of an early appointment the next day. Although disappointed by not having heard Samira Toufi’ who was last on the program, Mona didn’t argue. As the taxi pulled away, Mona listened out the window and lamented “that’s her singing now.”

Over the Mountain to Damascus

Prior to leaving Beirut, Kurosh invited Mona to join him for a day in Damascus, or *Eshshems* as they call it, before he was to drive off to Baghdad. As they were leaving the passport and car-paper checkpoint at the Lebanese border, an official wandered up and asked to see Kurosh’s passport. He then asked for Mona’s. Kurosh passed her Lebanese ID card to the guard and a look of surprised suspicion surged over his face. He frantically motioned over a team of customs inspectors, who began unloading everything and partially dismantling the car. One of them poked a long wire into the gas tank, under the dashboard and through the upholstery. Another shook the doors to see if there was anything hidden inside.

One by one they sidled up to Mona and began asking her questions in Arabic. “Where did you meet him?” the first asked. She calmly answered “*fi knisa* (at church)” which crumbled his hopes of a scandal. Another pressed “how long have you known him?” She nonchalantly replied “over a year and a half” as he turned away puzzled. A third got belligerent and snapped “I bet you’ve been giving him a

lot of hash haven't you?" When the fourth queried "where is it hidden?" Mona sarcastically quipped "oh, the car is full of it." He warned "we'll find it" and she replied "look all day if you like."

Kurosh ventured in Arabic to ask one official who seemed more friendly "why are they going to so much trouble?" He stared Kurosh in the eye and stated "they are looking for hashish." Kurosh whimpered "but why?" The customs man retorted "because it's illegal. If you have any, you'd better tell me." Kurosh began to get impatient and explained "I mean why me? I don't even smoke or drink." The customs man stared bewilderedly as they began repacking the car. Kurosh rearranged his things under the VW hood, respectfully placed his Koran on top of the luggage and kissed it as their faces fell in unbelief. It had been an hour when they finally let the two go forgetting to even say goodbye which was a breach of the usual Lebanese hospitality.

As they drove off, Mona said "it must have been my ID card. You see, my family is from an area near Baalbek which is the hashish center of Lebanon." They both laughed and Kurosh added "I bet they were just jealous because they weren't driving to Damascus with a pretty girl."

Chapter 4

The Glass Eaters of Kurdistan

Kurosh looked up from his memories of Beirut to see two dignified Iranian gentlemen exchanging a Sufi handshake in which each person kisses the back of the other's hand then presses it against his own forehead. He was reminded of one trip to Kurdistan with his colleagues from Tehran Journal.

Kurosh reminisced how the scent of another adventure was in the crisp morning air as the three American Moslems, Kurosh Ali, Shamseddin (Terry Graham) and Selim (Peter Wilson), slowly packed their dusty suitcases and handbags under the hood of the worn but faithful VW Variant. After filling up with gas at the local station and being reassured as to the best road to Sanandaj, the three were eventually speeding past quaint clay villages and friendly Kurdish shepherds. "Do these guys really eat glass?" asked Kurosh. "That's what I've been told" answered Selim whose world travels in search of manifestations of mysticism in its purest form had carried him across the Islamic world from Morocco to India. Shamseddin, the tall blue-eyed Harvard graduate with curly blond hair, in his baritone, almost Hollywood film star voice, added "I guess we'd better not over eat today so we won't ruin our appetites when we join them for dinner." The three chuckled and Kurosh added "I'm going to tell them I'm fasting and won't be joining the feast."

As the rose-colored rays of the morning sun began to ignite the turquoise blue Kurdish sky, Selim, the most fervent Moslem of the three, exclaimed "hey, we forgot our morning prayers." Kurosh pressed both feet on the clutch and brake simultaneously as the car careened to a halt at the roadside. The three climbed out of the car and, after fumbling for their prayer cloths, were ready for the first *rakat* or recited prayer formula. Selim selected Shamseddin to sing the *azan*, or call to prayer, as Kurosh finished spreading his black and white checkered Kurdish *kafiyya* beside the other elegantly embroidered prayer shawls. In a strong deep voice that approximated a combination of Russian opera and Turkish folk singing, Shamseddin neared the end of the *azan*: "*haya ilassalah, haya ilal falah*" he sang as Kurosh quickly wrapped another checkered *kafiyya* around his head in the form of a Kurdish turban. Soon the three had finished their prostrations and, physically as well as spiritually refreshed, were ready to continue their journey. Later that afternoon, after lunch in a roadside teahouse, the three approached their goal. Kurosh read out loud a sign in Farsi that whizzed by "Sanandaj, 5." Excitement welled up in each of the Americans as they pressed on faster to the enchanting Kurdish village. "We

should go to the bazaar first” Selim directed “where we can find my contact Ahmad to introduce us to the Qaderis.”

Sanandaj Bazaar

The car slowed as the American Islamic supporters neared the bazaar entrance on the main street of the small town. “*Ya Ali*” stated Shamseddin, evoking the name of the main *imam* of Shia Islam, as the three climbed out of the car and descended the steps to the bazaar. They traversed the tiny alleys past the shops full of traditional as well as modern wares feeling that they had entered a different world. “Wow, look at those clothes” Kurosh exclaimed as he tugged the others into a small tailor shop. Then in his eloquent Persian, began bargaining for a complete Kurdish outfit. Soon the deal was sealed and, bowing respectfully, Kurosh promised to return later to pick up the clothes.

After questioning various shopkeepers, the three pilgrims were directed to Ahmad, a strange, fierce-eyed, yet warm friendly silversmith who was pounding on a lady’s coin headband as the three approached. Kurosh, unable to quell his insatiable compulsion for acquiring folkwear, boldly strode up and asked in his Paris learned Kurmanji Kurdish “how much for that?” Ahmad’s deep-set eyes momentarily twinkled as he quoted a price. “How much for a fellow *dervish*?” Kurosh cross-examined in Persian. Ahmad rose and, extending his bony weathered hand, asked in Farsi “are you three brother Sufis?” Shamseddin eloquated “of course, Kurosh is an affiliate of the Ahl-e Haq order and Selim and I are friends of the Nimatullahi order.” Ahmad immediately placed the coin headpiece in Kurosh’s palm and, closing his fingers firmly around it smiled “then you must accept this as a gift.” Kurosh blushed “oh, I can’t do that.” And then he whipped out the 200 *rials* originally quoted. “No, no!” Ahmad affirmed “it is a gift; you are our guests.” Kurosh spent the rest of his three days in Sanandaj futilely trying to pay for the headpiece.

“Now come, my friends” Ahmad said “I will introduce you to some of our *dervish* brothers.” That afternoon the three were led about the bazaar meeting several shopkeepers who were members of the Qaderi order and every time Kurosh exchanged the sacred handclasp of the *dervishes*, each kissing the back of the other’s hand while grasping it then simultaneously pressing the back of the other’s hand against their foreheads. Finally the last *dervish* they were introduced to was the same large tailor with the European hat who had been making Kurosh’s clothes. “*Ya Ali!*” evoked the big well-built man as he crushed the hands of each of the three guests one by one in his firm grasp. “So you are *dervishes*” he exuberated in Farsi. “Then you will get a special price on your clothes” he smiled at Kurosh who was already embarrassed at having received more kindness than he could absorb. The large *dervish* motioned to his *shagerd*, or apprentice, to bring the clothes. Kurosh excitedly climbed into the large billowing pantaloons and donned the heavy coat. A very long thin blue sash was wrapped around his waist, intertwined in front and wound back and around again three times then the ends were tucked in at the sides. Another apprentice produced a silky black and silver shawl which was quickly wound into a turban around Kurosh’s head as the large *dervish* tailor, chuckling to himself, slid the long white sleeve pieces over Kurosh’s hands, wound them around his forearms then tucked the ends in near his elbows. “Hey you look better that way” Selim announced and then added “everyone looks better in traditional clothes.” Kurosh couldn’t agree more “yes, nothing looks more drab and discouraging than the Western garb that has recently permeated Eastern countries.”

The Nimatullahi *Khaneqa*

Kurosh removed his new prize outfit and, after a few more purchases, the three were ready to go to the Nimatullahi *khaneqa* where they were scheduled to have supper. After driving up the hill, following Selim's roughly drawn map, the American *dervishes* found the *khaneqa*, a noble traditional structure amid a placid tree-studded suburb. Fervent knocking finally brought the caretaker to the door to whom Selim presented a letter from an important Nimatullahi *dervish* in Tehran. Soon lights illuminated the *khaneqa* and a sumptuous meal was placed on a *sofre* or tablecloth spread on the floor in front of the guests. When all had eaten their fill with constant urging from their hosts to eat more, it was time for an intimate *zehr* or religious chant by a selected few of the faithful. One by one, half a dozen or so members gathered quietly to meditate, exchange smiles and greetings. A large book of hand-scripted poetry appeared and, after respectfully kissing the book, one of the *dervishes* began chanting lines of poetry in the text from time to time breaking into tears crying out "*Ya Ali.*" The chanting subsided and the meeting drifted into an intense meditative calm that was broken by a knock on the door. Soon a dozen or so Qaderi *dervishes* appeared and smiled greetings to all before taking their places of honor against the wall farthest from the door. The big tailor Ahmad, the ghost-like silversmith, and several other of the newly acquired friends were among the group. From time to time, smiles were exchanged and greetings reiterated between the Qaderis and their American guests.

After a while, a large *dayere* or frame drum was produced and a short authoritative *dervish* began thumping out a slow heavy beat. The impelling rhythm soon forced all present to sway from side to side as the drummer sang praises to Imam Ali in a high-pitched piercing voice. The rhythm grew faster and more intense as several of the Qaderis rose to their feet to rock from right to left in a more frantic almost dance routine. Suddenly the large tailor threw off his hat and, to the surprise of the American guests, his almost knee-length pitch-black hair flew forth into a wild whip-like swishing pattern. Others of the Qaderis removed their various headgear as more long locks joined in the frenzy while the beat of the *dayereh* sped even more wildly. A group of four of the Qaderis lined up and, arms intertwined in the Kurdish folk dance tradition, tossed their heads up and down exclaiming "*hu! hu! hu!*" and later "*hi! hi! hi!*" Kurosh, Shamseddin and Selim were bobbing their heads and chanting along with the Qaderis absorbing every thrilling moment of the whole experience.

Finally the *zehr* drew to a close with the drumming and chanting subsiding into a slow undulating conclusion. The Qaderis slowly gathered up their hats and other belongings then politely bade farewell to the Americans as if nothing had happened. The Nimatullahis also left one by one until only the Americans remained to prepare themselves to spend the night sleeping on the floor of the *khaneqa*. "Wow, that was something." Kurosh gasped. With an almost sarcastic smile Selim explained "they didn't even get warmed up" and continued "just wait till we visit their *khaneqa* tomorrow night." Kurosh stared in the dark at the ceiling of the *khaneqa* and then queried "you mean they get wilder than this?" Selim knowingly asserted "no one even ate a tiny light bulb this time; you'll see the real thing tomorrow." The three fell asleep to dream of ancient Kurdish *dervish* warriors boldly battling their enemies unaffected by arrow or sword wounds.

Zehr at the Qaderi *Khaneqa*

The next day, after a peaceful morning and afternoon of meditation in the *khaneqa*, Kurosh proudly stated "look you guys, I finished knotting all the loose ends of my Kurdish turban shawl." Selim admired the work and then directed "OK, let's get moving to the Qaderi *khaneqa*." Guided by a

rough map and directions from various passersby, the three drove up winding alleys towards the Qaderi place of worship until the dusty road came to an abrupt halt. Kurosh called out in Kurmanji Kurdish to children suspiciously staring at the three foreigners “*Khaneqa li ku ye?* (where is the *khaneqa?*)” He repeated the question in Farsi to the bewildered youths who could believe neither their eyes nor their ears; then one of them reluctantly motioned ahead beyond the end of the road that had dwindled into a deep ravine. Another boy came from the direction of the *khaneqa* waving his hand downward calling out “*biya, biya!* (come on, come on!)” Obviously, the boy was the son of one of the Qaderis and had been sent to guide the three guests. They trudged up the hill into a small *kuche* (alleyway) to the door of the Qaderi *khaneqa* where the boy politely waved his right hand downward, inviting them in declaring “*befarmoid.*”

The three entered the main hall where a green banner with white writing caught their attention for a moment. The small *dervish* who led the Qaderi *zeker* at the Nimatullahi *khaneqa* the previous evening came up to the three and warmly welcomed them. Soon they were comfortably seated against the green wall and after several queries as to their health by all of the Qaderis present, the *seyyed* or leader, took a huge *dayereh* in his hands and began a slow but overwhelming beat. Three other *dervishes* joined him on their round frame drums and it wasn't long before the whole room was shaking with the rumble of the drums and the piercing chant of the *seyyed*. The Qaderis answered phrases sung by the *seyyed* in a roaring chorus that vibrated right down to the bones as the *zeker* grew in intensity.

Kurosh began to feel the trance as he occasionally glanced from the photographs on the walls to the drummers and then the swaying *dervishes*. The *shaykh* or *seyyed*, dressed in his brown *aba* or long sleeveless cloak with a black and white *kafiyya* wound as a turban, led the group into a more intense chant and faster rhythm patterns. The drums beat out: *dum tak dum tak dum --- tak* and then later: *dum taka dum tatak* as the worshippers moaned, sighed and shouted out various religious phrases. Soon all were singing in a loose unison “*ya Ali, ya Ali, ya Mollah Ali!*” then “*la-illa-ha-il-Allah, la-illa-ha il-Allah.*” The *dervishes* began one by one to cast off their turbans and hats revealing a jungle of flying hair as the intensity became more frantic. An older man with graying long locks came to the center of the group with his hair sweeping nearly to the floor and flying to the ceiling as some of the *dervishes* removed their coats.

Soon a handful of skewers were brought to the center of the room as well as a tray of razor blades and light bulbs. One small and wiry *dervish* swayed up in front of Kurosh and the other Americans then surprised them by handing Kurosh the tray of blades and bulbs. Astonished, Kurosh shot a questioning glance at the *dervish* accompanying the small fellow who had completely gone into a state of frenzied trance. His companion muttered in Persian “open the blades and give him.” Kurosh fumbled with the wrappings of the Nacet razor blades opening six, one by one, and handing them to the wild little Qaderi who popped them into his mouth like potato chips quickly crunching them to pieces in his mouth. Later Kurosh found out that sometimes nails were eaten as well. After the *dervish* had chewed them all into tiny bits, he opened his mouth for Kurosh and the rest to inspect the bits that had amazingly not cut his mouth at all. Then he gulped the bits of blades down swaying wildly in time to the music. In a few seconds, all the blades were devoured and the *dervish* reopened his mouth to show the amazed Americans that no bits of razor were left and that not a drop of blood had resulted from the feat. Kurosh began to tremble from the shock but wasn't allowed to shift his attention as another *dervish* came in front of him grasping the tray and swaying from side to side. This time the *dervish* took a pocketknife and tapped three light bulbs until they shattered into jagged chunks of glass. Then he pushed them all into his mouth and gleefully chewed then swallowed them all in one gulp also resulting in no blood whatsoever.

Kurosh's attention was then drawn to three *dervishes* in the middle of the group who had been forcing skewers and knives into their cheeks and under the bottoms of their chins to reappear through their mouths. Another man at the side of the group was sitting and working hard to press a dagger far into his stomach but was seemingly not completely into a state of ecstasy because, in his case and only in his case, a few trickles of blood were appearing from the wound. Discouraged at not being able to press the knife more than a couple of inches into his belly, he removed it and began to force the dagger into his head right above his eye. There again he only sunk the blade an inch or two and drops of blood appeared. The *shaykh*, realizing that this fellow had not gained the necessary spiritual power this time, shot a stern look at the *dervish*, then two of his companions helped him off to the side room to recuperate.

By this time Kurosh was so engulfed in the whole experience that he and the other Americans were chanting loudly along with the group and also wildly swaying from side to side. Kurosh was eyeing the silver tray of shattered light bulbs hypnotically rocking from side before him in the hands of a *dervish* with his eyes tightly shut in deep trance. Suddenly an imposing urge grasped Kurosh that made him want to try to eat a mouthful of glass. Just as his hand began to move towards the tray, the *seyyed* loudly sang a phrase staring right into Kurosh's eyes with a sternly reprimanding gaze. Kurosh quickly understood that the *shaykh* was telling him to forego the urge because he was not in possession of the spiritual empowerment necessary to successfully perform the feat. Partly discouraged, yet relieved, Kurosh withdrew his hand and returned to chanting refrains in answer to the *seyyed*.

Suddenly Ahmad, the thin silversmith, jumped on a chair and grabbed two bare wires drooping from the ceiling of the room. He opened his mouth and placed the 220 volt wires in the sides of his mouth on top of his tongue and began to tremble as the current hit him. He clamped his mouth down, shaking until the chair toppled and he fell to the ground. Undaunted, he set the chair back up and climbed again to repeat the act. This time he held on long enough for the main fuse of the *khaneqa* to blow and one of the *dervish* boys ran to the kitchen to switch it back on. The fuse blew off several times before Ahmad, pale from the electrical assault, fell to the floor to rest for a while before rising again to chant and sway with the others.

To the right side of Kurosh another Qaderi had a large ugly-looking snake which he was threatening to swallow in one gulp. But two neighboring *dervishes* disappointed him by informing him that it was only a garden snake and not poisonous at all. Momentarily heartbroken, the bold *dervish* put the relieved snake back into the sack and basket to return to the now almost insane frenzy of a roomful of Qaderis hopping and hollering to a very fast wild drum beat. Then the atmosphere took a turn from its wild climax towards a less frantic wave of undulations until finally the whole meeting dwindled to a slow mumbling. Finally, everything diminished to an exhausted calm with one large Qaderi sobbing on the floor overcome by the spirit of the evening.

Later, after fond farewells, the three Americans were driving in serious silence back to spend their last evening at the Nimatullahi *khaneqa* before heading towards Tehran. The deep silence was broken by Shamseddin who questioned "well, where do we go next?" Kurosh answered "I guess we will visit my friends the Ahl-e Haq *dervishes* in Sahneh, a small village between Kermanshah and Hamadan." Selim ventured "I hear they eat hot coals." Kurosh explained "they used to, but not anymore; at least my group doesn't." Selim quipped "anyway, thanks for taking us to dinner" as the three giggled and Kurosh added "lucky we weren't really hungry."

Chapter 5

A Drop in the Ocean of Eternal Godliness

It wasn't necessary to drive all the way to Kurdistan to visit spiritual groups; Kurosh Ali usually attended Monday night meetings of a spiritual order where his music master, Dr. Safvat, was a main member. It was Monday and time for Kurosh to attend the weekly secret and sacred meetings at the *khaneqah* in north Tehran. This time Kurosh's Tehran Journal colleague Terry or Shamseddin asked if he could come along. Usually no one was allowed to attend the meetings unless personally invited by Doctor or his father the *Ostad* (spiritual master). Occasionally Kurosh brought highly spiritual friends, Iranian or foreign, to the meetings and was able to obtain permission by asking the Doctor before the meeting began. Doctor always praised Kurosh for his purity of heart and for bringing worthy individuals who were spiritually prepared to attend the sacred ceremonies.

Doctor smiled at Kurosh and queried "*In shakhsho mishnesid? Hazer e?*" Kurosh nodded affirmatively that he felt Shamseddin was ready then added that he was affiliated with another spiritual order and was translating mystic poetry. Doctor warmly greeted Shamseddin and began to explain that this group was not like any others. "Because of incorrect reports and practices associated with so-called Sufi groups" he clarified "we prefer not to be associated with terminology such as '*sufi*,' '*darvish*,' etc., and would rather be known just as a school of perfection of the soul. Also we ask that no names be mentioned in speaking of our group in case some incorrect conclusions might be drawn." He went on to say "we are Shi'a 12th Imam Moslems and believe that esoterism has existed from the time of Adam as an essential factor in the teachings of all the prophets. Our goal is neither fear of hell nor hope for paradise; but instead we aspire to avail ourselves of the world of perfection where one becomes a drop in the ocean of eternal Godliness. The practices you witness here in our meetings" he continued "are only representative of much deeper spiritual concepts. Our *zeker* is meant to rest the soul and music is used to bring one closer to the spiritual realm. You may someday write what you see here but please mention that they are your observations and may be partially incorrect or may not pertain to the real purpose of our School of Perfection."

Zekr at the School of Perfection of the Soul

They entered the *khaneqa* where Kurosh along with the members who had been attending the meetings for years donned their long white gowns and white sashes then, one by one, took their places, male members on the left side and females on the right. Worship service began with the *zeker*, a group song led by one of the main members of the order. This time it was Doctor who, accompanying himself on a three stringed *tambur* with the two high melody strings tuned in unison, sang lines of poetry mostly in praise of Ali which is one of the names of God equivalent to 'The Most High.' The group answered the leader with repeated lines chanted in unison or sometimes in accidental harmony of 5ths or 4ths. This accidental harmony occurred when Doctor switched from singing in unison with his *tambur* and sang the melody from the 4th or 5th above. Some of the group joined him producing the parallel 5th or 4th effect. Finally most of the group were singing in a new unison while the *tambur* played from the 5th or 4th below the vocal melody.

Official male members, all with moustaches, sat while unofficial members and guests stood behind them. One of the group in authority blessed a bowl of water and passed it to each member in the circle. Each drank and then passed the bowl on. Later a copper ewer and a larger bowl were passed around from

which water was poured into the right hand of each member who then sipped the water from their hands. Some washed their hands or faces similar to the *wuzu* or ritual cleansing before the food was passed out. Then came the repast which consisted of large slabs of bread accompanied by a blessing using Arabic, Persian and Kurdish religious phrases. The group chanted “*amin*” at the end of each line of prayer. The portions of bread were passed to all the men in the room and a few more blessings pronounced. Then the men took their portions and filed quietly into the larger room where the female members of the group were. The women remained at the right of the room and the men took their places at the left. Some honored members or guests sat nearest the cushion against the wall reserved for the *Ostad*. Most were clad in long white floor length gowns that start from a Chinese collar and continue to the wrists and ankles. A white sash or cloth belt was tied around the waist which, in some cases, was merely a string symbolic of readiness to serve.

After the group was seated, they ate their portions of bread quietly talking and meditating. About the time they had finished eating, the *Ostad*, who hadn’t been present at the first part of the evening, arrived and all stood in respect. The *Ostad*, a kindly elderly man with a loving understanding face which radiated spiritual power, passed by as some members kissed his hand or shoulders. Some very faithful members tried to kiss his feet, reminiscent of the days of Jesus and ancient patriarchs, but he restrained them whenever possible admonishing “*pa machi dust nadaram* (I don’t like foot kissing).”

Message of Ostad (master) Elahi

The *Ostad* then sat at his place of honor against the wall far from the door and the members also sat, quietly waiting for him to direct the events of the evening. He smiled, glancing amongst the members and tacitly greeting friends and guests. He then called for his *tambur* on which he began to strum a powerful rhythmic refrain that nearly forced everyone to sway from side to side in time to the beat. The group soon became so involved in the music that they were all swaying to the rhythm or turning their heads from right to left, some chanting “*hu! haq!*” The long locks of the women members flew when they tossed their heads from side to side as spiritual emotion soon filled the room. The *Ostad* played as the members swayed until a *hal*, or state of ecstatic trance, was reached. Then he quietly set his *tambur* aside and, as the tension subsided, he uttered “*ya Mollah*” then “*ya Haq*” as the room quieted to silence in preparation for a religious discourse.

The *Ostad* chose to speak on the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden and how they were tempted by Iblis (Satan) and thereafter driven out by Allah. He reiterated how Iblis would not submit to Adam and was cast from Allah’s presence and told to tempt the sons of Adam. After the discourse, members of the group asked questions and discussed points of doctrine with the *Ostad* whose wisdom seemed to be inexhaustible. Next some members asked personal questions either out loud or by approaching the *Ostad* quietly on their knees and whispering in his ear. He often answered the questions with a short sermon which was directed to the particular member but also useful to the whole group. The meeting ended with a closing prayer sung by one of the members accompanied by Dr. Safvat on *setar*.

At the end of the evening, the *Ostad* rose and all the members with him. As he passed, some of the members kissed his hand or his shoulder in respect. After the meeting, the *Ostad* continued discussions upstairs with some of the more devoted members who had questions about the sermon or particular points of doctrine. The rest of the members filed out into the hallway and doffed their white gowns, slipped into their shoes and, after exchanging farewells, left for their homes until the next Monday meeting. After fond farewells to friends and colleagues, Kurosh’s attention was directed to his music teacher Dr. Safvat who motioned to him to come up the steps to the elevated porch in front of the *Ostad*’s private living room.

Kurosh again removed his shoes and was guided in the door by Safvat to join an exclusive group gathered around the *Ostad*. After a few minutes of intimate conversations on religious concepts, Kurosh returned to Shamseddin in the courtyard.

Standing near the front gate of the closed compound, Kurosh shared some information on the background of the group with Shamseddin. He told how the group was founded some 700 years ago by Sultan Ishaq who later migrated to Turkey and continued spreading his message under the name Haji Bektash. The order is a branch of Jafari Shi'ism and their members formerly stretched from Baghdad up into the Caucasus and down to India. Kurosh explained that formal membership is not vital since they feel that those who are enlightened are automatically in touch. Initiation is possible by a member entrusting himself to the protection of Saint Benjamin, one of Sultan Ishaq's disciples, a type and shadow of the angel Gabriel. Otherwise they don't emphasize, prefer or disregard any particular organized religion as demonstrated in an incident when the *Ostad* visited a synagogue and explained to the surprised Jews there that he had enjoyed the meeting. Affiliates of the *khaneqah* are mostly Shi'a; but a participant could be Sunni, Jewish, Catholic or Mormon since the group is not really a religion but instead a spiritual school and esoteric path. The *Ostad's* niece happened to be living in Utah and was a convert to Mormonism which shares many concepts and practices with Islam.

After the Zekr

Kurosh and Shamseddin walked from the compound into the noisy street towards the car. Shamseddin asked "how much importance does their type of sacrament have?" Kurosh explained "they consider food that has been blessed by an authority as *murad* and it must be respected. Peelings of blessed fruit must not be thrown on the ground, in a ditch or garbage can. If the *Ostad* puffs on a small candy, it becomes blessed and can even cure illness, they believe." Shamseddin gazed contemplatively as he climbed into the VW Variant then asked "I heard that this group could be classified as *Ahl-e Haq* Sufis. I realize that Doctor doesn't agree with the name Sufi or *Ahl-e Haq*, but aren't they related to other *darvish* groups in Kurdistan which are classified as *Ahl-e Haq*? And didn't some *Ahl-e Haq* orders eat hot coals?" Kurosh admitted "yes, that's partly right" as he drove out of the narrow *kuche* towards the stream of traffic going down Pahlevi Avenue. "But long ago Doctor's father forbade such practices. Even so, one of the members of this group witnessed an amazing feat. He was visiting an *Ahl-e Haq* group in a Kurdish village near Kermanshah where a European guest was present. When everyone was sufficiently entranced, a tray of yellow hot coals was brought to the center and the *darvishes* began scooping up the coals and swallowing them like toasted marshmallows. Then to everyone's amazement, the European guest joined the coal eating binge and remained absolutely unharmed thus proving that anyone in the proper state of spiritual ecstasy can accomplish miraculous feats." Shamseddin stared in contemplation for a few moments then said "let's get back to the present; I heard there is a good play about the suffering of Job at the Iran-America Society put on by one of the members of *Ostad's khaneqah*. I am reviewing it for the Tehran Journal; why don't you join me? It's only a few more blocks down the hill." Kurosh agreed "sure, how about a snack of hot coals at the restaurant before it starts?"

Chapter 6

Daring Desert Drive on a Rugged Road from Kerman to Shiraz

The three American friends (Kurosh, Shamseddin and Selim) often traveled to various areas of

Iran in search of Sufi orders and shrines. One such trip was a visit to the Nimutallahi headquarters in Kerman and then across a rough and rugged road to Shiraz.

The evening that Kurosh, Selim and Shamseddin left Kerman for Shiraz, the placidity of the clear desert air held no hint of the events that were in store the following three days. A smooth asphalt road quickly brought them to Shirjan where they arrived late necessitating hunting down a hotel. Since there was only one *mehman-sarai* in town, the choices were rather limited. Kurosh was elected to climb the creaky stairway with the young man who posed as manager to see the one remaining 'room.' Clustered crowds of village families filled the floors of all the larger rooms; so the one room left was a windowless closet-size hovel with no furniture other than two saggy beds. The manager said he would bring a mat for Kurosh to fill the tiny space between the beds which was the point when Kurosh decided he was going to fold down the back seat of the good old Variant, roll out his mattress and quilt and let the others enjoy the 'comforts' of a 'room.' Kurosh bargained the manager down to eight *toman* with a portable kerosene stove or *bokhari* thrown in. Bidding them goodnight, Kurosh left his poor pals to play with the possible rats, cockroaches, fleas and bedbugs.

The following morning, they left the place which Selim so aptly christened as the 'filth pot hotel' and were off to find their fortune in the Iranian desert. They had been told at the last-chance gas pump to go to the asphalt then drive to Hajiabad which is what they did still unaware of the fate that was to befall them. Palm-leaved roofs on earthen homes, some with black tents attached, and palm orchards along the road reminded them that they were in the south as they rumbled along the rocky dirt road in a drizzling rain. Their first encounters with nature's nuances were occasional rivulets, which merrily meandered across the road with apparently no respect for the rights of motorists.

Water, Water Everywhere

They sportily splashed through the rivulets with a mind-over-matter determination even though some were a bit deep. But their haughty heads were soon bent down in humility when they decided to barrel through the Sharud River. They had seen a workman shoveling stones into the river ahead so they decided to push through as fast as possible. But alas, when they hit midstream, the back of the car sunk down as if in quicksand. Selim and Shamseddin jumped out, rolled up their pant legs and waded into the knee-high water where, along with the road worker, they heaved and hoed to no avail. Kurosh figured that was the end of their trip as he sloshed over to the small hut near the bank of the river where he found the driver of a large road crew truck having breakfast. Kurosh moaned that they were stuck in the middle of the river and maybe he could help pull them out. The driver smiled and darted out of the roadside hut to his truck as they attached a large cable to the bumper of the VW. The car had drifted a ways downstream and threatened to drift all the way to the ocean if they didn't hurry. With a little effort, the car was out of the river on the other side and they thanked the driver. While he checked the waterlogged motor, Kurosh asked Shamseddin to give the driver a few *toman* for his kindness, but he had already driven away. The road worker, when offered a few *toman*, cringed in bewilderment until Shamseddin finally forced one *toman* into his unwilling hand. This was the real Iran, the helpful hospitality, gracious goodwill and brotherly love that permeate a traditional people who love the Lord. As they drove away, Kurosh contemplated the graces of Allah for having spared them from watching their car disappear down the river.

As they sputtered off down the dirt road, they passed a camel herd lead by a small boy when the lead camel decided he wanted to race with the car. Kurosh had to really pump the pedal to pass him. The people of the area, Selim explained, were Semitic nomads who migrated there centuries ago. As they

approached the village of Faroq, two dark-tressed beautiful village maidens washing their clothes in a clean clear *jub* noticed them and, when Shamseddin boldly waved at them, they flashed back surprised but sweet smiles which remained etched in the memories of the three Americans. Palm orchards surrounded by earthen walls and the turquoise blue flat-sided dome of an *imamzade* also caught their eyes. The countryside was awe-inspiring; a crumbled down *karavan sarai* with black tents on the sides and fields of purple flowers broke through the valley mist. On the way off into the mountains, the stream that rambled down the road, at times, nearly got the upper hand. A thoughtful soldier waved them down and warned of bad road conditions describing the same things the three travelers had already been experiencing. As they continued on, they faced huge ruts full of water and washboard ripples that rattled them into near unconsciousness.

When they entered the village of Rostaq, a charming girl with jet-black hair and deep dark eyes wearing a collection of colorful petticoats, stared at the travelers in wonderment as they passed. A large whitewashed castle stood guard on the hill of the village. When a huge lake of water loomed up in the middle of the road, they plunged through it just barely making it to the other side. Finally they pulled into Darab, a village of reasonable size with the luxury of paved streets. The smooth ride after a day of ragged rumbling was like the relief at the end of a full day of deep drilling at the dentist's office. The weary voyagers drove to the center of town where a celebration was taking place. They noticed several almost blond blue-eyed girls in chadors indicating a potential ancient Aryan ancestry. After hunting around town, they found a *nunvai* where they bought a dozen slabs of bread to have on hand in case they got stuck a few days in another river.

Shiraz or Bust

They returned to the road and continued on towards Shiraz. Late in the evening, they ran into rougher weather, heavy rain and immense lakes in the road. They pushed on for hours of constantly splashing through ponds until a large stream lurked ahead. "Don't slow down, just ram through it" Selim and Shamseddin urged. Kurosh sped up and tore through as water oozed up around the motor, which died half way through the stream. Fortunately, they had enough momentum to carry the poor old VW to dry land on the other side where the car rumbled to a dead halt. They got out in the pouring rain to see what was wrong then decided to sit in the car and shiver until the motor dried out a bit. After huddling for a miserable sopping cold hour, Kurosh tried to start the car. With a hearty "*ya Ali*," the engine miraculously coughed, wheezed and finally kicked over; but somehow it had lost its power and never regained it.

After fording a few more large ponds, the engine died again. As Kurosh tried to restart it, Selim got out and then hollered "smoke is pouring out!" Kurosh jumped out, pulled up the hatchback and uncovered the motor to see furious flames leaping about. The three huffed and puffed until the last flame was extinguished from around the gas line which had melted into a blob of rubber. The plastic fuel pump cover was also a molten mass, hinting that the pump itself might have been damaged. Kurosh discouragedly stared at his friends and declared that this time it might really be the end of the line as they glared back in unbelief standing in the desolate darkness soaked by sheets of rain. Then Kurosh remembered the last time his fuel line had a problem in Herat, he had picked up an old rubber tube which, although too large and prone to leakage, might get them to Shiraz. The three unloaded all their belongings from the back seat of the car and Kurosh dug out the rubber tube under the seat. The rubber tube was installed and, to everyone's utter amazement, the motor started. They reloaded their soaked possessions on the back seat and sputtered off passing another small village.

But then they encountered a monstrous lake in the road. Selim jumped out to check the water depth as they were hailed by a jeep driver from the other side of the water who yelled in Persian “two trucks have sunk in a pond up the way and the road is closed.” He advised they return to the village and stay at the *qavekhane* (coffeehouse). So the three discouraged wanderers returned to the last village but couldn’t find any *qavekhane*; instead they found a schoolhouse. Kurosh suggested that Shamseddin go in and see if he and Selim could talk them into letting the two stay the night. They returned with a couple of young fellows, one of whom declared that he was a teacher and was ready to put the two up for the night. Kurosh bid his friends goodnight and drew his damp cotton Herati quilt over him for a long wet cold sleep in the VW. At dawn Selim and Shamseddin returned to the car accompanied by friendly villagers. The teacher stated that they hadn’t had rain like that for years and they were grateful for the deluge. After polite farewells, the three travelers continued off down the road again to face the monstrous pond where the two trucks were sunk. They decided to blaze their own trail around the pond just barely squeezing past the trucks near the shore.

As they continued upward into the mountains, there was gradual transition into snow as they again fought various wild streams cutting through the winding muddy road. The constant smell of gas fumes convinced Kurosh that they should stop and check the motor. Sure enough, the makeshift rubber hose was spraying gasoline all over the hot engine. So Kurosh tied the ends of the tube tightly with string and wire then asked Shamseddin to ride in the back keeping an eye out for danger signs from the engine. They bumped off over the puddle-infested road until Shamseddin suddenly screamed “fire! fire!” Everyone jumped out to fight the flames. After finally putting the fire out, the three trudged over to the nearby *jub* where they filled every container they had in case of future conflagrations. After retightening the gas line, the motor somehow started and they drove off in tense silence with Shamseddin carefully watching for more fires. Selim insightfully declared “everyone has jeeps but us.”

At Sarvestan they were relieved to find some blacktop; but after Akbar, the wretched rock road returned. They passed a village where a group of ladies were working on their laundry in the rain. An enchanting village girl in full folk wear was sauntering along the road with a cute little goat at her heels, paying no attention to the torrents of rain. The trio pressed on after suffering over two days of strenuous hardship; then Shamseddin shouted out over the roar of the engine “the gas leak is really bad.” They stopped and Kurosh checked it out, cut a short piece of the original rubber hose and inserted it into the swollen replacement tube and, of course, cut his finger in the process not to mention getting a bloody bump on the head from banging into the corner of the door. After the last repair, the motor became nearly powerless; but the car sputtered onward. At a turn in the road, a bus pulled over and the sympathetic driver motioned for them to stop. He shouted in Persian that they should take the short route over the mountains to the asphalt. Kurosh called back that they didn’t have enough power to climb. The driver said to follow him over the 30 Ks of mud and muck to the other asphalt. But after a ways, alas, the three dreary travelers hit one formidable deep pool, which washed up into the motor and this time killed it dead for good. After an hour of intermittently trying to start it, they were ready to give up when a jeep putted up and the driver asked what was wrong. Kurosh told the friendly fellow “*ba’d az se ruz-e baran o gel, motor kamelan koshte shode* (after three days of rain and mud the motor has been completely killed).” The driver smiled and said “*eib nadare, man be Shiraz mikeshametun.*” Kurosh swallowed his pride to meekly and gratefully accept the offer of a tow to Shiraz rather than be stuck in the desert.

Shiraz, Finally

It was late Thursday afternoon when they finally made it to Shiraz, but the first two VW garages they passed were closed. Adding to the problems, the windshield had partly rattled loose from the bumpy roads causing an incessant dribbling water leak which soaked Kurosh's already sopped knees. Finally, they came upon the Apadana Garage where a kind mechanic was ready to help. Kurosh forced 40 *toman* on the reluctant jeep driver and gave him a thankful hug. The mechanic worked for a couple of hours and eventually got the car running for a modest fee. The three spent three days visiting the religious shrines in Shiraz like Haft Tan Darvish (seven dervishes) and attending Sufi meetings before deciding to return to Tehran. When they got to the Quran Gate on the way out of town, the car refused to climb further and ground to a halt. They turned back and sputtered down to two different garages where various mechanics tried everything to get the car running well. From a sudden inspiration, Kurosh suggested that the carburetor might be clogged. Sure enough, after taking off the carburetor, the mechanic found a big clump of mud and some drops of water which was remedied in about an hour and the trio was quoted 25 *toman* for the repair. It was a reasonable fee; but they had barely enough to get to Tehran, so the faces of all three sunk in despair. When the mechanic realized how destitute they were, he tried to give them back all their money. But, after a friendly argument, they forced 16 *toman* into his hand then, after warm expressions of deep gratitude, they left to fight icy roads back to Tehran.

When Kurosh was comfortable back in his apartment on Ansarie Street in Amirabad, he was so thankful for a safe return, that he built a small pyramid-shaped stone altar across the street in the dirt near the Amirabad Prison wall following the custom to thank Allah for a safe return. How many dangerous trips had Allah brought him back from; every one more unbelievable than the last.

Boarding the Plane

Kurosh's meditative observations were abruptly broken by an exuberant Iranian girl in the light blue of Pan Am darting from one row of chairs to another calling out "Pan American passengers!" Kurosh slowly got up as half the people in the transit lounge rose to their feet as if on resurrection day. The Pan Am girl worriedly gazed at each group of passengers exclaiming "Pan Am flight 001 to Frankfurt, London and New York is ready for boarding at gate four!"

Kurosh and the others trudged towards the security check where their hand luggage was carefully searched by friendly guards after which they were frisked from head to foot in preparation for boarding. Kurosh Ali went through the checkpoint smiling and chatting with guards in fluent Persian then meandered into the boarding hall to await the long Iran Air bus into which passengers would be sardined and whisked off to the 747 jumbo jet. On the bus, Kurosh Ali gazed out the window at the Alborz Mountains and the typically smoggy sky for what, as far as he knew, might be the last time. He was leaving the city he had called his only real home for over seven years in the country where he had planned to live the rest of his life and where he had hoped to be buried. Despite the traffic terror, the housing horror, a little minor lying, cheating and trickery, Kurosh had learned to love Iran even if for the last three years he had been forced to live in his car due to the lack of any other available living quarters at under \$1,000 a month. He looked down at the floor resting his head on his hand to hide the tears welling up in his eyes as the bus bounced on.

Before he could really loose control of his emotions, the bus ground to a halt at the bottom of the steps up to the 747. He jerked his overloaded dolly off the bus and struggled to get his large leather bag

over his shoulder. He folded up the dolly and lifted off his other big handbag full of kinescopes of some of his most brilliant TV shows. At the top of the steps, he was greeted by a cheerful Pan Am stewardess who smiled and said “welcome aboard; seat number?” After several dozen flights between the Middle East and America or Europe on Pan Am, Kurosh knew exactly where 44 A was. He assured “I’ll find it” and began the acrobatic antics of trying to squeeze his over-stuffed huge hand luggage down the aisles to his seat. After carefully tucking his handbags in the overhead compartments, he eased into his window seat. Again he stared through the glass at his former home. As he began to contemplate more of the many events which had transpired during the seven hard but happy years in Tehran, he felt a caring hand gently touch his shoulder. He turned to see an attractive stewardess scoldingly survey his unfastened seat belt. “Oh sorry” he exclaimed fastening the belt as the stewardess dreamily floated on down the aisle.

Kurosh drifted back into his memories as the plane began to taxi down the runway. He remembered with an occasional smile or tear his many wanderings all over the Middle East from India to Lebanon and back, by air, by car, by bus or train. He always mingled with the local population in every country, speaking their languages as well as he could, wearing their clothes, playing their music and praying in their mosques or joining Sufi gatherings. He violently resented being thought of as a tourist or Yankee ‘spy’ and he had done very well to cover up his foreign identity during his travels in order to blend in with the people and to become one of them as much as possible. It was Kurosh’s skill at blending in which molded him into one of the foremost Middle East scholars, or maybe more correctly ‘adoptees,’ unknown, unappreciated and often resented by both Americans and Middle Easterners for having successfully traversed and even erased the chasm between East and West. As for the continual accusation of being a spy, once after a reception at the U. S. Embassy, Ambassador Helms and his friendly wife were bidding farewell to Kurosh and Terry Graham. Kurosh teased the ambassador “hey, where is my paycheck!” Helms scowled “what paycheck?” Kurosh smiled “for spying, of course,” to which Helms scolded “you’re not a spy!” Kurosh pleaded “then tell all the Iranians because they are positive I am.” Mrs. Helms chuckled a little; but the ambassador remained unamused maintaining his typical grim glare.

Chapter 7

Managing a Major Hotel in Herat

As the plane rose higher, Kurosh gazed one last time at the mountains eastward thinking about his last wonderful trip to Herat returning through Mashhad where he reviewed the Festival of Tus and later that year when he was a guest one last time at the Shiraz Arts Festival.

As he drove past the mysterious minarets with their sky-blue tiles, most of which had long fallen off into the surrounding dust, Kurosh felt that familiar feeling of peace and excitement. Now he was in Herat to stay a whole month instead of rushing around for a day or two of shopping. He had brought along a few liter bottles and a large plastic jug full of pure water from the mountain spring near Amol as well as a few raw food pastries and goodies from Hovanessian’s raw food restaurant in Tehran; so he hoped not to starve. No matter how much Kurosh loved Afghanistan and his favorite town Herat, he could never even imagine eating any vegetable washed in those ditches full of sewage.

As his old VW Variant bumped along the dusty road past the quaint little shops on the way into town, he felt more at home than ever. Now he had finally found an Afghan fiancée from one of the best families in the country related to a former Shah and he had also been honored as a government guest

scholar at the Ansari Millennial Conference in Herat not long before. So this visit was more of a meaningful pilgrimage and self-discovery venture than a visa trip or shopping spree. This time he wanted to do something for the people of the town he loved so much. He wanted to serve in some way, to do his little part to raise his voice against the monstrosity of modernization, the lethal cancer of westernization, which threatened to destroy this one last bastion of tradition and culture.

He slowly drove down the main street towards the Mowafaq Hotel passing the colorfully tasseled prancing horses that were pulling intricately decorated two-wheeled horse carts with a musical jingling of bells accompanying the calming clop of trotting hooves. Kurosh remembered the good old days when he first visited Herat and was totally amazed and mystified by the treasure of tradition and lack of the curse of westernization. There was hardly a car then except for occasional tourist vehicles and all transportation was by the enchantingly soothing *gadi* or horse cart. Kurosh still dreamed of the day he might be able to buy a horse cart and drive it all the way to some seaport and, after selling the trusty steed, put it on a boat for the US. But that was an unlikely fantasy. As he neared the hotel, his heart thumped vigorously with the excitement of being back where almost everything was like a dream of past cultural glories from former empires. He stepped out of the car and drew in the fresh village air laden with the sweet scent of wood fires. Street merchants accosted him in an enthusiastic effort to sell their colorful Turkman and Baluchi carpets. Kurosh politely declined even though he wished he had the funds to afford such luxuries.

“*Sallam Mualem saib*” greeted a kindly old man with a long white beard, the accountant for the hotel. As the old man, a portrait of the glorious past of ancient Khorasan, continued on his way out the hotel door, he muttered “*Khair Jan balas* (Khair Jan is upstairs).” Khair Jan, the hotel proprietor, had promised Kurosh Ali that he could come and manage the hotel any time and receive a free room with meals for his work. This was a very fair exchange for Kurosh since the 250 Afs a day he would have to pay for a good room and another 100 Afs for tangerines and bread would break him after a week. This time he decided to stay out his one-month visa in Herat and fully absorb the culture.

Hotel Proprietor Khair Jan

Kurosh had first met Khair Jan on a weird wild visa trip a few years before. One mid-winter night when he was just about ready to go to sleep in his apartment in Tehran, he was glancing through his passport checking the riot of colorful visas when he noticed his Iranian visa was to expire the next day. He panicked, immediately grabbed his trusty 5-gallon water jug and a few other necessities, dressed as warmly as possible and jumped into the car to drive the long slippery ice-ridden road to Mashhad and an even snowier more frightening drive all the way to Tayebad.

When he finally made it to Tayebad after almost sliding to his death several times, it was nearly midnight and the Tayebad border station was all but closed. His poor old VW crunched up to the border station on the jagged ice where the guard curiously slid the window open declaring “*Kurosh Ali Khan, dar in sa’at-e dir o dar in barf o yakh che kar mikoni?*” Kurosh was almost too embarrassed to admit that what he was doing there so late in the snow and ice was getting out of the country before his visa was to run out. His friend scolded Kurosh, not for almost missing his visa deadline, but for being so crazy and driving so far in such bad weather. His friend admonished “*fardo yo pas fardo miamedi; ma qabulet darim dige.*” Kurosh knew that they might let him slide a couple of days, but he wanted to be correct and obey all the rules exactly if possible. Kurosh was invited to come in and wait till morning when his friend Mr. Hosseini and the other officials who had gone to bed in town would be

back to check him through. Kurosh thankfully declined the hospitality noting that he had his worn but trusty sleeping bag, quilt and blanket and was all set to sleep right there until morning.

When morning came and all his friends quickly cleared him through, the car crunched on over to the Islam Qala border station on the Afghan side where his other friends checked him through and off he slid to Herat where he rumbled into town cold and freezing. He was so tired he just parked somewhere and fell asleep. After a while, there was a knock on his car window and Khair Jan, a wiry former weight-lifter from Kabul, shouted in English “hey come into this teahouse and get warm!” Kurosh obeyed and an immediate friendship was forged. Khair Jan said that someday he would open a big hotel and Kurosh could stay there for free on a future trip. So now, after a few trips and short stays at the nice clean Mowafaq Hotel that Khair Jan finally did build, Kurosh was ready to really settle in and get a complete inside survey of Herat and its arts.

After entering the hotel doorway, Kurosh respectfully greeted the night manager and the room service boys by humbly bowing with his hand over his heart then enthusiastically extending both hands to clasp those of his old acquaintances. Again he was informed that Khair Jan was in his room upstairs. So Kurosh proceeded up the carpeted steps past the restaurant where the grim but friendly Jallalabadi cashier was lounging with his knees tucked up under his chin on a seemingly rickety chair. “*Sallam, Mualllem Saib, kai amadi*” he called out in his heavy Pashtu accent. Kurosh answered “*aminali*” noting that he had just arrived then ask “*tsengei* (how are you)” in Pashtu, as he continued up the stairs to the second floor and Khair Jan’s room.

His knock was answered with Khair’s queried “*ki as?*” to which Kurosh responded “*man am, Kurosh Khan az Tehran.*” The door swung open and Khair Jan jumped up, kissed him on both cheeks then pulled him into the room and sat him down on a long floor cushion at the place of honor farthest from the door. After long exchanges of traditional greetings and welcomes, Khair got down to business. “*I dafa yak mah memani!*” he declared emphatically. “*A saib*” Kurosh agreed explaining that he had long been planning this chance to stay a full month in his favorite town. Then Khair jumped to open the door and call for the room boy to bring a sumptuous meal and to arrange one of the best rooms for his distinguished guest. Kurosh was always in the delicate position of having to *ta’arof* his way out of eating anything but bread, onions and a few spoonfulls of rice. His vegetarian diet was never understood in Afghanistan; so it required the most skillful eloquence not to offend his hosts. He relied on such statements as “I am not worthy of more than bread and onions” or “bread and onions was the food of the former great conqueror Mir Wais.” He would then smother his host with compliments so stunning that the matter of food was soon forgotten. As always, Kurosh was able to talk his way out of eating any of the intricately prepared meat or yogurt dishes and he barely conceded to a few cooked beans and carrots so as not to offend his old friend.

As the two friends waited for the food, they discussed many subjects. Kurosh asked Khair if he liked the Ansari Millennial festival during which the international scholars stayed at Khair’s hotel. Khair thanked Kurosh for having told him about it before the event took place so he could work it out that his hotel was the center of activities. Now Kurosh was no longer an honored guest of the state as he had been a few weeks prior, but the fact that he had been at the side of the *wali* (governor) of Herat province and in the company of other respected local and national figures during the seminar gave him an aura of dignity he had not previously enjoyed when he visited Herat on so many visa visits and buying sprees during which he blended in with the local populace in order to get correct, not tourist, prices and to tap the pulse of local culture.

After the meal, the two relaxed against the walls of the small room for a moment then Kurosh reached into his leather shoulder bag and pulled out the result of his smuggling, a half-gallon of U.S. commissary

whisky obtained from a military adviser friend back in Tehran. Although Kurosh's Mormon background and Sufi Islamic fervor pinched him with a pang of guilt for such improprieties, the financial strain which always hung over him in a dark cloud made it necessary to occasionally smuggle a bottle of less harmful liquor into Herat so he could buy those craft items which would eventually all but disappear from the face of the earth due to pestilence of modernization and materialistic globalization of the whole world. To collect and thus save the last vestiges of beauty left in this one corner of the globe, Kurosh would sink to the level of bringing an item which was nearly as big a curse as communism or capitalism. He attempted to justify the situation in his mind by rationalizing that he was saving his Herati friends, the ones who were unfortunately habituated to alcohol, from having to be possibly poisoned by the cheap home-made rot-gut junk that was floating around town that could even blind its victims.

"*Nem galun awordi*" Khair Jan exclaimed in surprise adding "*chandas?*" Kurosh ventured that such large quantity of the best American whisky should be worth 3,000 Afghanis; but since Khair was a buddy, 2,000 would do. Khair reached into his vest pocket and pulled out two gray 1,000 Afghani notes and a blue 500 as Kurosh vigorously protested that it was too much, even though he knew that was the fair market price in Herat. He was countered with "*khair a, skoma 'amkar asti*" After two more futile attempts to return the 500 note, he acquiesced to the concept that he was indeed a 'colleague' now at the hotel and he could pay Khair Jan back by shaping up the hotel so that it would feel like home to young tourists from Europe and America. With his knowledge of many of the typical languages of the Western world and several Eastern ones as well, Kurosh was sure to be an asset to Khair Jan in attracting guests to the newest and cleanest hotel in the province.

Enjoying the Mowafaq Hotel

Soon Kurosh was invited to his room where the small *bokhari* or wood-burning stove was crackling cheerfully in the corner. He locked his shoulder bag in the room and went down to his dusty car to heft his beat-up suitcase out from under the front hood of the Variant. The hotel boy and a couple of other young fellows on the street tried to assist him. But Kurosh had developed a keen skill for side-stepping any favors which might incur a cost no matter how insignificant. Also he always did his own work as much as possible because he didn't believe in others doing things for him unless it was some tricky auto or electronic repairs that he couldn't manage.

As Kurosh lugged his suitcase up the stairs, two suspicious ex-convict looking stocky Russians in lumpy suits were quietly conversing as they slowly made their way down from step to step. As they shot an uneasy glare at the tall American, Kurosh smiled back at them and blurted "*zdravityi tavarishchi, kak diela?*" The surprised comrades mustered up a semi-sneer and muttered "*kharaoho*" then sped up their pace down the steps casting an occasional suspicious askance glance at Kurosh. "The worst thing about these commies is their grumpyness and lack of any apparent sense of humor" Kurosh thought to himself. "Heaven forbid that they ever try to take over Afghanistan. It would be better for the Shah of Iran to re-annex Afghanistan before anything like that could ever happen" he mused. "But then if the Shah goes, there goes the Middle East, at least as a playground for Western puppeteers. Maybe the *mullahs* in Qom should take over the whole area, then at least the evils of globalization and modernization with junk 'music,' junk 'dance,' junk 'culture' and 'freedom' to be immoral and obscene to excess might be slowed down a tad."

He reached his room and, after fumbling with his key, which always got stuck, he opened the door, plunked his suitcase down and sighed in relief "well, I made it again" thinking back over the harrowing drive over mountains and desert from Tehran. It was about his 25th trip from Tehran to Afghanistan by

various means including car, train to Mahshhad then bus, plane to Kabul and the first trip in Jean Daring's car when almost no other cars could be seen in Herat. He still had not done the trip by camel caravan or by horse cart, a dream that never came true. He was reminded of his friend Jean Daring's story of driving into Herat years ago, the only car on the street. Then, in the quiet conflagration of the crimson gold rays of dusk, two young Afghan gentlemen in flowing white clothes poised on magnificent steeds passed him racing down the main street. Kurosh had also witnessed several times in the late evening, from the window of his second floor room at the Behzad Hotel, the ruckus racket of wild drag races between horse cart drivers. It was like the occasional hot-rod drags he used to catch a glimpse of from the upstairs window of his grandpa's house on the main street of Rexburg, Idaho in his pre-high school days.

Kurosh unpacked a new set of clothes and peeled off his dust and grease-ridden pants, his shirt and partly torn suit coat for his first full shower in weeks. Living in his car did not offer many opportunities to do anything but occasionally sponge off when he could. So he was overjoyed to really wash up even in a tiny shower that sputtered weird spray patterns, either too hot or too freezing, and on a cement floor that was clammy and cold. Of course, the attendant forgot to leave a towel; so he was obliged to dry off on his dirty clothes. He mused back over the years to when he lived in the Chateau Apartments in Salt Lake City and could enjoy a nice steaming shower twice a day if he wanted. But Kurosh was happy to sacrifice the physical comforts to be in one of the cultural centers of the world rather than lounge in luxury in the US that Kurosh felt was a cultural wasteland drowning in the flood of materialism, rampant immorality and heartless indifference.

Kurosh drew up his huge flowing *tumban* (trousers) and tied the drawstring then slipped into his intricately embroidered *kemiz* (shirt) and *vaskot* (simple vest) before wrapping a long white *lungi* (turban) around a glimmering beaded *arakchin* (cap). Now he felt like a real human being, a real man. Once dressed, with his turban tail elegantly flowing, he strolled down the hallway towards the stairs leading to the dining room. He tossed the end of his turquoise blue embroidered shawl back over his right shoulder from where it had slid as he approached the dining room door. Hotel employees shot admiring smiles at him in his full Afghan attire; but Kurosh acted as if wearing such a wardrobe was the most natural thing in the world. He felt that these were the type of clothes God intended for man rather than the drab unisex machine-age motley with those ghastly ugly jeans foisted on unwitting victims by globalization and its author the Devil. Kurosh endeavored to be an example of the conviction that traditional apparel is always better however and whenever he could.

He wandered into the dining room and took a seat near a window looking out over the peaceful activities of the village, a scene that traversed centuries to a distant past. Groups of two or four friends in national dress, then an old man with a dusty turban and a patriarchal white wavy beard urging along a donkey laden with a pair of straw bags over-filled with pomegranates. Coming the other way was a group of Hazara youngsters pulling and pushing a cart piled high with *ezom* or firewood. A little girl in a tattered but lovely embroidered dress was leading a small group of sheep. Horse carts jingled along the dusty street to and from the mosque which glimmered with its turquoise and lapis blue tiles in the dusk. The tranquil splendor was only occasionally broken by an ugly army jeep or the car of a European tourist. "If only the whole world could return to the ecologically sane, non energy-consuming society of the past; then we could just peacefully blend into nature, eternity and the millennium" Kurosh thought.

Kurosh was jolted from his paradisiacal daydreaming by the waiter who beamed "*wa, wa Muallem Saib, kai amadi?*" Kurosh returned the greeting with "*salam saib, khub asti, jur asti, teyar asti?*" He chatted for a moment before ordering the usual: bread, onions and a few cooked vegetables. As always he had to emphasize that the vegetables could not be cooked with meat or in animal oil. Although he was always promised that they weren't, he was never sure. Kurosh loved almost everything about Afghanistan

except the meat-heavy diet and the sanitation (or lack of it). But the healthy whole-grain flat-bread fresh from the *nanwa* (baker) perfumed with the natural smell of whole wheat and fragrant firewood was always a treat. And although every ditch, rivulet or pond of water was mixed with sewage, most everything else in Herat was great. In Zoroastrian times, religious tradition prohibited contaminating water, a concept Kurosh wished had continued. Soon a plate of steaming cooked carrots, beans and potatoes was set in front of Kurosh by the smiling Ozbaki waiter whose squinted dancing eyes expressed the hope that ‘Muallem Saib’ would enjoy his meal. A moment later, four slices of flat-bread were brought along with a bottle of boiled water. Kurosh suspiciously eyed the water as the waiter insistently assured “*bali, Muallem Saib, baid as, az chah-a otal as.*” Whether it was from the hotel’s well and boiled a hundred times or not, Kurosh wouldn’t chance anything but water from a safe mountain spring. He dug into his shoulder bag and fished out a bottle of Amolo spring water from northern Iran and pried the cap off with one of those typically dull butter knives.

As he ate, contemplating the spectacular splendor of the millennia-old culture resurrected before him in the red-orange rays of dusk, he wished that the whole world had remained unscarred by the industrial revolution, the red revolution, the sexual revolution, the white revolution in Iran and, worst of all, the greedy capitalist globalist conspiracy of the West. According to Kurosh, there are only a handful of places left in the world that are worth visiting, one was Herat and another Gilgit in the mountains of Kashmir. Places where the curse of cars, the trash of television, the atrocity of advertising, the mental mutilation of Marxism, the fraud of feminism and the curse of capitalism hadn’t made their ignoble incursion into the peaceful life of past cultures.

The evening air laden with a light layer of dust from the earthen streets and alleyways reflected the fading rays of the sun in a magic mirage of golden glory. Kurosh quickly finished his meal and called the waiter to pay his bill of what amounted to 30 cents. The waiter refused money affirming that Khair Jan insisted that Kurosh could eat anytime he wanted free of charge since he was now the manager. Kurosh thanked his Ozbaki colleague and excitedly made his way down the stairs to the lobby where three Afghans, who remembered him from former visits, stood from their chairs and, covering their hearts with their right hands and slightly bowing, offered respectful greetings of “*sallam Muallem Saib, b’khair amadi.*” Kurosh returned the greeting also covering his heart with his right hand from which his string of yellow *shahmaqsud* prayer beads dangled. Bowing a few more times as he backed out the door, he apologized for having to hurry before the shops closed. As he backed through the hotel door, he brushed by a French hippy accompanied by a female companion who blurted out “*pardon messieur*” to which Kurosh responded “*ça fais rien, mes amis, ç’ettait ma faute* (no problem my friends, it was my fault.)”

The Joy of Jingling Horsecarts

He quickly moved out into the glorious refreshing cool air to see the last glow of the crimson sunset paint its hue on the blue tiles of the mosque. The scent of firewood and various spices from the tiny shops permeated the air along with the cheerful chatting of local natives. A *gadi* rolled past with the musical clapping of the horse’s hooves and jingling of many bells adding to the enchantment of what always seemed to be more of a dream than reality. Afghanistan was the dream world that Kurosh had sought from his youth never knowing exactly what he was looking for and where to find it. The *gadi* driver clanged his loud warning bell, much more pleasant than the deafening harshness of truck horns all too often over-abused. As he drove past, the *gadi* driver, noticing Kurosh, pulled his cart to a halt a few meters ahead and smiled “*Muallem Saib, baz amadi Erat* (professor, you’re back in Herat)?”

Kurosh quickened his pace and, climbing up the step onto the cart, he seated himself next to the driver, an act that showed he wasn't going to follow the tradition of customers riding in the back. Even the supposedly democratic Russians sat in the back so as not to be near the driver who was looked down on in Afghanistan as were all persons in service professions of any kind. Also it balanced the cart to have customers sitting in the back. Kurosh surprised the driver by warmly clutching his wrist with both hands and beaming "*sallam saib, khub asti, khair asti, cha al dari?*"

Kurosh settled in his seat adding "*berim chakar!*" The old white-bearded driver chuckled with a twinkle in his clear dark eyes "*kho, kuja?*" Kurosh didn't care where, just a ride around his favorite town in his favorite mode of transportation was a joy. "*Shahr-a Naw, Shahr-a kohna, ar ja ka gadiwan mega* (new town, old town, wherever the *gadi* driver says)" he recited in a poetic rhythm and rhyme surprising the old man who laughed then rose slightly from his seat to urge his sturdy steed into a fast trot with a harmless whack of a frayed leather whip attached to a wooden stick.

As the horse cart jingled past the many small shops of Qiasi Street on the way to the mosque, Kurosh thought back over his many visits to Herat. A little girl, nearly old enough to be attractive, cast an almost romantic gaze into Kurosh's eyes, then shyly and prankishly stuck out her tongue and scampered away laughing. As Kurosh watched the leather shops drift by on his right, he was often greeted with a smile, a wave or a bow by the artisans from whom he had bought craft goods on various visits. Half way to the mosque, the leather shops flowed into trinket, scarf and antique stores.

They clopped along past the antique store of Herat's most interesting traditional two-stringed *dutar* master Abdal Ghafur and Kurosh peered into the doorway to see if his old friend was there. Abdal, seeing Kurosh, rushed out and motioned to him to stop in. As they rode by, Kurosh called out "*pasan meyom*" to which the cheerful old shop-keeper smiled back the hope that Kurosh really would stop in later to hear a private concert, talk about music and culture and maybe buy something. The horse happily clopped along the dusty rutted road around the mosque with its placid lapis blue and turquoise tiles gleaming in the sunset. The jingling bells of the horse cart took on a new melody when the driver stood up for a moment and cried out "*ha!*" gently stinging the rump of his black steed with his short whip. The cart weaved back and forth in a relaxing rhythm as the horse gallantly galloped past the used clothing bazaar where villagers milled about gazing at the circus of multicolored hanging garments which were likely donated by some so-called wealthy country. The horse returned to a trot in order to squeeze around the circle surrounding a small pillar and onward down the crowded metal worker's street where the hypnotic pounding, tapping and clanging of myriads of brass, tin and copper workers hummed like happy crickets. Kurosh was in bliss; every time he visited Herat, he felt he was half-way to heaven in the peaceful atmosphere among the intellectual carefree people.

"*Ha!*" the driver warned pulling the reins to stop his horse as a donkey loaded with grass sauntered across the road urged on by a carefree little boy in billowy trousers, a tattered vest and a worn beaded cap. "*Ha bacha, boro dega!*" the driver reprimanded as the boy tapped his donkey a few friendly strokes with a small tree branch that still had leaves at the end. The *gadi* driver tugged and maneuvered his horse around the donkey and clopped off towards the old bazaar. Kurosh stared lustfully at the small shops with their treasures of carpets, vests, quilted coats, beaded caps and many other items he always cherished and perniciously purchased every time he came to town.

"*Iji chaharsu a, payan meshi?*" the driver queried. Kurosh restrained the urge to get down and quench his overwhelming thirst for ethnic clothing for the moment because he needed to pick up a *dutar* his friend Zabiullah was supposed to have ready. "*Nay saib, berem b'khair. Darwaza Qandar yad dari ka; u su berem.*" Of course everyone knew where the Qandahar Gate was, so the driver whacked his horse a friendly tap and the cart jolted off down the dust road crowded with groups of people wandering to and fro

in a relaxed manner much as if it was all a big party. Groups of men would joke and discuss philosophy or events. Women shyly hiding behind their colorful silky red, turquoise, green or gray pleated and embroidered veil dresses or *chadri* would huddle together quietly chatting as if they were sharing some earth-shaking secret. Lumbering camels, shuffling donkeys, magnificent horses, colorfully decorated horse carts and occasionally a timid cringing dog with clipped ears shared the main road of the bazaar as the dust particles rose glistening in the golden glow of the sunset. The fresh smell of wet earth from the water which had been occasionally splashed on the road to calm the dust blended with the scent of spices, wood fires, woolen carpets, newly made cotton clothing and fresh fruit resulting in an unforgettable natural aroma.

The cart began circling the large round plot at Darwaza Qandahar where hundreds of merchants and buyers were busily bickering and bargaining over the piles of various rugs they would intermittently wave at potential purchasers while enumerating the many merits of each old piece. Kurosh glanced to the right down the almost unusable road to the west, which humped and bumped with ragged ruts and gouges in the center and deep ditches on each side. As always, there were several sets of camels snobbishly munching on grass, some still carrying large loads of wool, thread or twine, which were being stacked into the tiny, parched earthen shops. As the driver stood to urge his horse to greater speeds, a sudden thump told Kurosh and the *gadiwan* that the cart had experienced what amounted to a pre-machine age version of a flat tire.

The driver pulled the horse to a halt and jumped from his seat to inspect the wheel. Kurosh also climbed down to help. The driver reached inside a wildly painted tin box attached to the side of the cart where he kept a brass kerosene lamp plus other necessities and brought forth his tire repair tool. One edge of the thick strand of rubber, which was wedged into the center around the circumference of the wooden spoked wheel, had popped out so the driver began struggling with the strange wrench to try to wedge it back into the hollow of the wheel. After ten minutes of the driver and Kurosh squeezing and hammering to no avail, the driver told Kurosh “*boro, khair a, ech paisa nadi.*” But Kurosh nobly protested that he would be happy to pay even if he did not arrive exactly at his destination. He reached into his vest pocket and pulled out a crisp new purple 20 Af note, twice the fare, and placed it in the driver’s hand then affectionately closed the driver’s fingers around it saying “*i az shmas, khuda maya ka bigiri.* (this is yours; God wants you to have it.)” The driver bashfully smiled, his eyes beaming with warmth as he began to attempt a protest but Kurosh quickly darted off to avoid having his money returned.

Dutar Maker Zabiullah

As he strode along the pine-lined road with his *tumban* billowing and his long *lungi* (turban) flapping behind him, two little girls with deep black eyes glanced up from filling a large water pail at the corner faucet. They playfully ventured a ‘*sallam,*’ which was answered by Kurosh who was impressed with their femininity and charm. He had only to image how beautiful some of the older Herati girls were since nearly none were seen without their colorful *chadri* except, of course, on stage at the Nandari. Kurosh turned the corner of Kucha Kata where a small *samowar* offered tea to a couple of weary gray-bearded gentlemen. He continued down past the tiny roughly built shops lining the muddy rutted road until he reached the little shop of Zabiullah. As Kurosh stepped onto the high-raised doorway, Zabiullah glanced up from the golden chunk of *tut* (mullbary) he had been hollowing out by hacking with a small hatchet and then beamed enthusiastically “*sallam Muallem Saib, kai amadi?*” Kurosh answered that he had just arrived in Herat and then asked what Zabi had been doing. Zabi paused for a moment then answered “*mai ka dutar mesazom.*” Of course, he had been making dutars and very nice ones at that. Zabi’s little daughter peered from behind him and then shyly hid from the stranger. “*Cha shud dutar?*” Kurosh queried to which

Zabi answered “*ani*” reaching back in the corner to produce a beautifully inlaid long-necked instrument. Zabi’s eyes flashed with pride as he proclaimed in his thick Herati brogue “*i sar as! A, i bsyar alas!*” Kurosh wanted to see for himself if it was ‘the top,’ so he grasped the instrument and strummed out a few bars of an old Herati folk melody. Kurosh’s eyes lit up as he agreed “*a saib, i khob chez as!*” Then he posed the crucial question “*chand as?*” Zabi brushed wood shavings and sawdust aside making a place for Kurosh to sit urging “*beshi!*” Kurosh crouched down sitting on his heels waiting for the important answer. “*Ba dega kas az du u nem azar kamtar nedom, magar b’shma ba azar u af sad medom.*” Kurosh knew that a very unique and exquisitely inlaid instrument might fetch 2,500 Afs; but he also knew that Zabi’s reduced offer of 1,700 was too high for the simple but decorative inlay of black and white plastic, maybe some from old bike fenders rather than the traditional mother of pearl, even though the sound was good although not excellent. “*Magar dafa pesh ka amadom azar rupa nagofti?*” Kurosh reminded. Zabi’s eyes twinkled as a wry playful smile crossed his lips admiring Kurosh’s exacting memory of the formerly promised price of 1,000 Afs. “*U pesh bod, ala qaimat shud.*” Kurosh was aware that prices had gone up since the first 750 Af *dutar* he bought from Zabi five years prior; so he conceded “*kho, diga, azar u yak sad!*” he said offering 1,100.

Zabi twisted his head downward to emphasize a lowered offer of 1,500 “*kho, kho yak u nem azar.*” Kurosh shot a smile at the little girl who had mustered the courage to scamper out into the street, then he looked seriously back at Zabi to explain the story he had to constantly relate to all shop owners wherever he traveled in whatever language necessary. “*Ma turis nestum, ma shma wara kam paisa nafar astum.*” He searched Zabi’s eyes to see if his tale of poverty was gaining acceptance before making what he felt was his last offer then blurted out “*azar u du sad.*” Zabi thought for a moment not seemingly satisfied with 1,200 and then glared piercingly at Kurosh to give his final decision of 1,300. “*Yak gap, azar u se sad, kamtar nedom.*” Zabi’s right hand remained momentarily raised as if swearing an oath before it slowly fell back to his teacup. “*Chai mekhori?*” he asked pushing the teapot towards Kurosh who, in rehearsed politeness, smiled a refusal “*nay shokor.*” The two sat for a moment gazing out into the small alleyway where a donkey overburdened with fruit protruding out of two large carpet bags hanging from its sides was being urged along by an old man with a long wavy white beard and long turban that nearly drug in the puddles which dotted the road. Kurosh dug into his brocaded *vaskat* ritually unsheathing several bright red 100 Afghani notes counting them as if they constituted his life’s savings. When he reached 1,200, the red bills stopped and all that was left were three purple 20 Af notes which he waved defiantly at Zabi stating “*sai ko, az azar u du sad u shas balatar nadarum ... megeri?*” Then he frantically remembered he needed ten Afs for *gadi* fare back to the hotel and added “*da rupa bara garis.*”

Zabi smiled that affectionate, compassionate and generous smile with which Afghan shop owners prelude the acceptance of an offer that is slightly below their bottom line. “*Khair a, begi*” he conceded handing Kurosh the coveted instrument that he had been waiting for since months ago and that Zabi had spent weeks carefully crafting. Kurosh kissed his old friend on the cheek and patted the stringy black locks of the little girl who had just returned as he respectfully backed out of the shop offering farewells and stepping down into the street with his newly acquired prize proudly clutched in this hand. As he plodded along the shaded muddy alley out into the sunset, Kurosh happily stepped into the dusty main road in search of a *gadi*. When he passed the various shops and street vendors, several smiled at him remarking “*dutar b’grifti!*” Yes, Kurosh got a *dutar* and this time a good one. As he neared Darwaza Qandahar, a friendly *gadiwan* cried out from behind him “*o bacha! bala sho ka sazato bebenum!*” Kurosh was delighted to be able to show off his instrument to the *gadi* driver who happened to be a *zerebaghali* player who had driven Kurosh around during previous visits. The driver strummed out a few notes. Then when the horse, surprised by the music, gently jolted sideways, the driver grabbed the reins and Kurosh

vaulted up into the backseat as the cart jumped into motion. Kurosh took his *dutar* and began playing the well-known Herati tune Mullah Mahmad Jan as they clopped past the bustling shops of the old bazaar.

Central Herat

As he gazed out into the passing scene of pure traditional life, the gilded ruby glow of the sunset painted portions of the street and shop fronts while other areas lingered in the shaded shadows of dusk. The rhythm of the horse's hooves momentarily blended with Kurosh's *dutar* strumming and all seemed as if it were a beautiful dream. In his youth, Kurosh had longed for the day when he could completely escape all the shackles of the modern mechanical West and now he felt he had achieved his goal. He felt as if he were half-way to a higher kingdom of celestial realms where he was sure the music would be similar and the attire would be much like the white flowing clothing of Khorasan and the people would be kind, gentle and intelligent like those of Herat.

The *gadi* neared the main street of Herat which led to the center of the new part of town. As they turned right, Kurosh put down his *dutar* realizing that playing a musical instrument on the main street in public might bother some of the stauncher Moslem passers by. As they approached the Behzad Hotel, Kurosh told the driver to stop and then climbed down into the dusty steet. When he offered a green ten Af note, the driver smiled that typically generous hospitable smile uttering the familiar "*nay saib, shma maihman asti* (no sir, you are a guest)." Kurosh, according to the tradition, tried two more times to give him the ten Afs without success promising to even the score on a future occasion as the driver whipped his horse into a trot. A small boy scampered into the street to collect the few horse droppings in a pail to be used as fertilizer for local crops. Another boy was filling a larger pail with water from the ditch and splashing it onto the road to settle the fresh smelling dust. Kurosh was hailed by the fruit seller from whose shop he had once bought an over-priced watermelon. Back at the Behzad Hotel when he had cut it open he found it to be dried up and empty inside so he went back to complain. The ensuing discussion developed into an argument and then a shouting match. Later he made friends with the grocer and was given some free fruit as an appeasement. This time the fruit seller gleefully accosted him with "*kharbuza khub as, ney saib?* (nice watermelon, right?)" Kurosh laughed and promised to be back later to buy *kinu* (tangerines) and *malta* (oranges).

Kurosh stopped at the shop of his friend the baker on the right of the Behzad Hotel to exchange greetings with him and his co-workers. Over the years, Kurosh had stopped there before his return trip to Iran to load up with usually 40 or 50 slabs of bread since in Tehran whole wheat bread was non-existent thanks to westernization and 'progress.' Kurosh stood watching the process that never ceased to amaze him trying to learn how that fresh-tasting healthy whole-wheat flat bread was made. In the shadows of the back room of the bakery, one worker in tattered tan *tumban* and *kemiz* was kneading a large chunk of dough in a sink. Between him and the open floor oven, two boys were rolling and patting dough into grapefruit-size balls placing them in neat rows of five across and seven long on flat boards. Another thin middle-aged fellow with Mongol features was flattening and flipping the balls of dough back and forth crossing his hands like a juggler until they became flat oblong slabs about one by two feet. Then they were placed one at a time on a flat shovel-like board fastened to a long stick where the slabs of dough were reshaped to include rows of troughs passing from end to end and a rounded ridge surrounding the whole slab. Then the baker poked the wood shovel through the opening in the center of the floor and, leaning over as if performing a ritual, pressed the slab against the wall of the oven some feet below. Kurosh was always amazed at how the slabs of dough stuck to the walls of the underground oven until they were baked and removed with the same wood plank. He surmised that the heat supplied by the wood fire at the

bottom warmed the walls enough so that the dough stuck on contact. Kurosh watched mesmerized as slabs of crisp sweet-smelling bread were shoveled out of the oven and given to a small boy to stack vertically in front of the store where a line of customers was waiting to take their slabs or stacks and pay the nominal 2 Afs each.

The baker smiled at Kurosh and handed him a slab that was a bit charred stating “*begi Muallem Saib, i az shmas, sokhta khosh dari ka.*” Kurosh was a bit embarrassed at accepting even charred bread free but politely thanked the baker, bade farewell and slowly made his way past the Behzad Hotel waving at the manager whom he had known since his first trip years ago. As he nibbled on pieces of bread he broke away from the slab under his arm, his *dutar* proudly in hand, his dreamy daze was interrupted by a tall shop owner in white *tumban* and *kemiz* with a dark brown karakul cap cocked on the side of his head affirming “*ani Muallem Saib, qalincha!*” The last thing Kurosh was planning to do was to spend some \$20 or so on a small carpet, even though he loved them and picked up a few tattered cheap prayer rugs every trip. “*Az shma qaimat as*” he scolded appearing not to be interested in what he accused as being over-priced rugs. “*Nay saib, ba shma arzan medom*” the shop owner countered promising low prices that Kurosh never believed.

After constant pleading, Kurosh was convinced to sit for a few minutes in the raised doorway of the small shop set back off the street in a corner. After showing several nice prayer rugs at two and three thousand Afs as Kurosh sat in calloused silence, the shop owner queried “*ba chan mayi?*” Kurosh, never wanting to pay more than 1,000 Afs for any rug, answered “*ba azar rupa cha dari?*” The shop owner almost insulted and hearing 1,000 rummaged through his pile of rugs chiding “*sauda koni, gap nazani* (don’t talk, buy)” and yanked out a beautiful yet crude red and light tan Baluchi with the typical butterfly designs down the middle. “*I az Faras a, b’shma azar o ash sad . . . kamtar nemedum.*” Kurosh knew that when a shop owner says he won’t go any lower, he still will if pressed enough. As he admired the rug from Farah, he noticed what appeared to be a lengthwise knife cut in the center about a foot long. “*I cha shud?*” he accused as the shop owner stammered to explain that nothing serious had happened and it could be fixed for a few Afs.

“*Diljam bash Muallem Sa’ib, i bsyar khub chiz* (be assured, this is a very good thing)” he defended as Kurosh slowly rose in a combination of boredom and disgust while the shop owner panicked tugging at his sleeve pleading “*bishi bishi Muallem Saib, chai bearum.*” Kurosh didn’t want to sit down again nor drink any tea so he threw out an offer of 1,200. “*Ba azar o dusad megerum*” he challenged as he slowly walked off. The shop owner desperately called out after him that he would accept 1,500; but Kurosh paid no attention and wandered off towards his hotel past the shoe, trinket, clothing and antique shops he loved. He greeted his many friends refusing countless invitations to stop, have tea or dinner, talk and possibly buy, always promising to return sometime soon. Of course a few days later, the shop owner brought the sliced rug to the hotel and muttered “*ani Muallem Saib, ba azar begi*” and Kurosh kindly conceded to buying it for 1,000 Afs just to be nice and keep a friend.

Heart Samowar

Finally Kurosh reached the shop of his old friend Sa’id Ahmad who beckoned him in for dinner. Kurosh took his place around the *dastarkhan* or tablecloth spread in the middle of the floor. Sa’id knew about Kurosh’s eating habits so he instructed the boy to bring some tangerines, rice, a boiled potato and any other boiled vegetables he could find. Kurosh tried to refuse the hospitality but, as usually happened, in vain. He leaned his trusty *dutar* against the wall filled with hanging carpets, *kelims* and other treasures. One of Sa’id’s friends who happened to be there in time to share dinner was a

musician who was blind in one eye named Abdal Khaleq. Abdal reached out in the direction of the *dutar* insisting “*bedish, bebenum!*” Kurosh reluctantly handed the instrument to Abdal who masterfully meted out a series of local folk melodies strung together in the typical manner of various rhythms: 4/4, 6/8, 7/8. Kurosh’s musical blood tingled and he couldn’t resist crawling towards the corner to grasp a small clay *zerbaghali* on which he joined in as drummer. The jam session now also consisted of Sa’id Ahmad on *rebab*. Sa’id had been seriously studying and practicing *rebab* and *dutar* since he became owner of the Herat Samowar near the Herat Theater which had recently moved to a more intimate location above his shop. Of course the Alemyar brothers used to hold musical evenings and dinners at the small but clean hotel they ran between the time when they moved out of their former location and set up their new *samowar*. Sometimes an old gray-bearded *rebab* player and optician called Sufi would join the jams.

The music became more exciting and two schoolboys wandered in to listen. After about twenty minutes of playing, the small errand boy reappeared with a tray filled with bowls hooded with round tin coverings from under which steam puffed forth. A tiny girl, likely his little sister, followed along behind him clutching several slabs of bread and a clear plastic bag filled with large sweet juicy tangerines. The meal was passed out and everyone began feasting as the small boy scampered back out into the street for more supplies to accommodate the additional guests. Kurosh sneaked his Bronner’s organic mineral salt and Iranian olive oil from Rudbar out of his small shoulder bag and added them to his potato and vegetables. As usual Kurosh was queried by the others “*shma gosht namekhori?*” He was tired of having to explain his vegetarian diet at every meal so he just answered “*nay saib*” and continued on eating in silence as the gossip and lively conversation punctuated by loud laughs and goofy giggles permeated the air. Soon everyone was finished and it was time to peel the grapefruit size tangerines and, after fighting the plethora of seeds, enjoy their heavenly sweetness. Kurosh thought back of a former winter when, along with Sa’id Ahmad, his brothers and an Ozbaki *dutar* player named Sher Aqa, he sat under the *sandali* known as *kursi* in Iran. It consists of a tray of smoldering coals (*manqal*) under a table covered with a blanket where everyone can keep their legs warm. That time in mid winter, Sher Aqa had his *dutar* and was accompanying himself as he created lyrics. “*Ma Sher Aqa nam darum; bachabazi mekonom*” he droned verifying the stereotype that Ozbakis are homos, at least in this one case. Or was he just kidding around with the stereotype by singing his name was Sher Aqa and he played with boys? In any case, he never made a pass at Kurosh or anyone else in the group.

An Islamic Whipping from the Qazi

At one of the gatherings at Sher Ahmad’s, Kurosh was introduced to the Islamic judge who invited him to the office for a chat in Dari. Kurosh had questions about Islamic law and how it was implemented in Herat. The judge, who was a kind and mellow gentleman, explained in Dari that various infractions carried certain penalties such as a fine, stripes with a leather strap or jail. For poor people, a fine could be very severe but for the wealthy, jail was more appropriate. Some crimes could merit all of the punishments. The judge explained that the day before, a pick-pocket was given a 1,000 Af fine, 39 stripes and 2 months in jail. For adultery 100 stripes would be appropriate and 80 for drinking. Kurosh mused how fantastic it would be to have those drunken skunk, Mormon-hating booze pushers in Utah whipped good and long for causing a plethora of alcohol induced crimes such as murder, assault, drunk driving deaths, wife abuse even murder and child abuse. Then he asked the judge if the whip might be too painful to endure. The judge chuckled and pulled out his leather strap whip which was a short limp piece of leather attached to a wooden handle. He invited Kurosh to experience one lash to see how it felt. Kurosh figured he was guilty of plenty of weaknesses and deserved at least one lash that day. The judge had

Kurosh face the wall and was poised to whack him on the back. A few seconds later the judge asked if Kurosh felt the pain. Kurosh said “when are you going to whip me?” The judge giggled and said “I already did; you couldn’t feel it?” Kurosh was puzzled and turned towards the judge who handed him the whip and said “go ahead hit me on the back.” Kurosh tried it but the soft limp leather didn’t do anything. “So what’s the use?” he asked the judge who replied “it’s the embarrassment of being reprimanded by an Islamic authority especially in public.” Kurosh paused a moment and said “I see it’s psychological more than anything.” The judge added “they don’t punish tourists for having hash or opium like they do locals, maybe a gentle strapping for hash. One Afghan manager of an opium den was recently given a 15,000 Af fine and 39 hard lashes; yes there actually were hard lashes in some severe cases.” Kurosh asked if he could buy the little harmless whip and the judge said “*begi sa’ib, shma maiman asti* (take it, you are a guest)” as Kurosh reluctantly acquiesced.

Nightlife in Herat

It was getting late so Kurosh gathered up his *dutar* and what was left of his nibbled away slab of charred bread bidding fond farewells to his friends and promising to return every day to see how they were doing. Kurosh made his way across the dusty earthen street to the Mowafaq Hotel. He climbed the stairs to the second floor and down the hallway to his room where he deposited his things and rested for a moment on the bed. Soon the excitement of being in Herat welled up again and he sprang from the bed, locked his room, went out of the hotel to peruse the musical nightlife he sought out whenever he was in town. He crossed the main street to the opposite corner from the hotel and a few doors down towards the mosque where a *samowar* was already in full swing. The large brass tea boiler at the front of the *samowar* welcomed guests who would stroll down the center aisle between the two high raised earthen ledges of the *samowar* greeting others with a respectful bow, right hand over the heart and maybe an affectionate clasp of both hands. Kurosh made his way down the aisle greeting everyone, some of whom he had met during former trips to Herat, and then climbed the three-foot high ledge to find a place to sit near the musicians. The performers were the owners who would alternate playing *dutar* and occasionally *zerbaghali*. This time one of the owners was playing a free-rhythm accompaniment to the vocalizing of the comical old tailor Zindadel who was known for his *chaharbaiti* singing. The style reminded Kurosh of Iranian free-rhythm modal improvisation in the Shur or Homayun modes; so he felt as familiar with the musical phrases as anyone present. At various points in the performance when there were momentary pauses, members of the crowd including Kurosh would interject “*wa wa*” in enthusiastic approbation. The crowd grew and Kurosh was squeezed tighter between the listeners who sat perched on each side with their knees against their chests. The free-rhythm gave way to a slow rhythmic folk melody for which Zindadel accompanied himself on a large *doira* or frame drum. After the piece ended, tea was served to everyone except Kurosh who politely refused. Some of the other guests offered the traditional two Afs to the boy who was serving.

Soon the conversation hushed to a near silence as a good-looking young man in fresh white *tumban* and *kemiz*, black velvet vest with gold brocade and a black *karakul* cap strode towards the *samowar* with a *zerbaghali* under his arm. “*I Bolbol as*” one of the old men ventured “*dar zerbaghali ba Erat sar as.*” Kurosh knew the best drummer in town was Bolbol or ‘Nightingale,’ so nicknamed because he whistled birdcalls while playing. Bolbol greeted everyone individually with a broad smile and high-pitched laughing voice as he made his way towards the other musicians. Soon the *samowar* was alive with fast wild melodies shifting from seven to six and four then back again at a pace almost too fast to follow. Bolbol reached for the house *zerbaghali* in the corner and did a demonstration of his expertise on two

drums to the utter amazement of everyone present. After a while, Bolbol had to excuse himself to go over to the Nandari for the evening show where he was the drummer in the pit band as well as one of the actors in some of the plays. Then Kurosh left to visit one more small *samowar* before he also went to the Nandari to see his favorite theater cast in the world and the beautiful Setara, the only girl he had a musical crush on besides vocal master Parisa in Tehran.

***Dutar* Master Abdal Ghafur**

Kurosh made his way down the now quiet Jada Qiasi where most of the tiny shops were closed or lit by kerosene lamps while a few industrious leather workers or cap makers were busily preparing goods for the next day. Half way to the mosque, he again passed the shop of his friend Abdal Ghafur. This time he did stop for a few minutes to talk and listen to a little *chaharbaiti dutar* styling by Abdal who played the old traditional small two-stringed *dutar* which was making a comeback. The kerosene lamp cast intriguing shadows around the small shop laden with antique treasures and ethnic trinkets. Abdal sprang from his old Turkman rug characterized by large elephant foot patterns and gleefully greeted Kurosh with a kiss on both cheeks accompanied by several repeated inquiries about his health. Kurosh answered with his own inquiries of “*khub asti, khair asti; cha al dari, jur asti saib?*” As the two slowly sat down on the carpet in the flickering rays of the lamp, the question about each others health “*cha al dari?*” would crop up a few more times before a new subject presented itself for discussion.

After Abdal extracted satisfactory answers to his questions about where Kurosh had been, what he had done and what musical experiences he had witnessed, Kurosh felt it was the right time to ask for a little *dutar* demonstration. Abdal went through the usual explanation which all Afghan performers feel obliged to emphasize. “*Ma shauqi um, ba azar lak khaghaz bara ech kas namezanom dutar*” he insisted “*magar bara shma kam wara neshan medom.*” Kurosh knew that all players stress the point that they are musicians merely by hobby and would never perform for financial remuneration even if in reality they might be part-time or fulltime instrumentalists. Of course in Abdal’s case the hobby-only aspect was obviously true. No one liked the connotation of *kasbi* or professional performer which was, due to some Islamic inspired tradition, as bad as a street sweeper, sewage shoveler or barber. This concept prevented the plethora of really horrible pop musician attempters found in modern societies. Kurosh humored Abdal assuring him that everyone knew that Abdal was merely *shauqi*, that he played only occasionally as a hobby to while away the hours in his shop.

After Abdal’s point was clearly understood, the cheerful old man reached for his *dutar* then quickly tuned the strings in a fourth. Then like the jolt of a surging stallion, he strummed a wild tremolo which subsided into rhythm-free phrases centered around five notes in what seemed to Kurosh to be the Bayat-e Kord section of the Shur modal system. At least it had the character of Shur if not all the exact melodic patterns. The few minutes of undulating non-rhythmic improvisations on the high string with the low string continually ringing along as a tonic drone suddenly ended in a short segment of silence. Then a solidly forceful rhythmic cadence ensued which portrayed pictures of horsemen wildly riding across dusty deserts or grassy planes. Abdal smiled a wise grin as he eloquently executed a catchy repeated melody within the strong rhythmic cadence. The exhilarating experience ended a few moments later and Kurosh wished he could stay for hours and be transported by Abdal’s music to eras of Herat’s history through musical depictions of past glories. But he had other places to visit his first night in town. Kurosh thanked his friend and promised to return another day.

Jamming at a *Samowar*

Kurosh crossed the hard dirt street with its occasional ruts and stepped up on the dirt sidewalk on the other side passing the many tiny shops secured with various odd hand-made locks until he reached a small tea house near the corner opposite the central mosque. He peered into the dark doorway at a cloth several yards away which acted as a second doorway to the back room. The flickering light of a lamp could be seen through the tattered cloth so Kurosh ventured past the large shiny brass tea boiler and the raised floor on each side and brushed aside the cloth to see two short young men sitting on the high ledge cheerfully gossiping over tea. “*Sallam, sallam*” they exuberated jumping to greet Kurosh and ask the litany of questions which comprise Afghan hospitality. Soon the two were rumbling through some spunky old Herati folk tunes on *dutar* and *zerbaghali* as Kurosh stared in respect from his perch on the opposite raised ledge. After a while, one of the musicians typically offered Kurosh the small green *zerbaghali* with a dare or invitation to join in on the next tune. This was Kurosh’s chance to ‘sit in,’ an opportunity that he used to struggle for with every available means of trickery or bribery during his early jazz years in L.A. and Europe. Here in Afghanistan, he was always prevailed upon to join in at nearly every musical or dance occasion and those days of fighting his way to the piano for hours seemed to have faded as forgotten nightmares.

Kurosh grasped the small drum and smugly smiled as his hands whipped over the surface in wild patterns, cross rhythms, dog paddle rolls and fancy finger snaps and flicks. The two musicians gleamed with surprise at Kurosh’s virtuosity in combining Iranian *zarb* and Indian *tabla* skills with Afghan rhythms. Seeing that they were in the presence of a musical prodigy, the *dutar* player offered his instrument to Kurosh who returned the drum to its owner for another duet in which Kurosh imitated some of what he had adopted from Abdal Ghafur. He strung a few Herati folk melodies together using fast ornamental finger work acquired from his beloved *setar* master Daryush Safvat during his years in Paris. After Kurosh played, the other two musicians and the three or so guests, who had wandered in to see the action, didn’t dare play an instrument for a while but instead inquired about Kurosh’s musical training. They also asked him to give his ideas about the origins of musical styles and instruments of Iran and Afghanistan. Everyone listened in amazed silence as Kurosh lectured on in fluent Dari offering theories on the shared musical cultures of Iran Afghanistan and India and their modal scales as if he were back teaching at University of Utah.

Theater and Music at Herat Nandari

Eventually, Kurosh decided to leave the newly-made friends to contemplate and discuss the information which he had just shared with them. So he offered fond farewells clasping each person’s hand in both his, bowing with his right hand over his heart and backing out the doorway to the street. It was nearly time for the events to begin at the Herat Nandari, the main theater in the province. The Nandari had been established years ago to offer a taste of modern entertainment in that girls were seen unveiled, singing and even dancing (shyly and respectfully of course) in front of nearly all male audiences. This innovation for a traditional village like Herat could be considered a blasphemous breach in the revered tradition. But Kurosh liked to go anyway so he could hear all types of music, see interesting dance efforts and gawk at some of the local or imported beauties (or not really so) which he, as a foreigner, could never have seen otherwise since he was nearly never invited to intimate family gatherings.

Kurosh quickly made his way to the main street then across the meridian ornamented by a fountain to the door of the Nandari where he purchased a first class ticket for 50 Afs. Although in most cases Kurosh

was much more frugal, this was one time he felt it necessary to have a seat near the front row instead of settling for a back row seat for 30 Afs or away in the balcony for 20. He took his ticket and made his way up the quaint earthen steps to the top where Fazal Jan who was the carefree ticket taker, the sound man, light man and theater driver, greeted him chuckling “*aa, muallim saib, shma asti?*” Kurosh shuffling sideways towards the theater door sped through a string of greetings and then strode to his favorite seat in the second row right of center. He respectfully exchanged greetings and handclasps with some of the motley crew of spectators composed of various racial, social and linguistic classifications. A wild-looking Pashtun with a long black beard and very long turban extended his wrinkled hand towards Kurosh mumbling “*tsengaye*” in Pashtu to which Kurosh responded “*sha, sha.*” The big Pashtun reached into his weirdly brocaded faded gray vest and produced the typical small silver and green round tin box with a round mirror on the lid. After proudly gazing at himself in the little mirror for a moment, his other hand slowly twisted the lid off revealing that green gunk powder that Kurosh hated mainly because it was always seemingly spitefully spit all over the floors until they became sticky. The big Pashtun held the tin box in his right hand and passed it downward across his mouth obtaining a tongue full of the contents on the way. He then offered the tin to Kurosh questioning “*neswar saib?*” Kurosh timidly raised his hand in polite refusal and smiled a ‘thank you’ as the announcer pranced out from behind the curtains to reveal the evening’s events.

As always, the loudspeaker crackled and popped, overloaded or faded as two or three crazies tried to ‘help’ adjust it somewhere off stage. The playful audience giggled from time to time at the stumbling efforts of the stage crew and their ‘assistants’ to get the sound right and the spotlight to shine somewhere in the vicinity of the announcer. Kurosh just loved it; how refreshing it was to see these innocent, child-like yet wild and weird people having fun after his many grim years in America and Europe tolerating pseudo-serious ‘intellectuals’ or the obnoxious rebels trying to be as trashy as possible. Finally the sound was adjusted to a level of only slightly overloaded and the first singer was invited out to do his song. After three male vocalists demonstrated *chaharbaiti* and Herati folk songs, the long-awaited girls were brought out one by one.

First was Ziba, a spicy kid of about 13 with gold front teeth and long wavy hair. The announcer asked her secretly what she was going to sing and then dramatically revealed the title to the audience. Suddenly, Ziba shot a childish smile at the crowd with her gold teeth glimmering in the spotlight which brought a thunder of applause along with a few deliriously delighted laughs from the gang on Kurosh’s row. Ziba occasionally used a rehearsed arm movement or a self-conscious alteration of stance to punctuate her ‘singing’ which ended with her shyly scampering off the stage before the applause even began. Next out was Saroya Muzhgan who was the mainstay of the theater troupe and a pretty good vocalist. She had unbecoming short-cropped hair, a style copied from some crummy fashion magazine which had infiltrated Herat probably imported from Iran, and a heavily pockmarked face. She had a strange kind of beauty but her occasional sour character often overcame it. She had been the first female to go on stage in Herat so she was brave but also a bit brazen. Kurosh learned from interviews with her that she and the second wife of her husband in Kabul plotted together and one night left him because he loafed around the house all day while they worked to support him. For her performance she sang the national hit of the 70s in both Afghanistan and Iran, Mullah Mahmud Jan, to the unbridled glee of the audience some of whom softly sang along during parts of the tune. Saroya was always in tune and right on the beat unlike some of the other new or out-of-town girls who often had only pretty faces, if even that, but no singing skills.

After Saroya made her bow and professional exit, the announcer gave a brief description of the ensuing play. The curtains opened in jolts and bounces getting stuck part way as the audience chuckled. Kurosh enjoyed the goofs and flubs at the Nandari sometimes more than the shows. The play was a short

skit about two alcoholics and the problems they caused their families and the community. Another skit was about the corruption of local government officials which was so funny that a local provincial official in the audience seemed to enjoy it more than anyone. Finally, Saroya was featured in her best role, a bit about a nagging wife named Shirin. The scene opened with her grumbling to herself in venomous sputterings about her terrible spouse who did nothing but work all day but didn't earn much. When the misfortunate husband entered the stage he called out a loud "*sallam*" to which a group of crazies in the audience responded with their own "*sallam*." Shirin threw her washrag in his face as he went to kiss her fondly then began insulting the poor fellow as he smiled lovingly through everything. Her griping became so unbearable that several members of the audience started shouting at her. One young boy with Asiatic eyes and a brightly beaded cap yelled from the front row "*gomesh ko Shirin!*" Others who agreed that she should "forget it" chimed in agreement with a loud "*aa*."

Setara

Then Kurosh's heart pounded with excitement when from the right of the stage the beautiful Setara glided out from behind the curtains. She was portraying the daughter of the harassed husband. The father fondly greeted her as the nagging wife threw several snide remarks at Setara like so many poisoned darts. Setara, clothed in a highly ornamented green silken dress, dramatically recited her obviously memorized lines staring out over the audience like a librarian gazing across a group of studying school children. She had an air of class resembling a Bactrian statue of some *bodisatva* or Greek goddess from the Gandhara period of past eras. At one point she forgot her lines and the voice of the offstage prompter pierced the air with unabashed authority. Some of the audience tittered at hearing the prompter repeat a sentence twice before Setara could catch it. At a second halt in her lines, Setara looked at Saroya in dismay and Saroya broke her spell of hideousness with a girlish laugh. This laugh became contagious among other actors on and off stage and finally resulted in a roar of cackles and giggles throughout the theater. Finally a show-off from the row behind Kurosh shouted a set of lines that fit the situation and everyone screamed with laughter again. Another more serious old man in a cocked karakul cap called out the real lines that he remembered from having seen the skit before. After receiving a nod of approbation from Saroya who was trying to recompose the mean menacing glare, Setara took the old man's prompting to be as good as any. The play continued on with a few more incidents of audience prompting and participation finally finishing with a crazy ensemble song and dance routine. The culminating number of the first half was accompanied by everyone from the cast on or off stage singing, playing or dancing along in a wild free-for-all which some members of the audience joined by singing, clapping or stomping their feet. The curtains danced along with the music and the spot light swayed in time to the lively tune as the whole place went beautifully insane. Then the curtains stuttered shut for intermission and everyone rested catching their breath from all the excitement.

Intermission, Sharing Snacks, the Second Act and After the show

During intermission, a small boy in an old faded brocaded cap wandered around with cups and a teapot emphatically calling out "*chai khor! chai khor!*" One of the uninhibited bearded Pashtuns in Kurosh's row produced a few tangerines which he peeled, divided up and offered to his friends as well as Kurosh who, of course, politely refused. After the Pashtun had given away all his tangerines to everyone within reach, he was left with a large cucumber which he began peeling using a wicked dagger. As the floor piled up with tangerine and cucumber peelings blending with the green slosh of *neswar* that

everyone had been perniciously spitting, the Pashtun carefully, as if in slow motion, cut the cucumber in long thin slices. He then passed them out to the same friends and acquaintances until he was left with only one thin slice for himself. Kurosh had seen this type of unselfish hospitality all over the Middle East and always admired it. A person should give all he has to everyone present even if he is left with only the skins for himself. But this generosity is always reciprocal because eventually a person will receive part of other people's various offerings. Kurosh remembered the bus or train trips he had taken in Iran or bus trips in Afghanistan when he brought along a huge bag of extra fruit for the sole purpose of sharing it with other passengers.

The announcer was back for the second half of the show greeting the audience in Dari with "ladies and gentlemen" even though there were only a few ladies in the audience in colorful *chadri* huddling timidly in their own special seats at the front right just under the stage. Another set of short plays ensued followed by a few musical offerings until finally Setara paraded out on stage. This time, she was arrayed in a bright *tumban* and *kemiz* speckled with various jewelry items and a pink scarf. Shyly and wryly she shot a smile at the audience as a thunder of deafening applause exploded forth. As the clapping subsided, she took her place near the mic and gazed intellectually toward Kurosh who momentarily forgot the ringing and stinging of his hands which were red from over-clapping. His eyes met hers for a moment and she allowed one side of her mouth to twitch a tiny smile in recognition of Kurosh. The two had often chatted in the green room when he was preparing articles to be printed in publications in Tehran or as part of his PhD research. Kurosh was tingling with joy as she began the first bars of her hit *Man Dukhtar-a Erat Am* (I'm a girl from Herat). The thunder of applause repeated when the audience realized that the favorite song of the Nandari was being performed. Kurosh remained locked in a daze until Setara finished her number and danced off, casting one more knowing smile at Kurosh whose sort of love-lorn gaze must have been noticed by her.

The last act was the husky hussy Golghotai who was the biggest and brashest show-off and pushiest gal Kurosh had even seen on stage in Afghanistan. She marched out, raised her hands and turned from side to side milking the audience dry for all the applause she could wrench from them. Then, accompanied with an almost suggestive rhythmical twitching of her right hip where her hand was sexily resting, she hollered out a raucous Pashtu tune reminding Kurosh of a 1920s Chicago jazz or later blues crooner. The audience seemed to be fooled by her exaggerated showmanship and her rough harsh voice as she made her way through several popular tunes and finally ended her routine and the whole evening with an insanely wild ethnic dance routine that was goofy yet impressive and very well received.

After the show, Kurosh slowly made his way out staring through the curtain towards the green room just in time to catch a tiny smile from the beautiful Setara who was readying her *chadri* so she could respectfully venture out into the street. Outside the theater door, Kurosh met Sa'id Ahmad and his brothers who had seen the show and fell into a lengthy discussion in Dari. A moment later, a black form daintily whisked by and Sa'id whispered "that's your darling Setara." Kurosh blushed and affirmed that he was only in love with her art to which Sa'id and his brothers sneered and giggled "sure, we know." Then Kurosh queried "*cheto mefami ka u as?*" to which Sa'id boastfully answered that he knew every girl in Herat by their shoes. Kurosh gazed once more at Setara who was poised at the step of a *gadi* ready to climb up and ride home with two other girls. She momentarily glanced in Kurosh's direction then boarded the horsecart as the driver coaxed the horse off down the quiet street. Sa'id suspiciously stared into Kurosh's eyes and said "see, she looked at you, now what do you say?" Kurosh brushed the incident aside saying "come on let's go; I have to get to my room." Sa'id and the others broke into high-pitched cackles kidding Kurosh "see, I was right, you are in love with her." Kurosh never could explain the phenomenon

of caring about a woman's music to anyone in the Middle East; they all seemed hung up on some type of physical attraction and hoped-for interaction.

As he walked towards the hotel, Kurosh thought back on the afternoon rehearsal he visited at the Nandari. Upstairs in the shadows of the dressing room, the musicians were sitting around with Bolbol on one side of Karim Dutari, who was directing the activities, and a singer on the other. Nawak was coaching Golghotai through a rolling Pashtu tune while Suraya huddled in the corner near the wood-burning *bokhari* (stove). Zeba was discussing the songs with another singer near the stove while Parwana sat silently near the door waiting her turn. Setara picked up her notebook full of verses and drifted toward the door with her pleated *chadri* flipped back over her head. Karim was lecturing everyone "we have to learn old Herati songs" then chastised them "I was here before anyone and said my prayers long before you all showed up." Around noon one of them grumbled "*ajab mashk mekonem, yak bezha, teshna aw grosna* (this is a weird rehearsal, one o'clock, thirsty and hungry.)"

Trying to Improve Things at the Hotel

The next day Kurosh officially began his job as manager of the Muwafaq Hotel. The accountant, an old man with a beautiful long flowing beard and a long shiny white turban, explained that he would send a boy to fetch Kurosh's breakfast and lunch as promised by owner Khair Jan. Kurosh said that he only needed a kilo or two of tangerines or oranges for each meal. The first project he undertook was retyping the menu, using his best calligraphy to write signs and personally welcoming new tourists and guests in Dari, Farsi, Pashtu, French, German, Swedish, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, English and even (unfortunately) Russian. The guests and tourists loved Kurosh who had been a traveler for years and knew most of their languages and cultures, their needs, their questions and sincerely empathized with each of them. Only a few of the suspicious government-oriented and commie-loving Pashtuns or sneaky Russians treated him with cold disdain. But Kurosh had fun kidding the Russians about Lennin and the Party which always made them nervous and uncomfortable. "*Kak diela tavarishch*" he would sneer adding "*kuda vidioty, na sobrainya fi gar savieti*?" Of course, Kurosh knew that there were not, as yet, any visible local Communist *saviets* in Herat with daily meetings. But he knew that such was the Russians' plan for the future. So he resentfully yet amicably needled the fat grim comrades every chance he got.

Sometimes in the late afternoon when there was little or no activity at the front desk, Kurosh would ask one of the door men to watch it for a while and he would go upstairs to the restaurant to make his daily excursion to the kitchen. He always had to re-explain to the cook how to make vegetarian food, how to boil potatoes, carrots and beans using no meat, meat water or animal oils. Still, he was sure that he must have had a few servings that might have been polluted by some part of an animal's dead corps; that's why he was usually better off with just bread and onions. Usually, he would sit and gaze out the large windows at the peaceful late afternoon activities and slowly savor his dinner. Kurosh loved to watch the *gadis* clop by, the pattering donkeys laden with grass, vegetables or fruit, the playful boys pushing and pulling carts overloaded with goods and an occasional camel plodding past. It was all so ecologically perfect, emotionally restful and spiritually invigorating to see life being lived as it was in the days of the prophets and as it could have continued were it not for the horrible hegemony of the mean materialistic West.

One evening, Khair Jan suggested that he put his organizational skills learned in Germany with Kurosh's American managerial abilities to improve the sluggish service in the upstairs restaurant. Kurosh went right to work to devise a method which would allow partial self-service and speed things up maybe ten times. He decided that the menus, order forms and the bills should all be the same. He presented the plan to Kair who approved it and then Kurosh decided to spend three days at the local newspaper printing

house where he personally set the type for the new forms. He had them printed up and bound together in pads which were placed on each table. The left side was written in English and the right in Dari. The lines in the middle joining the English and Dari versions of the items were where the customers or waiters could mark the selected items. The slips were then given to the cooks who read the Dari side of the slip and prepared the order keeping the slip on the tray. Then the orders were slid through the window to the customer or waiter. When the meal was finished, the customer or waiter would add up the items and total them at the bottom and present the bills with payment to the Jalalabadi cashier when departing. The first evening that Kurosh's ingenious system was vaulted into action, he acted as headwaiter and Khair was chief cook. Just like clockwork, over two hundred guests were quickly served in an hour, a miracle never to be forgotten by anyone who witnessed it. Kurosh rushed back and forth to all the tables ordering the waiters about like an old SS officer while Khair whipped up dinners in a mad frenzy shouting constant instructions to the cooks. Every drop of food was sold and a small fortune was amassed by the end of the evening. Kurosh and Khair collapsed in each other's arms laughing in stunned amazement at the success. But the next day, the blatantly backward Jalalabadi Pashtun cashier began complaining that the order form menu system was no good because people could pocket or change order forms before paying. Kurosh argued that most tourists wouldn't bother cheating for a meal that was only about 50 cents or so and that locals probably wouldn't be able to figure it all out well enough to cheat. The Jalalabadi insisted on reverting to the former time-consuming method of waiters getting orders, bringing them to him so he could write up an authorization which the waiter took to the cooks. Then another slip was written up for the waiter to give the cook to get the food and finally all the slips had to be returned to the cashier who spent some time slowly and tediously tallying them up while disgruntled customers slouched in a long line at his desk. No matter how much Kurosh argued, the Jalalabadi won and Kurosh's dream of having the best-run restaurant in the country faded. He sullenly mused of his Jalalabadi coworker "*cha ragham nafar a?* (what kind of guy is he?) *Bsyar kharab shakhs a* (really a bad cat)." Then he caught himself thinking ill of his brother and reluctantly replaced the negative with positive thoughts.

Ansari, Patron Saint of Herat

The days passed pleasantly as Kurosh happily savored the bliss of traditional pre-machine age life in Herat. He would gaze from his room out into the riot of harrowing hues produced by the pink, golden and crimson rays of the sunset that blended with specks of suspended dust. He would write poetic letters to his Afghan fiancée back in Utah and she would write poetry back to him. Kurosh began to delve into the metaphysical philosophy of Herat's patron saint Khwaja Abdullah Ansari. One late afternoon as Kurosh was contemplating some of Ansari's *munajat* or prayer verses, an urge came over him to visit Ansari's shrine on the hill in Gazargah. He left his room and strode purposefully out into the dusty street where several *gadi* drivers and their horses were lounging in the afternoon sun. He quietly asked a few of the drivers what their rates were to Gazargah. Finally his friend, the *zerbaghali* player, greeted him and said "*ech paisa nadi.*" But the driver had given Kurosh enough free rides so he insisted he would pay this time. He knew the fare was from 50 to 100 Afs so he decided to give him the full 100 to make up for former kindnesses.

He climbed into the back although at first he wanted to sit in front with his driver friend. The driver explained that the cart would be unbalanced that way, front-heavy with too much weight on the horse. They clopped in silence to the pine-studded street called Jade Ansari then toward the hill. As they neared the outskirts of town, the driver began sharing facts about Ansari's life and recited a few *munajat*. Kurosh

also recited some that he had been studying and translating for his PhD dissertation. The translation of his favorite, due to many unfortunate failures in family and material ventures during his life, is the following:

Whoever knows Thee, what use is his life,
What use is his family, his children and wife?
Give him both worlds, take his reason away;
What use is both worlds to a madman anyway?

Kurosh and the driver exchanged recitations and philosophical concepts in Dari until they reached the base of the hill where the horse slowed to a plodding pace. As they approached the first crest, Kurosh gazed in a daze over the fertile valley below and the city he loved. Herat, that jewel of culture, art and crafts, that center of philosophy and religion. The hypnotic jingling of the *gadi* bells, the slow yet purposeful clopping of hooves, the simple innocent smile of the driver and the beauty of the placid valley brought tears to Kurosh's eyes. He wondered if he could ever share a true depiction of this peace and beauty with others. He cringed at the thought that the heartless Russians might decide to try to devour this happy yet brave country. Or even worse if the materialistic heartless Yankees decided to enforce their worthless ugly mod-odd sin-soaked non-culture on the unsuspecting unwitting populace.

The cart drew to a halt at the earthen wall of the shrine and Kurosh climbed down. He gave the driver the red 100 Af bill and told him not to wait. The driver persisted in vain that the ride was free or, at least, only 50 Afs. Kurosh firmly clasped both the driver's hands around the 100 with a loving nod as he bade farewell and then walked towards the sun-baked wall and through the archway to the inside. In the shrine, a flock of poor people were resting calmly, hopeful that some kind soul would bring *khairat* which usually consisted of slabs of broken or hard dry bread given to the less fortunate. He walked towards the arched doorway to the shrine and through the corridor to the inner courtyard. The few old men resting and meditating in the peaceful calm of the afternoon lackadaisically gazed at Kurosh for a moment then returned to their contemplations. Kurosh slowly and respectfully approached the enclosed shrine, his right hand near his heart with his yellow *shah maqsud* prayer beads dangling in a loop around his fingers. He performed the traditional circumambulation around the shrine counter clockwise as he would in Mashhad hoping that such a practice was in order at this shrine as well. He stopped a few times on his way around to place his right hand on the shrine and mumble a few lines of the *fatiha*. When he had completed the circumambulation, he returned to the front of the shrine where he calmly sat on a ledge of ground and, fingering his yellow beads, began to drift into the realm of the spirit. He lost track of time as he considered the words of the saint entombed in the placid shrine:

Give me a heart that in Thy work I give my soul,
Give me a soul that the next world's work's my goal;
Give me wisdom that I do not loose the way,
Give me sight to fall not in a pit some day.

Kurosh's thoughts drifted from one mystic meditation to another until suddenly he felt a surge of joy, light and energy rise up in his chest while his head began to spin and tingle with some supernatural power. He came out of his spiritual experience feeling exhilarated and fresh. He rose to his feet and backed away from the shrine in respect with his beads and right hand over his heart. He reached the corridor, went out the gate to the courtyard and turned to smell the sweet breeze of the late afternoon filled with the scent of

fresh plant life. He kindly greeted the poor folk and placed a few coins in the hands of some of the grateful children and then strode out through the arched doorway in the wall. Once on the dust road, he waved away offers by horse cart drivers to take him back to Herat but instead decided to walk briskly through fresh green fields and past trees to the outskirts of town. When he reached the bottom of the hill, he decided to assist two little girls who were shaking a mulberry tree to free some of the treasured white berries. Kurosh climbed up to the first branches and, with his white *tumban* billowing in the breeze, shook a branch until the children filled their shawls with the precious fruit. He also picked some berries for himself that served as breakfast and lunch both of which he had forgotten to eat as was often the case. As he continued on through a field of tall green grass, the sunlight seemed to inject him with joy and energy. He ran through the field with the rhythmic jingling of Abdul Ghafur's *dutar* ringing in his head. He didn't know how long he had been running when he came out of his spiritual trance to notice that he was nearing the more populous part of Herat. When he finally reached the hotel, he floated up the stairs to his room where he fell on his bed nearly unconscious from the spiritual and physical experience. One of his favorite lines of Ansari's wisdom continued to haunt him:

Rozgari tu ra jostom, khud ra meyoftom;
Aknon khud ra mejoyom, tu ra meyobom.
Before I sought Thee and found me;
Now I seek me and find Thee.

Later that evening, when Kurosh partly returned to his senses, he was able to talk to people again so he ordered a late dinner at the restaurant. From there a group of his acquaintances along with Khair Jan invited him to join them in the Afghan room upstairs where the two musicians from the small tea house near the mosque were playing. Kurosh was coaxed to sit-in with the group as usual and stunned everyone with his instrumental skills. He ended a long dexterous *zerebaghali* solo with a smile joking "*mo shauqi um.*" Everyone laughed that a non-native had become so saturated with local culture that he too would affirm that he was only an amateur to avoid the potential negative connotation of a paid performer.

Poet Dutarist / Bard Abdal Shaer and Dutarist Adal Ghafur

As the days passed, Kurosh learned of a rare, very authentic old style singer in the *chaharbaiti* tradition. The artist was an old man named Abdal Shaer who was famous for creating hours of on-the-spot conjured metric poetry and poetic elocutions. He was also credited with possessing a very adroit *dutar* technique nearly unrivaled in the province. Kurosh decided to visit Abdal's hangout which was a stable for *gadi* horses near Darwaza Qandahar. He readied his trusty portable battery cassette recorder and hailed a *gadi* to take him down past the blue mosque to Darwaza Khushk then beyond it down a quiet tree-lined road. The road almost ended when it met the other street with the gully in the center, the road which led to Darwaza Qandahar. Near the square, the driver pulled to a halt and motioned to a doorway of the *alaf forushi* (alfalfa shop) through which Kurosh could see large brown or black horses lounging in a large courtyard with a pool of stagnant water in the center. The driver began unleashing his horse to take advantage of the stable where fresh alfalfa was awaiting his hungry animal. As Kurosh timidly wandered into the courtyard, the driver assured "*boro, Abdal da posh as.*" As instructed, Kurosh slowly and suspiciously wandered toward the back past horses and goats until he reached the corner where a doorway led into a covered clay shed dimly lighted by secondary sunbeams. He hesitantly peered into the dark far corner to see an old man sitting peacefully and chatting with the stable owner Nawak. Kurosh wandered

forward and greeted the two as the stable owner explained to Abdal who couldn't see that a young man, maybe a tourist, wanted to tape his playing. He also described the two red 100 Af bills that Kurosh was carefully coddling in his other hand so as not to appear as if he was accusing Abdal of being a paid musician. Kurosh struck up a conversation with the colorful old musician asking several technical questions about the history of the Herati *dutar* and *chaharbaiti* vocalizing. Abdal said that *chaharbaiti* came from hill people in the *sarad* or border area between Herat province and Iranian Khorasan. Then Abdal went into a discussion of how he lost his sight. He blamed part of it on the pressure on his eyes from his powerful singing and then he noted that when one eye went blind, a doctor gave him some drops which eventually blinded the other. Finally, Kurosh set up his cassette recorder and was ready for a taping session. In Afghanistan Kurosh found that, instead of record companies with bad taste, unions, agents and hoods monopolizing the business, music fans would personally record their favorite artists in a teahouse concert or, for a small fee, in private. Then they might trade copies of their tapes with other fans to build up their collection. Of course, in this manner, electronic pop innovations and hideous studio-produced non-music would never be a threat since all music was live, personal and purely acoustic.

Sitting on a pile of hay, Abdal tuned his *dutar* as goats wandered around munching fresh fodder and horses pranced about in the courtyard occasionally playfully rolling on the soft ground. Abdal strummed a few bars to check the tuning as a goat nudged him and a big gray horse tugged at its rope then added a couple of intermittent whinnies to Abdal's eloquently invented lyrics. Kurosh noticed that Abdal mainly used the index finger of his right hand occasionally aided by the middle finger or thumb which would brush upward to add a stroke to the three or four beat rhythmic sequences. The cheerful old man played so fast with his bare index finger nail that it seemed that no one could surpass his speed even with a *nakhunak* or wire plectrum. Kurosh relaxed and allowed himself to be carried into a state of semi-trance staying just conscious enough to occasionally check the recording level for possible overloading. Abdal alternated between unbelievable *dutar* virtuosity and vocal verses usually without *dutar* accompaniment. One of the verses he created impressed Kurosh. "Why did I lose my sight? Because I have seen the light of the other world" Abdal sang in Dari staying within the traditional five-note framework of the Shur modal scale. He continued "God and his light existed before there was time or earth or sky or Satan." Then after a minute or so of *dutar* improvisation, Abdal continued "I am only a sinful servant, but there is a great power who forgives." An hour passed by like a moment then Kurosh's cassette ran out and he spent a few more minutes resting against the clay wall of the room contemplating the old master's music and poetic verses.

Abdal finally set his *dutar* on the ground and reached for the inevitable cup of tea that the stable owner had just poured for him. After a lengthy farewell and deep gratitude, Kurosh respectfully placed the two folded 100 Af bills in Abdal's trembling wrinkled hand assuring him that they were two red ones. Abdal's face shone with surprise and joy because he never really expected compensation for any of his performances even though he obviously needed any help that might be offered. Kurosh placidly made his way out the stable door affectionately patting a big black horse on the nose. His *gadiwan* had fed and watered his horse, hooked up the cart and was laid back swishing flies waiting for a fare. The driver lazily nodded to Kurosh mumbling "*bala shu Muallem Saib, berem b'khair!*" Kurosh took the advice, climbed up onto the *gadi* and they teetered off down the rutted road back to the hotel.

The next day, Kurosh made an excursion towards the blue mosque and on the way stopped off at the shop of Abdal Ghafur to relax and enjoy a few moments of *dutar* playing. During the performance, the comical old tailor from across the street, Sufi Funsenji Zindadel, entered the shop and, with a wild wide-eyed smile, greeted Kurosh. He then began his typical boasting how he was the best singer in the country. When Kurosh questioned him about a few of the main masters in Kabul and Logar, he conceded that he

meant the Herat area. Kurosh refrained from further argument and asked for a demonstration. The tailor joined in some free-rhythm *chaharbaiti* improvisations and then went into a couple of simple tunes with a lively rhythm furnished by Kurosh on an old drum in Abdal's collection of craft items.

Prayers at the Main Mosque

Following the usual fond farewells, Kurosh crossed the street and approached the corner opposite the mosque where he was successfully beckoned into a shop richly laden with expensive antiques, clothes and carpets. He was invited to sit and join another informal musical event. The shop owner and two of his friends took turns playing different melodies on an old *dutar* as Kurosh sat staring at the gold and crimson shades of dusk painting the turquoise and lapis blue tiles of the mosque. The glaze glimmered with the glow of reflected sunset blending with the music to create a hypnotic spell of ecstasy of another world and of other wiser eras. Groups of turbaned Heratis and merchants in *karakul* caps and wrapped in quilted cloaks with the long dangling sleeves that were never used but sometimes just tied in front, passed by the shop indicating that prayer time was near. As more men crowded the alleyway in front of the shop and clustered down the corridor to the mosque's inner courtyard, the shop owner and his friends laid aside their instruments and began to gather up their turbans and long embroidered blue shawls which they then tossed over their right shoulders. One of the fellows invited "*Muallem Saib, namaz.*" Kurosh always wanted to join in a few *rakats* of prayer in the Herat mosque so this was his chance. He was always afraid to go because he feared that his foreign origin might be discovered and not appreciated even though his fluency in Dari and familiarity with the procedures of Islam were beyond that of any foreigner he had ever met. To his surprise, the shop owners who might have suspected him of being a foreigner, other than just an Iranian which he had often been suspected of, greeted him with intense enthusiasm and seemed overjoyed to have him join in the prayer services even if he was maybe a *khareji* (foreigner) . . . or was he?

The faithful slowly found their places in rows standing shoulder to shoulder, some spreading their shawls in front of them. The first thing Kurosh noticed was the absence of any *mohr*, the small round or rectangular blocks of engraved baked Kerbala clay which are placed on the ground in front of Shi'a worshippers in Iran so that the head can be pressed against the engraving on the clay. Of course it was because he was in Sunni majority territory and thus he had to remember to hold his hands straight down at his sides in the Sunni manner and not to clasp them in front as the Shias do. The prayer began and everyone quietly mumbled "*bismillarhi-rahmani-rahim, alhamdu lillahi rab al 'alemin*" etc. As Kurosh joined in the prayer prostrations, he basked in that familiar soothing sense of community and brotherhood he had enjoyed throughout the Islamic world wherever he had joined in prayers. After a while, the prayer ended as the faithful all turned their heads to the right uttering "*sallam aleikum*" then turning to the left repeating the same utterance. Then everyone stroked their right hands downward over their cheeks and to the ends of their beards (or as if they had beards for those who didn't) signaling the completion of the prayers. Later when Kurosh and the others were walking out of the mosque and down *Jadah Qiasi*, several shop owners extended invitations to Kurosh to visit them later for tea, talk and trinkets. Tea, of course, Kurosh would always forgo as a good Mormon and a good Sufi. Later on that evening, Kurosh made the rounds of the *samowars* and the *Nandari* before retiring.

Learning Perso-Afghan Carpet Weaving

It had always been Kurosh's dream to learn to weave Persian carpets so some day he might set up a rug shop back in the States or teach it at the university. One day a little girl tagged along with Kurosh near the tape shop where he was searching for cassettes of old Herati *chaharbaiti*. She boasted that she was a carpet weaver and that she could teach him the art. She said that she could set up a small loom at this hotel room and, for a few Afs a day, work on a small carpet which would be finished in a couple of weeks. Kurosh invited her into the hotel lobby for tea and cookies to further discuss the plan. Later they walked back to the small muddy *kucha* where the little girl lived then she said goodbye and swore she would return to the hotel the next day then disappeared in a small doorway. Days passed and the little girl never came back so Kurosh decided to go looking for her. After his shift at the front desk, one evening Kurosh went to the tiny *kucha* where he asked some boys to point out the house of a little girl who weaves rugs. They guided him down the dark muddy alley and down another yet darker alley to a small earthen hut with a creaky crooked hanging door. He knocked and was greeted by a man in uniform whom he asked if there was a little girl there who wove carpets. This was a case where Kurosh was tired and his Dari had developed a flavor of Iranian Farsi; so he was immediately suspect. The soldier was upset imagining that some Iranian was trying to steal his daughter to take her to Mashhad or Tehran as a rug weaver slave or something. He began to curse Kurosh as an Iranian sneak and told him to get away. Then an older man came to the door calming the soldier and asking Kurosh what he wanted. Kurosh explained that all he wanted was to learn carpet weaving and some little girl said that she could teach him. The old man calmly smiled and instructed Kurosh to go the following day to the rug factory at Darwaza Khushk where he would learn everything.

The next day, as advised, Kurosh took a *gadi* to Darwaza Khushk and asked for the rug factory. He climbed the creaky stairs to the second floor where rolls of wool thread were dangling from different spots on the balcony. He entered the rug shop and was struck with awe at the different projects underway. Two huge red, white and black Turkoman carpets with the classic elephant foot pattern were hanging on looms near the doorway with several boys at each loom feverishly hooking, knotting and chopping the threads with strange tools. An assistant greeted Kurosh explaining that he was a weaver and his name was Ahmad: "*mai ka qalen mesazum, Ahmad nam darum*" he said. On the window side, two boys were gazing at an old gentleman who was inspecting their work on a prayer rug then he began pounding the most recent row with a weird looking multi-flat-pronged beater. Then the old man began carefully clipping the wool threads down to only millimeters from the warp. The boys giggled at the presence of a tall foreign-looking but Dari-fluent stranger.

The old man turned to see Kurosh and, after setting his tools down, warmly greeted the guest. As Kurosh revealed his desire to learn the art, the master immediately set out to build Kurosh a tiny loom so he could practice the skill of knotting the wool threads and chopping them off one by one. Later Kurosh was shown the back room where a dozen or so little girls were caught playfully tossing balls of wool at each other and generally acting silly. They scampered back to their positions on two large carpets they were weaving flat on the ground. The master explained that the knotting on flat carpets was done with a flip of the index fingers bringing the threads around both sides and up through the center of the warp strings. The threads were cut in advance instead of being chopped off after each knot with the knotting and chopping tool as the boys were doing on the vertical looms. There they used the hooked end of the knotting tool to turn the thread and pull it through the warp threads making a knot. Among the industriously knotting girls was Kurosh's tiny friend who had broken her promise to teach him weaving.

He shot a scolding glare her way and she self-consciously giggled then bowed her head so as not to publicly admit she had ever talked to him.

The following days, Kurosh visited the carpet factory to show the master his progress on the miniature loom and to be encouraged and offered occasional helpful hints. After he had a few inches of work done, the master decided to build him a medium size portable loom. This time Kurosh tried stringing the warp, wove and cross stitches obtaining the master's approval and admiration. The master made sure he had the first rows right then he mapped out a pattern on a page that had many little squares. With each square representing a knot, the master used colored pencils to map out a typical pattern. As the time for Kurosh to leave Herat drew near, he frantically bought up balls of wool thread in the typical colors of the pattern he had been given: dark brown, brown, tan, black, dark blue and red. He also obtained two knotting/cutting tools with the hooks on the end and the middle of the inside flat edge sharpened, a beater, scissors and a jagged curved rug rake which is used to coax up any threads that are stuck in the weave before sheering them down with the scissors.

Learning to Pleat from the Chadri Saz

Along with carpet weaving, for years Kurosh wanted to learn how to pleat cloth in fine rows like the colorful silk *chadri* veil shawls that were so elegant. He later learned that beautiful dresses designed by Mariano Fortuny, who was born in Cordoba and a fan of Islamic art, also had similar beautiful tiny pleats. The same pleating concept characterized a Sasanian dress represented in the Historical Pageant of Women's Dress in Iran, an event Kurosh attended where Queen Farah Diba was present. Kurosh loved the pleat idea and decided he had to learn how it was done. So one day he begged the *chardi saz* or *chadri* maker to teach him how to do pleats. With a little financial encouragement, the pleat master agreed and one morning early, Kurosh showed up at the compound where *chadri* washing and repleating was a thriving business. Working on the roof in full sunlight, the master demonstrated how, when the material was wet, one row was carefully pleated by pinching along for a short distance with the cloth on a flat surface then folding the pinched part down finally pinching another row next to it and folding that over the former one. Soon a few rows were folded over and then the master placed small pebbles on them to hold them flat. Then the same rows were pinched farther along and more pebbles placed on them until eventually stones were set across several rows. Finally when the whole cloth was pleated, boards carefully replaced the stones then the garment was allowed to dry several hours in the baking sun. The boards were then removed and each *chadri* was held up by the top of the cap and twisted tightly then curled up to protect the pleats. When Kurosh was in Mahshad on the way back to Tehran, he tried pleating his silky white turban soaking it in the hotel sink and using the technique but placing books and other flat objects to hold down the pleat folds which dried over night. Although the pleats were not as uniform and perfect as an Afghan *chadri*, the turban looked quite nice. Later back in the States, Kurosh tried pleating a white cotton *chadri* but it didn't turn out as well as he had hoped.

Miniature Painting and Ostad Mashhal

Rug weaving and pleating were not the only non-performance arts Kurosh was interested in; he always had a fondness for Eastern painting since his Chinese art classes in Idyllwild California and also at BYU. He was a hobby painter who had dabbled in southern Sung style ink painting in Idyllwild under the tutelage of a descendant of a former Southern Sung master. He also did oil painting starting

with the paint by number kit the ‘good’ doctors at Mount Airy Sanitarium in Denver provided him to while away the hours and days he was in holding before finally being committed there for shock and insulin treatments. So after finding out that the Herat school of Persian miniature painting was still kept alive by Ustad Mash’al, Kurosh decided to hop a *gadi* and visit the art academy. Kurosh went into the building and met Ustad Masha’l who told him that they were following the school of the former Timurid master painter Behzad. Of course Kurosh was aware of Behzad’s importance as demonstrated by the frequent use of his name, for instance: the Behzad Hotel, New Behzad Hotel, Super Behzad Hotel, etc. According to Mash’al, when they want to do a really important work, they make the paints in the old manner by crushing, for instance, Lapis Lazuli and mixing it into a paint. Kurosh surmised that other gem stones common in the area like ruby, emerald, turquoise, yellow agate, etc. could be crushed into paints as well. Also silver, gold or the dyes used for dyeing carpets might be used. Kurosh made an appointment to have one of the apprentice artists do a couple of Herati miniature paintings of Mormon figures. Later he returned and explained what he needed and was given a fair price for the work. He eventually got nicely painted miniatures of Nephite leader Moroni and the freedom banner and also one of the final fatal battle between the last surviving Jaredites Coriantumr and Shiz.

Harrowing Trip from Herat to Tayebad

Finally came time for Kurosh to leave Herat in order to attend the Tus Festival in Mashhad where he was supposed to review the event for the Tehran Journal and also the competing Kayhan International. He spent his last two days making final purchases, saying goodbye to friends, writing last minute signs for the hotel and collecting slabs of bread. Kurosh always bought 50 to 100 slabs of the excellent whole wheat bread which he allowed to dry out on his return trip so he could feast on it for weeks in the form of a type of cracker. There was no real edible bread in Tehran, all of it was made with bleached white flour, thanks to Americanization, and it tasted like dried out wet paper towels. With a small piece of bread in his hand, Kurosh went to visit the hard-working camel in the enclosed circular stone mill a ways down the street towards Darwaza Kandahar. The poor old camel would plod all day around and around in a circle tied to a beam that was fastened to the mill stone. Although the camel was probably happy to be doing something, Kurosh felt sorry for him. Kurosh stopped to gaze into the mill through a narrow vertical slit of a window in the clay wall then he stuffed the slab of bread through an adjoining slit hoping the camel might like a snack. The camel plodded by a couple of times with tired eyes then on the third time raised his head and grabbed the bread with his teeth and munched it down. Kurosh sent a blessing to the animal and returned to pick up his bread order.

As Kurosh loaded the 50 slabs of bread into the Variant, he noticed that his tire had gone flat. There was no time to have it properly repaired by having a patch melted onto the inner tube by a heat process. So he had to settle for having a patch glued on hoping it would get him to Tayebad where a *lastik saz* or tire man with more equipment could fix it right. So with the tire back on the car, Kurosh headed out of town past the minarets and over the peaceful desert. About an hour out of Herat, he heard a frightening thump and the car began to rattle. The patch had blown but his determination to get to Mashhad in time for the opening ceremonies of the Tus Festival left him with the only option of taking his chances with the beat-up spare which had been repaired several times and was down to the threads. He quickly installed the spare and sped off towards the village with the strange black vertical windmills flapping inside earthen towers with open spaces through which the wind turned the creaking wooden poles. Just outside of the village, Kurosh’s fears became a horrible reality as the spare also thumped into a flat. But Kurosh was insanely determined and stupidly stubborn; so nothing short of death was going to stop him from reaching

Tayebad that night. He didn't even stop but just slowed to about 10 Ks an hour so the rumbling wouldn't rattle the car apart. He rumbled through the village to the amusement of the populace. Some boys chased after him so he sped up to 15 Ks to avoid being razed and harassed. It was still another 50 Ks or more to the border, so Kurosh pressed on gritting his teeth, hoping that the tire would last him in its gnarled state until he reached Tayebad. There were no tire repair shops between Herat and Tayebad so that was his only hope other than abandoning the car with several hundred dollars in purchases to be pilfered by children or bandits.

The heat of the afternoon gave way to dusk and Kurosh thumped along now at only five Ks because the mangled remains of the tire wouldn't take any higher speeds. Later that night he was praying and intensely gripping the steering wheel as the car crawled up over the last hill just before the lights of the Islam Qalah border station appeared on the horizon. When he thumped into the Afghan customs and passport checkpoint, his friends stared in amazement. Out of pity, they quickly rushed him through the formalities in a record one hour and a half instead of the usual five hours. He climbed back into the car noting that the tire had become a hardened molten mass of lumpy rubber which meant that it might still carry him to Tayebad. It was a long drive from Islam Qalah to the Iranian border station with the thumping tire tormenting him. The normally ten minute drive took nearly an hour which seemed like many hours to exhausted Kurosh when he finally bumped into a stall at the customs checkpoint. His old friend Mr. Hosseini was alerted by the boys in the green uniforms, some of whom were fans of Kurosh's TV shows. It was good to be back where he was a famous TV personality and where he could spin eloquent lines of *ta'arof* showering compliments on everyone while being praised in return. Mr. Hosseini purposefully strode up and, with a hug and a kiss on both cheeks, said in Persian "so Mr. Kurosh Ali Khan, you're back. Welcome, but what happened to your tire; you have a spare?" Kurosh divulged his tale of woe and immediately one of the lesser officials ordered a customs man to run to town in a pickup to get the other tire repaired. Meanwhile, Kurosh sat and told his friends how he had spent a month managing Herat's best hotel, learning rug weaving and listening to music. After an hour, the pickup driver returned with the same mangled spare informing Kurosh that the tire man was home relaxing and wouldn't go back to his shop for anyone, not even the Shah. So Kurosh had to grit his teeth and, after fond farewells, thump on to Tayebad city some 20 more miserable Ks from the border.

Chapter 8

Problems and Pleasures at the Tus Festival in Mashhad

It was midnight when Kurosh's poor car limped up to the tire shop in Tayebad where he parked and set up the Variant for a night of well-earned slumber. The next morning he bought a new tire and a tube which carried him to Mashhad where he later found a reliable used tire for a spare. But when the tire man finished putting the tire on in Tayebad, it was already afternoon so Kurosh was sure to miss the Tus Festival grand opening and thus forgo an opportunity to be present at an event attended by the Queen and her entourage. He sped at 90 to 100 Ks all the way till he saw the golden domes of the holy shrine of Mashhad glimmering in the afternoon sun. After speeding around Mashhad to the village of Ferdosi, he noticed an official roadblock. When he drew near he asked one of the officers in a jeep what was happening and the officer replied that Her Majesty was there for the grand opening and no one was allowed near. Kurosh desperately waived his invitation and opening event tickets with the official SAVAK stamp, but to no avail. The officer said he had his orders and no one was allowed to pass the barricade for any reason. For a moment, Kurosh had a desperate urge to try to sneak around the barricade

and then scamper off to the event where he knew all his news media and TV friends were enjoying the program. But images of being machine gunned by the guards quelled his crazy urges.

Kurosh sat for four hours tensely biting his fingers and nails thinking of all the excitement he was missing until the crowd finally disbursed and the barricade was lifted. He drove madly up to the entrance of the festival area to see his old friend Purmoradian who was on the NIRT festivals public relations staff. Purmoradian smiled and, grasping Kurosh's hand, chuckled "*bah bah, Kurosh Khan, inja che kar mikoni?*" Kurosh answered that he was there because he had been sent to review the festival for two papers and two magazines as usual. Of course Kurosh was seldom recognized at such events unless he raised a fuss or wrote something nasty in the paper like the time he ended up sleeping on the grass at the Shiraz Arts Festival in protest to housing discrimination. Purmoradian looked sheepishly and warned "but, Miller, I don't think you are on the press list." Kurosh started fuming and threatened a repeat of the Shiraz incident if he wasn't given full press privileges. Purmoradian tried to calm him promising that he would be added to the list. Kurosh was instructed to go to the Tehran Hotel in Mashhad to see Miss Khalatbari who would find him a room. Kurosh cringed at the thought of having to deal with Nina who could be fairly hard-hearted. That is why some of the Tehran press community had gleefully adopted Kurosh's renaming her as Ms. Ghalatkari (mistake-maker). She gave Kurosh a rough time at every NIRT festival, especially since he got into that ugly shouting match with her at a former Shiraz Arts Festival.

Perpetual Rooming Problems

When he arrived at the Tehran Hotel in his grubby slept-in traveling clothes, people were less than impressed. Nina looked up at Kurosh from her desk cluttered with last-minute problems to solve. She blurted "Miller, oh no! What are you doing here?" Kurosh put on his best *ta'arof*, attempting to flirt in his warmest personality sweetly telling her he was there for two papers and two magazines to review the festival. Of course, she tried to ship him back to Purmoradian; but Kurosh contended that he had just been there and Purmoradian sent him to her because she was so wonderful and brilliant. Nina sat in perturbed silence for a moment then waved him aside with "Miller, I'm busy and we are completely out of rooms; you'll have to go over to the Hyatt and tell your story to Mr. Nafisi. See if he can do anything for you." Kurosh was really tired of Iranian red tape and buck passing after seven years of it; but he hunched and shuffled out to the car to fight the traffic to the Hyatt. Luckily, Nafisi was sitting in the lobby joking with Dr. Mahjubi, head of TV productions. When he approached them, Kurosh offered his best smile and warmest vibes saying how happy he was to see such intelligent and fine gentlemen. The TV big shots cheerfully chuckled then asked what he was doing in Mashhad. Kurosh put on a serious and important persona to explain his big news assignment to which Nafisi replied "then I guess you are our guest here." Nafisi had learned from the Shiraz drama not to slight Kurosh again adding "well, I'll tell Nina to find you a place to stay and Purmoradian will make sure you are invited to all the events, alright? Now run along like a good boy and get your room."

So back again to the Tehran Hotel to be suspiciously glared at by Nina over her big round glasses. "Miller, I thought you were taken care of" she reprimanded. Kurosh asserted "Nafisi told me you would find me a room." Nina sighed, closed her eyes a moment, and as if taking a handful of pills conceded "sit here a minute and I'll see what is left." 'Left' was far too kind a description. Kurosh, always feeling like Joseph and Mary who ended up in the stable, bit his tongue when he heard the word *khabgah* (dorm.). The 'accommodations' were the third floor of another really bad dorm like the awful one they tried to dump him in at the Shiraz festival where he staged his famous 'sleeping on the grass protest.' This time it wasn't just a horrible place with boisterous students partying all night. It was a gaggle of goofy opium

addicts from various downtown or across-the-tracks areas of different cities who were his roommates. They would trade off smoking strong stenchy Iranian cigarettes and a *qalyun* (pipe) of opium using the typical tongues and hot coals from a small heating tray. The conversation was replete with *pedarsag* (son of a b) and *madaraqab* (mother sodomizer) to name a few of their less offensive terms. The old codgers were well past due for their monthly baths as witnessed by the beyond B.O. which permeated what little air was able to exist overridden by smoke. Then they decided to set aside the opium pipe in order to roast some fetid-smelling kebab, one might have surmised a stray cat from the stench. Kurosh decided to politely excuse himself and return to the sanctity of his trusty old Variant where at least he could breathe. He found a nice placid spot among some trees, bushes and flowers where he parked and set up the car for a welcome night's rest.

Events at the Festival

The next day as he attended the various panels on Ferdosi, he met Nafisi who asked how things were. Kurosh decided to have some fun and related an exaggerated description of the situation that Nina had subjected him to resulting in no choice but to return to his outdoor sleeping protest. Nafisi began to nervously twitch and squirm fearing a huge scandal like before so he tried to comfort Kurosh by detailing the beauties of the outdoors and the starlit skies of Khorasan quoting a few lines of Persian poetry to boot. But Kurosh seemed unpacified; so Nafisi promised that he would order Nina to find something with the other journalists at the Tehran Hotel. That was all Kurosh wanted, just to be treated like any other journalist, whatever and wherever that was. Of course, the Hyatt was only for the scholars, TV executives and foreign guests from abroad as distinguished from foreign resident newsmen who in Iran were considered as a type of barely tolerated white slaves. That night, Kurosh was delighted to find himself rooming with his dear buddy Terry Graham who was less than pleased that his big comfy double room was to be shared after all. All the journalists dreamed of the day they might get a room to themselves since, back in Tehran, none of the resident foreign newsmen had decent living conditions. Their big hope was to be continually invited to festivals and other events so they could live like human beings a few weeks of the year.

So it was off to another fun festival with Lloyd and Terry, the two tall Iranicized American nut cases who resembled a pair of giraffes among the shorter natives. Terry was excited about the meetings he had set up with various religious personalities which included a Sufi *derwish*, an *ayatollah*, a member of the Gonabadi sect and an official from the Shaykhi group. As he began to describe his Shaykhi friend, Kurosh couldn't resist saying "but isn't this guy a bit shaykhi?" Terry got into the crazy mood and added "he can shaykh, rattle and roll." Kurosh countered with hysterical giggles "he might be a bit shaykhi if he doesn't have the *mullah*." Terry shot back "then he might be mullahfied." Finally the two, in disgust for their own corn, pasted on their straight scholastic faces in order to appear to be the important (or so they wished) newsmen they were as they left the room towards the elevator to the lobby to grab a meal at the hotel restaurant.

In the restaurant, everyone was staring at each other to see who was wearing what, who was talking to who and who was looking at who. Terry, who preferred his Iranian name Shamseddin among his friends, scanned the horizon for some acquaintances, which included almost everyone there. Kurosh was not as much for socializing with everyone that could breathe, so his friends and acquaintances in the crowd were considerably less. The two nodded, smiled, and otherwise greeted whomever they recognized by respectfully holding their right hands over their hearts and slightly bowing. After fifteen minutes of careful and selected acknowledging from near and far, not forgetting to respectfully ignore the more snobby and

high level TV executives in order to spare the big wigs the contamination of having to recognize low level white slave newsmen, the two were ready to order.

Now came the continual hassle which Kurosh had to face at every restaurant in the Middle East except in Arab countries. He had to go to great lengths to plead, beg, explain and sweet talk his way into getting rice without kebab on it, salad without eggs or meat, some Ab-e Ali or Amolo bottled spring water instead of gaggy Pepsi or other poison pop and finally some type of desert without sugar. The hardest was the plain rice since no restaurant could figure out prices for things other than their standard menu items. But usually Kurosh got something that fitted his vegetarian diet even if from time to time he had to shout, threaten and once throw a knife on the floor to get vegetarian food. No one could understand how anyone, especially an American, wouldn't want mountains of meat, eggs, pop and other junk food except for the few dozen frequent guests at the raw food restaurant in Tehran where the brilliant but crazy Armenian owner, Mr. Hovanessian, would rant and rave at anyone who dared mention the word 'cooked.'

After lunch, the air filled with an atmosphere of expectation as the minibuses lined up outside the hotel and the festival guests, hosts and hostesses clustered near the door, tickets in hand and chatting about the events. Terry couldn't resist demonstrating his ability in Russian as he tried to strike up a conversation with the delegate from Dagestan. "*Strasvitia, kak diela?*" he said. Kurosh chimed in "*payekheti na sobrainya?*" (you going to the meeting?) But then he left Terry to continue his conversation as Kurosh's attention became fixed on the breathtakingly attractive girl hostesses, a few of whom he remembered from other festivals and many of whom were semi-fans of his TV shows. He often invited the most beautiful ones to co-host his show and they always accepted but, as usual in Persian politeness, all invitations, acceptances, promises and oaths are merely timely or kindly remarks which are never taken seriously. However, one hostess of the Tehran Film Festival, Mahshid Eshraqi, did come through and taped a couple of shows with Kurosh where she was a wonderful intelligent and savvy narrator. One of a pair of strikingly lovely hostesses asked Kurosh the classic question all the girls wanted to know "*Aghaye Kurosh Ali Khan . . . dar Iran zan migiri?*" When asked if he was going to marry in Iran he always answered "of course, my dear, why don't I marry you?" To that reply of "*hatman azizam, chera shoma zanam nemishid?*" the girls self-consciously yet tauntingly giggled "*chashm, fardo.*" The promise of "O.K., tomorrow" or "for sure" or "I swear" always meant absolutely nothing at all in Iran and everyone knew it. When Kurosh had first arrived in Tehran, he took such statements literally and stunned and amazed everyone he dealt with when he kept his word and took promises to heart. Now he had become, as had Terry, a super master of *ta'arof* and was one of the most sugar-tongued eloquators of kind words in the whole country. Actually, he was an expert because he really meant most of the flattering kind remarks he made since all through his life he had always been a nice guy who tried to make people feel good.

About the third minibus, Terry and Kurosh were able to climb on and ride to the lecture hall where Ferdosi and his epic classic Shah-Name were discussed in great length and hair-splitting detail. The group filed into the lecture hall where Shamseddin and Kurosh took their places in the center of the balcony. First on the program was a professor from India who went on in great detail about the cultural ties between former Persia, India and Ferdosi. Then the commies came on, an almost humorous little scholar from Dagestan and a sneaky-looking professor from Moscow. There had been no real solid representation from the U.S. at Tus and Kurosh wished he had been an invited scholar as he had been to the Ansari celebration in Kabul and Herat. There his fluent and poetic Dari Persian heavily shamed the Russian representative who barely knew a bit of Pashtu and spoke with a heavy Russian accent. Both Kurosh and Shamseddin could have given memorable lectures but, since they were merely white slaves in Iran, no one gave them credit for having any intellectual prowess. Shamseddin, who always over-committed and over-worked himself, fell into his usual afternoon slumber as the lectures drug on. Finally, after several TV

executives shot perturbed glares at the two Americans, Kurosh nudged Shamseddin awake just in time to hear funny little poems written by the various scholars. The verses were in praise of Ferdosi and in the *motaqarib* metric framework of the Shah Name. Some of the attempts were cute, some were corny and, of course, the Russians tried to out-do everyone else and show off how they were the world's greatest, which they definitely were not.

After the lectures, everyone was whisked back to the Tehran Hotel for a quick dinner and then rushed out to Tus city where they witnessed a wild wrestling match accompanied by the shrill *sorna* (a type of oboe) and *dohol* (similar to bass drum). Kurosh and Shamseddin were mesmerized by the colorful conflicts in ancient athletic attire in the golden rays of the Khorasan dusk. After the wrestling, which Her Majesty the Queen seemed to fully enjoy, the crowd moved to the large stone shrine of Ferdosi for a demonstration of *shahname khuni* and *naqali* or recitations of the Shah Name and epic story-telling recited by some of the old codgers who would have been Kurosh's room mates in the grim dorm in Mashhad. They emphasized passages and words with exaggerated gestures, sudden shouts and by extending important syllables. The Queen was sitting on the ground with the other spectators but with a few velvet pillows around her at the insistence of her entourage. She was only a few rows away from Kurosh and he was almost more awestruck by her elegance and beauty than by the excitement of the recitations. During the seven times he had officially met her at various events and grasped her hand respectfully for a short exchange of *ta'arof*, he was always thrilled to have the honor of being in the presence of someone who had done so much for the arts. She had turned Iran into an international art and culture center during the early to mid 70s and everyone who supported music and arts looked up to her. This was especially true of Kurosh who had suffered degradation and misery trying to be a musician in America and Europe where no one cared about anything but material gain and where music and arts were disregarded except as props for silly advertisements or to be used by Satanic purveyors of rock and pop to mind-control unwitting youth.

Kurosh stared at Her Majesty, who was always surrounded with a special glow, until she turned for a moment and her eyes caught his in seeming recognition. That was enough to put Kurosh in a state of bliss for the rest of the evening as they all experienced the thrill of Khorasani folk dances, which appeared as almost exact replicas of Afghan dance patterns, and Khorasani bards who sang and accompanied themselves on *dutar*. One storyteller vocalist from Quchan named Yegane used *dotar* techniques and musical phrases that seemed to be strikingly similar to those Kurosh had been studying in Herat. Another performer was an old man with a typical large round black wool Turkoman hat with a flat top. His style of singing and playing was like the Turkoman performances that Kurosh had heard on recordings and on Radio Gorgan with the two strings tuned in 5th and played together in a type of eerie but powerful harmony.

The concerts ended about 10 p.m. and the Queen left with her entourage. The festival guests found their way to the mini-busses and Kurosh clung to Shamseddin because he knew that his buddy was always well advised of any parties or after hours gatherings. Sure enough, there was a gala dinner and social event for all the festival guests hosted by the governor of Khorasan at his palace. Of course no one had mentioned it to Kurosh as usual; but Shamseddin had somehow learned about it. When the two arrived at the palace, Mr. Roshan, an associate of Purmorian in the hospitality committee, was at the gate to check for tickets. Kurosh hadn't been able to pick up his complete ticket packet yet because of the usual red tape that tangled up, everything especially due to the problem that he had not been on the official guest list. Shamseddin flashed his banquet ticket with the SAVAK stamp on the back as Kurosh tried to push his way through clinging close to his buddy Terry. Roshan suspiciously glared at Kurosh and asked "Miller, are you on the guest list? Where is your ticket?" Kurosh confidently declared in Farsi that Mr. Nafisi had

told Nina to tell Purmoradian to tell so and so to issue him the necessary tickets and passes because somehow, as usually happens, Kurosh was omitted from the master list. Roshan smiled in semi disgust affirming “you have to have a ticket, Miller.” Kurosh countered with “I swear on my grandfather’s grave, I am an official guest reviewing the festival for two papers and two magazines . . . Really!” Kurosh always commanded respect by his eloquent command of Farsi even though his looks and actions were often less than ‘respectable’ to say the least. Roshan glanced around to see if anyone was noticing the situation then whispered “*bashe, zud borrow!*” pushing him through the gate past the smiling security guards and poised polished army officers.

Partying and Romance in Tus and Mashhad

The two Americans climbed the stairs to the huge hallway where tables were over laden with the most sumptuous array of foods and delicacies imaginable. Fruits from Herat, Pakistan and India, likely confiscated items from customs warehouses, and the usual vast selection of very imaginable treat and dish that is offered at every festival in Iran was there to tantalize the eye and tongue. Bazari semi-pop music was furnished by a small group of ethnic instruments and a few of the more daring TV beauties and their male escorts were doing an upper-class version of the Baba Keram or Iranian huchi kuchi. Soon the dance floor filled up with most of the banquet guests bobbing their heads from side to side, swishing their hands daintily and prancing in tiny steps to the music. Then one of the more buxom babes with a low-cut dress came over to where the two Americans were standing and, with a naughty smile, grasped Shamseddin’s hand and pulled him out onto the dance floor. As he spun into his famous dance routines combining Iranian and Turkish patterns, his partner dropped out and began encouraging him by clapping along to the music soon to be joined by the whole room full of guests all admiringly arranged in a circle watching the tall blond, blue-eyed American do his antics. Then a sweet little doll with hip-length hair drew close to Kurosh and whispered “*biya, to am boro.*” Kurosh, being a show-off and showman couldn’t resist being tugged out into the middle of the crowd, especially by such a divinely attractive young lady. Soon the two Americans were thrilling the audience with their fantastic dance skills while TV executives, government officials, festival hostesses, army officers and SAVAK agents were giggling, cheering and clapping. Kurosh overheard members of the audience remark “*un Kurosh Ali Khan e; television nadidish?*” Of course everyone had seen him on TV at least once, so their admiration for the antics of the American dancers was heightened because they were watching a TV ‘star’ in person.

When the two show-offs were almost exhausted, the music stopped and it was time to eat. Their newly acquired ‘dates’ proudly clutched the arms of their two American prizes and led them to the table where everyone was crowding around to get the best food treats. Of course, the two Americans were pushed to the head of the crowd by their many admirers, so they got first choice. But Kurosh wasn’t interested in any of the gravied meat dishes. Instead, to everyone’s astonishment, he went straight to the salad bowl, filled a plate with vegetables, grabbed a bit of feta cheese and flat-bread, then loaded up another plate with fresh fruit. As always, the custom dictated that everyone stand around the tables of food and gossip while stabbing a chunk of chicken or scooping up a spoonful of saffron rice to add to their dishes from the common plates. No one seemed to care whether a mile-long line of starving guests was waiting to get at the table; it was a fight for food and the cleverest got the most by pushing their way in or by sneaking a fork between the gossipers who were hogging the table. Kurosh remembered how once he tried to stab at a block of feta through a space in a crowd at a film festival gala banquet and accidentally bounced his fork off the sumptuous roll of a beautifully built Iranian girl’s rump as she suddenly passed by. Unhurt but stunned, she and he both turned pale, then red as Kurosh offered all kinds of apologies

which she politely refused as unnecessary. The rest of the festival, she kept on eying Kurosh in search of some deeper romantic connotation for his clumsiness and he, flirt that he was, would give her little looks and occasional fond smiles assuring that, although it was an accident, he actually was attracted to her.

Innocently flirting with girls was one of Kurosh's occasional pastimes even if he had avoided physical contact for the years he was in Middle East. He was a part-time Mormon stake missionary, so any impure activity was to be avoided. This evening was not unlike many others when the two girls who had chosen to cling to the American pair were dropping all types of subtle and shy hints that they were possibly available for further activities. But Kurosh and Shamseddin were known as adopted Moslems who were active Sufis and some type of supposed 'holy men;' so they both were experts at sublimating any potential drives and desires. Kurosh looked back with pride, yet maybe a tiny tinge of nostalgia, on the many forgone opportunities when he had refused to spend a night or nights with some of the most desirable young women imaginable. But considering how those young beauties would look and act in their seventies or eighties would quickly cure any potential remorse.

The Tus festival drew to a close and Kurosh offered Shamseddin a ride back to Tehran in the Variant if he could wait one day because Kurosh had a bit of business to finish in Mahshhad. But Shamseddin, as always, had to rush back to be in Tehran for some other festival which did not interest Kurosh and to which, of course, he had not been invited. The next day, Kurosh spent the afternoon at the wool dyer's shop near the shrine and also on the street where his Mashhadi friend Zari lived. During the festival, he had spent a couple of days driving around with Zari and her friend Mehri. When he and Mehri were lounging on the grass behind the Hyatt one afternoon, it became clear that Zari was trying to fix them up. Later Mehri told Kurosh in Persian "you have everything I want . . . music, culture, scholarship, freedom to travel and carefreeness." Then she suggested "why don't I come to your hotel room and wash your clothes, massage your back and feet and take care of you?" Kurosh momentarily tingled at the tantalizing thought but, knowing that such a thing was absolutely inappropriate according to both Mormon and Moslem doctrine, he quickly and politely refused offering some vague excuse. Then there were suggestions by Mehri that they could get married to which Kurosh assured that he already had an Afghan fiancée back in America. For Mormons and also for Moslems, relationships were based on marriage first then physical romance later. So instead of asking a girl for a date, it was proper to discuss marriage possibilities. This policy kept Kurosh's romantic encounters to nonexistent and thus avoided his higher goals from being deluded by emotional and physical entanglements.

Wool Dying in Mashhad

Before leaving Mashhad, Kurosh went to see Mahmad Agha, the wool dyer, to have several kilos of wool dyed in the colors he needed for his future rug weaving back in the States. He had brought small rolls of samples from Herat representing the typical colors used there. After discussing the project and studying the colors, Mahmad began the process. Using an old long stick, he dunked the loops of wool into the hot boiling dye then raised the stick letting the wool drip for a few minutes before repeating the process two or three more times. Mahmad explained that the dyes were natural, made from wheat chaff, pomegranate skins, indigo powder, walnut shells and other vegetable sources. Only the bright red color was a chemical from Germany. Kurosh took only one kilo of the red since it was fake and not needed in the pattern he was working from. Mainly he wanted tan, dark brown, indigo blue and orange tan. When the dying was completed and dry, Kurosh made his way down the quiet alleyway struggling with the heavy load. He drank in the enchantment of the ancient wood balconies, the earthen walls, carved doors and strange patterns of woodwork on the front of the balconies. He reached his faithful but bedraggled

VW and loaded his wool collection then drove off westward to the Caspian coast and over the mountains to Tehran.

Back on the Streets of Tehran

Back in Tehran, Kurosh was again sentenced to sleeping in the back of his car as he had been for the last three harsh years. It was due to the cruel meanness of his Hamadani Jewish landlord who, greedy for higher rent, had evicted him from the apartment he had lived in for four years. Although most of Kurosh's Jewish friends and acquaintances throughout his life were wonderful, helpful and kind, this was one case where the negative stereotype of the chintzy and heartless materialistic Jew really did apply. Hamadanis were famous for chintziness and were called *pust khar kan* (donkey skinner). Add to that the worst of Jewishness and the result was what Kurosh termed *pust mush kan* (mouse skinner). The moment that Sa'id bought the three-floor apartment from Kurosh's mom's good friend Homa Ashraf, he had been tormenting Kurosh. First he tore out Kurosh's phone line which Kurosh put back by working all night chiseling a deep trench in the wall, putting a phone line in, plastering and repainting it to perfection. But then Sa'id disconnected the line again so Kurosh climbed way up on the roof reaching to the end of the pole sticking out from the wall and tapped into the line there. Meanwhile Sa'id and his naggy wife continually hounded him to give up the garage which he finally did. Then they daily harangued him to get out so they could find a renter who would pay top dollar. Eventually, Kurosh had to transfer all his instruments and other valuables to an office at Dr. Safvat's Center for Preservation and Propagation of Iranian Music in central Tehran on Khak Ave. When he had all his belongings stuffed into the small office, he put dark blue curtains in his Variant and one day handed the key to Sa'id's wife and said goodbye. Sa'id had continually stated "whatever you do to others, you only do to yourself." A good thought but this time it probably was Sa'id who would suffer the consequences of chasing a poor starving artist scholar into the street. One night, Kurosh had listened to a conversation between Sa'id and his wife through the floor of his upstairs room and when she asked "but what if he doesn't have the money to pay more?" Sa'id answered "he does; did you see that big thick PhD dissertation he wrote?" Little did Sa'id know that a PhD in Middle East Studies with expertise on Persian music could never result in any employment even in an American university. After all who in the American leadership would never want to be able to make friends with the Middle East? The U.S. has demonstrated that they are only interested in getting all the oil and natural gas they can pilfer from the Middle East by assassinating leaders, mass murdering innocent civilians or whatever vicious means possible. Looking back on the whole apartment nightmare, Kurosh could only pray for Sa'id that he wouldn't suffer too much for his cruelty although after the revolution Jews, especially really mean ones, surely weren't given any special privileges.

Chapter 9

Kurosh's Wedding and the Shiraz Arts Festival

Back at the Iran-America Society, the emotionless deskman slid a blue air letter across the desk mumbling "*Kurosh Khan, nameyetun.*" Kurosh had been expecting a letter from his Afghan fiancée Mari so he eagerly tore it open to read lines of poetry and kind words along with the promise that she was arriving the next week so they could go to the Shiraz Arts Festival together. Kurosh bounced from room to room at the IAS, excitedly explaining in English, Farsi, Armenian, Azeri and attempted Assyrian "she's coming, she's coming!" Everyone thought Kurosh was a bit crazy and they nodded and smiled wondering

who would ever want to marry such a wandering starving goofball artist. Kurosh begged his helpful and good-hearted boss Phil Pillsbury to allow him to make one long-distance phone call and deduct it from his monthly \$75 programming consultancy fee. Phil agreed but said not to worry about paying for it. Kurosh finally got through and found out the date and time she was arriving on the daily Pan Am flight which was usually late.

As the big day neared, Kurosh told his friends at the LDS branch to get ready for the wedding. He had arranged for a government-authorized Christian minister to preside and fill out the forms and the mission president to do the marriage. Everyone at Church was happy to see Kurosh finally ‘settle down’ after roaming all over the Middle East for seven years, barely surviving and living in his car for the last three years. One of the members offered to have Mari stay with them until the wedding. The day of the arrival, Kurosh was at the airport an hour early. As usual, parking was impossible and the crowds were like at Judgment Day, as the Iranians would say. He found a parking spot and then squeezed his way past the shoulder-to-shoulder masses to the arrival area. There he remained pinned for five tedious hours until she arrived, then three more hours until Mari was able to fight her way through the passport, customs and baggage claim. Kurosh finally spotted her wearing a goofy red dress and a weird straw hat looking like some showy eccentric Shiraz Festival artist, appropriate for the occasion but not what Kurosh would have preferred. He liked her as the sweet little Afghan girl who occasionally sported some of the beautiful hand-crafted traditional Afghan dresses prized by savvy intellectual ladies of class in the 70s.

She caught a glimpse of him in the crowd and waived discouragedly from the long line where she had to stand for an hour to get her luggage before taking it to the customs table. Kurosh tried desperately to sneak through the door of the arrival room, but the grim policeman warned “*na Kurosh Ali Khan, aslan nemishe.*” He knew it was impossible but was worth a try. Little Mari finally claimed her two suitcases loaded with clothes and make-up since she was deep into the show-off kick that nearly all Middle Eastern women seemed to be hung up on. She finally cleared customs who were suspicious of her eloquence in Tehrani Persian and her American immigration re-entry booklet that passed as a passport. She slid her large suitcases through the door where Kurosh grabbed them then he grabbed her for a solid hug and meaningful kiss that got the attention of some of his TV fans among the customs agents and bystanders. Whispers circulated “*namzad-e Kurosh Ali Khano didi?*” Of course he was proud for everyone to see his fiancée; finally, he proved that he could find a wife even if she wasn’t Iranian. As they made their way towards the outside of the airport, he boasted to anyone who recognized him “*namzadam, Afghani e!*”

After loading the suitcases into the car, they drove into the terrors of the Tehran traffic, fighting their way to the entrance of the Vanak Parkway and on to the home of the LDS family who had invited Mari to stay. There she conjured up one of her delicious Afghan meals of eggplant, turmeric potatoes and steamed puffed rice with carrots, almonds and raisins which delighted her hosts and the friends who had come to see the pretty prize Kurosh had finally convinced to marry him. The next day, they went to get the necessary blood tests and x-rays for the marriage license. They chose a Christian wedding since an Islamic one would be very difficult and because Mari had been recently baptized LDS by famous Near East scholar Hugh Nibley at BYU. After getting the license, Kurosh took Mari to meet his music and spiritual master, Dr. Safvat, at the Center for Preservation and Propagation of Iranian Music. They joked and talked about music, culture, literature and mysticism. Mari told Dr. Safvat that she had been caught in a state of jet lag and was being railroaded into a wedding. Safvat countered that they had to get married or they wouldn’t be able to share a room at the Shiraz Festival. The couple visited instrumental and vocal classes and spent some time in the Center’s instrument factory visiting with master craftsman Zadkher. Kurosh related how he had talked Dr. Safvat into sending Zadkher to Herat to spend a month studying instrument-making techniques from *dutar* makers Painda and Zebiullah. It was dinner time, and Dr. Safvat invited

them to the fancy restaurant across the street where he entertained important guests. After dinner, he reminded them that it was Monday evening and time to go to the *khaneqa*. Kurosh asked if he dared bring Mari without the requisite prior permission and Dr. Safvat reminded that Kurosh had barged in with uninvited guests before and was the only one who dared to, so why ask now. Also, Kurosh had always chosen worthy spiritually advanced individuals and was seemingly tacitly authorized to bring an occasional high caliber guest.

They drove up the hill towards Tajrish in silence until Dr. Safvat's dark gray Peykan came to a halt near the wide iron gates of the compound. They entered the courtyard and respectfully made their way down the narrow steps to the basement, removed their shoes and put on the long white gowns tied with the white belt symbolic of service to God. As Mari joined the women, whispers could be heard in Farsi saying "that's Kurosh Ali Khan's fiancée, she's Afghani." Dr. Safvat and Kurosh made their way to the front of the room where the men were gathering. Soon after, Dr. Elahi arrived and some of the faithful exchanged the sacred handclasp with him. When he reached Kurosh, he beamed "*Kurosh Ali Khan, namzadet resid?*" Kurosh answered yes his fiancée had arrived and that he brought her to the meeting, hopefully with permission. Dr. Elahi smiled and assured that she was very welcome since she was his future wife. Then Doctor made his way to the head of the room and asked for his *tanbur* and the evening began with a slow chant. Soon the chant became rhythmic with members singing and swaying to the beat that was eventually strengthened when joined by the large *dayereh* or frame drum. The music subsided and everyone calmed down. A large box of oranges was brought in and set before the master after which he and his brother blessed the fruit. It was then passed to each person present who kissed their orange and pressed it against their foreheads as a sign of respect before eating. After the meeting, the members began to leave, but Mari sat in stunned amazement remaining quietly alone next to Kurosh's arts writer friend Negin. Mari began to sob quietly and when Kurosh asked her what was going on she said "someone was here." Kurosh went to talk to Doctor who eventually observed in Farsi "your fiancée is a special person; she has seen my father, the *ostad*, who is in the spirit world."

The Wedding and Drive to Shiraz

Finally, it was the day for the wedding at the LDS mission home attended by a few intimate friends. Kurosh's pal, Bob Janati, who took over teaching his Persian music class at the University of Utah, and was now an assistant to Dr. Safvat at the Center, plotted with friends to steal the bride, an old Turkman tradition. So Kurosh was stuck with Bob's friend Lola, the crazy Brit who had befriended Kurosh and occasionally offered him a couch in her apartment during the years he had to live in his car. They drove to the reception and dinner at Negin's home where Kurosh's friends from the music world, the news world and the national television were waiting. "So you are going to have your honeymoon in that beat-up old car" one chided. "No, they are staying here tonight and driving to the Shiraz Festival tomorrow" Negin assured. "Oh that's right, Kurosh is going to sleep on the grass at the Festival like he did a couple of years ago" another kidded. Then Kurosh threatened "if they stick us on the grass, my story for the international wire service will scathe them out of existence." After a sumptuous meal, everyone relaxed at the poolside with refreshments until someone asked Kurosh to play *santur*. He was too embarrassed to play in the presence of his beloved master Dr. Safvat but reluctantly gave in cringing. Bob joined in on *zarb* and soon Lola was prevailed upon to do her version of Baba Keram. A few more ladies were talked into doing little Iranian dance routines until finally Mari was cheered out into the middle to demonstrate her elegant Afghan-Iranian dance skills.

The next day, the newly weds packed their things into the weary but faithful Variant and, with fond farewells to Negin who promised to meet them in Shiraz, they headed down Pahlevi Avenue to the center of Tehran. After fighting the hellish traffic near the bazaar, they were able to snail their way farther downtown and finally onto the southern road through Shabdelazim and Qom. There was no time to do a *ziyarat* of Qom and, because they were in a hurry, Kurosh wouldn't have time for a *sighe*, the infamous temporary marriage arranged between pilgrim gentlemen and available girls who hang around the shrine. Kurosh explained it all to Mari just to tease her about him adding a couple of temporary co-wives for the day.

Hours later, they pulled into Isfahan where they were astounded by the beautiful mosques tiled in turquoise, blue, yellow, black and white patterns. They went to the center of town, drank some fresh pomegranate juice and continued towards the old bazaar. There they browsed through the many little shops and watched an old man printing colors on a cloth with wood blocks. He chatted cheerfully as he stamped the block in a paint mixture spread out on a piece of old inner tube then pressed it onto the cloth. Then he pounded the block two taps with his other hand which had a leather and rubber shield fastened to the edge to prevent bruising. Mari wanted a block-printed skirt, so Kurosh bought her two and a top as well. They continued wandering through the obscure halls of the bazaar witnessing intricate inlay work in progress, eyeing expensive silken carpets and meandering down long alleys of busily hammering brass workers. Kurosh explained how the inlaid box work was done showing her the strips of bone, brass and other materials that were glued together in round, triangular or diamond-shaped rods. Those were later cut like carrots in many thin slices which were then glued one by one on the surface of the boxes or table tops, then sanded and finally lacquered.

It was *asr* or about five in the afternoon so the couple decided to continue on to Shiraz in hopes of arriving in time to get a good room at the famous Kurosh Hotel where Kurosh Ali had never been able to secure a room as a newsman in the past. This time they had to respect him a little because, added to the newspapers and magazines he was writing for, he was an official stringer for United Press International (UPI) thanks to his friend who was the UPI boss in Iran whom he had helped get established there when he first arrived. The last hours of driving were almost torture for Kurosh who was completely worn out from all the events of the previous days. But his new bride was able to keep him from falling asleep at the wheel by telling stories, singing, tickling him and even occasionally slapping his face when he would doze off. At last the car sped under the Koran Gate and down the hill into Shiraz. The weary pair pulled into the Kurosh Hotel parking lot about two in the morning and Kurosh went to the desk to authoritatively demand his room. He was given a key and asked to fill out the usual form then the couple trudged to the elevator with their luggage and found the room on the third floor. Kurosh was thrilled to stay in a first class hotel after three years of living in his car. Mari wasn't so impressed and observed "what's so fantastic about this place, it is just like a good motel anywhere in America." Kurosh agreed but noted that it was heaven after how he had been forced to live in his car through the Tehran housing crises caused by greedy landlords keeping half the town empty to drive rents up.

The Shiraz Arts Festival

The exhausted couple immediately fell asleep, but at eight the next morning they were jolted awake by the boisterous chatter and prattle of Tehran's prize gossip columnist James Underwood. "Jimmy, what are you doing here, old girl?" Kurosh kidded. "Well, the committee must've had it in for you so they paired you up with London's most gorgeous gay for a roommate. But what do we have here, is this your Afghan bride? My goodness, how can we all room together in this place which is even too small for two?"

Kurosh was again troubled how to solve the eternal housing crisis that even followed him all the way to Shiraz each year. This time, he had a bed in a room in a decent hotel, but his roommate was fussy fidgety Jimmy who, although no threat to any woman due to his flagrant fruitiness, could be difficult to have around. The newly weds were able to deal with the situation for the first two days by promising James that they would work on finding other accommodations for the rest of the festival. That proved to be more easily said than done. It was more the fact that James usually had his own room and felt that his importance as the top gossip in the country was diminished by him having to room with the crazy musician he helped train as a journalist and who was considered a type of vagabond living in a car.

The opening evening featured a contemporary dance extravaganza among the stone pillars of Persepolis offered by Merce Cunningham. Kurosh pegged the mess as a ridiculous rite of inhuman mechanical motions accompanied by ear-piercing cacophonous electronic non-music. But the queen and her entourage appeared to like it, probably to demonstrate how sophisticated Iranian high society was and how they could appreciate even the most avant-garde and unpleasantly odd ugly 'art.' That was the continual problem with Shiraz Festival events during its last years, half the offerings were ultra mod pseudo-art concoctions which the purveyors would probably never dare to foist on the public in their own native lands but which were drunk up by Iranian society folks as the last word in trendiness. To Kurosh and the real connoisseurs representing the local press, it was all more like a bowel movement and only good for promoting outbursts of hyena-like laughter from the art critics and their friends. "I always come to these terrible things for a good healthy laugh" Kurosh confided to his bride who was also giggling through it all in spite of occasional stern stares from NIRTV director Qotbi and his wife Sherry.

As the queen rose and left at the end of the performance, Kurosh and his bride were shocked to notice that she had dyed her hair an orangish color and had it pasted up into a huge beehive stack. Mari, knowing that Kurosh admired the queen for her support of the arts, got in a little catty remark. "Why did she dye her hair such an awful color? Gosh!" Kurosh disappointedly admitted "I guess so-called progress has come even to that." Back at the hotel in the snack bar, the journalists were frantically writing their stories about the opening evening so they could read them on the phone to the waiting page editors back in Tehran. James was snooping over Kurosh's shoulder to see what he was going to file and then became upset that Kurosh was panning the whole thing as pure garbage in the guise of dance. "Don't send that story, you daft bugger" he chastised while bouncing about in an angry fury. "You will only hurt yourself and the festival. And don't you dare even think of mentioning the queen's hair; I can't even say a thing about that." Kurosh whimpered that he had no intention of talking about the dye job and promised to rewrite his piece if James would sit down and stop prancing in nervous agitation. Of course Kurosh, stubborn cuss that he was, rewrote the review into a subtly sarcastic piece which proved to be more devastating than his first outright pan job.

But not all creative efforts over the years at Shiraz were total junk; ballet master Maurice Bejart choreographed a wonderful piece called Golestan which portrayed aspects of Sufi mysticism such as the mirror of the soul when the dancers held mirrors and depicted other deeper metaphysical concepts accompanied by the beautiful music by artists from Dr. Safvat's Center. Bejart had joined Dr. Elahi's *khaneqa* and one of his previous pieces, an Indian inspired creation called Bakhti, was also a hit at Shiraz. Then there was Peter Brook, also affiliated with the *khaneqa*, who made the wonderful film entitled 'Meetings with Remarkable Men.' Brook conjured up an avant-garde theater creation at Shiraz where Kurosh had been a percussionist with the group affectionately dubbed 'Brook's Kooks.

Rooming Crisis at the Festival

The third day of the festival, Negin had offered to have the newly weds stay at her uncle's. During dinner at the hotel, she told Mari to call her and wrote her number down on the back of a ticket. Otherwise, if Mari was going to the nightly ethnic concert at the Hafezie, Negin would meet them both there. When it came time for the evening programs, Mari was asked by James to go review the Persian play at Persepolis and turn in the article to the Tehran Journal. She agreed, gave Kurosh the Hafezie ticket, and went off to review the ethnic music concert. But that ticket had Negin's phone number on it and Mari wouldn't be there to meet them so she would be left out in the cold that night. The frightening realization dawned on Mari as she was sitting in the lobby waiting for the late bus to Persepolis. She knew that Negin was at her uncle's getting ready for the evening, but the phone number was gone. She had no choice but to peacefully meditate a few moments then she calmly walked over to the phone and dialed a number that appeared in her mind. A voice answered and she said "hello, who is this?" The voice said "hello Mari, this is Negin." The story of the miraculous channeling of a phone number was passed around among the inner circle mystics at the festival to become a legend.

That night after the concerts, the couple reunited and drove to the outskirts of town where, after several inquiries, they located the uncle's place among the clay houses. Lengthy knocking brought the uncle to the gate and the two were admitted. Negin brought a late snack of melons and other fruit then had two mats spread out in a side room for the guests. But when the newly weds retired, they were suddenly and viciously attacked by an army of fleas that had been lurking in the seldom used room. After being nearly bitten to blisters, the two fled for their lives returning to the faithful old car where they spent the rest of the night in the cramped quarters roasting in the summer heat. Of course, they didn't breathe a word of the attack to anyone in order not to hurt Negin's feelings. The next evening, the newlyweds shared an unbearably sultry tiny cell at the university dorm, a room which they were 'assigned' since no single rooms were said to be available at the Kurosh Hotel. One night there was all either of them could stand, so they accepted an invitation from the one and only Mormon couple in town to stay with them the next evening. By this time, the story of their plight was spreading to higher echelons of the festival organization committee. When James Underwood complained fervently to the festival program chief at a luncheon, finally the word was passed down to give Kurosh a break lest he repeat his yellow journalism of the former year when he ended up on the grass.

That afternoon, as Kurosh and his bride wandered into the Kurosh Hotel looking like ghosts from so many nearly sleepless nights, they were called over to the festival hosting table. Friendly and sympathetic Lilly Qashqai, a friend whom Kurosh had helped transport her stove in his car in Tehran, called them close and whispered a secret. "Listen, you know that there is a vacant single room with a big double bed which I am giving you two, but not a word to anyone, alright? It's a room that has been empty all the time and no one knows about it." Kurosh knew from several years at the festival that those mysterious rooms were all over town just like the half million huge empty apartments in Tehran which gathered dust while homeless families ended up in the streets or doubling up with relatives so greedy landlords could force prices up. Lilly quietly went to the desk clerk and returned with a key that she secretly pressed into Kurosh's palm with a wink. The newly weds beamed with joy and, after many thanks, hurried to the elevator to see their well-earned accommodations. When they opened the door, they both gasped at the beauty of the place. It must have been a presidential or bridal suite with silken drapes and tassels all around the large emperor-size bed and other fancy things everywhere. Soon a maid appeared asking the couple if they wanted anything and Kurosh ordered a sumptuous vegetarian meal with his favorite mineral water and all the trimmings. The dinner soon appeared and Kurosh gave the waiter coupons to cover it and

a big tip since he always had a hard time spending those coupons because he didn't eat kebab dinners nor did he drink alcohol.

Interviews and Reviews at the Festival

That evening, the couple went together to see the famed south Indian *vina* master Balachandra who was great as always. They returned to the hotel to discuss the concert and various other programs with James, Terry Graham, Peter Wilson and a dozen other intellectuals from various publications. The culture writers in Iran during those years were a congregation of the most brilliant and perceptive art critics and experts on Iranian culture that the world had ever known. For Kurosh it was like heaven on earth being with people of his own level of advanced intelligence and super-sensitive arts sophistication. As the newsmen were in deep discussions, Shahrzad or Sherry Afshar Qotbi graced everyone with her charming presence walking right over to the cluster of journalists at the snack bar and stopping in front of Kurosh. He and all his colleagues jumped to their feet in respect as they offered her a seat which she politely refused then stated her request to Kurosh. "Mr. Miller, would you and your wife help us out with two television interviews tomorrow afternoon? You can meet me at the broadcast building about noon and I will set up the interviews for you there." Kurosh was thrilled and stunned to be asked by the NIRTV director's wife to serve in some capacity. He gladly accepted and asked what the interviews entailed. She said "your wife will do an interview with the Pakistani Qawwali singers in Ordu and translate it into Farsi and you will interview Balachandra in English or Hindi and translate it into Farsi. Both the programs will be put on the national network as soon as they are edited." She elegantly pranced off nodding farewell to the crowd of journalists who were respectfully smiling at the newly weds. "There you are" James stated "you will be useful yet Miller, if you mind your p's and q's." Soon after, the newly weds retired to their plush suite to finally enjoy a well-earned night's rest in the exquisite surroundings.

The next day, the couple was on their way up the hill to the television broadcast building where they were introduced to the artists they were to interview. Neither Kurosh nor Mari was very fluent in Ordu/Hindi; he had studied it in Paris at the *Langues Orientales* and she had picked up many phrases and vocabulary from watching Indian films in Kabul. One of the Qawwali singers spoke Pashtu, one of Mari's native languages. So added to English as a backup, the interviews turned out well. Kurosh spent an hour discussing *alap*, *thanam*, rhythm patterns and the Malakarta *raga* system with Balachandra. Kurosh was a familiar sight on national television and very comfortable speaking Farsi in front of the cameras, so the interview went well. When the interviews were done, Kurosh couldn't resist breathing over the shoulder of the editor in the Ampex room as he always did when he supervised or edited his own shows. The editing sessions went quickly and enjoyably and were completed before the allotted time. When the newly weds were leaving the station, Sherry whooshed by hurrying to some important project and called out "thank you Mr. and Mrs. Miller, you did an excellent job. The interviews will go on the main network tonight during the news." The couple happily hugged each other as some of the cameramen friends kidded in Farsi "hey Kurosh Khan, watch that stuff, none of that in public; this is Iran!" A laugh went around the hallway and one of the script girls added "hey Kurosh, how did you get such a beautiful wife when none of us could stand you?" Kurosh chuckled and retorted "yea, none of you would marry me so she gets a free green card and eventually a passport without even passing the English test. So you girls can die of jealousy." Another cute little script girl blinked her long lashes and teased "but Kurosh, you said you wanted to marry four wives since say you are a Moslem; so you can take three more of us along with you to America." Mari tugged Kurosh out the door before he could continue the discussion.

Kurosh, the Trouble Maker

It was a late lunch at the main dining room of the hotel, and Kurosh was up to his usual antics. First he sweet talked the head waiter into letting him pay half the price, since the couple was not eating any meat, then he filled three plates with expensive vegetable delicacies. After returning a few times to refill plates with feta cheese, olives, mushrooms, artichoke hearts, asparagus tips, etc., he had Mari help him pack some of the vegetables into her large purse. Then he slowly and carefully filled up his huge festival bag with bread, fresh fruit and other items. On his fourth trip back to the asparagus tray, the assistant manager was called in to check on him. As he was sliding asparagus onto his large plate, Kurosh was approached by the restaurant manager and the hotel assistant manager. They politely explained that he had only paid half fare but was eating ten times that in asparagus which was going for over \$20 a pound in Shiraz. Kurosh sheepishly explained his weird diet and apologized offering them a whole book of coupons. The stern gentlemen were not really satisfied and advised he come with them to talk to the manager. In the main office, the manager politely received Kurosh and dismissed his assistant. He cheerfully gazed at Kurosh for a moment then declared “*shoma hamun Kurosh Ali Khan-e televizyon nistid?*” When Kurosh replied that he was the famous TV personality, the manager began to discuss music and to indicate the shows he liked most among Kurosh’s many masterpieces. The whole hors d’oeuvre and food smuggling incident was completely forgotten and the manager walked Kurosh back to the restaurant and was introduced to Mari. The couple was invited to a special party hosted by the hotel that evening and then the manager excused himself with instructions to the restaurant manager to give them anything they wanted on his account. Kurosh felt embarrassed that he was being offered so much kindness after his sneakiness. Mari gave him an accusing glare and scolded “see, your chintziness almost embarrassed me to death; you shame me in front of people.” Kurosh didn’t know the meaning of embarrassment because he never really cared what people thought about his crazy actions. Sometimes he enjoyed shocking people just to demonstrate his resentment for outer appearances and public opinion. Mari, although a proponent of the Sufi humility concept, enjoyed dressing up, showing off, and impressing people. She enjoyed being in the company of the elite for social reasons; Kurosh enjoyed their company for the cultural stimulation and intellectual interchange only.

That afternoon, the couple went to a concert of contemporary ‘music’ with James and Terry. It was one of the most hideous cacophonous conglomerations of noise ever foisted on an unwitting public at the festival, even worse than Stockhausen’s (the art critics called him *Shtinkhausen*) catastrophe at a former year. The couple couldn’t restrain themselves from laughing out loud, so loud at times James had to reprimand them. “Enough of that, Miller you daft bugger” he would warn then himself succumb to a giggle or two. Terry also had difficulty keeping a straight face as Iranian high society ladies glared at the group of foreigners with curious contempt. Near the end of the performance, Kurosh pointed out to James on the program that one particular theatrical instrumental composition was actually supposed to be a comedy; so the stoned-faced Iranians were actually wrong for not participating in the laughing. James felt a bit less embarrassed but was not completely convinced that he should join the hyena arena that now consisted of Kurosh, Mari, Terry and Peter who had just joined the group of cacklers.

Concert by Parisa and Musicians from the Center

Later that evening, everyone went to see the traditional Iranian music concert at the Hafezie. This was the big event for Kurosh because his master Dr. Safvat’s group of young virtuosos from the Center

featuring his idol vocalist Parisa were performing. It was through Kurosh's untiring efforts using his power at various publications that the young genius Parisa was eventually wrenched from the slimy clutches of the Ministry of Culture where destructive modernizers like Payvar were westernizing traditional music and turning unwitting vocalists into semi-pop crooners. Then it was his constant pleading that persuaded Dr. Safvat to arrange for her to become the main vocalist at the Center not to mention the peace conference with Parvin Sarlak at Rudaki Hall. Now she was the top singing star in Iran and a perfect example of pure traditional skills in an age of eroded cultural values when the monstrosity of modernization and mechanical materialism had nearly vaporized the rich traditions of the East. Kurosh, Mari, Dr. Safvat, his wife, Terry, Peter, Negin and a few other journalists slowly strolled down the walkway lined and lighted with large metal bowls filled with paraffin that encompassed big burning wicks. The flickering light, the stars and the moon coupled with the freshness and quiet of the late evening always created a deeply romantic and mystic milieu that engulfed and calmed the spectators. They climbed the steps and descended the rows of chairs to the front where Dr. Safvat had seats reserved for himself, Kurosh and their wives. The instruments had been tuned and were in place where large tube-shaped velvet pillows were positioned for the artists to sit in a semi-circle. The evening breeze jostled leaves and crickets provided enchanting background as the concert area slowly filled with audience members mostly composed of high-class inner-circle connoisseurs of authentic traditional music.

When the instrumentalists from the Center came out in their Chinese collar coats, a thunder of applause burst forth. This was the group Kurosh had joined in rehearsals several times playing *oud* in a totally Persian manner like a *tar* or *setar*. This was the group Kurosh had followed everywhere he could writing praises of their work in all the Iranian publications plus Sketch Magazine in Beirut and occasionally publications in London. This was the group he had done everything in his power to promote in the country and in neighboring areas as an example of how purely traditional acoustic music was far superior to the ugly pop concoctions of the modern era. Then shy and sensitive Parisa self-consciously came out on stage and blushed as the audience roared with applause and cheers while she fumbled her way forward to the center of the semi-circle. She tried to adjust the microphone as the applause subsided and she girlishly giggled when a soundman jumped to the rescue. She tried to hide behind her black silken hair but couldn't because, unfortunately she had caved in to wearing a shortened stylized 'hairdo.' She occasionally glanced up to see her fond supporters and friends on the front row respectfully gawking at her. The all-star instrumental ensemble consisting of *tar* master Daryush Talai, Reza Shafi'an on *santur*, Mohammad Moqadassi on *kamanche*, Mohammad Hadadian on *ney* and Bahman Rajabi on *zarb*, started with an introductory prelude in the Chahargah mode. Parisa shot a sly glimpse at Kurosh and Mari seeming to be mildly interested in who finally consented to marry Kurosh after all the gossip and the interest he had expressed in Parisa but mainly for her exquisite vocal virtuosity and not in a romantic sense. Following the instrumental introduction, she sang beautifully impressing everyone especially her main fan, Kurosh.

After the entrancing concert, Parisa nervously scampered off the stage in her long gown followed by the musicians and later the fans. Kurosh and Mari pushed their way into the artist's quarter which was a courtyard off to the side of the Hafezie. Kurosh chatted with some of the musicians as he worked his way over to Parisa who would occasionally eye the couple with an askance glance. Kurosh introduced his new wife to Parisa and the two seemed to find a spiritual bond. Parisa's husband came over and joined the friendly conversation. Soon Kurosh and Mari had to catch the bus back to the hotel where they could write up their reviews of the day's events to be taken to the airport by the Tehran Journal/Etelaat courier to the airport. They were happy with their reviews and, after a late dinner with the news crowd, they retired peacefully.

Cloud of Gloom

But the next day an ominous cloud descended on the newly weds, a cloud of suspicion and resentment that took weeks to dispel. An article had appeared in the Kayhan Farsi newspaper, an article which Mari had originally written but which had been turned backwards into scathing insulting remarks about Parisa and the young masters from the Center. Mari saw the review and turned pale with shock and anger. "They turned everything around into insults then they signed a phony name; who is Mari Afghani? They made it look like I did it under a false name." Mari began to sob as Dr. Safvat and his wife strode up to the large sofa where the newly weds were pouting. Dr. Safvat, endowed with an uncanny ability to see the real truth in every incident, comforted in Farsi "now Mari, don't feel bad. I know that low class lout from downtown Tehran took your article and reversed it all." Mari clutched Dr. Safvat's arm and in a stream of tears choked "I could never betray your Center or Parisa or the Festival. An Afghan would never betray anyone who has befriended them, never!" Dr. Safvat and his wife sat on each side of her soothing and reassuring that everyone would eventually find out the truth. But "eventually" seemed to take forever as all their friends began to abandon them. Dr. Safvat invited the two to lunch in the large dining room where they hung their heads in shame as various members of the Center's ensemble walked by in hurt resentment. When Parisa entered the room and saw Mari, she turned pale and tears welled up in her almond eyes. Mari also felt the same pain as the two intermittently secretly glanced at each other. Dr. Safvat, seeing hurt all around him, decided to mellow things out. He made his way to the table where Parisa and the Center's musicians were glumly poking at their food and greeted them cheerfully. Then he spent a half hour talking to them reassuring everyone that Mari had been used by an unscrupulous so-called journalist to vent his anger against the intelligencia and people of good taste. Also he must have imagined that yellow journalism was a quicker claim to fame while also preventing Mari from possibly taking over the Farsi language art critic spot he wanted. Mari's experience at radio Kabul and the Anisa magazine in Kabul as well as her university degree qualified her over him and he probably felt he had to use dirty tactics to get her out of the competition.

Eventually, Dr. Safvat returned to Mari and assured her that the musicians were convinced or at least seemed to be that she was not the author of the poison pen article. Meanwhile, Kurosh took Mari's original scribbled Farsi review to the table where his friend, the Etela'at editor, was sitting and asked him to please put it in the evening paper. He agreed with the condition that Mari write a few more highly intellectual articles on the Indian, Pakistani and other musical offerings. The article appeared in the next day's paper under Mari's real name and it seemed to ease the tension although NIRTV director Mr. Qotbi somehow retained the suspicion that Mari had something to do with the poison pen review. Kurosh later settled the matter for good one day when he was in Sherry's office in the main NIRT building. The subject came up and he immediately grabbed her phone, dialed the number of the creep at the Kayhan who had done the dastardly deed, schmoozed him with a bit of *ta'arof* then laughingly mentioned that people still thought that Mari Afghani was Kurosh's wife who wrote the review. Kurosh then put the phone to Sherry's ear as the answer came with a sadistic giggle "*na zanet nabud, man budam* (no it wasn't your wife, it was me)." Kurosh then took the receiver back and ended the call with a promise to do lunch sometime, which obviously never happened. That very day, Mr. Qotbi was completely satisfied that the whole thing had been a vicious set-up.

That evening in Shiraz, the couple attended the Qawwali concert with Dr. Safvat and Negin. A couple of the Center's musicians who hadn't heard the explanation mumbled in Farsi "there she is, the great art critic." When the festival wound up the next few days, the couple was somewhat relieved that the whole

incident could be put behind them back in Tehran. They drove off on the familiar road to Tayebad and eventually Herat where they could really relax a few days before the long drive to Kabul and their wedding reception there with Mari's family. When they finally came to Herat, Mari noticed the inch of more of dust which covered everything inside the car. Kurosh took the opportunity to explain that germ-filled dust and problems breathing resulted in the practice of women and men covering their faces for protection. He noted that in pre-Islamic Sasanian Persia as well as Hindu India, women wore head-scarves to avoid choking on the sometimes deadly dust. She seemed to see the logic and appeared to revise her understanding of the original true purpose of head coverings in the Middle East.

A Second Wedding Reception in Kabul

At the border stations and in Herat, all Kurosh's friends and acquaintances were warmly cordial to Mari and they had a wonderful few days at the hotel where Kurosh had recently been manager. They went to the Nandari, met Setara and the musicians, took charming horse cart rides to Gazer and the minarets of Goharshad, attended concerts and jam sessions and participated in the typical philosophical discussions on poetry, mysticism and life. Finally, they took the drive through Kandahar to Kabul in time for the big wedding reception party planned for them. It was at Mari's family compound in the best part of Kabul right next door to the famous Indian style vocal master Sharif Parwanta. Parwanta and his daughter, who now lived in Tehran, had been friends of Kurosh for years when Kurosh would attend classical Indian jam sessions at Parwanta's home in Kabul. This time the music for the reception was to be furnished by world famous Sarahang who won top honors as the world's best Indian classical vocalist although he was not even Indian but Afghan. Parwanta was to be backup vocalist and the two would do trade-offs and duels demonstrating their amazing *sargam* vocal virtuosity. In Herat, Kurosh had ordered a special, beautiful, white wedding dress made for Mari by the *chadri saz* who taught Kurosh how to do pleating. The dress had an intricately embroidered front with minutely pleated sleeves and a pleated floor-length skirt. An embroidered cap with a silky pleated shawl hanging down the back was also part of the ensemble as was a silky green sash. The dress represented traditional Afghan motifs in a contemporary Fortuny type creation honoring modesty based on both Islamic and LDS standards. Kurosh sported a super fancy embroidered white Afghan shirt hanging over billowing *tumban* with the silky white turban he had pleated himself. After the two were dressed and ready to come down the stairs from their room, Mari came down first as her friends and family gasped at the beauty of her dress. Then Kurosh started down as everyone glared in shock, not at his fancy attire, but because the long wide cord that was stung through the trousers had to be tied and knotted in front resulting in a big blob sticking out under his shirt in just the wrong place. Mari scampered up the stairs and pushed him back into the hallway exclaiming "hey that huge knot is poking out under your shirt in a very improper way; just tuck it in somewhere else." The guests were giggling at the whole thing as did Kurosh when he realized what was going on.

The couple again tried their big entrance but couldn't keep a serious composure after the first incident; so Mari just gave up and turned red with embarrassment as Kurosh tried to contain his intermittent chuckles which he shared with many of the guests watching him try to descend the stairs with a scrap of dignity remaining. The whole incident seemed to be an ice-breaker which set the party in action with wonderful food, great traditional Indian music, a jam session with Kurosh joining on *tabla* or *santur* and Mari playing *zerbaghali* on a couple of pieces with him. Later she and others danced traditional Afghan and everyone joined in the national Atan where dancers in a circle reach with the right arm while hopping on the left foot then turn to the center stomping on the right foot and clapping, all in a seven beat cycle of three plus four. After the party, the next day Kurosh and Mari visited various places of interest in Kabul

including a late afternoon drive with her father and mother to the beautiful mountain retreat of Paghman where Moghul emperors retired to enjoy the refreshing coolness during hot summer months. Back in Salt Lake, the couple had another reception with their BYU friends like Near East studies expert Dr. Hugh Nibley and Asian Studies guru Dr. Spencer Palmer.

Back to Tehran

After a few days of shopping for beautiful traditional dresses and men's clothing, jewelry and a few instruments, Kurosh had to drive back over the harsh desert to Tehran to eventually pack up his belongings and return to Utah which he dreaded but seemed necessary unless he could find housing and some real employment maybe more TV shows or something solid so they could survive in Tehran. Mari would stay a few more days in Kabul with her family then fly from there to Salt Lake. He sorrowfully bade farewell to his new Afghan in-laws and undertook the ever treacherous drive back to Tehran where he arrived just in time for the monthly press get-together at Roger Cooper's place. Every month, his wife Sherry Cooper had a press dinner, a party or luncheon. Once the luncheon was at a wonderful Lebanese restaurant where, after a fantastic meal, Sherry said "three cheers for the *hummus*." James Underwood stood up to acknowledge the applause because Sherry's semi-intoxicated pronunciation sounded like 'homos' rather than 'hummus.' A roar of laughter rocked the restaurant and the joke was never forgotten.

Also it was at one of the Coopers' press parties at a fancy hotel where Kurosh purposely went over to the Soviet table and chatted up the comrades. He never feared them but was interested in getting to know them. He was not against the concept of sharing belongings, just not in favor of the government requiring and administrating it. He believed in the way the Mormon Church instituted sharing everything administrated by religious leaders with God's inspiration. Even then it didn't really work and had to be temporarily abandoned. Kurosh was drawn to the good-natured Uzbek gentleman with whom he shared a concept he had always maintained. He said "in the Soviet Union you don't believe in religion like we do in America or here in Iran. But religion can be a good way to assure that people do the right thing. When the state is watching everyone, people usually feel they have to do what is expected. But when they are home alone, the state can't control them, especially not their thoughts. But when they believe in God, they know he is watching so they try not to even think anything bad and they try to do the right, day and night." Kurosh continued "so God can be a very important element of a stable government. Also a simple religion like Islam that has a high code of morals and keeps people from crime would not really a threat to what you are trying to do by encouraging people to be unselfish and ungreedy. Wouldn't Islam be a good religion for the Soviet Union?"

The Uzbek official smiled and enthusiastically discussed the concept noting that his dissertation was on the similarities shared by Islam and Marxism. After listening to his theories, Kurosh noted "then you believe in the possibility of Islamic Marxists?" The Uzbek thought for a moment and said "yes, that is a good way to describe it." Soon after that meeting in the late 70s, agitators for governmental change in Iran, calling themselves Islamic Marxists, began to appear and cause trouble. Kurosh hoped that it wasn't something that he had said because so often he would come up with a good idea and someone would take it and use it the wrong way. This might have been the case with the harsh seemingly anti-Western or anti-American articles Kurosh and some of his expatriate colleagues penned weekly in the press. He was so sick of everyone in Iran copying the worst garbage of American non-culture that he felt he had to, as an American, submit scathing critiques of all the bad things about America. This seemingly hateful poison pen policy against Americanization of Iran could have been carried a few steps farther resulting in the revolution. Kurosh never intended to encourage violence and he never cared about politics, only about

culture and bulwarking traditional societies against the vicious onslaught of destructive westernization and encouraging them to retain their traditions and remain pure in preserving their ancient arts in the face of western cultural aggression. A while after his friendly *tete a tete* with the commies, Kurosh went to their embassy to try to get a visa but was told he had to pay \$40 a day in advance for hotel rooms. He explained that he always found rooms for \$10 or less and that they could host him in jail every night, if that's all they could offer; but he wasn't going to pay that much for a room. He offered to be a communist for the two weeks he planned to spend there and work like everyone else to be able to understand where they were coming from. Then his Russian acquaintance from the press club meetings glared grimly and said "eet is not joke; people are giving deir hets for dat." So Kurosh was never able to use his airline ticket to Ashkabad, Yerevan, Baku, Tblisi, Tashkent and Dushambe provided by Kurosh's Fulbright scholarship.

This time, the press party was at Coopers' home and Sherry Cooper had plenty of booze ready for everyone, mainly herself. The conversation went from the recent Shiraz Festival to world politics and other matters. Two young Iranians cornered Kurosh in the living room before the party got under way and asked if he didn't think that one man ruling the country was unfair. Kurosh didn't fall for their sneaky SAVAK effort to compromise him and he didn't have to lie or fake it. He firmly stated that a good strong leader was the best way to keep order and accomplish goals. He added that America could really benefit from a powerful leader with high moral standards rather than some of the wimps, sneaks and phonies that the U.S. sometimes gets stuck with. Kurosh was confident that his answer saved him from a visit by the black Peykan and the scary men in the dark pinstripe suits knocking on his door the next day at 5 or 6 a.m. to take him down for questioning about his anti-Shah remarks because he hadn't fallen into their trap. Instead he chatted up the young provocateurs and they soon became friends.

As the evening dragged on and drinks freely flowed to those who weren't religiously oriented, the subject of Kurosh's plans for the future came up for razzing and teasing. Someone asked "so are you and your new wife going to live in the VW hotel?" Laughter permeated the room and another friend wondered "are you two going to sleep on the floor of that closet-size office at the Center that Safvat gave you?" More laughter. Then Sherry Cooper slurred "you said you wanna be buried in Iran maybe next to the Hafezie?" Cooper added "how about at the Haft Tan Darvish, they could change it to Hasht Tan Darvish and have eight rather than seven saints buried there. Do you want an *imamzade* built for you so musicians could go there and tie ribbons on it to be able to find more gigs? But I guess you wouldn't really be the ideal energy source for paying gigs." More laughs then suddenly, Kurosh felt as if the various remarks were a blur off in the distance and he was observing everything not as a body but as a spirit. He stood and a bright glow came over him as he purposefully and powerfully stated "blood will run in the streets of Tehran and no one, especially Westerners, will be safe here! I am going to return to the States and maybe you should go back to your home countries too!" He sat down and silence reigned for several cold minutes. Then Cooper reminded "but you were never going to leave Iran. Isn't it the safest place in the world right now?" Kurosh didn't know himself where his declaration had come from, but he knew it to be true. He stood up again and said "I'll be leaving town soon so goodbye and I have appreciated your friendships." He slowly and sadly wandered towards the door, as everyone remained stunned in solemn silence. It was not long after that incident that Kurosh had much of his belongings shipped to the States by way of APO through army friends from church and the rest packed up ready to take on his first trip back. The Pan Am flight he was now daydreaming on was his second trip back and he expected maybe one more for obtaining a few tapes from the Center, instruments, books and other important items just before his strange forecast demise of Iran was to occur.

Chapter 10

Buying a Car and a Scary Drive through Turkey

As the Pan Am plane passed into Turkish airspace, Kurosh Ali thought back over one of the several excursions to Germany to buy a car, one of the most coveted items of contraband one could possess in Iran. Since the taxes on cars were what appeared to be ten times the value or more, the only way Kurosh could have transportation, which could double as part-time living accommodations, was to bring a car in as a tourist and have to drive it out of the country every three months to keep it legal along with keeping his tourist visa legal. Iran and other neighboring countries would put a special stamp on a whole page of a person's passport with an image of a car. Kurosh's passport had so many visas from everywhere that twice he had to have extra accordion pages officially affixed to keep on traveling. He knew that if he ever got stuck having to abandon a car that totally died or somehow had to be sold illegally, he could maybe remove that page and scotch tape the adjoining pages together since some were worn, torn and already taped up. Thankfully, he never had to go to that extreme because the last car he had to get rid of was sold more than legally to a customs official. He did, however, have to do the disappearing passport page trick a few times to be able to fly back to visit his parents in California. At the customs desk at Mehrabad Airport, he often joked about having to drag a crumpled mass of metal from a totaled out car to the customs people and plop it right there in front of their desk to be able to leave for a week to visit family. It was good for a laugh, but imagine if it ever really had to happen.

With a smile and a cringe, Kurosh recalled one harrowing adventure traveling to Munich to get a VW Variant that could be comfortably set up to sleep in. So to get to Germany without paying a huge airfare, Kurosh had figured out how to save as much as possible since he was always barely scraping by. He had gone through the rigmarole of sending a copy of a student card which said he was under 26 (although not exactly but almost true) to the *Türkiye Milli Gençlik Teşkilatı* (TMGT) in Istanbul with the form filled out and two dollars in cash all carefully wrapped in carbon paper and requesting the international green student card. With that card, he was able to get 60% discount on any Turkish Airlines flight, plus discounts on train and other transportation. So he could have flown from Istanbul to Munich for only \$90 but being even poorer than that, he chose the hard way.

Kurosh went to the Mihan Bus depot to suffer the long uncomfortable bus ride to Erzerum in Turkey near the Iranian border for only 75 *tomans* (a little over \$10). There he stayed at the usual cheap hotel for only 20 *lira* (a little over a dollar) and ate reasonably including finding some of the famous Erzerum honey in a comb. The next day, Kurosh got his 110 Mark student discount train ticket from Erzerum to Istanbul continuing from there to Munich, also at a significant discount. The trip was always interesting although a bit uncomfortable during the first part. Kurosh was used to roughing it and had his tins of dolmas, beans, eggplant, crusts of Afghan flatbread, bottled Amolo water, onions cucumbers and a couple of tomatoes to last the days on the train.

As usual, Kurosh was the translator and unofficial guide for other European and American travelers, helping them get through the borders etc. Like the time he was herding a group of European and American bus travelers from Herat to Tehran and had to explain that they had to pay a few *toman* to sleep sitting in a crummy teahouse in Mashhad waiting for the morning bus to Tehran. On this train trip, he was smart and got his Bulgarian transit visa cheap at their embassy in Tehran saving the \$5 or \$10 cash they greedily collect at the border. In Bulgaria, better toilet paper showed up in the train restrooms and in Yugoslavia

towels actually found their way into the bathroom. Then in Austria and Germany, it was almost like being back in the States as far as comforts go.

When Kurosh got to Munich and said goodbye to the international friends who were traveling on, he now had the miserable task of finding a room that wouldn't cost as much as a car. He dragged down to the *Bahnhof* where that grim dark feeling crept over him as he remembered how many times he had to live in *Bahnhofs* and thrive on dried rolls as a starving jazzman in the 50s. The old German mean and impersonal attitude was not as harsh in Bavaria as it had been in the post war 50s in bombed-out Frankfurt. Kurosh was given the name of a *Frau* at the rooming information in the *Bahnhof* and he traveled by tram, bus and feet to finally find the place. She was a nice old lady, as they usually are, and was happy to share stories about the war and her husband who had fought with Rommel. Kurosh welcomed a chance to improve his self-taught German especially since he could try the Bavarian version. The *Frau* offered Kurosh dinner, fixing some vegetarian food after learning about his diet and, from time to time, would nostalgically point to the picture of her handsome deceased husband in his German uniform on the mantelpiece. In fact, she became so friendly that she even tried to help Kurosh in his efforts to track down a reliable car.

On his first car trips, Kurosh bought '*privat*' and just looked in the paper and hoped for the best. The very first time, he got stuck with a serious oil leak and had to add quart after quart until he got to Tehran where a kind mechanic rebuilt the engine for an affordable price. Since then, Kurosh found Lauren, a Californian who had a used car lot and always gave fair prices and reliable autos. He would send his cars through the grueling TÜV inspection so the vehicle was '*geTÜVt*' and ready for the hours of government paperwork, a headache the Germans are masters at inflicting. Kurosh found a nice '*geTÜVt*' tan VW Variant with a little over 80,000 kilometers on it for 2,000 Marks.

Kurosh was well aware of the horrible car insurance rates in Germany, so he had already purchased one month of insurance at the Royal Iranian Automobile Club where he got his international driver's license. To pay up to \$200 for one month of insurance in Germany just to drive away to Austria the same day was ridiculous; but the Germans required an insurance green card before any auto could be registered. So next Kurosh had to drag over to Langberger Straße to get his Z (*zollfrei*) plates then to the ADAC to get his *carnet de passage*. Luckily this year was just before a new law that required a \$1,000 deposit or a bank guarantee to get a *carnet* which was all to prevent a car from being illegally sold. For members of ADAC, the *carnet* was only 129 Marks which one year Kurosh paid to friendly *Frau* Arxleben after joining ADAC. In another year after the new law, Kurosh just got by without a *carnet* and was able to drive all the way to Afghanistan by having the car stamped into his passport everywhere.

Finally, the red tape nightmare was over and Kurosh bade farewell to his friends Lauren and his landlady *Frau* Schmidt, then bought up supplies for the long drive back to Tehran. Spring water, safe fruits and vegetables, Kleenex, etc. were readily available in Munich and later in Vienna. The plush green and friendly forests of Austria gave way to the foggy and difficult drive from Zagreb to Belgrade in Yugoslavia. Kurosh remembered in the old days when Bulgaria didn't accept green insurance cards, the best way was through Greece. On such trips, Kurosh struggled with a language that he had never studied; it was all Greek to him. He had to get by with very simple phrases such as "*ochi, deca litri*" or "*penta litri*" in answer to what seemed like "you want a full tank?" Greek numbers were familiar enough as were a few other words. Then there was the really scary drive along the Greek coast between Xanti and Komotina when once he was so sleepy that he let the car drift to the right and jump off the highway onto a parallel dirt road a meter below. Fortunately, he didn't continue right over the cliff into the sea. After that incident, Kurosh just sat for an hour in shocked amazement that he was still alive and guessed that Allah had spared him an untimely death to accomplish some mission, a mission that never materialized.

Yugoslavia & Bulgaria

This trip seemed to be full of car incidents, the first being when he had to park on the side of the unbelievably foggy road between Zagreb and Belgrade. When he woke up the next morning, his car had sunk into the fertile dark soil and wouldn't budge. He got out and stared forlornly at the poor car with mud half-way up the tires. Soon a friendly trucker drove over and nonchalantly hooked a chain to the bumper and pulled it out onto the road. The driver waived and drove off as Kurosh yelled out in Russian, which he hoped would be understood, "*spasiba tavarishch!* (thanks comrade!)" "Yes, we are all comrades in life," he thought, "and it is really cool when Commies actually put that concept into action."

In Belgrade, Kurosh stopped in a shopping center and decided to purchase some ethnic folk music. In his bad Russian, he tried to explain "*stari narodni musik* (old folk music)," which they somehow understood. As they kept bringing various 45 and 33 records with semi-pop folk songs, he kept insisting "*stari, ochin stari*" and "*ochin narodni*." Finally, a manager was summoned who spoke German, so Kurosh again insisted "*alten volksmusik*;" but they still couldn't get it. Eventually, they pulled out some really funky ethnic stuff from Montenegro and Kurosh perked up and declared "*da eta dobre!*" Then a few other obscure records were found and soon he had what he was looking for. Then when it came time to pay, he pulled out a red bill his mom had given him years ago. Now it was the clerks' turn to say "*stari, ochin stari*" because it was "very old" and no longer a valid bill. Kurosh was obliged to come up with one of his last \$20 traveler's checks, something that was readily welcomed. It took some paperwork and red tape to get the check cleared; but that wasn't a problem since the store was totally empty except for Kurosh. Good old Commies, no money, no customers.

Onward towards the south, Kurosh began to feel more at home in Skopia where there was even a little abandoned mosque and real people in ethnic clothing rather than the drab lumpy westernized attire. In fact, Kurosh noticed that some of the only real Turks left in the world were found in southern Yugoslavia along with a few in Bulgaria and Greece. He felt that these are the ones that Ataturk wasn't able to destroy with Westernization and ugly drab European garb. Ataturk even tried to prevent anyone from saying Islamic prayers by making them wear stupid caps with visors in front so no one could press their heads on a prayer cloth on the ground. Kurosh thought to himself that it was maybe Ataturk who started the rumor that Turks are stupid because everyone just put the cap visor on the side of their heads and went on praying anyway. They say Ataturk even had a mosque torn down because he didn't like hearing the *azan*. So his popularity is overstated; for sure Armenians and Greeks are not big fans. But Kurosh had many Turkish friends and they were wonderful people; so one bad evil God-hating womanizing drunken demonic dictator doesn't affect the natural goodness of a people.

As Kurosh drove up to the Bulgarian border, their eyes glittered at the hope of soaking him \$10 for a transit visa. But when he flashed the one he got in Tehran, their faces fell discouraged. Then the customs man glared at Kurosh's case of spring water and wondered "*shto eta?*" (what's this?) At the reply "*vodu*" (water), the customs man suspiciously accused "*vodka?*" Kurosh firmly negated that last try to milk him for duty by offering him a swig which he politely refused; then they both laughed. Kurosh was reminded of the story his old landlord Pierre told him in Paris in 1960. When a Spanish priest was returning from a trip to France with a large bottle of clear hard liquor, the customs agent asked what it was and he answered "miracle water of Lourdes." Then opening the flask and sniffing, the customs man declared "this is alcohol!" to which the Priest responded "amazing! It's a miracle!"

Soon a few of the Turkish truckers who Kurosh had been chatting up while waiting in the long line at the border came up to defend their new friend Ali the American Moslem. They assured in Turkish and a bit of Bulgarian that Kurosh was a nice guy and to let him go. The chubby Bulgarian customs man who had already warmed up to Kurosh's cheerful and fun personality, smiled and divulged that Kurosh should buy some gas coupons so he could save money. Kurosh was happy and surprised that he could talk to his new Bulgarian friend in Turkish; so he thanked him for the coupon idea. Then he was asked where his girlfriend was. Thinking of Pervin who he had planned to visit he retorted "*Istanbulda*" (in Istanbul) to which the border guards answered in Turkish "then we better get you stamped through and on your way."

As he drove off, a grim sign caught his attention warning in three languages that it was forbidden to park and sleep on the roadside. Kurosh had changed one dollar into Lev and wasn't about to spend that and much more on some expensive housing; so he tried to stay awake and finally made it to Sofia. There he drove around until he found a spot on a quiet side street between two cars where he parked and slept hiding under his sleeping bag. Every hour he woke in fear that the little men in brown uniforms were coming to get him and offer him a free trip to Siberia. Many of the cars parked around town were hidden under car-covers. He later learned that it was so no one would know who had a car which could define the owner as a potential capitalist traitor. Actually, the little men in brown uniforms were up early, not to arrest Kurosh, but to wash down the streets with big fire hoses. They kept the place clean and also clear of nightlife although the tourist brochures swore it existed.

After a visit to the abandoned Banya Bachi mosque and the also abandoned Alexander Nevsky Memorial Church with its gold domes, old wooden doors and stained windows, Kurosh was on his way towards Istanbul. He tried to use the gas coupons, but had to search to find a station that would accept them. Good old Commies; they mean well, but it just doesn't work out the way they hope. Everyone prefers cash especially dollars from the hated western capitalists. Bulgaria was pleasant with its peaceful forests and tree-lined roads with tasty apples and plums in early fall. Kurosh stopped to gather some fruit and even a few grapes hoping that he wouldn't be arrested for theft. It was a relief to finally arrive at the Turkish border where he wouldn't have to be ashamed of the little Koran he kept in his shirt pocket.

Scary Drive Through Turkey and a Car Accident

At the border, charming customs girls and friendly passport officials speedily stamped him through. An attractive customs gal named Rabia stamped the image of a car into Kurosh's passport and philosophized in eloquent English. She also wondered if he had a girl somewhere so he admitted that he had a friend, who happened to be a girl, in Istanbul. Kurosh insisted on using his basic Turkish and soon was friends with the whole border station. He felt like he was leaving a family dinner when he finally tore himself away. Driving along the coast from Edirne to Istanbul, Kurosh enjoyed the placid blue of the Mediterranean and the fresh sea air. He was relieved that prices were down to what a poor person could afford. In Istanbul, he drove from Sirkeri over the Galata Bridge along the water's edge keeping right up the Boğaz (Bosphorus) then he parked for a while to contemplate the whole adventure so far and the magic of Istanbul and its mosques.

After catching his breath from days of hard driving and little sleep, Kurosh Ali drove over to the house of his friend Pervin with whom he had developed camaraderie during various visits to the Istanbul airport where she worked at the gift shop. He knocked on the door and Pervin appeared and glared in unbelief. "*Ali*" she gasped "*burda ne yapıyorsin?*" (what are you doing here!) He smiled "*sana için janım*" (for you, my dear) and he gave her a harmless little hug. Still stunned, Pervin invited him in and introduced him to her father, a kindly furniture maker, her mother and her sister Nermin. "*Pervin ve*

Nermin, çok tatlı” he noted, complimenting the cute rhyming of the two names. That evening, he was invited to join the family for a plush dinner some of which he was able to eat. Then Pervin wanted to show him the sights of Istanbul. Of course, Nermin had to follow along because it would be improper for an unmarried man and a woman to run around together without a chaperone.

They climbed into the VW and Pervin remarked “*güzel bir araba!*” Sure it was a nice car in a country where cars were a rare possession even though his was fairly run-down. Kurosh Ali and Pervin sat in the front seat and Nermin was stuck in the back. After stopping at a little café, they tried to seat all three in the front but it was too crowded. Pervin and Kurosh chattered away in English, sometimes leaving Nermin out of their conversations until finally she broke into tears blubbering “*burda ben kara kediyim.*” Neither Kurosh nor Pervin ever thought she was a ‘black cat’ or was throwing cold water on some supposed ‘romance.’ Kurosh consoled “*hiç bir kara kedi değil sin, fakat beyaz ve güzel kedi* (you’re not a black but a white and beautiful cat.)” Pervin also tried to make her feel better; then Kurosh gave each of them a little kiss on the forehead and explained that he and Pervin were “*yalnız dostlar*” (just friends) and thus no third person could be in their way, but would only be an additional good friend. Eventually they were all laughing again and enjoying the lights playing on the water, a ferry ride to Uskadar and visits to various interesting parts of town before returning to the house.

When they arrived, Pervin’s father and mother insisted that Kurosh stay the night with the family, but he had to keep on traveling to get back to his work at the Tehran Journal, the Iran America Society and, most importantly, the National Iranian Radio and Television where he had his weekly jazz show. Pervin’s mother warned that it was cold across Turkey and so she gave him two dark gray heavy wool blankets that he treasured for years afterward. He bade the family farewell and drove off towards Ankara. After sleeping under his new wool blankets on the roadside, the next day Kurosh decided to turn north towards Samson and follow the Black Sea route to Erzerum. On one former trip, he had tried the rough central road through Sivas and Erzincan but, even if on the map it seemed shorter, that was longer and much more difficult because of grim road conditions. Then there was the constant fear of loosing a windshield to prankish children with handfuls of rocks on overpass bridges or on the roadside who used passing cars for target practice. Everyone warned Kurosh that he would loose a windshield in Turkey because almost everyone does. But he avoided the problem by waiving at every clump of children with rocks in their hands. The poor dumb kids dropped the rocks and waived back every time; lucky for Kurosh.

He drove slowly through Samson and once was accosted by a group of young men who asked where he was from and he answered “Iran” to which one of the boys declared “*bizim den* (one of us)” which made Kurosh feel he was almost home again. Still exhausted from days of dragging across various countries, he pressed on towards Trabzon with the Black Sea splashing purposefully against the sand on his left. “Kara Deniz . . . Black Sea?” he wondered; “but its not black, it’s blue. The Turkish word *kara* also means ‘north’ so probably that’s what the real meaning might be, like *kara ghüz*, possibly ‘northern *Ghüz*’ people which might be the name Kirgiz?” As he drifted into linguistic imaginings, several times he almost dozed off but caught himself until about half-way to Trabzon, he was jolted back from a somniatic daze to see a bus parked on the roadside in front of him with a crowd of passengers stupidly standing in the middle of the road watching the driver and his assistant changing a huge tire. A few seconds before, he had been temporarily blinded by the headlights of a big oncoming truck.

Kurosh frantically stamped both feet down on the break and clutch screeching to a halt when he felt two hard thumps, one on the side of the car and another was some poor guy scooped up on the hood crashing into the windshield. Kurosh skidded to a halt and jumped from the car yelling “*adamlara görmedim, adamlara görmedim!* (I didn’t see the people!)” He was so upset that some of the bus passengers had to calm him down from a panic and explain that the men he hit were not dead but only

injured somewhat. A passer-by took the fellow who had slid onto the hood to the hospital in Samsun and the other three men who were mildly injured by Kurosh's car were helped to the roadside to recuperate. The bus driver and his assistant finally got Kurosh calmed down and reassured him that nothing would happen to him; but he just had to do an accident report in the next town.

Late that evening, Kurosh and the bus driver's teenage assistant drove without a windshield in pouring rain to the next little town called Ordu. The police colonel was blond with flashing blue eyes and took a liking to Kurosh, the goofy American who continually thumbed through his Turkish dictionary trying to explain details about the *tesadüf* (accident). The colonel, assisted by his second in command, wrote down information about the incident and then glared firmly into Kurosh's eyes and proclaimed "*göregöre pek!*" Kurosh tried to figure out what he meant, *göre* maybe from the verb *görmek* (to see) and *pek* meaning 'a lot.' Kurosh thought "did he mean I should look harder or what?" The colonel stared more seriously and repeated the statement a few more times as Kurosh's heart pounded thinking he'd really had it. Then the younger assistant added "*Göregöre Pek . . . Holivut!*" They all laughed and the conversation continued "*Jan Vain, Kilint Istvut*" and, with sighs of admiration, "*Merlin Monro*" and so on. Soon Kurosh was part of the family and the colonel sent the bus driver's assistant away when the bus came to pick him up and drive him home assuring that the American would be their 'guest' until the morning when an official report could be filed.

So Kurosh was to stay in a Turkish jail for the night and he began to fear because of the rumors of how harsh that could be. But his fears were quelled when the police assistant took him to a large round room in front of the police station with a plush bed more comfortable than any Kurosh had slept in for a long time and a big table covered by a large brass tray that was soon filled with a huge mound of steaming rice and kebab accompanied by plates of other fancy food items. Kurosh felt as if he was in the presidential suite of the Inter-Continental Hotel or something. The only thing that reminded him that he was somewhat in jail was that they locked the door; but maybe that was to protect him from intrusion. When he needed to use the bathroom in the morning, he saw the real prisoners in a back room who were a dozen poor fellows squished side to side, chained together on a hard low cement bench in a small cell with bars all around. When one asked if he could also use the bathroom, the police assistant whacked him on the side of the head and, looking at Kurosh for approval, shouted "*Jan Vain!*"

The next day after a sumptuous breakfast, again little of which Kurosh could actually eat, the colonel finished the report and Kurosh signed it. Kurosh was able to decipher in the report that the bus driver's assistant had admitted fault because they allowed passengers to stand in the middle of the road without any warning device. As Kurosh and the colonel were chatting in the office, two of the men who had been slightly brushed in the accident came exaggeratedly limping up to the door hopping and groaning, hoping to maybe get in on the insurance that Kurosh had bragged about waiving his international green insurance paper whenever the occasion permitted affirming "*sikurta var!*" The colonel, who didn't mess around with anyone, literally kicked them out the back door as they scampered off suddenly cured of limping; then he proudly stared at Kurosh and proclaimed "*Göregöre Pek!*" Kurosh and the two policemen chuckled then Kurosh again affirmed that he had insurance if the one fellow who was really injured needed it. The colonel wouldn't hear a word of it and assured that the man was well taken care of in the *devlet hastahana* (government hospital) in Samsun. Soon it was time for farewells so Kurosh could go on to seek a windshield somewhere.

When Kurosh finally made it to Erzerum driving with no windshield, he searched around town and finally found a place that could put one in for him at a fair price. The car had developed some electrical problem so he went to an auto electrician and was quoted some outrageous fee to fix everything. Discouraged, he drove on until he found a garage that repaired VWs. Fearing even higher prices, he

trudged in and was quoted just a few dollars to fix it. When they heard the price the *elektrikçi* (electrician) down the street quoted him, they sighed “*çok fena adamlar*” noting that those were “really bad guys” for trying to cheat him.

The mechanics worked on the car for a couple of hours; then near dark, they approached Kurosh Ali and said “*Ali, gel cami, bu akşam Bayram dur* (Ali, come to the mosque, tonight’s Bayram).” Kurosh Ali surmised that Bayram was similar to Ramazan in Iran and at dark the fast was over after prayers in the mosque. So they all washed up for prayer and Kurosh happily joined them thinking a couple of *rakat* of prayer would be maybe ten or fifteen minutes. But once in the little mosque, the prayers lasted longer and longer, *rakat* after *rakat*, an hour, then another hour; it seemed as if Kurosh almost lost feeling in his knees and legs from the vigorous exercise necessary for Islamic prayers. When it was over, he could hardly walk as he staggered back to the garage with his friends for a big feast and to finalize the car. They invited Kurosh to join them for a vast repast, but Kurosh was in so much pain from all those prayers that he politely insisted that he needed to travel on. He had purchased a few combs of *Erzürümüm bal* or Erzerum honey for the trip back and for friends in Tehran and was ready to get back to Iran where he had native fluency in the language with no need for a dictionary.

The next morning, with very painful sore muscles from so much praying and trying to sit with knees folded under in the mosque, Kurosh drove towards the Iranian border. As he wound up the rough road to a mountain peak before Aleskirt, Kurosh stopped at Atatürk *çesmesi* where he filled a few containers with the pure fresh spring water. When he neared Mount Ararat or *Ağrı Dayı* as the Turks call it, he decided to stop for a moment to get out and contemplate the white peaks and mysterious clouds where Noah’s ark had landed. “This all is really Armenia” he thought being careful that no one was around to guess that he dared to even think such a thing or he could find out what a Turkish jail was really like. He also thought back on a former visa trip when he spent some pleasant days in Erzurum visiting with students of the university and attending their dance rehearsals. The guys did those unbelievable acrobatic feats including one boy from Kars who was able to strut and bounce on his curled-under toes and do knee spins, squats and breath-taking leaps. Whether or not Turks had always been very nice to Armenians or Kurds, they had always been wonderfully hospitable to Kurosh and he was very appreciative of the friends and acquaintances he had found in Turkey.

When he sat back in the driver’s seat, he noticed his green insurance paper and took a moment to study it. A frightening feeling overcame him when his eyes fell on the letters TK for Turkey that had been crossed out meaning that he really didn’t have any insurance in Turkey. He had never checked that at the Iranian auto club or he could have bought a reasonable policy offered to him at the Bulgarian Turkish border station. “Wow, Allah must have been with me on this crazy trip” he thought “or I might still be in that Turkish jail chained to those dozen poor guys;” a great horror story for the newspapers but no fun for him. Out of deep gratitude for the kindness of the police colonel in Ordu, Kurosh made a special trip there a year later to leave a pure silver Kennedy fifty-cent piece. Everyone around the world loved Kennedy; so a few of those silver coins were distributed by Kurosh to selected friends who had been kind to him. Personally, Kurosh was not a big Kennedy fan, he didn’t like left-wingers and thought Kennedy sort of sold America out even if he really was assassinated for trying to get rid of the Federal Reserve. But he never expressed his crazy right-wing reactionary feelings and just kept quiet when the name Kennedy came up. Instead he admitted that Kennedy was a nice guy, good looking, great orator, had a charming classy wife, etc. He also kept quiet about Jane Fonda, Barbara Streisand and other of his definite non-favorites. But he was very vocal about how great and valuable Islam was and no one he hung around with seemed to be contrary to that opinion except a few grumpy members of the LDS Church branch in Tehran.

Back in Iran to Clobber a Cow

After the accident and lack of insurance, Kurosh was especially happy to finally cross the border at Bazargan leaving the large grim wall picture of Ataturk glaring like Stalin in exchange for a picture of the Shah with his sweet wife and fun kids smiling cheerfully to welcome weary travelers. “I’m home” Kurosh sighed as he kissed his Iranian border guard friends on the cheek (men only, no man could ever kiss a woman in public and get away with it). After clearing customs and having his car stamped into his passport, Kurosh drove on towards Tabriz. He was really exhausted from little sleep and emotional trauma so he was not as safe a driver as he should have been.

As he was cruising half dazed on the road to Tabriz, suddenly a cow lunged into the middle of the road, stared at the car and tried to make it to the other side. Kurosh swerved to the left but couldn’t avoid the solid thump and thud as his right bumper and fender crumpled and the cow fell over in a coma. Kurosh slowly and sadly climbed out of the car looking forlornly at the poor innocent creature gasping its last breath. Kurosh experienced an awful feeling of guilt at possibly having killed a harmless animal; he had never really killed an animal except for a few fish under his dad’s tutelage. The little boy who was accompanying the poor cow rushed out into the road, saw that the animal was going to die and quickly pulled out his pocket-knife and began to gruesomely saw the cow’s neck so it would die correctly.

The cow lay motionless in a small pool of blood by its neck as an old man in tattered hanging rags for clothes stumbled out into the street to see his one and only possession dead and gone. The little boy declared “*helal öldü*” affirming that it died according to Islamic law; so at least the meat was usable for food. But that fact didn’t seem to help the deeply depressed gaze on the poor old man’s face as he staggered back to the roadside to sit pensively. Kurosh reached into his glove compartment and again waived his green insurance card claiming as he had done in Turkey affirming in Turkish, the language of Iranian Azerbaijan “*sekurta var* (I’ve got insurance).” Then he added “*kaliyorum, enşallah biraz sonra polis geliyor.*” (I’ll wait, hopefully the police will come soon.) He sat in sorrow next to the old man as a few village friends together with the little boy pulled the cow off the road.

Minutes gave way to hours as various villagers came to join the growing crowd sitting at the roadside all waiting for a potential highway patrol car to stop and write up an accident report so the old man could get the insurance. The sun set and still no police car passed. The villagers discussed what to do reaching no sensible conclusion. Discouraged, the old man turned to Kurosh and calmly advised “*get, get, aib yok tur!*” Kurosh didn’t want to go and it did matter that an old man’s seemingly only possession had been taken from him. Looking seriously at the old man, Kurosh was again told to go and forget it. Kurosh reached for his wallet and pulled out his last funds that amounted to a little over 35 *tomans* which probably wouldn’t even buy a small goat. He offered it to the old man who reluctantly accepted the pittance and tried to smile, wishing Kurosh a safer trip to Tehran. A year later, Kurosh tried to remember where that village was and attempted to find it again on a special trip to bring the old man 1,500 *tomans* to make up for the loss. But Kurosh never found the exact village or the old man although he spent a whole day asking everyone in the area. Actually when Kurosh got back to Tehran, he found that his insurance didn’t cover animals. So all he could do was to pray for the old man’s welfare and to feel deep remorse for the accident.

So with a dented and crumpled car, Kurosh drove off southward stunned by the two accidents but thankful that he wasn’t in that one which urban legend related; it was an accident in Saudi Arabia where someone died so they killed everyone else in both cars to exact justice. Or the other urban legend about the fatal accident in Iran where villagers cut off the hands of the guilty driver. Those were definitely only

made-up horror stories by anti-Muslim Americans, because from Kurosh's experience all over the Middle East, he was actually treated much better in any and every situation than he would have been back in the States or in Europe.

He drove along thinking of the poor cow and old man when suddenly, for no reason, the motor stopped. He pulled over, opened the back and surveyed the engine to see if he could figure out what had gone wrong. There was a spark and fuel was coming through the gas line. He studied and thought for half an hour then wondered if the fuel pump had heated up and temporarily stopped working. He noticed that it was quite warm so he soaked a cloth in water and put it on top of the pump. Finally, after about 40 minutes of being mysteriously stalled, he tried to start the car and off it went. He drove deeply puzzled about how and why the motor had stopped then but now it was just fine. About 20 Ks from where he had been stuck, he came up on a hill and saw a gruesome accident with a car mangled beyond recognition. The accident was obviously very recent, within a half hour and people from a nearby village were working to get the passengers out of the car. As Kurosh slowly drove by, a still small voice told him that he had been spared that accident by his engine dying. He wanted to stop and help but was too overcome with emotion from the other accidents and experiences and now this recent realization. So he continued on in a daze towards Qazvin.

Outside Qazvin, Kurosh noticed his gas tank was just about empty so he pulled over and sat thoughtfully wondering how he was going to get back to his apartment in Tehran. He knew that God had brought him safely back from many harrowing trips, through horrible weather, through many serious breakdowns and financial crises. So he bowed his head and offered a pleading prayer knowing that he was not worthy of the many blessings God had showered on him all his life but not knowing where else to turn. As he sat in pensive silence, suddenly a motorcycle cop pulled up beside him and turned off his motor. Kurosh wondered if he was going to be arrested for the cow or something. He timidly rolled down the window and turned on the charm and *ta'arof* in his fluent poetic Persian. The officer was a happy friendly fellow who soon pulled out photos of his motorcycle tricks and kids. Immediately, the two were like best friends and Kurosh told him about the accident in Turkey and the recent cow incident and how he had given the poor old man every penny he had. Now he was sitting waiting for a miracle from Allah so he could get back to Tehran. The officer said "*un asun e, ino bigir* (that's easy, take this)" handing Kurosh a 20 *toman* gas coupon. "*Rast migi baba?*" Kurosh questioned not believing his teary eyes. The officer assured that it was a good coupon used by the police and that every station would honor it.

Kurosh sighed with relief thinking "thank you again God, I knew you wouldn't let me die here on this highway." He heartily thanked his new friend and the two promised to try to meet up sometime for dinner and a longer chat. The officer advised Kurosh to drive carefully as Kurosh thought "no kidding;" then the cop sped off showing some of his tricks raising the front wheel and jumping from one side to the other. Kurosh stopped in Qazvin for gas although the joke is to never stop in Qazvin because they were supposed to have a high population of aggressive homos seeking male victims. He filled up the tank and, when he finally pulled up in front of his apartment in the Amir Abad section of Tehran, he was very relieved to be home. He really felt blessed that he survived a long drive through six countries, two accidents, avoiding a possible fatality, running out of money and even a stop in reportedly dangerous Qazvin.

That night he slept calmly in spite of the worry that he had to fix the dents and crumples in his newly purchased car. But he knew that his *safkar* (body man) Os Gholam could do wonders for only a few *toman*. He drifted off to sleep imagining Os Gholam's comforting voice claiming that it was no problem as he smeared the dented areas with heavy grease then, tapping and pounding his flat metal body tool on

the top holding a rounded weight on the inside, creating a musical rhythm and happily bobbing his head to the beat and sculpting a work of art out of crumpled metal until all dents were gone and the paint wasn't even scratched so no one could tell that there had been an accident.

Chapter 11

A Drive to Beirut to Sell a Contraband Car

After the car buying trip, Kurosh Ali had to get rid of the one he had stashed in the garage at his apartment, a very similar but older VW Variant the exact same tan color. His hope was to sell it in Turkey, Syria or Lebanon. Once a nice fellow in Istanbul had offered him \$3,000 for it; but he couldn't sell it then. Part of the preparation for a lengthy trip across deserts, mountains, through snow, sleet, wind and baking sun was a visit to his good friend mechanic Mahmad Agha. In the morning, Kurosh drove down Pahlevi past Shah Ave. then turned to the right a few blocks to the *tamirgah* (repair shop). After fond greetings, hugs and kisses on the cheek for Mahmad and his assistants, Kurosh revealed his plan. They asked "*chera inja nemifrushishi?* (why not sell it here?)" But the red tape, customs duty, taxes and *bakhshish* (bribery) necessary would be way beyond what Kurosh could bear. So Mahmad checked the engine over and noted that the threads on the head bolts were worn. He tried tightening them, but the threads were partly stripped. Mahmad squinted at Kurosh with a serious glare and noted that he had been losing oil which Kurosh glumly acknowledged. Mahmad looked down then grimly declared that Kurosh needed a new engine because it would not help much to try to insert threaded sleeves in the block although that would be a last resort. Kurosh asked how much it would cost and was told 1,500 *toman*. After gulping and hanging his head in consternation, he looked up with those puppy dog eyes and pleaded "*bare ye dust-e khub va musalman-e momen, hezar toman nemishe?*" Mahmad cracked a little half smile and agreed to the 'good buddy' and 'good Moslem' discount of 1,000 *toman* or about \$150 which was still a big sum for Kurosh. The work would take a whole day including the labor and the highly skilled Azeri machinist down the street to thread the new sleeves.

So Kurosh was invited for lunch as usual. Mahmad was fully aware of Kurosh's diet and specified just rice and flat-bread for him; "*faqat berenj o nun bare in*" he told the assistant who was off to the nearby lunchroom. Soon steaming plates of food under round tin covers were brought and, after lunch, tea was served to everyone but Kurosh. "*In nemikhore ke*" Mahmad remarked then he began to quiz Kurosh about Islam to see if his claim to be a 'good Moslem' was valid. First, he asked how the *wuzu* or ritual washing before prayer was done. Kurosh answered and demonstrated with exacting detail. Then Mahmad asked how the *sojde* (prostration) was performed which Kurosh was able to demonstrate perfectly. Then one of the assistants asked if Kurosh knew the *Fatiha* or standard prayer text. Kurosh powerfully and flawlessly recited it in literary Arabic to everyone's surprise. Mahmad then asked about Hasan and Hossein to which Kurosh replied that they were wrongfully martyred at the hands of the evil Yazid. But when it came to details about various *imams* or saints of Shi'a Islam, Kurosh ran out of facts. Then came the sticky (no pun intended) subject of wiping or splashing after using the bathroom. With giggles and red faces, the assistants and Kurosh were lectured by Mahmad. He asked Kurosh if he used toilet paper and, upon being informed that he did, warned that it was bad because "*hamash pakhsh mishe*" (everything spreads around) instead of becoming clean. Kurosh contended that splashing doesn't really clean well. Mahmad explained that it was necessary to splash correctly and forcefully. Kurosh mentioned the policy of using a few pebbles when no water was available and how inefficient that could be. The remainder of the afternoon, the disgusting discussion continued with intermittent goofy giggles and mutual kidding by

everyone. Finally, Kurosh came up with the possible resolution which he had adopted years ago, using dampened paper. Mahmad conceded that if anyone were to stoop to using paper, dampened would be more acceptable. Then Kurosh added that soapy dampened paper could be quite efficient. Finally, everyone was tired of the subject until Kurosh had to excuse himself for a bathroom break and everyone started teasing him about whether he would splash, use paper or pebbles or maybe even sand if they were out of paper. One assistant offered him an old shop rag, but he quelled their fun by noting that it was only to tinkle.

Deadly Mountain Pass in Turkey

Finally, the car was temporarily repaired and Mahmad advised “*ba in jai nemiri ke* (you’re not going anywhere in this).” Kurosh responded “*na baba, faqat Beirut.*” Upon hearing “no just Beirut” Mahmad’s eyes widened and then squinted as he offered “*pas khoda bat bash, akhe divunegi e.*” Kurosh agreed that God better be with him and it really was insanity; but he had no choice. So he stopped off at the apartment to pick up his few supplies including chains and other emergency items and a small carrying case to bring his things back on a plane from wherever he could sell the car. Then off up the Vanak expressway towards Tabriz, Maku and Bazargan. By three in the morning, Kurosh had made it past Tabriz where he set up the car for the night. The next morning, he pushed on to the Bazargan border station then on towards Erzerum. The sky grew dark and threatening then a violent snowstorm began to blow harshly, blotting out the road and making visibility nearly impossible. The battery began to weaken from having to constantly use the heater, windshield wiper and bright beam lights which now slowly started to dim. It was a nerve-racking drive to Erzerum and onward where the road disintegrated into rough ragged ruts. The snow temporarily subsided somewhat; but Kurosh was not sure where the turn-off south to Elazığ was. He found someone to ask “*Elazığın yolu nekadar kilometer dir?*” The answer was “*otuz (30)*” which he carefully counted on the speedometer until he found highway 391 exactly as promised. He turned on 391 which led to a small teahouse where a jeep and a truck were parked completely blocking the road. Kurosh stopped and entered the teahouse as the eyes of about ten tough-looking Turks followed him in distant disregard. He timidly stammered out “*yolda araba kaldı* (vehicle is stopped in the road).” A more cheery comical plump fellow wondered if he meant his own car to which Kurosh answered that it was a truck and jeep. The fellow then asked where Kurosh was going and was told Elazığ. The fellow’s eyes filled with emotion as he sternly interrogated “*zencir var?* (you got chains?)” When Kurosh reluctantly nodded “yes.” the fellow stressed “*zencir siz gitmiyor* (without chains it won’t go).” Sighing, Kurosh whimpered “*fakat ben tembelim* (but I’m lazy)” to which a few of the tea-drinking Turks smirked a smile. Again the man warned with frantically waiving arms that chains were absolutely a must. So in the pitch dark, Kurosh had to get his chains out and crawl around in the slushy cold mud to try to get them on the wheels. After what seemed like an hour or more, Kurosh finally got the chains on and was covered with mud from head to foot. He returned to the teahouse to wash the thick cakes of mud from his hands and clothes while the remaining three Turks didn’t seem to acknowledge or care that he had come back.

He trudged out to the car and drove from the teahouse up the steep road winding this way and that in mist and snow through a pass that seemed more like a film on scary mountain climbing than reality. The car ascended the steep road in the rain through haze and eventually torrents of snow as he climbed higher and higher. He wound back and forth up what was not much of a road and barely room for two cars to pass each other. A fierce wind howled brushing and sifting, shifting drifts of snow right up in the middle of the narrow ‘road.’ Kurosh was totally fatigued and nearly fell asleep on a few curves which could have been sure death. He drove in a daze as if in a nightmare with deep snow on the ‘road’

confused by flurries of flakes blowing wildly across his view in dizzying swirls then walls of white which seemed like one big white cloud. He had no knowledge of where he was going or how. A big lumbering truck came towards him on the other side and squeezed passed, leaving Kurosh about one inch from what seemed like a chasm-like cliff on his right. He couldn't tell where the road, or the mountain or the drop-off to destruction was.

He lifted his eyes for a moment and prayed "Lord, if I am to die here now then thanks for all the wonderful friends, music and beauty I have enjoyed all my life and forgive me for not being at all worthy of so many blessings. Otherwise, if I should continue on in this life then guide me safely to the other side of this deadly pass." Suddenly, a strange feeling of calm came over him and a glow of light even brighter than the gleaming white snow seemed to permeate everything. A strong power took control of the steering wheel and pedals although his hands and feet were assisting the force. He somehow arrived at the terrifying peak near where he noticed a snow-covered sign on the right side of the road which said 'Pülümür,' a name he could never forget, a name associated with the most deadly drive he ever would experience. The car continued to drift along, purposefully negotiating the frightening descent down the other side. After what seemed like hours of uncertainty and frightening hairpin turns, the road leveled out. Kurosh stopped to shed the pesty chains and pressed on towards Pülümür where complete exhaustion forced him to stop at a roadside parking spot to sleep till dawn. As he drifted off to sleep he thanked the Lord for saving him one more time, even if he didn't deserve it, and he marveled how the Lord could take total control in such a miraculous manner in an emergency situation. The next morning he tried to start the car but to no avail. Meanwhile, a little trollish fellow slithered up to the car and grunted in Turkish "are you going to leave without paying?" Kurosh quipped "paying for what?" The little freak responded "for staying here, see the sign?" Sure enough, Kurosh noticed the sign which in tiny print listed prices for various time periods. Kurosh pretended to be a dumb tourist still struggling to get the car started until the unfriendly little pest whipped out a two and a half *lira* coin and squeaked "*bir tana ver!* (give one!)" Kurosh tried to ignore him but finally had to sacrifice one of those coins to get rid of the guy since he couldn't just drive off due to the dead battery. Kurosh pushed the car into the road and jumped in as it coasted down the hill where he popped the clutch and got it going off to Elazığ. At the outskirts of Elazığ, women wore colorful dresses over billowing pantaloons and white scarves tied with brightly-hued head-bands. Farther on toward Malataya, some wore black chadors with white veils covering all but their eyes.

On to Syria and Beirut

On the way to Gaziantep, a truck in front of him was smoking as if it was on fire. When Kurosh drew near, he discovered that it was just a bon-fire on the truck bed, tended and huddled over by a group of workmen trying to fight the crippling cold. Outside of Gaziantep, the dark green rocks covered with scrubby pines created a mysterious atmosphere. Then on the road from there to Kilis near the Syrian border, rich red-brown soil, rolling hills and gray-green boulders greeted travelers. At the border, Kurosh was cleared quickly by friendly officials on both sides who seemed like they hadn't seen a car all day. When the Syrian passport official asked Kurosh where he was going and was told Halep (Aleppo), he asked in Arabic "*btarif ettari?*" (you know the road?) Kurosh answered he didn't and the official said in Arabic "I'm going there in a few minutes; if you don't mind, I'll come with you." Soon they were driving by olive orchards in rich soil and gray stone villages to Halep, a quiet town with stately buildings of yellow-brown stone. Nearly no modern or pop art structures were there to spoil the ancient beauty. Men wore black or red *kafiyas* on the head or around the neck. After having an informative conversation in

Arabic, Kurosh dropped off the new friend at his home near the outskirts of town and returned to the highway to Hama then Homs.

In Homs, the rain and weariness from the harrowing mountain episode the day before and a full day of driving overcame any alertness Kurosh might have been able to conjure up and he drove right by a cop who was holding up his hand for Kurosh to halt. Kurosh passed with a shocked look that matched the stunned stare of the police officer who blew his whistle and Kurosh sheepishly pulled over. Kurosh, cringing at the thought of a potential fine he couldn't afford, rolled down the window as the officer asked "*bt'arif 'arabi?* (you speak Arabic?)" to which Kurosh mumbled "*ay, shwaya* (yea, a little)." The officer asked for Kurosh's driver's license which was from the Iranian Auto Club. He and another cop were reading the Persian out loud as if it was Arabic which sounded so hilarious Kurosh could hardly keep from bursting into wild laughter at the weird way they were rendering it. The policeman demanded "*daftar lil gumruk*" and Kurosh fumbled through the glove compartment for the customs book. Then the officer asked "*wen b'tsafir?*" to which Kurosh answered "Beirut." The officer smiled and said in Arabic "then go on and be careful or next time they will take your license." Then he pointed to two buildings behind him noting "*hone fundu'* (here's a hotel) *wa mata'am* (and a restaurant)." Kurosh thanked the officers, bade them *masallama* and drove on, more shaken up about his drowsy driving than his encounter with the law.

Frightened awake, he drove down to Crak de Chevaliers where the Syrians cleared him quickly then he came to the Lebanese side. The Lebanese officials were sitting in a small neighboring restaurant at a sumptuous meal of all manner of delicacies. They kindly invited Kurosh to join them with a friendly *faddal*; but he politely refused. They sat back and checked his passport, asking if he was traveling alone. Kurosh answered that he was but said he had a friend in Beirut. He showed them Mona's photo and they said "aha" to which Kurosh immediately explained that she was only a friend. They advised that he should marry her then stamped his passport. Kurosh noticed they were eating funny-looking long flat vegetables and asked what they were upon which one fellow dipped one in the hummus, wrapped it in a slab of pita bread and handed it to Kurosh who savored the delicious treat. The official explained in French "*c'est une sorte de champignon* (it's a type of mushroom)." After a couple of more mushrooms, Kurosh thanked his new friends and drove to the outskirts of Beirut where he pulled over and slept.

The next morning was sunny and warm, a welcome relief from freezing Turkey. Beirut glittered against the sea like a bright sparkle on an emerald in the sunlight. He drove to the *borj*; but, since this was the first time he had a car in Beirut, he made three major traffic mistakes. Tough but understanding cops with ticket pads in their eager hands, learning that Kurosh was a foreign tourist, disgustingly conceded "*ruh!* (go on!)" as he pretended not to understand a word. Also being the first time Kurosh had a car in Beirut, he was able to listen to local radio stations. He went from station to station attempting to learn more Arabic until he found what seemed to be a complete corruption of the noble language. At first he couldn't figure what dialect the really bad improper Arabic was until it dawned on him maybe it was Hebrew. Gag, what an awful version of the traditional Semitic tongue. Sure enough he heard the word 'Israel' and knew it was those ego tripper Asiatics, the invading hords of Gog and Magog, Meshech and Tubal who had invaded God's sacred soil bringing their European imperialism, modernist immorality and genocidal policy learned from Hitler. Sure, Kurosh had a few Israeli friends in Geneva and other places; but the whole mess created by the Khazar Zionist movement had caused grievous unneeded problems. OK, the *kagan* (khan) of the Asiatic Khazars chose to adopt Judaism for his Mongol-type people and that is completely fine. But how could those Slavic, Hungarian and German Askenazi Jewish converts claim Palestine as theirs when they are not even of the blood of Abraham? And how can they call it Israel while boycotting descendants of the other eleven tribes, especially Joseph from whom Kurosh descended. Then

how about the murder of myriads of the real descendants of Abraham who had peacefully lived in the area for millennia, some or maybe all being authentic descendants of Judah? It seemed like Hitler's genocide was just transferred to the Middle East by some of those who had purportedly been his victims.

Kurosh found his way to Mona's place and visited her for a while before going to his usual home in Beirut, the Atlas Hotel in Hamra, for the 'good buddy' price of only eight *lira*. The pretty telephone girl, who remembered Kurosh and Mona together during his past visits, motioned Kurosh back to her window and asked "*kaif el khatiba?* (how's the fiancée?)" to which he answered "*hiya mish khatiba, hiya sahiba* (she's not a fiancée, she's a friend)." Then she asked "*ma b'tahki ma' ha?* (aren't you going to talk to her?)" Kurosh admitted "*ana shufitha elyom* (I saw her today)" which brought a glimmer to her impish eyes. Then with a naughty smirk he kidded "*mish enti khatibati, bint hilwa?* (Aren't you my fiancée, sweet girl?)" She laughed nervously her eyes sheepishly yet fondly following him as he climbed the stairs to this room. It was great to be in Beirut again where he could get wonderful fresh fruit, bottled Sohat spring water and vegetarian food at reasonable prices. He left his things at the hotel then took bus no.7 downtown to shop. In the Beirut bazaar, Kurosh was meandering along and noticed an exceptionally beautiful young woman with her mother on the opposite side of the row he was in. She was dressed modestly with a head covering like one would think the Virgin Mary would have worn according to the Islamic account. With jet black hair and piercing dark brown eyes, she had the glow and spiritual aloofness yet simple humility that perfectly embodied what one might imagine the true image of Mary to really be. Kurosh felt inspired to have witnessed a wonderful likeness in a neighboring area not far north of Bethlehem reinforced the reality of the Biblical and Koranic narratives. She was the opposite of the emblematic blond, blue-eyed Romanized Babylonian 'virgin' mother goddess Semiramis, Ishtar or Astarte, who was the wife of the evil Nimrod and mother of her own later husband Tammuz. That impostress wrongfully inserted into the Trinity in early Rome was actually the Mother of Harlots scorned in scripture. It makes sense because in ancient Rome, profane prostitutes usually had to dye their hair yellow.

After purchasing some fresh fruit, Kurosh went to the music school and found his friend master musician Ustaz Abyad who, as always, had a wonderful 'oud to sell Kurosh. Of course, Kurosh was not able to buy anything this time since he was down to his last bit of funds and was there to sell his car. He mentioned the car to Abyad and everyone he knew or met until one student at the American University seemed to be interested but offered a very low price since the customs duty would be so outrageous. After enduring a few faint offers to buy the car, Kurosh realized that it was not going to be possible to sell it in Beirut. He went to see Mona one more time before leaving to return to Syria or Turkey where he hoped someone would buy it so he could get back to his responsibilities in Tehran.

Back to Syria and Turkey

He checked out of the Atlas and began the drive up the coast towards Trablus (Tripoli), Hama, Halep and Turkey again. As he drove along with the Mediterranean happily splashing on his left, to the right he noticed a sign in Arabic with a drawing of a familiar long brown bean. As he neared the roadside shop, he sounded out the word *kharub* then it dawned on him that it was carob. He pulled over and entered the shop where carob syrup was being sold in various types of containers so he sacrificed some of his meager remaining funds for a bottle of the syrup and continued on up the coast. This time, he didn't go up to Crac des Chevaliers but turned right a ways out of Trablus towards Homs. He remembered his visit to Crac years before when he took the official tour and learned of the importance of the impenetrable castle built in 1031, later reinforced with three meter thick walls and a food supply that could feed 3,000 men for five

years. So Mormons who complain about having to put away a year or two of food should check out this place. It is rumored that when archeologists found huge jars of olive oil stored by the medieval Christian knights who manned the fortress, they tried eating it and it still tasted good even after several hundred years. The fortress was very important because no one could pass by on the narrow road it overlooked without permission of the Christian knights. It is reported that at one point the Christians allowed the Mongol hordes to ride by, hoping they would wreak havoc on the Moslems. Good old so-called 'Christians,' accepting every chance to cause death to those who actually obey the one true God .

Ever since he drove or rather slid down from the terrifying pass on the way to Pülümür, Kurosh had been obliged to add a quart of oil every 100 Ks. Back in Tehran, mechanic Mahmad Aqa had grimly warned Kurosh that he couldn't go anywhere in that car because the sleeves holding the motor bolts couldn't be seated as firmly as necessary and that eventually everything would come apart. That fear had kept Kurosh under pressure to sell the car as fast as possible; but everywhere he went, he failed to find any serious customers. Even if the motor had serious problems, it was a bargain at the few hundred dollars Kurosh was asking compared to the thousands it would usually be with customs taxes assessed in any Middle Eastern country. As he drove northward, the oil leak worsened until he was only able to go a few Ks on a quart of oil. As the fear of being stuck in Syria with that car stamped in his passport and being on foot in the middle of nowhere began to panic him, he saw what appeared to be a mechanic shop in a small town before Bab el Hawa near the Turkish border. The helpful and friendly Syrian mechanic tried to tighten the head bolts but was not really very successful. He looked down and uttered "*mish ma'ul* (it's impossible)." Kurosh tried to offer him his last few Syrian pounds, but the mechanic waved the money away. Kurosh sincerely thanked the mechanic for retightening the bolts, hopefully enough to travel a few hundred more Ks and promised that Allah would reward him.

Discouraged and disheartened, Kurosh drove off towards Turkey wondering what his fate would be. He pulled into the Bab el Hawa border station, cleared customs there and then drove the few Ks to the Turkish border station where he cleared Turkish formalities. After unsuccessfully trying to sell the car in Turkey, Syria and Lebanon, he was at a loss where to go and what to do. He knew that it would be impossible for the poor old VW to re-cross the deadly pass between Pülümür and the long and potentially snowy road back to Tehran. As he drove away from the Turkish border town of Kilis towards Gaziantep, he wondered which way to turn. He quietly prayed for guidance and then released his fears remembering how he had been saved hundreds of times from various possible grim fates all over the world. When he pulled into Gaziantep, he was impressed to take the road to Urfa as he remembered his deceased friend Halil's family lived in Urfa. He thought that maybe Halil's family might help find a customer for the car.

Kurosh had met Halil in a strange way in Tehran when one night the phone rang at his Amir Abad apartment. When he answered, a desperate girl was sobbing and chattering in Farsi. Kurosh, being a kind caring guy and an LDS stake missionary, tried to calm her down and help her resolve her emotional dilemma. She told him that she had randomly phoned a few numbers and any man she talked to was only interested in meeting and becoming involved. Kurosh was the only one who just wanted to help and wasn't interested in meeting up. Then she asked him to come to her apartment because she was lonely and afraid. He agreed, went there and continued his role as a makeshift psychologist offering comfort and friendship only. He finally calmed her down then left promising to stop by the next day. When he stopped by the next day, he bumped into Halil, a brilliant Turkish student studying at the Tehran University who was living on the same floor of the building. They immediately became friends and Kurosh asked Halil if he would do a Turkish translation of the informational pamphlet about Mormonism that Kurosh had prepared in Farsi before leaving Utah. After a few weeks, Halil had a beautiful translation of the pamphlet which Kurosh typed up and printed a few dozen copies of on a visit back to Utah. Sometime later, he

learned that Halil was killed in an auto accident. It seemed that he must have been ready to enter heaven because of his almost perfect character and his wise, helpful and thoughtful personality.

Kurosh began to become excited to visit with Halil's family knowing that they must be some of the finest people in Turkey. He drove into Urfa and found the address he had gotten from Halil a while ago. He knocked on the door and was greeted by one of the most charming and beautiful girls he had ever seen in Turkey. He fumbled introducing himself in Turkish as Halil's friend from Tehran as she piercingly gazed through him with her clear glowing eyes and a patient pernicious grin. Then she interrupted his stumbling and mumbling in Turkish noting in fluent English that Halil had spoken of him and the translating. She then welcomed him into the house and called her mother to meet Halil's friend from Tehran. Soon the father came home from work and later they were joined by other family members until it was time for dinner where Kurosh was the honored guest. After an explanation of his weird diet, they had no trouble finding him wonderful vegetarian items for the meal. Halil's sister's attractiveness was difficult to ignore as Kurosh tried to talk to her without letting on that he was struck by her beauty. She suggested that he come to her English class at the elementary school the next day and teach a lesson as a native. Normally, Kurosh felt that being used as a lowly native English speaker was the biggest insult for an accomplished musical genius and Middle East scholar; but in this case he gladly consented. Then the conversation turned to the car problem and the father promised to call a meeting of his friends including a city official or two to see what could be done. Kurosh slept calmly that night hoping that maybe the car could be sold soon.

The next morning after a hearty breakfast, Kurosh was off to teach English with Halil's sister. He put forth every effort to succeed and make his host proud to have brought a native speaker, of course not letting on that he had flunked freshman English in college and was a problem student in both junior high and high school. Then it was back at the house for lunch and off with the father for an official meeting about the car. On the way there, Halil's father told Kurosh in Turkish the story of Abraham who, according to tradition, was born in Urfa and whose father was an idol maker. He said that one day Abraham broke all the idols except a big one he couldn't reach. When his father came home he asked what had happened, Abraham blandly stated that the remaining big idol broke the others. His father angrily scolded that idols can't do anything. Then Abraham wisely asked "why then would anyone worship them?"

The Car is Finally Sold

After arriving at the meeting and exchanging courtesies, some of the friends offered suggestions, but no one actually was or knew a potential buyer. Then the subject of the car being stamped in Kurosh's passport came up. They noted that in his passport "*bir kait dir* (there is a stamp)" to which Kurosh replied "*benim masale dir* (that's my problem)." But the whole meeting became more of a philosophical discussion rather than a resolution of the situation. After the meeting, Kurosh dropped Halil's father off at the house, said goodbye to the rest of the family members and drove back towards Gaziantep and Kilis with one last desperate attempt to possibly drag the remnants of his poor old VW to Beirut again and sell it there to the one partially interested fellow at the AUB. He glumly went through the Turkish border again and forlornly drew up to the Syrian border. As the car slowed to a stop, he timidly but desperately ventured another prayer for help as he slowly rolled into place at the customs check where a nice-looking young man smiled "*ahlen* (welcome)" Then looking over the car, he shocked Kurosh with "*bidek bitba' al 'araba?* (you wanna sell the car?)" Stunned by those words, Kurosh smiled hesitantly and stammered "*walakin mish mamnu?*" (but isn't it illegal?) His new friend assured in Arabic "not at all; you are

nowhere. Turkey is a few Ks behind you and Syria a few Ks ahead. This is no country and you can sell it to me very easily. I will do the papers first thing in the morning.” Again Kurosh was stunned at Allah’s goodness saving him one more time from some grim fate. He thankfully agreed to the sale and asked about price. “*Shukran . . . adash?*” he asked. After a bit of mild bargaining, they settled on a price of \$300 to be paid in various currencies, \$150 in dollars and the rest in Marks, Turkish *lira*, Syrian and Lebanese pounds. So instead of a potential \$1,000 by selling the car unofficially, Kurosh was more than happy to finally get \$300 just to get it out of his passport legally.

Kurosh slept one more night in the VW Hotel and the following morning his friend started the paper work at the customs desk inside the border station. Kurosh had given him one of the Arabic versions of his informational pamphlet about Mormonism, about Lehi leaving the wicked city of Jerusalem and building a boat to sail to Central America, etc. After a while, an intimidating stocky Syrian soldier with a loaded machine gun hanging from a shoulder strap stormed out of the back office and accosted Kurosh. He came right up to Kurosh with the machine gun almost in Kurosh’s stomach and, waving the pamphlet at Kurosh, accused in Arabic “did you give this?” Kurosh thought that if he was to die for sharing general information about the Church here in a small border station, then he was ready. He boldly answered “*ey*” waiting for the bullets to fly. The soldier glared and asked in Arabic “do you have any more of those?” Again Kurosh was ready to be sent to the next life because he had lost his recent family in a grim divorce and didn’t care what happened to him; so he glared back admitting “*ey*.” Then the soldier surprised Kurosh with a smile as his machine gun slid so the barrel faced the ground and continued in Arabic “this is very logical, do you have any more? I want one and so do others in the office.” Kurosh immediately reached into his jacket pocket and produced half a dozen of the pamphlets, handed them to the soldier and sighed with relief as the soldier politely thanked him and returned to the back room.

Back to Beirut where Troubles Erupt

Soon the paperwork was complete, Kurosh was given his cash of various types and was hugged and kissed goodbye by his customs friend, the soldier and others in the station then sent off in a *servis* taxi to Halep where he could catch a bus to the Lebanese border and then another one to Beirut. In the cab, Kurosh gave a remaining pamphlet to one of the four other passengers who read it and at the end of the trip also noted that it was very sensible. The part about Lehi leaving the wicked Jews in Jerusalem who were eventually rightfully destroyed by God might have been one of the items of interest to Arabs. Back in Beirut, Kurosh returned to the Atlas Hotel to rest a couple of days before flying back to Tehran. But Kurosh noticed something strange about the feeling all over town. The fun relaxed mood of Beirut had changed to a tense, nervous and somehow angry feeling. The atmosphere was very frightening. On the way to the Atlas Hotel, Kurosh stopped in a small café for a takeout *filafil* and was deeply disturbed at the conversations of various groups of men sitting at the long tables. One fellow vociferously verified that he would fight “*ana b’harab!*” as another chimed in “*ana kaman!* (me too!).” The various groups were muttering and mumbling in an intense angry manner that Kurosh had never witnessed in Beirut before. He tried to figure out what was happening; was the Moslem and Christian rift that had long ago been healed by the policy of equality in the government finally coming apart? Was it the Israeli problem which had troubled neighboring nations for years? Kurosh quickly paid for his *filafil* and, without the usual politenesses, hurried out into the street towards the Atals hotel. Clusters of agitated men on the street were agreeing with the feelings he had heard in the café; they were willing and ready to fight if necessary and with vigor.

When he rushed into the Atlas Hotel, his friend the manager asked in Arabic “so you are leaving Beirut tomorrow?” When Kurosh affirmed the fact, the manager added “good, leave as soon as possible because I don’t think Beirut will ever be safe again.” Kurosh sadly nodded in agreement, paid his bill in advance and sped up the stairs to gulp down his *filafil* and begin packing. Then he lay on the bed staring at the ceiling as the sounds of machine gun fire intermittently rattled from various areas around Beirut accompanied by occasional explosions. He turned on the radio in hopes of finding out what was going on. On the radio, fierce accusations and threats were being exchanged in the parliament as tension grew among the various government representatives. Kurosh turned off the radio in despair as more angry shouts, gunfire and bomb blasts filled the streets.

The next morning, Kurosh was up early and at the curbside trying to wave down a cab. A few passed by refusing to acknowledge him; but finally a kindly old man slowed and asked “*wain?* (where?)” to which Kurosh retorted “*matar* (airport).” As they frantically drove through the streets of Beirut where people were setting up makeshift barricades, the driver asked in Arabic “the airport road is very dangerous; how much do you pay?” Kurosh answered “if nothing happens 15 *lira*; if we get killed, 50 *lira*.” After a moment of silence the driver noted “but if we die, 50 *lira* won’t be of any value to me.” Kurosh flipped his palms up as if to say “so” and nervously chuckled in Arabic “or no use to me either.” The driver timidly laughed as they drove on through the obstacle course. When they passed through the open area near the airport, a rocket or something probably aimed at a military truck coming the other way whizzed past and exploded at the side of the road. Kurosh and the driver stared at each other in frightened shock as Kurosh renewed his 50 *lira* promise “*iza mout, khamsin lira.*” They tried to laugh but couldn’t; instead they glared sternly at the road until the cab finally pulled up in front of the airport. Kurosh jumped out, grabbed his luggage and handed the driver a 20 *lira* bill with a hearty thanks and a blessing that the driver be safe on his return and thereafter. Kurosh rushed into the airport and, after the usual formalities, was on a flight back to Tehran. As the plane flew over the city, Kurosh hoped that no missile would be launched at his flight. Clouds of smoke from explosives could be seen emitting from various quarters of Beirut as Kurosh quietly offered a prayer of thanks to the Lord for saving him from one more potential fatal disaster. Kurosh wondered when this unsettling spirit of anger and bloodshed would spread to other countries, maybe even Iran and eventually the U.S. as promised in the forecasts of Mormon Church leaders. For instance, according to early leader John Taylor and several others, America will be almost completely destroyed by internal strife just like Jerusalem was in the days of Jeremiah due to rampant sin. Other early LDS leaders agreed in grim prophecies on the fatal fate of that ‘wicked nation’ America.

Chapter 12

Memories of Beirut

Studying Music and Writing for Sketch Magazine

As the plane left the sad scene of Beirut in turmoil, Kurosh thought back on his several happy trips there to submit articles, relax in the warmth, buy reasonably priced fruit and to hear, study and play music. He mused over the time he first found the National Conservatory (*Al Conservatoir al Musiqi al Watani*) and met Ustaz George Farah and Ustaz George Abyad. It was up from the Borj, under the overpass, left down a small street then on the right. He learned some *qanun* skills from Ustaz Abyad and some *oud* pointers from Farah who never personally taught anymore since he was the director. But he decided that since Kurosh was also a teacher, he would offer him instruction for only five *lira* an hour. At his last class,

Kurosh asked Ustaz Farah to play a *taksim* (solo) phrase by phrase which Kurosh reiterated fairly accurately adding a few frills of his own to the amazement and satisfaction of the master. In Ustaz Sabsabi's *qanun* class, Kurosh also shined drawing on his *santur* skills to quickly absorb a melody the teacher had demonstrated. He stunned both teacher and students by successfully rendering his version of a *qanun taksim* he had learned from an Iraqi record that he had been listening to since the early 1960s.

Kurosh also visited the *dumbek* class and, when the teacher handed him a *dumbek* to show what he knew, he belted out some fancy Persian techniques. The teacher and students were giggling in amazement at some of the Persian tricks especially the roll done by throwing the limp fingers against the head one hand after the other until a smooth roll is achieved. When they asked him how it was done, he described it as *kelb fil bahr* (a dog in the ocean) paddling fast to get to the shore. Then the drum teacher said "*usbur shwey* (wait a bit)" then went to round up a dozen more music students to see the show. As the room filled up, Kurosh was told "*amal el kelb!* (do the dog!)" which he did as everyone gleefully giggled then each tried to imitate it with Kurosh offering guidance on how to throw limp fingers one hand at a time and then blend them into a smooth roll. Kurosh also fondly remembered the various *ouds* that Sabsabi had found for him, two of which he ended up keeping and the others he sold or traded. Also, he remembered the trip to Beirut with the Iranian *qanun* player Shahla who was on his Turkish music TV special. He had donated the funds for Shahla and her mother to spend a couple of weeks to study with masters Sabsabi and Farah. She became highly skilled on the instrument, bought an excellent *qanun* then, after returning to Tehran, sadly eventually gave up music.

Then there was the visit to Beirut when he was invited to hang out at a hotshot hotel with his friend Wajih Ghossub who was director of the famous Lebanese Baalbek Festival. He met Wajih at a Shiraz festival where the organizers had assigned him to host Wajih and his charming sisters since Kurosh knew a little Arabic and was the art critic for a Lebanese magazine. Usually, Kurosh was down on the street with the common man wherever he went. But this time, he was with the very upper crust of wealthy high society where everyone spoke French and English to perfection and often blended French with Arabic. He would lounge with Wajih by the pool being treated to fancy snacks and fruit juices watching Wajih's attractive and fun sisters splashing around in the water. After a few days of fancy living, Kurosh got into the Franco-Arabic lingo. The last day he was in town, he dropped over to the hotel and greeted Wajih and his sisters with "*bonjour 'alekum, mes 'aziz amis, keif allez vous? Ça vas mnih, enshallah. Bukra ana doit retourner ila Tahrnan.*" Everyone around the pool broke out in wild laughter at Kurosh's attempt to be high-class Lebanese and the weird way he mixed French and Arabic. He somehow was accepted as part of the group because he was classy, intelligent, talented and an American even if he wasn't a preferred descendant of some upper-crust Lebanese family.

As the plane to Tehran droned on, Kurosh chuckled and reminisced about various trips to deliver his articles to the Sketch Magazine where he was the correspondent for Iran and Afghanistan concentrating on arts and culture. Some of his prominent pieces were on the annual Tehran Film Festivals, Shiraz Arts Festivals and other similar events. For the 1976 Tehran Film Festival, Sketch gave Kurosh six pages including photos, one of which was Kurosh meeting empress Farah Diba. At first, the Sketch editor was Bedros Kazanjian then later was Ali Ashry. Kurosh and Ali Ashry became good friends and when Yasir Arafat gave his speech at the UN, Kurosh watched it at Ashry's home in Beirut. The speech was in classical Arabic, clear and purposeful, so Kurosh understood almost all of it. He and Ashry were impressed when Arafat said words to the effect that he sympathized with the suffering the Jews had endured in Germany and that they were welcome in Palestine but that the Palestinians expected that they would be allowed to remain there also.

Visit to the Gulf

A few months later, Ali Ashry had assigned Kurosh to go on a trip to the Gulf, to Bahrain and Abu Dhabi where he was to do a week or so survey of the culture and arts, gather information about other subjects including oil and then return to write a whole 78 page special issue of Sketch on what he had found in UAE (United Arab Emirates), and another separate complete issue on Bahrain. Kurosh was given an airline ticket, a comparatively sizeable roll of cash to cover hotels, local transportation and meals along with a reasonable honorarium for the project. Of course, Kurosh cut a few corners hoping to be able to come back to Tehran with extra cash to fund future trips. Kurosh took the flight to the Gulf, a place he never would have visited unless he had to because it was where stupid ugly oil came from. Oil was the poison which became air pollution, caused bloody wars, violent revolutions, Western imperialistic control of and victimization of Islamic societies including many conspiracies to depose leaders and murder populations so that greedy oil companies in the West could fatten their already obscenely over-bloated bank accounts. Kurosh hated the whole ugly mess and had hated oil from the time the fun, charming and highly practical steam trains of his childhood were trashed for the stupid, bland, boring, moaning and completely unfun diesel trains. But Sketch wanted some articles about Abu Dhabi and Bahrain hoping Kurosh could find out about any silly oil deals.

Kurosh landed in Abu Dhabi in the United Arab Emirates or UAE and, for the first time in many years, he booked himself into a nice hotel, the hotel where the oil leaders were to have a meeting the next day. Kurosh attended the whole day of oil meetings gagging through it all but pretending to be interested. No one doubted his rank as a journalist there which was a nice change from the constant degradation he suffered in Iran because he was so well adopted into the culture and didn't put on any phony airs. He really shouldn't have to; his mother had received a medal of honor from the Shah for her best-selling book on Iran and his dad was honored by the Shah for setting up a business school in Tehran. Also Kurosh was a PhD scholar on a Fulbright and could play all the instruments of the Iranian and many other traditions to an admirable degree of virtuosity. But for some reason the Iranians couldn't accept him as a scholar or journalist. One important leader in the arts once told him in Farsi "Iranians can only accept a little genius" indicating that Kurosh was too much of a genius and no one could really believe he could play almost every instrument in existence well and could chatter on in perfect Farsi, Dari and other languages to various degrees of acceptability. The Gulf Arabs, on the other hand, immediately accepted him because his Arabic was not that good and he relied on English at the oil meetings which seemed to make him trustworthy. If he were to grab an *oud* and wail out a fantastic *taksim* like he might do on Iranian TV, then he would probably be relegated to the caste of possible spy or low class performer.

The food at the fancy events during the oil talks and the beauty of the bright blue Gulf waters along with the pushiness of the hotel made the assignment bearable. But when the last Buick in the caravan of cars following the leader drove from in front of the hotel off into the desert, Kurosh was relieved to be able to finally be free to absorb the local culture and try to find something that didn't seem to be a carbon copy of the West. He went to a few government offices and collected valuable publications, mostly in English, which he later turned over to Sketch as useful informational documents. Then he went out into the town to absorb the atmosphere. In his Sketch article entitled 'Exotic Sea and Sand, Pollution-Free Haven,' Kurosh described the emerald turquoise blue of the clear warm waters which softly play upon the smooth gray white sands gently brushed by pure sweet air. He compared Abu Dhabi to some of the more plush beach towns of his native California, but it unfortunately lacked a quaint old bazaar like the *su'* in Damascus. Although he was forced to write extensively about the treasure of black gold (gagging all the way), his real contribution to journalistic literature that month was his article entitled "Islam: Green

Gold.” It was the result of a few days in the company of a wonderful *imam*, Sheikh Ismael Sadeq, who kindly shared religious information and invited Kurosh to prayers at the mosque on several occasions. When asked if modernization and monetary wealth could erode away the religious principles of Islam, Sheikh Sadeq answered in Arabic “a diamond does not decay.” Kurosh hoped that it was true because Christianity had long lost its spirituality due to greed, power hunger and recent Western imperialism.

At one of Sheikh Sadeq’s sermons, he expounded on the essence of Islam. “Real Islam is quality not quantity” he stated in classical Arabic, his head bobbing from side to side as he punctuated his message with appropriate gestures and facial expressions. “The Torah, the Bible, the Koran” he continued “all contain God’s covenant with man. The trouble is in the first two cases, people eventually turned from the essence of this covenant and fell into an empty shell of the outward appearance of holiness. For the believer to offer prayers that are straight from the heart and not just from the tongue, he must honor the covenants revealed by God in the scriptures. How can we honor that covenant?” He answered “by keeping God’s laws. First we should love God, then love our parents, love our family and relatives and then love all humanity. To love humanity we must care for the poor, the orphan, the widow, the invalid, the weak and the meek. We must internalize the fact that all mankind are brothers and act accordingly.” He continued “the first eternal decree of God is free agency . . . free agency to follow God’s will. God’s glory is intelligence; man without intelligence is on the level of an animal. Therefore we should not destroy our intelligence with alcohol or other harmful substances.”

While in the Gulf, Kurosh also visited the island Bahrain and wrote a whole Sketch issue on that location. Other than information on oil, culture, music, dance, history, etc., Kurosh found a shop that sold pearls for which Bahrain is famous. He was hesitant to be thinking of buying one because of the hardships, even possible death, that pearl divers suffer as expressed by Khalid Sadeq’s famous film *Bas ya Bahr* or The Cruel Sea which was a main film at one of the Tehran Film Festivals where Kurosh was a film critic. He waited while another customer was selecting a nice pearl then told the shop owner he was looking for a small inexpensive pearl. When the shop owner asked how much Kurosh wanted to spend, the answer was “*wahed dinar* (one *dinar*).” The shop owner laughed and noted “*be dinar mafish lulu* (there isn’t a pearl for one *dinar*).” Kurosh was informed that for two *dinars* he might find one; but Kurosh was too careful with his funds due to years of living way below poverty so he hung his head and sadly slouched out of the shop. Kurosh returned to his room, packed his suitcase and enjoyed his last night at the plush Dilmun Hotel.

The next day, he flew back to Beirut to spend a few days writing the two special issues on UAE and Bahrain. On his way back to the airport, he climbed off the bus and someone bumped into him. As he entered the airport, he reached for his wallet and it was gone. He pulled his suitcase up to where a policeman was stationed and reported his missing wallet. Luckily, his ticket was in his coat pocket. The officer asked “*fih masarih?* (any cash in it?)” When Kurosh admitted that there was, the officer looked at his partner and they both knowingly acknowledged “*Mesri* (Egyptian).” Kurosh was informed that sneaky Egyptian pick pockets were all over the airport. So Kurosh lost the several hundred Lebanese *lira* along with some *dinars*, dollars and *tomans*, altogether about \$200, more than he usually ever had at one time. From then on, Kurosh attached a strong chain to his wallet and was never pick pocketed again. He also gained even more disdain for Egyptians than he had before. He disliked them because they tolerate the Hollywood conjured fraud of belly dance allowing themselves to be swept up in the phony Orientalist construct which insults women and Islam.

Dr. Sadat Hassan

Kurosh thought back with a smile or a chuckle or a tear considering the many experiences he shared with his Lebanese platonic sweetheart Mona. One trip back from shopping in Damascus came to mind when there were almost no passengers going to Beirut. Kurosh, Mona and a nice Palestinian fellow who spoke perfect English were the only ones to share a *servis* which was to cost eight Syrian pounds. Kurosh always had to be careful with his meager funds so they waited until the Palestinian fellow paid for the last seat so they could get going. He turned out to be a wonderful intelligent conversationalist who had spent over 15 years in the States. They learned that he was the spokesman for the P.L.O., his name was Dr. Hassan. Kurosh was excited to finally meet the man who he had watched on TV back at University of Utah debate a vicious Jewish lawyer. He noted how he and his Arab friends loved the way Dr. Hassan kept his cool and, in a jovial easy-going manner, allowed the angry and over-emotional Jewish lawyer to commit debatal suicide flying into a childish tantrum. Of course, Kurosh had always been a fan of Jewish people in the various schools and camps he had attended, in the jazz world and among his parents' friends; but he was very disappointed that some of the meanest SOBs in history came out of Nazi Germany to continue Hitler's genocide against the real Semitic people in Palestine. From his studies, Kurosh had found that the so-called Jews in Europe were mostly from the Khazar Asiatic race who were merely converts to Judaism and not of the blood of Abraham. So why would they have the right to murder myriads of the real descendants of Abraham, steal their land and cause them to end up in filthy refugee camps? Dr. Hassan was surprised that an American could have the insight to see the real truth in the face of the false pro-Israeli propaganda that flooded the media non-stop. Also Kurosh noted that Mormons are mostly descendants of Joseph who was sold into Egypt by Judah and the other brothers. How could they use the name Israel and exclude the other 11 tribes from having any rights there? Dr. Hassan said that he couldn't even see his mother who was stuck in Jewish-occupied Arab territory, so he couldn't get in to visit her. He related how six Jews broke into his office in New York and beat him with lead-filled billy clubs attempting to kill him but not quite succeeding. Then he added "we can't generalize, there are good and bad among all people. There are many young Jews who are opposed to Israel's racist policy and favor being Jews by the old standard, Jews who are intelligent and have a good heart." Kurosh readily agreed that all his life Jews had come to his aid when he was beat up in school or needed a friend. He noted that he had two ex-wives who were Jewish and were just wonderful even though they couldn't remain with him due to his inability to make a living with music.

At the Syrian-Lebanese border, the customs agents were unpacking all the luggage; but when they saw Dr. Hassan's special passport, they quickly closed his. Mona's suitcase was full of purchases Mrs. Leeds had asked her to buy; so the customs agents were ready to charge duty, but Dr. Hassan stepped in to vouch for her. Then he helped the Armenian driver, who couldn't write Arabic, fill in his Lebanese entry card. They drove off and at the top of the mountain above Alei, they stopped at a café where Dr. Hassan invited everyone for light snacks and beverages. Back on the road, they dropped Dr. Hassan in Alei where he took another cab to his home. Kurosh had told the *servis* driver he could take Dr. Hassan to his place; but the driver said "*mish ma'ul, ana Suri* (it's impossible, I'm Syrian)." The driver explained that he was only allowed to transport passengers between Damascus and Beirut and had to stay on the main highway. Kurosh set a day the following week to visit Dr. Hassan and, of course, Kurosh gave him a copy of the Arabic pamphlet about Mormonism before the traditional lengthy farewell. So the next week, Kurosh caught the Alei Sir al Gharb bus for the drive up into the mountains. On the bus was an interesting lovely young lady with green eyes who kept noticing that Kurosh was noticing that she was not noticing that he was not noticing her in the typical enchanting tradition of the East. At Sir al Gharb, Kurosh got off and

stopped at a café to ask directions. The owner started to walk with him a ways then accosted a boy across the street with “*andek shoghl?* (are you busy?)” The boy volunteered to lead Kurosh the rest of the way to the building. Kurosh went to Dr. Hassan’s apartment and was warmly received. Dr. Hassan immediately brought a huge bowl of the nicest grapes, peaches and plums along with a bottle of Sohat water. Then he noted that he had read the pamphlet about the Mormons and said it made perfect sense. Kurosh offered that Palestinians and Mormons both shared a history of bitter persecution. He added that according to the Mormon Articles of Faith, Zion will be built on the American Continent so the Jews (whether converted Asiatics or real ones) should move to or back to the US and stop bothering the poor Palistinians. They chatted about culture for about an hour then Kurosh headed back to Beirut where he was to meet with an official of Sketch Magazine to turn in a story.

At the meeting, he mentioned his visit with Dr. Hassan. Then his friend stunned him with a strange confession. He said “you know I am going home to Israel soon.” Kurosh stared and warned “but you’re Palestinian, how can you go there? And what do you mean ‘home’?” With a chuckle he was answered with “no, I am Jewish. My family changed religion to Moslem a few hundred years ago and other relatives became Christian.” Kurosh glared in disbelief but was reassured “I can show you my family records if you don’t believe it.” Then a spirit of awakening came over Kurosh as he exclaimed “then the Palestinians are the Jews and the Jews are Mongol invaders of the Khazar race. So the whole mess there is totally backwards!” His friend agreed “I know many families who are in the same situation, Jewish race but Moslem or Christian religion. So that land is our birthright too. I’m fine with Jewish converts being there, I can get along with them; but just let us have our inherited share.” When Kurosh went to the Atlas Hotel that evening, he mentioned the enlightenment to the night manager who agreed, noting that his Palestinian ancestors also converted from Judaism to Christianity and that he knew he was Jewish by race. Kurosh treasured this new-found knowledge which proved that things are not what they seem and real understanding needs deeper inquiry. Leave it to the Devil anyway to set up a fake version of the return of the ‘Israelites’ to their homeland. If old Satan didn’t counterfeit everything good with his phony version, he would be failing in his eternal task. Because according to the scriptures the real gathering of Israel is not at all political, it will not be until after the times of the Gentiles is fulfiller or the end of Western culture and power and after Jesus returns. Zion or New Jerusalem will actually be built in Missouri.

Drive from Beirut Through Iraq to Tehran

Kurosh looked out the window of the plane down on the Syrian desert as he remembered his drive from Damascus to Tehran after dropping Mona off at the Damascus-Beirut taxi station. He had gathered up fresh fruit from Beirut and Damascus, Sohat bottled water and half dozen artichokes that Mona cooked up for him. He started out eastward on a paved road and on the way out of town, Kurosh noticed the Bedouin tents that speckled the green countryside as occasional donkey carts calmly moved along. After the Baghdad turn-off, the desert began and he reached the Syrian border station which was a tiny group of buildings with Arabs swarming about trying to get cleared. Kurosh went to one room and was told to wait because the lights were out. When they flashed on again, they slowly entered his vehicle in their ledger and sent him to buy stamps for the 20 *lira* road tax. He went to the passport office and was stamped out and, without any customs inspection, was told in Arabic by a very kind fellow to go in peace and he was assured that he was welcome back any time.

Kurosh drove off into the empty desert towards the border post Tennf which was just a few buildings. From there the road disappeared into nothing but a washed-out rut-riddled path that looked too rudimentary to be a real road. He parked and ate a couple of Mona’s artichokes dipped in *tahina* while

waiting to see what the approaching trucks behind him would do and then follow them. The trucks pulled up and clustered together for a short conference. Kurosh climbed out of the VW and one trucker asked “*wain rahi?* (where you going?)” Kurosh answered “Baghdad” then pointed towards where the road dissolved into sand in the desert and bemoaned “*ma b’shuf ettari?* (I don’t see the road).” The trucker smiled and comforted “*nahnu raihin* (we’re going)” then jumped into his truck and drove off motioning for Kurosh to follow him. The trucks led Kurosh through the dozen or so bad unmarked kilometers of dust and sand to a beautiful highway which lasted all the way to the Iraqi border. After driving an hour or so, Kurosh felt tired and decided to pull over near another group of trucks to sleep. One of the drivers came up to the car and said “*ahlan, fadhhal*” motioning for Kurosh to join them for dinner. He went over and sat around talking for a half hour, then after a few minutes of one fellow drumming on a metal *dumbek* and some others dancing a *dabka* joined by Kurosh, they all went to their vehicles to sleep. Kurosh mentioned that his car might not start in the morning and they all promised that they would not leave him until his car was running.

The next morning, Kurosh drove to the Iraqi border station at Rutba. He went up to the passport window fearing that the bad relations between Iraq and America or Iran and Iraq at that time could cause him major problems. After leafing through his passport a few times and passing it to the other window, they entered Kurosh into the ledger and returned his passport. He then paid his one *dinar* compulsory insurance and the customs man stamped the car into his passport, briefly looked at his belongings, thanking him and wishing him a pleasant drive with a kindly smile. Everyone was so nice; Kurosh wondered what happened to the supposed animosity towards foreigners especially with American passports. From Rutba to the Iranian border, there were several check points where soldiers looked over his passport and sent him on with a smile, sometimes trying to bum a ride; but the car was too full of stuff to accommodate a passenger. At the gas station, they were out of *momtaz* (extra), so he settled for regular at 37 cents a gallon. Nearing Ramadi, the rich-looking red earth was speckled with sage brush and grass with occasional camels or herds of sheep which broke the monotony. Ramadi was an oasis of palms and green grass on the Euphrates River. From Ramadi to Baghdad, the countryside was green and speckled by stone houses. Outside of Ramadi, the back tire blew out. Kurosh carefully jacked the car up with his broken jack, propping it up on rocks while children crowded around trying to help him put on the spare.

In Ramadi, Kurosh found a tire man who mounted a tire he had purchased back in Lebanon and fixed the flat. Another old man helped Kurosh searching under the right front wheel to find the cause of rattling in the steering. Together they discovered a loose bolt and put in a new one. Kurosh offered the old man money, but he wouldn’t accept. Kurosh assured him “*min Allah barakat* (God will bless)” and the old man chimed in “*min Allah*” in agreement. About that time, an Iraqi cop purposefully strode up and asked for Kurosh’s passport which he studied with a serious glare and then suspiciously returned it. Then the tire repair man, all the onlookers as well as his companion cop started haranguing him for bothering the tourist. The tire man shouted in Arabic “I’m just trying to get a little *bakhshish* and you bother my customer!” The cop countered “but an American going to Iran, I thought . . .” The other cop advised “forget it” and they wandered off. Kurosh gave pamphlets on Mormonism to the tire guy and the old man; then the friendly kids gave the car a push and Kurosh was off towards Baghdad. Kurosh noticed how the drivers in Iraq were so polite and thoughtful like they were in Tehran back in the 1950s when Kurosh first arrived there. Conversely in the 70s, the Tehran traffic with its rude drivers was like being tormented in Zoroastrian hell.

Baghdad seemed like a small town compared to Tehran. As Kurosh was slowly circling in a round-about looking for the road to Khaneqin, a red convertible with a young modernized couple motioned him over to the side of the road. They were eager to practice their rudimentary English on the tall foreigner,

but when Kurosh answered them in Arabic they were trumped. When they found out where Kurosh was from, they had dozens of questions about America, California, and Hollywood. He placated them with some interesting information but then affirmed that the whole globalist agenda was to destroy tradition through modernization and product pushing. He warned them to be careful not to be dazzled by anything American. As the young couple stared in disbelief, Kurosh lectured them on honoring traditional music, respecting Islam along with their ancestral heritage and not being victimized by ugly American products like tobacco, alcohol, coke, jeans, etc. He then gave them one of his Arabic pamphlets on Mormonism and they offered to lead him to the road to Khanaqin.

On the road from Baghdad to Khanaqin, choruses of crickets serenaded in the fresh sweet evening air. A recent heavy rain had filled the rough road with deep pools of water one of which killed the motor. As Kurosh was waiting for the water to dry out, a friendly Iraqi driver stopped, asked what was wrong and then dried out the wet wires by burning a few matches under them. He helped push the car and it started. One stretch of road had become a river bed and the car slogged along in a foot of water for about a mile. It was about nine in the evening when the old VW limped into the Iraqi border station. The fellow at the gate tried to send Kurosh back to Khanaqin to spend the night because the border was closed; but Kurosh wasn't going back one inch on that road. Finally, they let him in and he noticed a group of Afghans bedded down on the floor. Kurosh chatted a few minutes with them in Dari than returned to his car for a sound sleep.

In the morning, he was quickly stamped through the formalities and sent on toward the Iranian border station. There a long string of trucks was parked waiting to get through. Kurosh asked one of the drivers what the trucks were transporting and was informed that it was oranges from Israel which were raised by Arabs so they were *mabsut* (OK) and legitimate to sell in Moslem countries. The trucks would leave them at the border then return to Jordan for another load. Two Iraqi army tanks, one small and one huge, were lurking near the line of trucks. Kurosh carefully drove up thinking he should stop for permission to pass. He looked at the soldier on the turret of the small tank who asked in Arabic where he was going. Kurosh answered "Tehran" and then was asked "American?" He hung his head in shame for a second then admitted "*aiwa, laken Muselman* (yes, but Moslem)" to which the soldier in the huge tank shouted "*kul ennas wahid* (all people are one)," a statement that could become a wonderful policy if it were accepted as a universal philosophy. Kurosh nodded and shouted back "*zein, hadha sahih* (good, that's true)" in agreement, smiled then slowly passed the tanks with that familiar feeling of friendship, something which followed him everywhere he traveled outside the US.

A Snowy No Ruz and Burnt Bearings

At the Iranian border station, a blue-eyed official came to the gate and told the gateman to let Kurosh in. Kurosh was eager to practice the Kurmanji he had learned from Emir Bedir Khan in Paris. He completely astounded the official who took him to show off to the other officials who were mostly Kurds. Kurosh was quickly cleared through the formalities, but he lingered a while to chat in Kurdish and Persian enjoying the feeling that he was back home in Iran. Then he continued on the road to Kermanshah passing by green hills. Qasr-e Shirin was like an oasis of palms with straw huts, round white tents and also flat black tents on the roadside. Kurosh stopped at a blacksmith to fix the broken jack. When Kurosh offered the blacksmith five *toman*, he said it was too much and that just two *toman* would do. Kurosh observed that Kurds were really honest and the blacksmith said "that's the only way to be." Kurosh found a *nunvai* (bakery) and was thrilled to discover they made whole-wheat bread for only two *rials* each. He ordered 40 slabs to take back to Tehran. An old man came up and asked in Farsi where he was taking all that bread

and Kurosh answered “Tehran, there isn’t any there.” The old man became concerned noting in Farsi “if there isn’t any bread in the capital, what will happen to us?” The baker explained that there wasn’t any whole-wheat bread just white bread with no vitamins, quoting Kurosh. Then Kurosh added in Farsi “it’s just like paper or cardboard . . . worthless.”

He continued on his way, driving past jutting jagged peaks and green rolling hills up through vertical slab-like gray mountains and crevice-etched mountain walls to the village of Kermanshah. The climate had been cooling until near Asadabad where wind and snow became fierce. It was *No Ruz* day; but it seemed like the Artic. Kurosh came up to a long line of cars stretching as far as he could see up a hill. Two fellows came over to Kurosh and offered to put on his chains for a small reasonable fee. As they were working, he asked what was going on and learned that for two days no one had been allowed up the pass and it was just now opening. Kurosh drove up to join the line of cars where he rolled the window down and chatted with the driver of a Peykan. Then a huge snow-plow rumbled up the road to wild cheers of all the drivers, some shouting appreciation and blessings. Soon the pass was opened so the soldiers and highway patrol police waved everyone through as cheers again burst forth. Some passengers, crazed with joy, were overcome with the festive *No Ruz* spirit and danced on the tops of their vehicles as others clapped in rhythm. Soldiers waved the weary travelers on and soon a highway patrol car with flashing red lights rolled up, shouting instructions trying to untangle the traffic jam. After snailing up the pass about a half mile, Kurosh came to an abrupt halt again. This time it was a stalled bus. Dozens of people got out of their cars and came together with the soldiers and highway patrol officers to push with all their might until they slid the bus off to the side. Then a few more miles ahead, a car without chains was stuck in the middle of the road. Again drivers came over and altogether lifted the car over to the roadside. Some stayed to help the driver put on chains loaned by another helpful family.

As the cars pressed on up the steep pass, Kurosh noticed the poor old VW started to smell like smoking oil. The smell got stronger and by the time Kurosh reached the top, he noticed a rattling in the engine. He pulled over and soon a thoughtful traveler stopped to help out. When the driver listened to the rattling, he grew stern and with his head down muttered “*yateghan e* (it’s the bearings).” Kurosh forlornly choked “*yani kharaband?* (you mean they’re broken?)” The driver lovingly grasped Kurosh’s shoulder and answered “*are, sukht* (yep, burned).” As Kurosh slumped into the driver’s seat, his new friend asked in Farsi “do you know a mechanic in Kermanshah?” Kurosh mumbled that he didn’t and was too broke to go to one anyway. The driver offered “*age lazem e, man pul daram* (if you need, I have money).” Kurosh proudly refused grasping his new friend’s arm appreciatively. Then the driver said “*boro tamirgah-e Kuhsari o bogu dust-e Ahmad id* (go to Kuhsari Garage and tell them you are a friend of Ahmad).”

Kurosh discouragedly sunk further into his seat and slowly closed the door shutting out the piercing icy wind as the driver returned to his Peykan where his sweet-looking wife and cute kids were waiting. As the Peykan drove off, Kurosh flipped the VW around and pushed across the line of climbing cars back downhill towards Kermanshah. Coasting as much as possible as the rattling became more prominent; he finally was back in Kermanshah where a helpful traffic cop directed him to the Kuhsari Garage. Once there, he soon became endeared to the owner who fully sympathized with his situation. Kurosh was down to just a few *toman*, barely enough to buy gas for his return trip to Tehran where he didn’t have any cash coming in either other than maybe minor payments for articles he had submitted to Tehran Journal before leaving. Mr. Kuhsari said that Kurosh was a guest and that the garage would somehow fix his car with old parts after hours when the mechanics could put in an extra hour or so each day. Kurosh lived in the car for five days in the garage with just the food he had brought from Beirut and Damascus along with the slabs of bread from the Kurdish bakery. The shop boy offered each day to bring him some hot rice and vegetables from home, but Kurosh assured that he was fine. Every time there was a lull in repair work, the

mechanics worked on Kurosh's motor disassembling the whole thing, removing the burnt bearings and hunting for used bearings that would fit. Finding all the necessary used parts in the big empty storage barrels was problematic so finally Mr. Kuhsari lovingly took a few new items from the shelves and gave them to the mechanic shooting a kindly smile at Kurosh.

At first, Kurosh had become so worried about the breakdown that he had put out the word that he was willing to sell the car. One very polite and slick-looking army officer came to see the car and offered him a fair price; but Kurosh really needed the car for his work, his travels and as an alternative living quarters. So when Mr. Kuhsari offered the needed items such as bearings, gaskets, etc., things looked up. Finally, after five days, the engine was back together and ready to mount into the car. Everyone pitched in including Kurosh to help hurry things along so he wouldn't be stuck alone in the garage over the weekend. With the engine in the car and the final bolts tightened, the lead mechanic fired it up and it purred like a kitten. They all cheered and soon everyone was doing a little Kurdish dance with arms linked, including Kurosh, as Mr. Kuhsari beat out a rhythm on an oil pan. Kurosh hugged and kissed everyone on the cheek one by one and firmly grasped Mr. Kuhsari's hand. Then he wrote a poetic letter in Farsi thanking the garage and praising their work signing his full TV stage name Kurosh Ali Khan then told them to put it under the glass top of their front office table. They wished him a safe trip back and told him to be careful and to go easy up the steep slope at Asadabad which they called '*sar balai-ye yateghan kosh-e Asadabad*' or the 'bearing killer ascent of Asadabad.'

As Kurosh carefully drove up to Hamadan using low gears and stopping often, he vowed that he would return to Kermanshah and pay the \$200 or \$300 he owed Mr. Kuhsari. Strangely enough, he actually did return there a year later for that purpose and Mr. Kuhsari showed him his letter of thanks still taped under the glass near the cash register. When Kurosh proudly pulled out several hundred *toman* bills, Mr. Kuhsari put his arm around him and pushed Kurosh's hand back into his pocket saying in Farsi "you don't owe anything; Allah has blessed me already for helping you." Adding that wisdom to the many valuable lessons learned in the Islamic world, Kurosh left the garage asking God to further bless that fine man and his whole garage for years to come. Kurosh drove through historic Hamadan, the Ekbatana of Median and Achaemenian times with its quaint earthen buildings. He stopped on the steep street near the bazaar and bought a small trinket with the few *toman* he dared chance on anything but gas and then continued up another pass to Takestan where the road was like an ice skating rink. Towards the end of the trip as he neared Tehran, Kurosh had to chew on raw garlic cloves to keep awake. When he finally had the VW locked into the garage on Entesarie in Abasabad, he was more than thankful that God had brought him back again from one more treacherous trip.

Chapter 13

The Caspian, Olives and Orange Blossoms

Kurosh was brought back to the present as a charming Pan Am stewardess touched him on the shoulder to remind him that it was time for dinner. As usual, he wasn't sure he had been able to inform them that he wanted vegetarian meals. He looked into her gentle blue eyes and, affectionately placing his hand on hers, asked "is there perhaps a vegetarian meal for Miller?" She promised to check on it and a few minutes later produced a meal with the name Miller on it. But when he looked it over, he discovered it was Kosher not vegetarian. Kurosh then scanned the passengers until he noticed an older balding obviously Jewish man with horn-rimmed glasses standing a few rows in front of him and grumpily looking around the plane. Kurosh took the Kosher meal and approached the fellow saying

“are you Miller too? I guess the *mashugeneh shaineh shikseh* mixed us up. You got the vegetarian, right?” The man winced a wry smile and said “yea, thanks.” They traded meals then Kurosh added “you wouldn’t wanna go hungry all the way to New York; *ess gezunterhait*” as he took his dinner back to his seat. While he ate gazing out the window, he noticed they were over water . . . some sea. It reminded him of his trip to the Caspian with his Rashti friends living in Tehran.

Two of the most interesting and nicest people Kurosh had been fortunate to know in Tehran were Mr. Yamini and his wife Afshin, both natives of Rasht. Yamini was a schoolteacher and poet by hobby while Afshin worked for PTT (Post, Telephone and Telegraph) and designed clothes in her spare time. Afshin was the sister of Parisa’s best friend Hurshid who sat next to her in Karimi’s vocal class at the Honarestan. While various friends were trying to fix up Kurosh and Parisa as fiancées, he favored Hurshid, not because of her enchanting green eyes, but her childlike easy-going nature was appealing. Once, Kurosh gave Hurshid a ride home from class and stopped off at the Intercontinental Hotel where he often jammed with Roger Hererra’s fabulous Phillipino jazz band. It was break time, so he and Hurshid took over the bandstand and did a rendition of the mode Isfahan with Kurosh using his amazing index fingers *santur* technique on piano, a skill that eventually made him even more famous than he was as a TV personality when he later appeared on the main program of the prime TV showman Parviz Qarib-Afshar. After jamming a couple of tunes with Hererra’s band, he dropped Hurshid off and was invited in for snacks and a chat. He immediately became chums with Hurshid’s sister and her fun Gilani husband Mr. Yamini. One evening when Kurosh was over at their home after one of those delicious Rashti dinners, they all stayed up till 2 a.m. to watch Kurosh’s TV show. After the show, Kurosh was excitedly discussing philosophy and at a lull in the conversation when about 3 a.m. Afshin questioned “*Agha-ye Kurosh Ali Khan, akhe khabet nemiyad* (Mr. Kurosh Ali Khan, aren’t you sleepy?)” Kurosh suddenly realized everyone but him was in their pajamas and curled up on couches or the floor under quilts, so he quickly ran through a long line of *ta’arof* while backing towards the door. That evening he had suggested that Yamini take a drive with him up to Rasht some weekend.

So early the next Friday, they were off starting at Vanak Circle down the expressway, off over the Karaj freeway past Qazvin where the road forks off to Hamadan to the left and Rasht to the right. After turning on the Rasht road, it wasn’t far to the small hamlet of Agha Baba famous for its whole-grain wood-baked flat-bread. They stopped at Manjil where reportedly the hardest wind in Iran continually howls non-stop. At Manjil, the groves of silvery-leaved olive trees begin. The next town, Rudbar, is nestled among an abundance of olive groves on the edge of the emerald glimmer of Sepid Rud and is the olive center of Iran. A ways out of town, they stopped at the Ganjeh olive oil company to buy a few quarts of some of the best oil in the Middle East. Although, when they got back to Tehran, Afshin’s father, an olive connoisseur, said they should have gotten some of the small olives called *mar-e zeitun* (mother of olives) that have a nice strong, more tangy flavor. Then there is *pust-e mar* (snake skin) that is more mellow. There are also large solid olives and split ones. On later trips, Kurosh always stopped at the small teahouse between Manjil and Rudbar where the owner Mehraban sold pure olive oil, olives and soap at very reasonable prices produced by his company at Keleshter a few kilometers up the hill. Yamini explained about olive trees saying “olive wood is next to walnut in quality and good for building.” Then he added “did you know that olive leaves are considered good medicine for high blood pressure?”

As they drove onward, square patches of submerged rice fields became frequent with women in bright dresses hand planting each seed into the mud below the water. Green rice shoots poked their heads above the muddy waters where the planters waded through with straw hats which shaded them

from the rare sunshine. After they passed Rostamabad, the landscape became a riot of green plant life. Wheat fields waved in the breeze on one side of the road while carefully terraced rice fields decked the other with occasional cornstalks here and there. Picturesque clouds adorned the mountaintops and the verdant-clad hills covered with fields. The grass was caressed by breezes in waves of shimmering silvery crests and it was almost impossible to see the ground due to the thickness of the plush greenery. According to Yamini, the forests in Gilan are mostly composed of oak, ash, box and wing nut trees. The orange-hued blossoms of pomegranate trees added to the colorful constantly greener landscape as they moved on towards Rasht. Low gray clouds gradually became thicker and the damp drizzling atmosphere seemed to press down at the outskirts of the city. The mountains darkened as the clouds enveloped them further and the landscape sombered.

Rasht

Yamani related that “about 27 years prior, there was a huge fire in Rasht one winter driven by a strong wind. No matter how hard the people tried, they couldn’t put out the fire and it was starting to consume several houses in different quarters. Finally, out of desperation, everyone raised their hands to the sky and prayed fervently for help. A while later, the wind died out, clouds gathered and soon rain followed smothering the last of the flames otherwise the whole city would have been burned to the ground.” Rasht was an enchanting quaint old town that hadn’t been hit by the disease of modernization. Red-brown brick was the common building material and red round shingles adorned most roofs. Wood was often used for small shops. The mosques were not the blue-tiled domes typical of other parts of Iran, but instead they seemed to resemble chapels in small Italian or Mexican villages. They were characterized by one small round tower partially extending above the building and topped with curved red shingles serving as a minaret. Inside one mosque, Masjid-e Laken, large square plaster pillars reached up to the low ceilings and the floor was covered with simple designed carpets, *gelims* or *hasirs* (straw mats). Quaint winding alleys were lined with brick, clay or pebble walls and the air was pure and smog-free. The continual humidity seemed to give its inhabitants a smooth complexion less likely to wrinkle. The town came into being by accident; it was just a teahouse for travelers going between Fuman and Lahijan. The town grew without any real plan or layout with small streets winding rather senselessly. Whoever visits Rasht usually brings back some fun woodcarving souvenir, the favorite being eating utensils.

Rashti Dialect, Food and Traditions

At the home in Rasht, Yamini’s good-natured niece gaily chattered with Kurosh and then took on the role of a school marm. She answered his questions about the Rashti or Gilaki dialect and taught him different words and expressions. Yamini’s sister set out lunch and, as they devoured the succulent food, said that the Rashti dialect is an Iranian language something like Kurdish but closer to the standard Persian. Kurosh couldn’t restrain himself from asking the sister how she made some of the Rashti specialties and what they were called. From her and also from Afshin back in Tehran, Kurosh had learned something about Rashti food but not enough. Afshin was the first one who introduced Kurosh to *derar* which he was told is to be spread on a cucumber. When he asked what it was, she explained it was four herbs chopped and milled with a stone then salted. She brought out her Rashti threshing stone and her little sister showed how they use it. Afshin explained that about half of the paste is made from coriander, part of the rest from a local Rashti plant called *gheshniz* similar to

cilantro with a strong mint-like flavor, plus mint and parsley. Another tasty dish Afshin made was the classic Mirza-Ghasemi, which is created from coal-baked eggplant which is skinned and chopped then added to crushed garlic fried in oil after which chopped tomatoes are added and usually egg. Another *shomali* (northern) dish typical of neighboring Shasavar is *ash-e torsh* which is an all vegetable thick soup composed of a variety of greens, garlic, broad beans, rice and small sour plums all boiled up in a large pot.

After lunch, Yamini explained that it was time for *zavaleh* or the afternoon nap. The change from Tehran's dry air to the damp of Rasht seemed to create a feeling of relaxation; so Kurosh was glad for some sleep. Yamini's niece said that she liked the rainy weather because it was nice to sleep to the pattering drops on the roof nearly every afternoon. As they stretched out, Kurosh asked Yamini why people thought Rashtis were dumb. He said it might be due to the easy-going nature of the people and their lack of trickiness that is mistaken for stupidity. After Kurosh and others had been napping a while, Yamini came in and asked in Rashti "*zakana kue se?*" Always the linguist, Kurosh figured that *ku* was probably like Kurdish *ku* for 'where' and *se* was a version of *ast* or 'is' since verbs are at the end in Iranian languages and there needed to be a verb. But *zakana* which seemed to obviously be a plural of an animated object was beyond his drowsy perception. Then Yamini asked again in Farsi "*bachha kojastand?*" So it dawned on Kurosh that *zakana* was 'kids' and thus 'where is everyone?' He became excited to find that, with a little effort, an Indo-European language enthusiast could figure out Rashti. Then when Yamini was chattering, and with wide questioning eyes cried out "*rasti gi?*" Kurosh easily understood he meant "*rast migi? (really?)*" And "*shan darum bazar*" was obviously "I'm going shopping." Other than the afternoon nap, another tradition is that when a person was asked if they had ever been to Rasht before and answers "no" then they must eat seven small pebbles; but it is rarely enforced.

After the nap, they left to see one of Yamini's good friends by driving through the winding back streets adorned by old houses with extended wood balconies and artistically designed doors past plastered colored walls to a tiny *kuche* which they squeezed down till it ended. Yamini's friend Soleman was overjoyed to see him as was his whole household. It is amazing how hospitable Rashtis are; they make you feel like they have been waiting for you all week when you drop in without the slightest warning. When they left, Soleman and his family followed them out the door in the traditional Rashti hospitality and he poured a bucket of water on the door step to signify his wish for their friendship and return. As they drove off, Yamini explained that if a person doesn't like you, he breaks an old cracked dish or vase in the doorway after you leave.

The Caspian Coast and Tea Fields

Soleman suggested a drive up to Bandar-e Pahlevi so off they went. The drive to Bandar reminded Kurosh of the forested road to the Belgium coast. On the way, Soleman explained that private fishing has been limited by law and now fishermen have to rent an area for a specified period which has made fish scarcer in Rasht than before. As they entered Bandar, they noticed the beautifully carved wall tops of a row of buildings. They went to the beach walk and stood staring out over the Caspian then they drove out along the beach edge. Luckily, the tourist season hadn't started yet so they were able to drive right along the water's edge as emerald waves crashed against the shore and the tides. Kurosh was impressed that they could drive right up to the water's edge and along the beach for miles under the heavy shifting gray clouds. It was so peaceful that when he was finally evicted from his apartment in Tehran by his mean-spirited Hamadani Jewish landlord, he picked this very spot on the Caspian coast

to park, meditate and sleep in his new home, the trusty old Variant. But one morning he woke up in about a foot of water and was wondering if he would drown in the sea. Soon a jeep with members of the *niru-ye daryai* or Coast Guard drove out, hooked up a chain to the car and pulled him to safety. That was just one more of thousands of examples of God's continual efforts to keep Kurosh alive and of the kindness of the people of the Middle East.

After an hour's drive along the beach, they turned back and returned past the huts with peaked thatched roofs with stick walls and green rice fields to Rasht where they had dinner at Soleman's and stayed there for the night. The next day, they drove to the beautiful hamlet of Lahijan, the oldest city in Gilan and the tea capital of Iran. It was there where tea was first planted by Kashef al Saltaneh who brought it from India. A large gray tomb in honor of Kashef stood near the grounds of the oldest tea company. On the way to Lahijan, they stopped off at one of the red-shingled blue wooden shops in Kuchesfahan to get some of the famous thin rice bread called *lako* that Yamini had been talking about. When they passed the blue mosaic mirror-studded *imam-zadeh* built in honor of Jelal-eddin Ashraf, Soleman told the story of the saint who was poisoned by villagers in the mountains while preaching there and was dumped into the river in a box. The box was later discovered on the riverbank at Astaneh Ashrafieh where the saint was properly buried and a shrine built for him. Lahijan itself is a vast vista of verdure and vegetation, said by some to be the most beautiful town in Iran. It is a pleasant city nestled in the green hills blanketed by tea gardens in which colorfully clad women diligently work picking the leaves.

After they passed through the city and were driving up the hills, which at times reminded Kurosh of California, Yamini suddenly said "stop here, I want to show you about tea." They pulled off the road and he asked a little girl if he could have a tea plant. Then he held it up like a university professor and said "when the top part of only two leaves and one bud is picked, it is first class tea. If the first three leaves are picked, it is second class and the whole thing is third class." He continued "it doesn't hurt to pick the tops because in about two weeks the remaining buds grow new leaves. This goes on for the whole four-month tea season." They drove on up the hills to Satalsar where heavy mud in the road prevented them from seeing what Yamini and Soleman said was the most beautiful part. On the way back through Lahijan they stopped to buy some of the famous Lahijan walnut-filled cookies or *kuluiche*. They left Lahijan passing the green hills and stone houses making one last stop at Afshar, a group of small waterfalls and an ancient tree in which a two-story tree house had been built. The huge several-trunked tree is reportedly 1,000 years old and similar to another such tree in Harzebil near Rudbar which was cited by Naser Khosrow in his *Safarnameh* as being several centuries old even in his day. Big black oxen sitting in fields munching on straw cast an uninterested glance as the travelers passed the green hills and stone houses.

Beneficial Spring Water

Kurosh thought of other trips to the north when he visited the Caspian tourist spot of Ramsar to the east where no one but the very wealthy could afford to stay at the hotel. East of the hotel at the bottom of the hill was the famous health spa where, for a small fee, people could soak their aching bones in the hot healing sulfur-water to gain some relief from rheumatism, gout, arthritis, back aches, etc. There was another spa at Sa'adat Mahale about one kilometer north on asphalt and four more on gravel in a charming area nestled at the foot of verdant hills overlooking the distant emerald Caspian. Kurosh thought back to the time he was preparing an article for Tehran Journal about the spas and he interviewed some of the steady customers. One was Qorban who had worked at the spa some 34 years

and remembered many people who were cured of various ills. He himself said that a while ago his waist was really bad so he went to the bath for about 20 days and was completely cured. Another employee, Sarkhosh, affirms that he was bedridden for 25 days until he found relief in the bath. Adbullah had rheumatism so bad he couldn't move from his bed; but after 20 days he was completely cured. He would come back every year for a dip just to be sure. The sulfur or *gugerd* is the main healing ingredient; but the water also contains iron and other minerals. Qorban told Kurosh that every year there was a convention of some 40 doctors who visit the spa and test the water.

But warm sulfur springs for bathing was not the only healthy product along the Caspian, Kurosh had discovered a wonderful mineral water plant outside of Amol between Tehran and Babol on the road eastward to Mahshad. Many times he drove up to the plant and, after watching the glass bottles happily dancing along the conveyer belt through the large front window, he would go in and ask the cheerful manager if he could fill up a five or ten gallon plastic jug at the tap outside the plant. The water contained several minerals including natural fluoride (not the deadly poison variety forced on victims in America) and had a light pleasant natural sparkle. They said it was good for digestion, good for teeth and, if rubbed in the scalp, might stop falling hair. It was said to be more powerful than Evian or Vichy. Kurosh remembered that a little farther east from Ramsar on the coastal highway was Shahsavari, the birthplace of virtuoso vocalist Parisa, where in spring the perfume of orange blossoms blending with the fresh scent of the sea was elixir to the lungs and soul. On the outskirts of Shahsavari, a small road on the right lead to the town's nicest beach called *Plaj-e Shardi*. At Sharud, Kurosh once stopped for a *ziyarat* at the shrine of Hossein, brother of Imam Reza.

Back to Tehran

From Lahijan, they started back towards Tehran driving along the coastal route through Ramsar and Chalus. Back in Tehran, Afshin, her father, her brothers and sister Hurshid, were excited to hear about the trip and pleased to receive the travel gifts which included some of those delicious green olives. Then they all sat down to another wonderful Rashti dinner and started planning the next trip to Rasht. Kurosh remarked that he was surprised to see a grim statue of what appeared to be Stalin on one of their drives near the Caspian and was it because they were near the USSR border? Everyone broke into wild laughter as Kurosh was assured that it was a statue of Reza Shah, similar but different. Kurosh realized that he wasn't that far off because Reza Shah banned the veil causing many women to die from disease and dust and he perpetrated other anti-tradition cruelties similar to Stalin. While the whole group was there, Kurosh thought it was a good opportunity to ask "is it really true what they say about Rashtis, I mean in those jokes?" Afshin said "we made most of those jokes up ourselves." Then Yamini asked "what do you think now that you've been there?" Kurosh had to admit that if the jokes were really true, he hadn't seen any evidence of it in the time he was there. He affirmed in Persian "Rashtis are definitely not at all stupid and no supposedly unfaithful and desperate Rashti wives have ever tried to make a pass or flirt in the slightest. Right Afshin?" he kidded, pinching her flirtatiously on the cheek as she faked a seductive look. Yamini giggled then Hurshid blurted "*ey nakon, un namzad-e man e dige!* (hey don't, he's my fiancée!)" Sure Kurosh would have liked that, but he was too weird and crazy to really be anyone's fiancée. Then to be equitable, he also pinched Yamini on the cheek then assured his stunned pal, using another stereotype image, "*natars baba, Qazvini nistam* (don't worry dad, I'm not a Qazvini!)" A roar of laughter went through the room as Afshin chuckled on the way to the kitchen to bring out the coveted *mirza qasemi*.

Chapter 14

The Music Maker of Trabzon

An Evening at Tehran Journal

Looking out the window at the water, Kurosh recalled another trip north from Tehran all the way to Trabzon on the Turkish Black Sea coast. He had been called by Tehran Journal editor Vahed Petrosian to be sure that he was coming in that evening to turn in a review of a concert of Persian music he had recently seen at Rudaki Hall. Rudaki was where the Ministry of Culture and Arts (or lack of both) foisted their ugly semi-pop westernized concoctions by *santurist* Payvar and other innovators, dubbed *ahangsaz* or ‘composers’ so-called, on unwitting audiences. Kurosh fervently panned every horrible event that polluted Rudaki Hall with his famous poison pen that rivaled even Peter Wilson and Janet Lazarian. Vahed was a hardened Chicago-trained editor who appeared grimly serious when he glared at his writers with those piercing eyes and wrinkled forehead. He would menacingly stare and grumpily growl “what’s this garbage, Miller?” then throw back a review on the table in front of him declaring “rewrite this trash so it makes sense and get Ralph to sub-edit it; and your spelling and grammar stinks too!” Vahed was a hard trainer; but he helped flakes like Kurosh, Terry Graham and Peter Wilson develop from spacey scholars into real journalists. Vahed had also mentioned in his phone call that Peter wanted to see Kurosh so he better get down there that night.

So Kurosh drove way downtown to the Ete’elat building where Tehran Journal was housed. He parked in back, breezed through the door greeting the guard and took the elevator up to the Journal. He entered as writers were feverishly typing stories, chatting and socializing. Swishy (and proud of it) James Underwood threw a limp-wristed wave at Kurosh declaring “there you are, you daft bugger” to which Kurosh replied “hi, you cute thing; did you like my last review?” With an effeminate jiggle, James haughtily shot back “you silly boy, when will you learn to write? I have a lot of work to get you up to snuff. It was tolerable, but try to improve your writing and leave out some of those inflammatory adjectives.”

As Kurosh turned to acknowledge art critic (and critical she was) Janet Lazarian who was frowning as usual muttering to Vahed about some really bad attempt at opera she had seen at Rudaki. Everyone at the Journal agreed that the Ministry totally trashed all the performing arts. Only after Reza Qotbi and his intellectual wife Sherry brought some real class to the National Iranian Radio and Television, did the performing arts find a respectable voice in Iran. The Minister of Culture was related to the Shah; but Qotbi was related to the Queen who did all she could to promote quality in the arts rather than that pop slop the Ministry favored. Also Kurosh’s music guru and spiritual master, Dr. Safvat, had set up his marvelous Center for Preservation and Propagation of Iranian Music under NIRT jurisdiction. Iranian ethnomusicologist and modern classical composer Hormoz Farhat had been invited from Tehran University to direct the music division of NIRT and was the person who contracted Kurosh to do his fabulous weekly prime-time hour spots on the main TV channel called *Kurosh Ali Khan va Dustan* (Kurosh Ali Khan and Friends).

As Kurosh walked towards a typewriter to knock out his review that would slam Payvar’s destruction of Iranian traditional music by trying to ‘orchestrate’ *gushe* (melodies) of the *dastgah* (modal systems) like modern composers would by injecting disgusting junky fills, phony frills and way out of place ‘harmony.’ Payvar would attempt to ‘conduct’ an ensemble of traditional instruments with two *santur* sticks in one hand snootily posing as a composer/conductor with his ego-tripper smirk. Kurosh spent years

blasting Payvar and other musical traitors in every mode of media he wrote for, which was almost every existing publication in the country and some out of the country. As a result of the plethora of anti-Ministry poison-pen pieces, eventually concert announcer and poetry declarant Parvin Sarlak invited Kurosh to her office at Rudaki. Exuberating all the charm and amiability she possessed, she offered him fancy snacks and a choice of uppity beverages, all of which he politely refused. Then she asked what could be done to diminish the non-stop bitter criticism of the Ministry in every publication. Kurosh said “just let Parisa go from the Ministry to be a member of Dr. Safvat’s Center at NIRT and make Payvar just play the correct traditional *dastgah* system from the *radif* of Mirza Abdulla and Hossein Qoli. Payvar, a highly technically skilled *santurist*, just needed to play the traditional system and forget about his stupid innovation and modernization mania.” Soon after that meeting, Payvar toned down his semi-pop sludge and Parisa was sent to the Center the very next day. Kurosh kept his promise and tried to find good things to write about some of the Rudaki concerts when possible and concentrated on praising Safvat’s musicians and Parisa now that she was free from having to sing horrible pop junk concocted by Payvar and other Ministry sell-outs. It was quite a coup to free her from the clutches of the Ministry because Kurosh’s friend and vocal guru Karimi had warned “*un ta’ahod dare* (she has a debt)” He was referring to the fact that the Ministry had funded her music education and now she was obliged to repay that debt by being one of their ‘singer’ slaves.

As he slid into a chair and began typing with a vengeful determination, Peter sidled up to him and declared “tomorrow you’re driving me to Trabzon on the Black Sea. So pick me up in the morning!” Usually Kurosh was agreeable with such requests so he said “O.K. but why?” Peter noted “because my visa is up tomorrow and I need to get another one at the Iranian consulate there.” Kurosh looked puzzled and asked “but isn’t there a consulate in Erzerum near the Iranian border?” Peter muttered that there wasn’t and reaffirmed his edict to pick him up early the next morning. Kurosh acquiesced to Peter who was sort of the *mullah* in the gang of American *Sufi* adoptees then added “we have to go through Van because I always wanted to see it and visit a town that speaks the dialect of Kurdish I studied at the Langues ‘O’ in Paris.” Peter gruffly muttered an agreement and Kurosh quickly typed his review, showed it to Peter’s sort of girlfriend, the Pak girl Shirley who did a quick sub-edit before plopping it on Vahed’s desk and leaving before Vahed could grouch about it.

Westward to Van

Kurosh hurried back to the apartment on Entesarie, organized a few things for the trip and hit the sack. The next morning, Kurosh drug out of bed, loaded his few necessities into the Variant then fought the hellish traffic to Peter’s before grinding up the Karaj freeway to Qazvin, Zanjan, Tabriz then back down around Lake Rezaye to Rezaye town then to the border at Sero. When they reached the Turkish side it was about 6 p.m. and two friendly Turkish soldiers informed the two Yanki *sufis* that the border was *kapali* (closed) till morning. Soon a helpful young customs man came down from the shed on the hill to invite them up. He said in Turkish that he would have been happy to check them through, but the passport official had left and took the stamps with him. Kurosh hung out with the border officials as they played cards and *tric trac* late into the night discussing everything from Greeks to girls while Peter (or Selim as he preferred) decided to sleep in his seat in the VW. One official knew some Kurmanji Kurdish; otherwise Kurosh had to communicate in Turkish with the help of his trusty dictionary.

The next day, the travelers were quickly checked through and on their way over the roughest road imaginable to the first real town, Yükseskova. The rut-riddled dust and gravel highway improved slightly, but it was hard riding all the way to Van. Between the border and Van there was an enchanting old fort

where they stopped and contemplated while munching on canned dolmas and flat-bread. As they neared Van, Selim offered his scholastic wisdom about the town. He noted that it was originally named Tushpa of the Urartian kingdom in the 9th century BC. Then later in the 7th century was ruled by the Medes and the Persians by the 6th century. Alexander overran it in 331 BC; but later it became part of the Armenian kingdom. It was disputed by the Safavids and the Ottomans and was site of the Armenian genocide by the Turks during World War I. At that point, both scholars looked at each other as fears began to wax in them that they might be found speaking truthfully about the Armenian massacre and the rights of Kurdistan. Maybe some Turk might find out that Kurosh had studied Kurdish at the Langues 'O' in Paris with the exiled Kurdisani leader Emir Bedir Khan. They suspiciously hunched down and carefully drove into town hoping no one had a listening device focused on the VW.

Van, a Center of Northwest Kurdistan

In Van, they drove to the bazaar to hunt for ethnic craft items and Kurosh had a chance to try his Kurmanji Kurdish. At one shop he asked "*saheb li ku ye?* (where is the owner?)" Then one of the owner's sons decided to go home to bring their father declaring "*ez dichum mal* (I'm going home)." When the owner came, Kurosh asked about Kurdish traditional clothing and was answered with a blank stare. He didn't push the issue knowing that Turks did all they could to exterminate Kurdish culture including language. He wondered if he might be arrested for speaking Kurdish but was ready to fight for language freedom if necessary. Later in the car, he and Selim griped and grumbled about the horrible murdering dictator Ataturk who persecuted Islam. He was the villain who trashed Turkish clothing, their alphabet and other valuable traditions in the name of stupid 'progress.' They agreed that Turkey didn't 'progress' at all but just became more run-down by having their roots ripped away. Selim noted that "instead of sporting classy and colorful regional folk wear, now Turks look like poor Sicilian butchers in their crummy rumpled western garb dictated by Ataturk. The two scholars agreed that Ataturk ranked along with other horrible dictators of the century who hated God and traditions, criminals like Stalin, Hitler, Mao and Reza Shah.

Kurosh was accosted by the local Kurds who had been staring in admiration and partly in fear at the black-and-white *kafiyya* he always sported as a neck scarf doubling as a prayer shawl everywhere he went in the Middle East except in Afghanistan where he wore the full national clothing. Kurosh had heard that the black-and-white *kafiyya* idea was originally invented by the Kurds so he could understand their enthusiasm to get one. Kurds flocked around Kurosh fondling the scarf and offering various sums trying to out-bargain each other. Kurosh wouldn't sell his *kafiyya* because he really needed it for a prayer shawl, to wrap around his head to keep out the light when sleeping in the car, also to keep warm when necessary. He apologized to his Kurdish friends and, when they asked him where he was from, he told them Iran and explained it was a paradise for Kurds. He described the bazaar in Sanandaj with the beautiful Kurdish dresses and men's wear and how the Iranian government encouraged Kurdish folk dance. He noted how in the Iran the Kurds were respected because they were the ancient Medes who were the staunchest allies of the benevolent Achaemenian emperors. Kurosh talked to them in Kurmanji and Turkish struggling along the best he could. Kurosh's description of freedom and respect for Kurds in Iran brought tears to the eyes of the gentle old men in crumpled ugly European style suits and goofy little French hats. Kurosh looked around to see if any Turkish government agents might be lurking about then ventured a very daring remark. He noted that Kurdistan had belonged to the Kurds or their ancestors, the Medes, from since Noah's ark landed not far from there and that the Turks had moved in and usurped their land much later.

Then he said goodbyes and quickly jumped into the VW before the Turks could gun him down in case any had been listening.

On to Trabzon

They left Van continuing on to Ağrı, then past Eleşkirt to the spring where they filled up Kurosh's five gallon plastic water container. Again they spewed anger over naming the spring *Ataturk çesmesi* after the evil dictator Ataturk who hated Islam and everything else that was good about Turkey. Onward to Erzerum where they picked up a few honeycombs then off towards the village of Bayburt. Selim again expounded his vast information about the area noting that for centuries Trabzon, Ezerum and Tabriz were landmarks on the important caravan land routes from Europe to Central Asia. Trabzon was a center of Greco-Roman contact to Central Asia and a vacation spot for Romans who called it Bethenia. Selim went on to explain that it was through Trabzon that Italian merchants acquired Persian goods and later was a main land route for British trade. Some of the monuments still standing in Trabzon are the old city walls and part of the Palace of the Grand Comneni of medieval times and several Byzantine churches which were later revised into mosques. Both scholars despised Greeks and Romans for their paganism, idolatry and evil mother goddess cults with enforced premarital child prostitution as opposed to the enlightened rule of the benevolent Persian emperors who were cited in the Bible for their willingness to serve the one true God when even the chosen Israelites would abandon Him. Greeks and Romans worshiped the body, their bodies, with which they exercised their phony 'freedom' to commit all manner of the most degrading sins. The Persians offered mankind the true Lord of Light *Ahuramazda* and knowledge of the opposing God of Darkness *Ahriman* who must be avoided and not worshipped in pagan form as did the evil Greeks and Romans.

They entered the town and passed the bazaar which mainly dealt in modern goods seeming to lack a selection of carpets and handcrafts then they turned back towards the city center on Kavameydan Cadde. As they slowly cruised along the small street, a tiny shop with musical instruments hanging in the window caught Kurosh's eye. "Look" said Peter "should we stop and check it out?" Kurosh replied "by all means, we shouldn't miss a chance like this now that we have come all the way up here." They parked and went into the shop where an energetic old man was sanding away on the long neck of a *saz*. He smiled and motioned to the two chairs cramped against the wall and invited in Turkish "please sit down." Then after a few moments he put down the instrument and asked one of the fellows sitting against the other wall to bring some tea which Kurosh politely refused and then he sat on a chair across from the scholars and began stringing the instrument occasionally glancing at the guests then finally asking where they were from. Kurosh answered "*Iranda oturiyoruz* (we live in Iran)." The craftsman asked "*Tahrán?*" and Kurosh replied "*evet, arkadashim yazar dir ve ben sazında* (yes, my friend is a writer and I'm an instrumentalist)."

The instrument maker's eyes lit up as all the Turks in the shop smiled. "*Sazında?*" he exclaimed adding "*ben Istanbulda sazında edim.*" Then he went on to explain more about when he was an instrumentalist in Istanbul and how he made instruments for many of the top radio artists during the 30 years he worked there. He handed his card to Kurosh which read '*Mehmet Hamzaoglu, saz ustası.*' He said he had set up shop in Trabzon about five years ago and musicians come from Erzerum to buy his instruments. "Most of the radio artists in Erzerum got their instruments from me" he proudly declared in Turkish twisting loops in the *saz* wires. Kurosh inquired in Turkish "do you only have different size *saz* or do you make other instruments?" I make *kemençe* as well" he answered. Of course, he knew the *kemençe* as the native instrument of the Black Sea coast played on two strings at once creating a constant harmony in 4ths or 5ths. Kurosh asked about *saz* prices and was told that the *maydan* or *divan saz* like the one that

was being sanded was about 500 *lira* which equaled about 250 *toman* at that time; the *bağlama* which was a bit smaller was 100 to 200 *lira* and the *cura* or small *saz* was 50.

“Do you have a *bağlama* for around 100?” Kurosh ventured then was told “I have one at home for 200” which he said he could bring by later. Kurosh asked what type of wood was best for *saz* making and was told “*dut, yalnız dut* (mulberry, only mulberry).” Then he added that the neck is of juniper. He went over to a small desk and rumaged through a box producing thin wooden plectrums declaring in Turkish “the *mezrab* is made from cherry bark.” On his way back to his chair against the wall, he picked up a flat piece of wood and held it up against the light. “See this, you can see light through it. It’s only about two millimeters thick; that’s how the surface of the soundbox has to be.”

Mehmet finally had all the strings in place on an instrument he was completing and began tuning the *saz* as everyone watched in silent interest. He sat back and finished tuning as a young fellow came in and eagerly blurted in Turkish “ah you’ve finished it!” Mehmet smiled and introduced Kurosh to the young customer telling him “this is Ali, a musician from Tehran.” Soon they were friends and chatted while Mehmet fine-tuned the new instrument. Then suddenly he struck out a few notes and silence fell over the small sawdust-filled room. He smirked like a little boy about to tell a story and then tore into an exciting rendition of *Kaşık Havası* or the ‘Spoon Tune’ as the jingling hum of the strings reverberated through everyone’s bones. While the onlookers were still entranced, Mehmet began another familiar tune. Kurosh queried in Turkish “is it *Hermendali Zebek*?” Mehmet smiled and confirmed “*evet*” as the others mumbled “*biliyor*” indicating that Kurosh knew the music. As Ustas Mehmet played on, thumping the soundbox every two beats and freely using the thumb of his left hand to grasp the low strings, Kurosh felt as if he could stay there all day but was reminded by Selim that they had to get to the consulate.

After fond farewells and Kurosh distributing his harmless Turkish informational pamphlets about Mormonism to his new friends, Kurosh and Selim went to the Iranian consulate as Kurosh again complained why would they put one way up on the Black Sea instead of Erzerum. The two scholars were rewarded for their arduous trip by the extremely hospitable courtesy extended to them by the Iranian consul and his assistant. The visa was finished quickly and then they were invited into the office for a pleasant chat. They learned that since there were only two Turkish consulates in Iran, Turkey reciprocally allowed only two Iranian consulates in Turkey. Kurosh asked in Farsi “wouldn’t it be possible to have a small office in Erzerum or have someone drop down there every few days to stamp passports then have the Turks set up a small office in the area of Bazargan on their side?” Their faces revealed that it was a good idea but the present system was already in place.

They left and drove around town before the trip back to Tehran and Selim mentioned that Trabzon was a logical former visa spot for travelers coming by boats on the Black Sea since in past eras the Trabzon to Erzerum route was very popular. The present inhabitants seemed to be dominated by a Caucasian or East European look with many cases of light complexion and blue or green eyes. It reminded Kurosh of the Iranian Caspian coastal provinces of Gilan or Mazandaran. They returned to the instrument shop and Mehmet had brought the *bağlama saz* from his house. Kurosh looked in his wallet and realized that with the gas costs to get back to Iran, he really couldn’t spend more than 150 *lira*. When he explained the problem, Mehmet thought for a moment and was advised by the others in the shop to give Kurosh a break. He played a couple of tunes then handed Kurosh the *saz* acquiescing in Turkish “alright, since you are also a musician, you can have it for 150.”

As Kurosh was examining the instrument, Mehmet encouraged “*çal Ali çal!*” The others chimed in agreeing that Kurosh should play something. So he tried a couple of choruses of the Spoon Tune while everyone in the shop offered encouraging remarks. They left the shop and their new friends who trailed along to the car sharing promises to write. They drove off to Bayburt for a lunch stop and then on to

Erzerum, then the next day Tabriz and back to Tehran. Not long after the trip, Kurosh was able to use his new *saz* as well as his father's Albert system clarinet for a TV special on Turkish music he produced. He organized his all-girl Turkish band with three girls from the *Honarestan*: Shahla on *qanun*, Malihe on *oud*, Linda on *dumbek* and his friend Parvin on tambourine for the highly successful program. The Turkish embassy lent Kurosh traditional clothing for the show which was a big success.

Chapter 15

Jamming with Jazzman Tony Scott in Sunny Italy

Kurosh got up to visit the WC, passing various travelers mostly peacefully snoozing in their seats or flat on a row of seats in the center with the arms folded up. He smiled and kindly greeted the few who were not fully asleep or were reading. On the way back he gave his stewardess a kind squeeze on the shoulder and she answered with a loving look and cheery smile. Before Kurosh reestablished himself on his temporary bed, he glanced out the window and noticed the sea still below and was reminded of the wonderful paid vacation he had on the coast of southern Italy invited by a wealthy Italian businessman jazz fan.

Lovable Businessmen Aldo D'Amato

It was the result of one of his better jazz concerts at the IAS where upscale arts aficionados would gather to enjoy classy music arranged by Kurosh as their part-time music advisor. He had his jazz combo of Armenian-Iranians he had trained to play fairly good cool jazz: Hovik on piano, Armik on Guitar, Heros on bass and Varoj on drums. Kurosh was playing amazing Giuffre style clarinet with Coltrane overtones belting out *If I were a Bell* and *Summertime* in the Miles Kind of Blue tradition. Hovik was sounding like Bill Evans with moments of Horace Silver like Kurosh had taught him and everyone in the audience was enjoying the mellow sophisticated sounds. Kurosh also did some of his Oriental Jazz blends using the *santur* and *oud* much to the amazement of the guests many of whom had not been following his weekly prime-time TV series and were not aware of his East-West blends. During a break, a kind and intelligent Italian gentleman with fluent English came up and shook Kurosh's hand asking "would you like to come to Italy to play some of this music?" Kurosh answered that he was always enthusiastic about sharing his music but couldn't afford such a trip. The Italian gentleman, Aldo D'Amato, explained "don't worry, I will fly you there and take care of your hotel and food." Kurosh gazed in amazement asking "when?" Aldo responded "in a couple of months, this summer." Kurosh thought for a moment and realized that he didn't have any big responsibilities until the Shiraz Arts Fest, no huge concerts and he had taped TV shows for several months in advance. So he agreed.

A few weeks later, Aldo sent Kurosh a roundtrip ticket in care of the Iran America Society and Kurosh began to figure out what he was taking so far as instruments and clothes. He had been able to carry on a *santur* and *oud* on Pan Am since the 747s had plenty of storage space and their flights were not usually full. Clothing and other items like his clarinet, tapes and a couple of records would be stuffed into two checked suitcases. When the date of departure came up, Kurosh asked his dear friend and vocal master Karimi to drive him to the airport and off he went to Rome first changing to Alitalia for a short flight to Milano. In Milano, two classy gentlemen came up and asked if he was Mr. Miller (which he decided was an easier name to use in Italy) and then drove him to the train station furnishing

him with a first class ticket with instructions how to get to Bologna and transfer to a local train to Cesena (pronounced chezena) where Aldo would meet him and drive him to the Adriatic resort town of Milano Marittima. Lloyd had to give the porter 500 *lira*, about a whole 80 cents in those days, which was still 8 times what they would charge in Afghanistan or the Subcontinent. The first-class car was more like a fancy hotel lobby. A polished well-dressed gentleman was sitting in the plush upholstered seat next to Lloyd and chatted about how the world was becoming more decadent, especially America and Lloyd agreed wholeheartedly.

In Bologna, he had to hire a porter to help him haul all his stuff across the tracks to where the train to Cesena was ready to leave. But this train was stuffed to the brim, not even standing room was available. He struggled with his two instruments and suitcases assisted by the porter to the baggage car where there was no room not even for one more suitcase. He desperately tried to communicate in fake Italian he made up by smooching French and high school Spanish together finally convincing the old baggage man to concede to one suitcase. Then a big strong Italian kid and his friends grabbed Lloyd's other suitcase and instruments and pushed them into the WC, the only unoccupied space; then they all helped to pull and squeeze him onto the train where everyone was frozen like sardines for the trip to Cesena. The young people on the train were simple country folk but warm and friendly singing songs and enjoying the adventure.

Finally in Cesena, he was relieved to see Aldo's familiar face and to finally place himself and his things into a nice big car, again thanks to a little help from his young Italian train mates. After a wonderful Italian dinner at the station restaurant, they drove to Milano Marittima and the fancy Hotel Rio where Lloyd was to stay. It was like a dream for a starving jazzman who had been roughing it in Iran, Afghanistan, Turkey and Lebanon for years and who remembered Europe in more uncomfortable times. The next morning, Aldo met him for a sumptuous breakfast then over to the Cervia Yacht Club where they took a small pole-driven ferry then boarded Aldo's beautiful sloop. Lloyd's minimal experience sailing prams on the Todd Island crawl key in the 50s came in handy as he helped string up the jib before they motored out to sea. Aldo gave Lloyd the rudder and hoisted the mainsail then the jib. After an afternoon of sailing, they brought their boat back to port and went to dinner. So Aldo and Lloyd became boat buddies, sailing almost every day and enjoying hanging out in nice restaurants. The next day, Aldo took him to the popular Pineta club for an audition hoping that the owner would be interested in hiring him.

He started before noon playing jazz piano, some *santur*, Afghan *dutar* with vocal and *oud*. Small groups of audience members came and went seeming to appreciate the music. But when the owner showed up, he affirmed that he needed a pop pianist like the last one he had, a slick commercial phony who sang really silly Italian pop tunes and chatted with audiences in Italian. Lloyd was definitely not that kind of musician. The owner, Lucky, acknowledged that he was good but some of his instruments were "*molto strano* (really weird), which was actually the point. Needless to say, he didn't get hired there or anywhere else in the Cervia/Milano Marittima resort area and Aldo was disappointed that no one could see the potential of his skills and excellent musicianship except some of his local jazz club friends. Aldo had established jazz clubs in various towns during his life. At twenty he founded the Hot Jazz Club in Venice then later the Hot Jazz Club of Bari followed by one in Verona.

Cool Clarinet Cat Tony Scott

One evening they returned to the Pineta where famous worldclass jazz clarinetist Tony Scott was playing with his combo that included Romano Mussolini, *figlio del Dolce* (son of the Sweet One, Mussolini himself). Aldo and Lloyd were sitting when a big guy with a straw hat purposefully strode in; it was Tony. Lloyd stood up and warmly shook his hand noting that he also was a clarinet man and had long been a fan especially of Tony's Eastern work most notably the Japan LP. Tony immediately noticed the two LPs Lloyd had brought along, *Oriental Jazz* and *Jazz at the U of U* which he grabbed and studied. He was excited to meet another jazzman who was into Eastern music. He took Lloyd's arm and said, "come on, let's go to the restaurant." As he pulled Lloyd along, Aldo waved goodbye assuring "you're in good hands now." Tony ordered a big plush vegetarian meal and the two feasted and chatted about music, the jazz scene in Italy and America and other subjects. Tony spoke Italian because his family was from southern Italy; the original name was Sciacca which was simplified to Scott. So Antonio Sciacca had become Tony Scott.

Lloyd and Tony shared stories of being miraculously saved in car incidents. Lloyd told about the miracle of his car driving itself over the deadly pass to Pülümür in Turkey and the time he dozed for a moment and flopped a few feet below onto a side road instead of many meters down the sea cliff between Komotene and Kanthi on the Greek coast. Tony told of the time his car slid down a perpendicular incline and didn't turn over. Another time he was dozing off when he felt a hand reach inside his chest and wake him up. Then they shared some of their lines of poetry which were very similar with traditional rhyming and solid rhythm. Tony said he wanted to do something with Middle Eastern music and Lloyd invited him to drop by Tehran. Tony, like Lloyd, was enamored with Armenian *duduk* and Lloyd noted that on his two LPs he approximated the *duduk* sound with his Albert clarinet. The two were enthusiastically woven into deep conversation when Romano came in and warned that it was time to start playing at the Pineta. Lloyd was amazed that Tony did a lot of the same things he did, singing hard blues, scattin' rhythm patterns and generally entertaining but not commercializing. After the gig at the Pineta, they went over to the Mini Club to play some more until 2:30 in the morning.

The next day Lloyd visited Tony at his room in the high rise Rosela; then they went over to Lloyd's hotel where he demonstrated *santur*, *oud* and *dutar*. Tony really liked the *santur* and wondered if Lloyd could find a good *santur* player in Tehran who could be on a jazz blend LP. Then Tony looked through the books Lloyd had written, his jazz scores and Eastern music theory text. He was impressed with Lloyd's calligraphy and was amazed that he could write so much music and couldn't read it himself. Tony said "I can't understand it man, what are you doing, you should have a gig, man; you ought to be working, man." They went over the club and Tony asked the bar tender to put on Lloyd's tapes of the music from his LPs. Tony liked Lloyd's clarinet playing, especially the trad jazz things. He obviously liked the cool jazz stuff but kidded Lloyd putting on an angry voice "hey man you come to Tony Scott with Giuffre?" Then Tony had Lloyd sit at the piano and demonstrate his various styles like cool, blues, boogie, New Orleans and Persian with two index fingers. Then Lloyd did a longer slow dirty blues during which Tony sang along. Afterwards Tony declared "man I gotta find you some work. Why don't we blow some gigs around the Middle East?" They had dinner at their favorite restaurant and Lloyd promised to come to the Pineta to hear Tony at midnight. Tony thought for a minute then said "come at 11 and bring all your axes and we'll show old Lucky how good you really are." Lloyd timidly agreed then went to the Rio to rest and practice a little.

Peerless Performance at the Pineta

A little before 11 p.m., Tony went upstairs and got Lucky to come down to see something special. Then when Lloyd came in, Tony had him sit down at the piano and Tony took his clarinet and they blew some wonderful jazz. Then Tony sat down at the piano and Lloyd got his clarinet for some honkin' hard blues. Tony had a nice boogie technique and got the whole place rockin.' Then Romano came back to the piano, the bass man and drummer joined while Tony dueled with Lloyd on clarinet with playing way beyond their usual abilities until the crowd went wild. Then both Lloyd and Tony joined Romano on the piano for some six handed insanity, Tony doing a boogie bass on the low notes and Lloyd plinking wild licks on high notes while Romano comped with hard hitting sizzling chords. The crazy set ended with both Tony and Lloyd blasting wild clarinet lines together weaving in and out up and down and into oblivion crashing down to a finale that left the audience clapping their hands sore. Lucky couldn't help but smile approval; but after the set when Tony challenged him to hire Lloyd who was already in town and would play for much less than the slick phony piano guy, Lucky said Lloyd didn't have any personality. Lloyd thought that was pretty funny coming for a glum grumpy dead-pan fat little unfriendly guy. It was a fun incident to remember anytime Lloyd needed a laugh during future months. Tony muttered while packing up his clarinet "this is sure a messed up world, a cat like you not working, it sure is a goofed up world." He added, "man, I take care of my family first but if you ever are really down, I'll send you a few bucks." Lloyd gave Tony a hug and said "don't worry man, God will surely bless you for your good heart and I'll get by. I may have to live to be 120 years old to ever get a real break if even then. Aldo rushed up after chatting with his jazz club friends and gave Lloyd an Italian kiss on the cheek and a hug raving about how great the session was. Then one of Aldo's jazz club pals started chatting with Lloyd wondering why he came to Italy questioning "perché?" Aldo jumped in and proudly declared "*per suonare al Pineta* (to play at the Pineta)."

You da Guru

The last days that Lloyd was in town, he and Tony hung out a lot listening to Persian and Afghan classical music. Tony loved one sample of *santur* and Persian classical vocal and wanted to do something like that on a future album. Lloyd suggested that since Tony had an LP called "Music for Zen Meditation" and was planning "Music for Yoga Meditation" together they could cut an album called "Music for Sufi Meditation." Tony exuberated "I was just thinking of something like that." Lloyd had a few extra intricately embroidered Afghan men's shirts that Tony liked and bought at a good price to help Lloyd out. Tony tried to convince Aldo to do more for Lloyd like sponsor an LP of some great Eastern jazz blends for which Tony would help advise and maybe play on a few tunes. He declared to Aldo "this guy is a real saint, a holy man, a musical prophet; we need to help him." Lloyd was embarrassed to death and knew he was far from even half good, forget holy. No LP ever happened then or for decades later. The only LP that stood to represent Lloyd's work was the 1960s Oriental Jazz record that found its way along the hash route all the way to Katmandu and to other locations around the world and finally became a rare sought after item from the year 2,000 selling for up to \$600 a copy. Lloyd originally gave away hundreds of the LPs when no one understood or wanted the weird music. He even bribed people with free dinner or other gifts to make them take the albums.

But Tony promised Lloyd "some day you're gonna make it." When Tony died in 2007, his promise hadn't come true. But in Italy, Tony and Lloyd had a wonderful summer exchange of mutual musical concepts and many fun moments. One afternoon, Tony and Lloyd were wandering along a

path into the pines and discussing life. Lloyd told Tony “you’re my guru, a four letter word spouting rough and tumble yet humble guru.” Tony objected “no, man, you’re my guru.” Lloyd protested that Tony was the guru and Tony argued that Lloyd was until they both backed down with a truce that they were a combined guru. Then Tony went on about how someday jazzmen and fans would seek the path where the great gurus and clarinet virtuosi wandered in the pines and someday later fans would develop a religion based on their philosophies. Their followers might be called “Pine-heads” and many would come to touch the bench Tony and Lloyd sat and be healed, become jazz virtuoso performers or maybe their cars would miraculously run without gas.

The last few days of Lloyd’s visit, Tony went sailing with Lloyd and Aldo a few times; they sat around Aldo’s plush apartment to dig cool jazz albums and they all became very close friends. The last night that Tony was booked at the Pineta, Lloyd and Aldo went to cheer him on. Before the first set, Lloyd notice three the girls who often came to see Tony were sitting across from him so he mustered up the courage to ask “*come va?* (how’s it going)” To which they replied positively then one asked in Italian how long he had been mostly on a fruit and vegetable diet. He understood the question but not why she would ask it. The other girl with long black hair asked him in French and he responded in French and then Italian that it had been ten years. They chatted for a while as Lloyd conjured up enough Italian to get by. During the last set, Aldo asked Tony if Lloyd could sit in. Tony said he would fix something and then called Saints as the last tune and asked Lloyd to come up and sing it. Tony sang in harmony then scatted a chorus which instigated a wild scat chorus from Lloyd, they traded choruses then fours then twos scating like maniacs then let loose together in outrageous screaming counterpoint before it turned to trad jazz for the finale with two clarinets going wild. The piece initiated mass calls of encore from the wildly applauding audience so Tony told Romano to take a break and ordered Lloyd to do some boogie piano and had all the audience clapping along. Then Lloyd played a beautiful romantic rendition of Lover Man joined by Tony’s breathy and sensitive clarinet including some nice low register work, maybe an occasional touch of Giuffre who no jazz clarinet man could totally ignore not even if they were the great world renowned Tony Scott.

After the gig, almost everyone in the club came up and shook Lloyd’s hand complimenting him in Italian as he tried to answer intelligently. The title of *maestro* had been attached to Lloyd and was passed among the regulars at the Pineta, the Rio and everywhere Lloyd roamed. While everyone was packing up, Lloyd had a chance to talk to Romano who was a kind and mellow fellow. When he went around town with Tony and Lloyd, little old ladies would constantly run up to him and declare how much they loved his dad and how they missed him. He was sort of a celebrity and a star just for being the son of a popular former leader before anyone knew how well he played jazz piano. Lloyd mentioned how his own mom and her best friend did a demonstration fencing match for his dad’s brown shirts and they went wild at seeing two girls fencing so well. Romano suggested that he and Lloyd do some concerts sometime when Lloyd came back to Italy and had Lloyd write down Romano’s Rome address on Viale Libia. When Romano, Lloyd and Tony where kidding around once, Lloyd suggested that if Romano’s dad was *Il Dolce*, then Tony should be *Il Calvo* (the Baldy) and Lloyd would be *Il Pazzo* (the Crazy). Or since Romano was *Figlio del Dolce* then Lloyd should be *Figlio di Cagna* or S.O.B.

Arrivaderci Amici

Before Lloyd was to leave to return to Tehran, Aldo insisted he check out some of the good bargains on Italian leather good. They went to a few shops and vendors where Lloyd found a very

reasonable chic purse he decided to buy and later decided to give it to his vocal idol Parisa in Tehran. Then he found a pair of great loafers that looked like a millionaire should be wearing them. With his rundown beat-up over eight year old shoes with holes in the bottom, the back and the sides, Aldo saw that Lloyd's most urgent need was shoes. Lloyd noticed another pair of black shoes that were only about \$10. The vendor offered the tan loafers for a reduced price of under \$15. Lloyd asked why these classy shoes were so reasonable and was told "*è finito il modello* (the style is finished)." Aldo offered that if Lloyd bought the black shoes, Aldo would buy him the tan ones. He felt awful accepting any more favors from the kind man who had been too good to him already. But Aldo had 10,000 Lira out already, so Lloyd reluctantly added his funds and the shoes were his. The next day Aldo insisted that Lloyd visit historical Ravenna, which represented old Italy and was replete with Middle Eastern type art and architecture. In Ravenna, Lloyd noticed two churches with adjacent tall towers much like minarets, Persian type weaving and inlay boxes and men's attire of a brown robe as worn by Islamic clerics with the waste sash and fez-like round hat. Lloyd wandered around Ravenna for a few hours then caught a train back to Milano Marittima and the Rio.

The final day as Lloyd was checking out at the front desk of the Rio, he turned to be stunned by an unbelievable charming girl with beautiful long hair, luscious lips and stunning sparkling eyes. Their gaze fixed like a trance on each other as they tried to converse. She had heard him play the night before and noted that Lloyd was *molto gentile e simpatico* (very polite and sympathetic) while he observed that she was *molto amabile e splendida* (very lovable and beautiful). She said that she was just checking in while he regretted that he was just leaving town. Starting to go their separate ways, they gazed forlornly at each other then she remorsefully philosophized "*è peccato, molto peccato* (it's a pity, real pity)." They both chuckled sadly before she suddenly fastened a long meaningful kiss on his lips shocking him into almost dropping the keys he was returning as he blurted *ma che cosa?* (but what?). From the hotel door, Aldo called to Lloyd to bring his things to the car where the two suitcases had already been loaded in the trunk. Lloyd glanced one last time at the mysterious girl that he would never get to know and smiled "*arrivaderci mia cara* (goodbye my darling)" as he wistfully collected his instruments and wandered towards the door of the Rio for the last time as his newly found but immediately lost Italian dream girl tearfully sputtered a forlorn "*ciao.*" As Aldo's car drove through the Italian countryside, Lloyd watched the greenery pass by being thankful for a wonderful musically rich vacation even if he did find a potential ideal girlfriend too late.

Chapter 16.

Stop off in Beirut in the late 1950s

Lloyd meditatively glared at the ceiling of the 747 pacified by the pleasant purring of the engines wondering how many times he had missed out on warm loving physical exchanges with amazingly beautiful young women because of his philosophy of celibacy outside of marriage. But he also wondered at how many times he had been blessed by divine providence and saved from potential disasters. Remembering the pleasant Italian Adriatic seacoast reminded him of his first trip towards the west from his initial wild year in Iran in the late 50s, a trip to Beirut where his parents would try to install Lloyd as a college kid at the American University of Beirut. They were also worried that since he had found a source for his drug experimentation with hash and opium in Tehran that they needed to once again remove him from potential problems. Part of the problem was that his parents had been so busy with their social climbing in the southern California scene that they couldn't be bothered with

him or his sister who were just excess baggage. They tried to offer wonderful opportunities for developing various skills and talents to Lloyd; but just a little TLC instead of ugly parties with rowdy drunken slobs would have done a lot to develop a more balanced rather than a bitter angry youngster.

Lloyd was leaving Tehran just as he was beginning to fit in and enjoy life there. He just took items he would need for a year at the AUB in case he was accepted and his parents were to send everything else back to Glendale when they returned there a year later. His dad had convinced the AUB to give Lloyd a chance even if his high school credentials were not very convincing (no mention that his mom had to finish his course work). They arrived in Beirut, which was a stopover for Lloyd's parents on their way to be tourists in Egypt for a couple of weeks. Lloyd's dad had arranged for him to stay at the AUB dorm and paid for two weeks room and board with the promise that he would take care of any additional days. His dad gave Lloyd \$50 in spending money because he wouldn't need much past his room and board. When his parents left for Egypt they asked him if he was sure he didn't want to go along and he assured them that he wasn't at all interested. Lloyd hated any exaggerated touristy trap places and he thought Egypt with the stupid Sphinx, the touristy pyramids and disgusting belly dancers was the last place on earth he wanted to visit except maybe the Australian outback or the South Pole. He knew that Beirut had a couple of copycat repulsive belly dancers; but he was planning to avoid anything to do with them. Although he was still shackled by sin, he hated the whole fake Hollywood negatively stereotypical promulgation of sexually explicit images that objectify women in the crassest manner. So Lloyd chose to stay in Beirut and check out the AUB and the possible jazz scene there.

His parents had made friends with another American family at the Phoenicia Hotel and had planned to have lunch and visit some tourist spots in Beirut. Lloyd was happy to be on his own, so he wandered through the plush lobby of the hotel and tried to use some of his basic Persian when necessary. He found that some words in Persian that were of Arabic origin would work in various situations like *kebrit* for 'match' and several more. He changed the five dollars his dad gave him and studied the green five *lira* notes with the familiar heart shaped number five. Those five pound notes seemed like the green Persian 50 *rial* notes and he was able to calculate that they were similar in value, both something like a glorified high powered one dollar bill. He wandered out the door of the hotel into the winding street past interesting shops and stopped at a *filafil* stand where there were serving strange fried burger-like substance rolled up in a slab of fat bread with white sauce, tomatoes and parsley. Lloyd tried the treat and was enjoying the interesting favor when a short chubby fellow began to joke with him about politics, cars, movie stars, American girls, etc. When Lloyd went to pay for his meal, his new friend forbade him stating "*ahlen*, welcome, you are a guest here." Then he took Lloyd by the arm, led him to a cab and invited him to ride to the city center with him, also as a guest. They arrived at the town center called the Borj where his new friend dropped him off and promised to invite him for dinner some time. Lebanese hospitality was similar to what Lloyd had experienced in Iran for his year there. Lloyd wandered around availing himself of delicious fresh-squeezed orange juice and other interesting treats.

As he walked towards the hotel, myriads of taxis like vultures honked and yelled trying to get a fare. Lloyd waved them aside until finally one driver in a Mercedes somehow conned him into getting in with the line "geev you cheep ride an tour." Lloyd was suspicious but the short sneaky driver kept pressing him to climb in. As they slowly drove along, occasionally the driver droned "here ees beech, here is Hamra" taking the very long way to the hotel. Finally at the hotel, Lloyd offered a five Lira note hoping to get at least half back but the driver nastily insisted "twenty five lira!" Lloyd had nothing like that and protested that he didn't have it. The driver glared at him yelling "geev me the money" until Lloyd reached into his pocket and found two Iranian ten *rial* coins with the number written on

them in Arabic writing hoping the driver would think ten was a lot. He yelled “how much ess worth eet?” to which Lloyd blurted “more than you asked for” as he jumped out of the cab and scampered into the hotel. He found his parents and sat at their table pale and frightened. His parents grilled him until he told the scary story as a waiter listened and then stated “you are lucky, some Americans get kidnapped by cab drivers, robbed and killed. It’s all because to the horrible things Israel has done to Palestinian families. Some of them who had nice homes and jobs before their country was usurped are now very bitter cab drivers and are really mad at America for supporting Israel.” Lloyd perked up and blurted “but I don’t like how those mean Israelis murder innocent families to steal their land, it’s horrible.” A fat disagreeable New York Jew at the bar turned and glared; so Lloyd looked at him and added “the Jews I’ve known are great people and sensitive intellectuals; I can’t understand who these cruel heartless Israelis are.”

Cool Sounds at the Caves de Roy

After dinner, Lloyd said he was going out to find any jazz groups that might be in town. He sped off before his parents could talk him out of it since they never supported his music activities. He was lucky to discover the Caves du Roy (Caves of the King) in the nearby Excelsior Hotel where a fairly good band was playing. Lloyd entered the swanky club and ordered a beer. He was able to make that beer last three hours. During the break, he went over to the musicians and began charming them and soon became friends. When the bandleader found out Lloyd was a jazz pianist he asked him to sit in next set. The regular pianist was happy to get a break so he could flirt with the bar maids. The band was composed of an Italian drummer, a Greek guitarist, the French leader on vibes and occasionally vocals, a German bassist and a Spanish trumpet man. They had a nice jazz feeling, but most of their arrangements were fairly commercialized. Everyone knew Lloyd’s tunes like Nearness of You, Autumn Leaves, Foggy Day, Moonlight in Vermont, the inevitable Blues in F, etc. The hard-core jazz standards like Doxy and Dig, Lloyd took the lead and the band picked them up quickly.

During the next break, the bandleader asked Lloyd “eh man, you write sharts?” Lloyd affirmed that he was an arranger and then was asked to do a few scores for the band. The band, out of respect for Lloyd’s piano playing, ordered him a huge meal, drinks and cigarettes. He wasn’t much of a smoker in those days but appreciated the kindness. He became good friends with the manager who offered Lloyd the job of solo pianist in the afternoons and on the band’s night off if he wanted to stay in Beirut. But Lloyd wasn’t really interested in playing for slobby drunken Yankees who were a large percentage of the audience. Lloyd played a few more sets even surprising everyone by borrowing the trumpet and blowing a great blues chorus. At the end of the evening, Lloyd floated back to the hotel in ecstasy; he had been accepted by a great band and they wanted his charts. The next days, Lloyd visited several night clubs sitting in with various groups and soon all the musicians in town were aware of the amazing American jazzman who played several instruments and wrote arrangements. Every afternoon Lloyd worked on the four arrangements for the guys at the Caves.

Local Ethnic Performing Arts

Two days later, Lloyd was sitting in a downtown sidewalk café copying off parts when an old Turkish man who was spooning thick black coffee in a little cup, invited Lloyd to his table. Soon a Greek joined them then an Armenian. They communicated in Turkish or French and occasionally one would explain what they were talking about to Lloyd in English. He soon learned that they were

musicians who played Eastern music at a large club near the beach. He knew that place which was on the ocean side of a curve in the street where his hotel was. They were interested in Lloyd's music arranging and asked him to do a piece for them. But since their instruments were *oud*, *qanun*, *clarinet*, *dumbek* and sometimes violin, he couldn't figure out the keys and how to write for them. And a jazz standard might sound silly on mostly string instruments. Suddenly a jovial jestful Arab with twinkling eyes joined the group and was introduced as the drummer who played *dumbek*. Lloyd stayed a while listening to them chatter in French then excused himself to join his parents for a late lunch at the hotel. The *dumbek* player instructed Lloyd to meet him that night because he wasn't working; another group was performing for a show at the club. He said he wanted to show Lloyd real Eastern culture and girls; "you can geet girl for loving," he chuckled as Lloyd winced and forced an apprehensive smile.

That night after finishing work on his arrangements and playing some piano with the group in a small backroom club downtown, Lloyd met his new friend at their appointed rendezvous in front of the Phoenicia. The drummer Atif introduced Lloyd to his sidekick Amir and they all headed off towards the center of town. They walked along the winding street to the Borj then turned left towards the sea. About half way to the seaside, Atif led them down a narrow alley way and then an even narrower one past enclosed yards, antique doors and tiled clay walls. They stopped in front of a weatherworn carved door and Atif banged the old metal knocker. After a few minutes, an aged gentleman creaked open the door and the three were admitted to a small courtyard. On the other side of the courtyard they were admitted to another doorway where they climbed a squeaky wooden stairway to the top then ducked under a low archway into a tiny room.

In the corner of the room, an elderly blind man was tuning a *qanun* while a skinny pock-marked middle-aged fellow puffing on a water pipe reached for his violin in its weathered open case by his side. Nearby a small boy was moving a ceramic *dumbek* counter clockwise over a kerosene lamp hoping that the skin would tighten after having sunk in the cool damp seaside air. The musicians finished their preparations then started a slow introductory melody. As Lloyd and his friends sipped tea or spooned thick coffee, the music became more emotion-filled when the *qanun* player took a long *taksim* or rhythm-free solo in waves with logical beautiful passages of repetitive patterns, which emphasized specific important notes through constant reference. The emphasized note changed a couple of times moving upward in the modal scale similar to the Persian music Lloyd had grown so fond of during his year in Tehran. Following the *qanun* solo, the violinist took over with an equally inspiring rendition of the same type of phraseology weaving a melodic web with occasional slurs and slides extracting a tone more like a skin-covered ethnic folk fiddle than a violin. From time to time Lloyd's friends and others in the audience would exclaim "ey" or "ahsan" and other some other encouragements to the performers who wound through various sequences slightly altering notes in the minor scale from time to time. Then a lilting rhythm from the *dumbek* joined by Atif, who found a large nearby tambourine with big brass discs, got the audience members heads bobbing and hands clapping as the string instruments joined in a simple refrain.

Grotesque Jittery Jiggles by a Hoaxy Hollywood Hooker

As the rhythm became more throbbing and intense, the beat quickened and suddenly from behind a tattered dirty curtained archway to a side room in the corner opposite the musicians, a woman burst forth twirling and sexually shaking in wild abandon. The atmosphere suddenly changed to an abrasive crassness negating the beautiful esoteric placidity of the pensive prelude music and the musicians' expressions reflected an uneasy dismay that they had become the backdrop to a carnival circus act. The

woman was too chubby to be dancing, if it could even be called that, was bedecked with gross chunky pot metal jewelry including an ugly nose ring and she was made up like a Halloween ghoul or an Arab villainess in a bad Hollywood black and white Valentino film. Behind her see-through shawl, a potentially pretty but pockmarked face grimaced in exaggerated expressions as she attempted to tease and tantalize the audience. Lloyd thought it was more of a disgusting overdone comedy routine, a spoof on very low-grade bad American films and that was exactly what it was. Later Atif explained that any such silly so-called belly dance efforts in the Middle East came from Hollywood fantasy and was never seen anywhere except among a couple of insignificant prostitute clans left over from the pre-monotheistic times. It was from the ancient pagan mother goddess child prostitute cults that were so abhorrent to God and all religions that sought Him in his authentic form by completely rejecting the Baal and Astarte cult which had recently morphed into this disgusting belly dance fraud .

The ‘dancer’ spied Lloyd as a foreigner so she jiggled over to him and tried to tease him with exaggerated sexual undulations as he tried to avoid vomiting his filafil. She whipped her straggly unwashed hip-length hair across his face and rocked from side to side then jittered in a mad frenzy emitting nauseating body odor and dripping greasy sweat until the music came to a welcome halt. Lloyd was utterly revolted by the whole clown routine; but he tried not to let on so his friends wouldn’t feel bad. Then finally the sex star backed toward the archway from where she had invaded the room and, with a naughty sneer, glared at Lloyd and invited “*ahlan!*” He shot a questioning glance at his friends who nodded and motioned for him to go with her. He cringed in repulsion but tried to smile apprehensively as they continued to encourage him to follow her. So just to be polite, he slowly rose as they pushed him forward affirming “ees OK!” Lloyd reluctantly moved towards the fateful archway and ducked into the small side room where a floor mattress and a long tubular worn silken pillow loomed. A dim flickering lantern in the corner supplied a tentative light, which caused eerie shadows to dance on the dried clay walls. On a low inlaid table, an etched brass tray held a teapot and two small cups. Pointing to herself, the woman accosted Lloyd introducing herself “*ana Aisha, wa enta?*” Lloyd hesitantly muttered “*ana Ali*” using the name his friends assigned him back in Tehran. She poured tea into the small cups then produced a white cardboard box with red writing on the sides, opened it and offered Lloyd a sticky candy with walnut filling. She motioned for him to sit on the bed and as they were eating she began to undo her clothes and Lloyd quickly queried “*adash?* (how much?)” Somewhat disheartened at his crass mention of money so soon, she conceded “*’asra lira.*” Lloyd politely produced two green five *lira* bills, stuck them under the teapot and then sheepishly moved toward the archway and freedom. She grabbed his arm and tearfully questioned “*ma bidek?* (you don’t want?). He smiled kindly and answered “*la shukran ’azizati* (no thanks my dear)” and then whisked through the tattered cloth back into the main room. He returned to his place and was sipping coffee when Atif asked “good, no?” Then Amir followed with “you no stay long, really fast,” to which Lloyd refrained from any response then Atif bumped his shoulder against Lloyd’s kidding “really nice, no?” Lloyd refused to comment on the encounter with Aisha; she was a belly dancer and a hooker and he had absolutely no interest in any affiliation with either even if he had formerly been with a few of hookers when he first got to Tehran. But a belly dancer was more trashy than any of them and. Sure, he cared about people no matter what situation they were in, but not to the extent of supporting what he considered less than honorable activities.

Astounding Acrobatics at a Concert on the Cornish

After listening to another soulful *qanun* and violin *taksim*, the three friends left the room and

made their way down the rickety steps to the courtyard of the old compound. Atif urged “*yalla*, we have to geet to club, over on Cornish.” They quickly made their way through back alleys and finally bigger streets to the large Arab concert club where Atif worked. They entered and walked down the hallway a short distance then Atif stopped at the food service window and shouted an order. Soon two plates filled with Lebanese delicacies were produced. He shoved the plates in Lloyd and Amir’s hands and instructed “here take these and find table near stage; I have to geet ready for show.” Lloyd and Amir made their way through a jungle of tables where a variety of men and a few occasional scarved women were sitting sipping tea, spooning thick coffee and munching on sticky candies. Near the stage, a man in a red fez and baggy pants motioned to the two to join him. They sat as the cheerful chubby fellow offered them a tube from his water pipe. Lloyd took a couple of polite puffs but was more interested in the sweet smelling smoke from the adjoining table as the familiar aroma of hashish seeped into his nostrils. He shot a suspicious glance at the gentleman who seemed to be smoking it and the man smiled back asking “you know what ees?” Lloyd grinned broadly and confided “yes, I like it.” Then after glancing from side to side the man slowly slid a slender Lebanese cigarette across the table to Lloyd who carefully lifted it up noticing that it had been nearly emptied of tobacco and loaded with a familiar greenish brown chunk of hash. The man then scooted Lloyd a tiny box of those minute matches made of minuscule short pieces of straw with a little round blob of sulfur at the end. He lit up, took a couple of tokes and Amir noticed the familiar smell and askantly glanced at Lloyd who then felt obliged to share his newfound treasure. He passed the joint to Amir who drew in a couple of deep tokes before returning It; meanwhile their Druze table-mate in the red fez was so involved with his water pipe that he didn’t even notice, or at least he didn’t show he knew, what was going on.

Suddenly everyone’s attention was directed towards the musicians who appeared on the side of the stage then made their way to their stand at the right front side of the stage. They began tuning and soon were playing a familiar tune that everyone in the club was humming or clapping along to. The group broke into a fast cadence and the ambiance of suspense was broken by the entrance of the star of the evening, a certain Habiba. Lloyd couldn’t believe his eyes, she was at least 300 pounds and less than plain looking as she bubbled out on stage while Lloyd wondered if she might break a hole in it. The applause and screams were deafening and, even before she began her routine, some faithful fans had already plucked flowers from vases on their tables and tossed them toward the stage. She began her show by twirling about the stage as gracefully as a ninety-pound teenage ballerina. Not for a moment did anyone notice her huge blubbery form as she fluttered about the stage never tiring for what seemed like an hour. Much of her act consisted of unbelievable acrobatic contortions and pretzel tricks that she would deftly drift into and maintain for long stunning poses before jumping back into action then another pose. Nothing she did was at all like the degrading crass sexually explicit jiggling of the belly dancer in the back alley inner sanctum.

Although sometimes silly, her routine was stunning for its apparent unachievability. For her finale, she wrapped one big fat leg around her neck to the stunned thrill of the audience, then she stood up on her hands as everyone rose from their seats to cheer and clap for her. Then wrapping both legs around her neck, she stood up again on her hands then shifted to one hand and, for a second, on just three fingers before deftly rolling back on the stage, unraveling and standing for a quick bow before scampering off like a shy child. The seemingly one thousand screaming audience members who were throwing flowers, coins, coins wrapped in five, ten or twenty *lira* notes, couldn’t stop applauding and yelling for what seemed like fifteen minutes before they could calm down. The stage lights dimmed and the music subsided. Lloyd finally fell back into his chair still in stunned awe for a long time after everyone else had eventually filed out of the theater until Atif appeared to asked “so you like show,

right?” Lloyd couldn’t hardly answer but just said “unbelievable, and your band sounded great too.” On the walk back to the Phoenicia where Atif and Amir tendered lengthy fond farewells, Lloyd muttered a few more times how he couldn’t believe the acrobat and was really happy to see Lebanese culture and hear such great music.

Starving and Struggling Alone in Beirut

The next day, Lloyd’s parents finally left for Egypt but let Lloyd stay in the room at the Hotel Phoenicia before finally moving into the AUB dorm. This way he had a chance to wash all his clothes in the bathtub and hang them out the window to dry hoping that the fancy hotel wouldn’t notice and punish him for creating an eyesore. That evening Lloyd took his four newly written jazz scores over to the Caves du Roy. When he entered the club, everyone rushed to greet him. He was invited to the musicians’ table where he was offered the seat of honor, a fancy drink and a sumptuous meal. The musicians looked over their parts and seemed to be happy with them; so they slowly made their way to the bandstand to try out the new charts. Each piece flowed forth beautifully, emulating a combination of Shearing, Brubeck and the M.J.Q. The manager, barmaids, the band and a few tourist guests came over to the table to congratulate Lloyd and he was poured a glass of champagne to reward his arranging skills. During the break, the bandleader sat puffing on a strong French cigarette assuming the air of a businessman as the other musicians looked on hopefully. After a deep inhale and exhale of his pungent cig, the bandleader asked “zo *messeur* Lloyd, ow mush you van for eesh of zees shirts?” Lloyd looked from musician to musician as everyone was hanging in suspense to see if he would charge \$20, \$30 or maybe even \$50 apiece, maybe even more because they were really good arrangements like those on records of top jazz bands. Lloyd beamed his childish smile at everyone as they timidly yet apprehensively smiled back with worried eyes. “Listen Jaques” he said to the bandleader; “I am a musician our are a musician.” Jacques nodded nervously in agreement as Lloyd continued “you have invited me to play at this elegant world-class club, you let me play your vibes, the trumpet and my clarinet, you even let me flirt with the cute bar maids. You fed me, bought me drinks and smokes and treated my like family; how can I charge you money for these?” The musicians gazed in bewilderment as Lloyd continued. “Yea, I never expected any money, I am just glad you played my junk and are my friends.” Jacques couldn’t believe what he had just heard “*mais non*, Lloyd, you mus accept somesing, an what you mean zhunk?” Lloyd quickly changed the subject with “forget about it guys and let me play piano on the next set, OK.” Lloyd played his heart out that evening and heard his cool charts played a few more times before leaving with many thank yous from the band, the manager and the bar maids.

Hanging out at A.U.B.

The next two days, Lloyd spent repacking and hauling his huge suitcases one by one over to the A.U.B. dorm where he was to check out the University and see if he wanted to stay a year and study. At the dorm he met interesting guys from various countries and seemed to fit in quite well trying his modest efforts in various languages on some, discussing politics and philosophy with others and making the acquaintance of a black American who wanted to sing jazz. The two rehearsed Summertime when they could get access to the piano at the A.U.B. and planned to perform it at a school concert. Unfortunately at the concert, the singer decided to render it in the higher range and his voice kept crackling to the amusement of the audience who incessantly cackled thinking it was a

comedy. Needless to say, the two were so embarrassed that Lloyd's music possibilities at the U ended before the even started which indicated that he might not succeed as a student there. The few classes he visited where is rabid remarks against American 'culture' and imperialism and his boasting that he would never go back to that Yankee snake pit cesspool indicated to the university directors that he could be a problem on campus especially when he strongly sympathized with the plight of the Palestinians. Although he had several wonderful Jewish friends over the years and Jews had saved him several times when some bully was planning to beat him up, he had also experienced the occasional mean and obnoxious side of a few Jews and could completely understand how the worst of them could heartlessly murder thousands of families to steal their land and whatever else they could get. Whenever two or three Palestinians were shaking cans of coins out in front of the entrance to A.U.B. collecting funds to help the refugees, Lloyd would add a few *piastres* or even *liras* even though he also was in almost as bad financial straits as the refugees.

Realizing that he probably wouldn't be accepted at the U, Lloyd concentrated his efforts on writing music for the band at the Caves and also undertook arranging a full big band version of *A Night in Tunisia* that he felt was appropriate since he was visiting an Arab capital. He spend many hours at the A.U.B. poaching on the piano whenever possible or at various tables with his manuscript paper strewn about. When people would stop by and ask why he had music paper with no notes but only numbers, he would explain the system he learned at Westlake of notating by numbers until the parts were copied off. The complex arrangement would be a Kentonesque Shorty Rogers Dizzy Gillespie big band creation with a smattering stereotypical Arab musical and rhythmic quotes. Lloyd always hoped his arrangements would be played by someone somewhere and this chart was finally played by Stockholm's top big band and eventually premiered decades later by the Colorado Springs Symphony.

Roughing it in a Raunchy Rundown Room

When Lloyd's two prepaid weeks were up at the A.U.B. dorm, he was called into the office to talk with the official who was a different person than Mr. Williams who his dad had become friends with, likely a fellow Lions Club member. The manager kindly explained "well Lloyd, your father paid for you up until tomorrow and Mr. Williams is in Europe for a month; so I don't know exactly what understanding he had with your dad. In any case, I have a letter for you here from your father if you care to open it." Lloyd opened the envelope and found \$50 with a short note saying nothing about the original arrangement of his parents covering any extra room and board costs on their return from Egypt. Lloyd said "well they left me \$50 so I guess that along with the \$30 I have left will have to tide me over until they returned." Since the room at the dorm was about \$5 a day that would eat up Lloyd's funds too quickly so he decided he needed to find a cheap room for five *lira* a day. He thanked the manager and went to survey some of the students to see if they knew of a really cheap hotel nearby. He learned of a place two miles up the hill which was five *lira* a day, so he packed everything up in his heavy suitcases and started the tortuous trek trying to trudge the two miles up the hill. At first Lloyd attempted to carry everything clutched by his fingers and under his arms but only made it half a block before dropping everything in miserable exhaustion. Then he developed a more practical yet crazy way of shuffling a few steps at a time, kicking, dragging and groaning. That really didn't work either so he resigned himself to carrying two pieces a few steps then going back and carrying the other two past the first in a system of baggage relay slowly snailing up the tedious hill. The worst part was the jeers, yells and incessant honks from sneaky thuggy taxi drivers who were continually harassing him to climb in

and thus risk potentially being gypped if not robbed or worse. Of course he couldn't waste one *piastre* on the luxury of a cab ride even if he weren't cheated.

After a few hours of painful plodding, Lloyd dragged into the lobby of the Bahr Hotel, so fatigued that he barely had the energy to fill out the guest form. He asked if he could get a cheaper weekly rate and was told he could save a few *lira* that way so he paid for a week in advance to be sure he would have a place to stay. Then they told him his room was on the third floor and of course there was no elevator. He gazed at the steep stairs then began hauling his burdensome baggage a step at a time until a half hour later he made it to the room which had a saggy dirty bed, a beat up sink and a toilet with a broken seat and one bent up chair. Lloyd didn't care how bad it was; at least he wasn't on the street. After a few hours rest, he got out his manuscript paper and began to work on the arrangements he had promised to the band at the Caves. He later bought a few slabs of pita bread, a few cans of hummus, some onions and oranges at a little shop in the area and holed up in his raggedy 'room' for a few days writing music and coping parts like mad. Sometimes he would work all night until he noticed the sun was coming up so he flopped in a daze on the miserable sinky bed for a few hours of semi-sleep then he would be back to work writing arrangements not just for the band at the Caves, but other combinations like trumpet and tenor, trumpet and alto, tenor and trombone, etc. which he hoped to share with other bands in town or later in his career.

Cool Kraut Drummer Comes to the Rescue

One evening, Lloyd discovered a new nightclub, a very posh place in a first class hotel where Lloyd sat in on piano and amazed everyone as usual. The house drummer was a German named Gunter Hess who was a very skilled jazzman. Gunter took an interest in Lloyd as did his sweet and caring Dutch wife Berta. When Gunter learned that Lloyd was an arranger, he asked him to write twenty charts for trumpet and two saxes. Lloyd eagerly obliged and set to work on the project. More all day and all night marathon arranging cooped up in his cell at the hotel with dwindling funds and food, made Lloyd thinner and paler as he raced to complete the project for Gunter. He had finally completed the charts for his pals at the Caves and he was straining to finish Gunter's scores before his parents came back to town. One evening he broke out of his hermitage to see his friend Atif at the big club on the Cornish. On the way down there he took a side trip to a music store in Bab Edris to find more manuscript paper and see the cool ethnic instruments. He got to the club and learned that Atif was off that night but Amir was there and invited Lloyd for a huge dinner. Lloyd politely refused twice before finally outwardly reluctantly but secretly joyfully accepting. Lloyd also was obliged to occasionally hang out in the lobby of the Phoenicia and other classy hotels using his charm and intelligent conversational skills on American tourists or businessmen assuming the role of a fellow tourist who knew nice restaurants and great clubs like the Caves and could show them those places. Of course he was invited to join them for lunch or dinner and, also at most clubs, the band would invite him to sit in and he would play a couple of his host's favorite jazz standards while carefully sneaking little left over food items into his pockets for later. This provided Lloyd with a few free meals so he could keep on living with his nearly exhausted funds. At night he would count up his few *piastres* and scanty paper currency notes trying to calculate how much longer he could pay for the room and keep eating.

The day that Lloyd had to leave the hotel because his funds had nearly come to an end, he drug his luggage in three trips down the hill to the A.U.B. dorm where he asked them to let him store his things there until his parents returned. They probably would have let him stay there and pay later but Lloyd never liked to burden anyone and had a bit of pride although not much self respect. Gunter had

intimated that, for writing the 20 arrangements, Lloyd could stay a few days at his apartment until his parents returned. It was almost a month beyond the date that his parents had promised to return and Lloyd was worried because anything could happen in the Middle East. That evening Lloyd went to Gunter's gig and presented him with 5 of the promised arrangements then diplomatically broke the news that he would be homeless that evening. Gunter and Berta hesitantly semi-insisted that he stay with them that night and that night became two weeks as Lloyd, invisible as he tried to be, wore out his welcome several times over as a heavy burden on the formerly happy newlyweds privacy. Finally, the 20 charts were finished and they were veritable masterpieces especially in Beirut in the late 1950s.

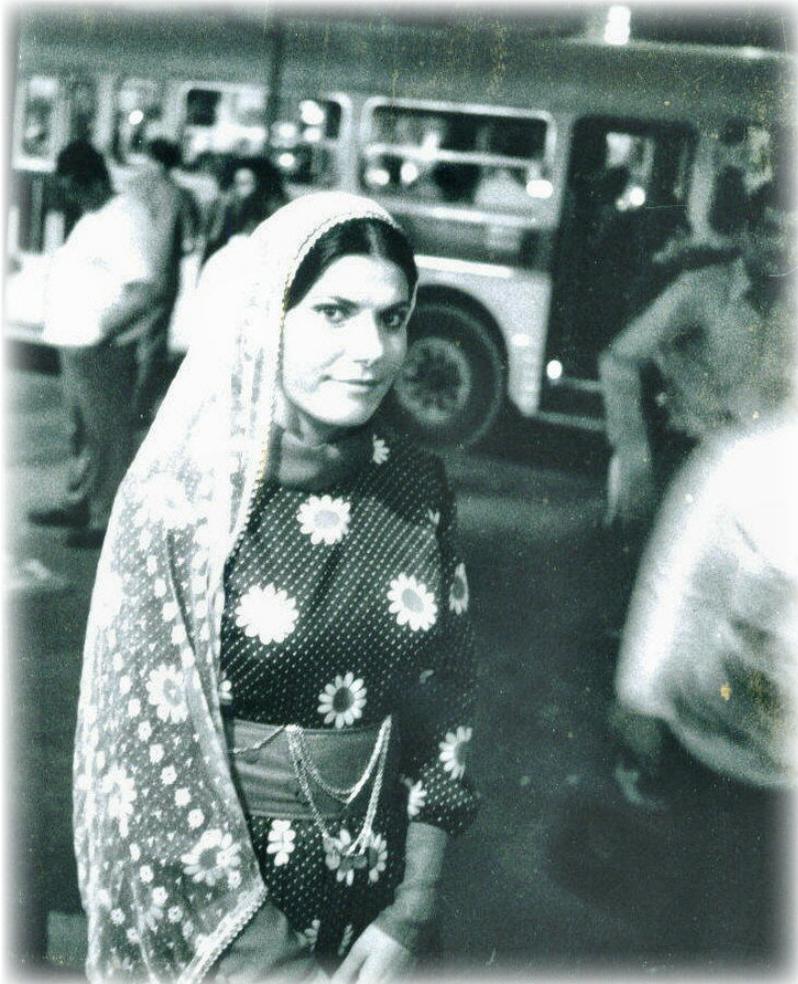
One day Lloyd wanted to visit with the Greek trumpet man who he had heard was the best in town and reportedly could have been a success in the California jazz scene if he wanted. When he found the trumpet man's apartment, he was invited in and noticed Gunter was there with the 20 arrangements talking serious business. Lloyd was thrilled that his music was apparently going to be the basis for a new fantastic band. Gunter appeared embarrassed that he was already setting up something the very day he got the arrangements; but Lloyd smiled and was exited to hear about their plans. Later that night at the apartment, Lloyd divulged his philosophy about everything. When Berta questioned "so it doesn't bother you that people take your hard work almost free and then make money from it." Lloyd laughed and quipped "not at all" then continued "I only want good jazz, good authentic music to take over the world, like the Führer wanted to take over the world, but for a different cause and in a different way. So I would even pay to have people play good jazz instead of the horrible trash that fills the radios, records and clubs all over the world. Also when someone wants something from me, I feel it is my duty to oblige. I never care about getting money; money is why the world is a mess." The couple were impressed and respected Lloyd even if he appeared emaciated and exhausted. That evening Berta fixed Lloyd a good old Dutch dinner piling lots of cheese and other goodies on the table.

The next day Lloyd went over to the dorm to see if there was any word from his delinquent parents and received a note informing him that they were back at the Phoenicia and to contact them soon. Lloyd rushed to the hotel and found their room shocking them with his pale emaciated appearance. Lloyd told them he had to move into a bad hotel then crowd in with a friend, which upset his dad who wondered what happened to the agreement he had about paying for the dorm when they returned. Lloyd said it didn't matter that everything was great and his music was being played around town and would be the basis for a future all-star club band. His parents then hired a reliable cab to take Lloyd to collect his luggage at the dorm and bring it to the Phoenicia. Then his dad contacted Gunter, thanked him for taking Lloyd in and invited Gunter and Bert to dinner at the Phoenicia where Gunter was given more money than what could be expected for the nights Lloyd stayed there. Lloyd's dad added an extra \$20 to get Lloyd to the airport for his flight to Frankfurt since Lloyd had been convinced that Germany was an important jazz center where he should try his luck there. Gunter described the lively jazz scene at the Domicile du Jazz in Frankfurt where many world-renowned jazz performers had appeared and where Germany's best jazzmen congregated. Lloyd's parents had offered to take Lloyd back to Tehran if he wanted and, although Tehran had been great and a very constructive experience, it was time to get into the big time jazz scene since he had to leave L.A. just as he was on his way to making it. At dinner, Lloyd's dad gave Gunter and Berta Lloyd's airline ticket to Frankfurt to make sure he got there and, as always, slipped Gunter an extra \$20 to keep an eye on Lloyd. The next day, his parents gave Lloyd a \$100 to get started in Frankfurt and then they left for Tehran. Lloyd had their room that night, so he washed everything in the tub again and hung it out on the veranda and started hauling his luggage over to Gunter's. This time it was a lot less because he left anything extra with his parents.

Sufi Saint & Swinger: photos for Section A, The Middle East, Chapters 1 - 7



Kurosh Ali as a Kashmiri tribesman



Mona on the Borj in Beirut in the 1970s



Sacred music, 1970s Tehran Khanega



Setara at Herat Nandari with Soraya



Kurosh playing Herati dutar



central Herat in the 1970s



Mari



Kurosh Ali and Parisa



Turkish airport vendor Pervin



Tony Scott & Lloyd Miller in Cervia Italy

Chapter 17

Hard Times in Hitler's Homeland

The 747 was nearing Frankfurt and Lloyd was happy that he was flying on so he wouldn't have to relive the grim memories of his miserable days in Germany. He remembered how he got there on the first trip having been convinced by drummer Gunter in Beirut that Frankfurt was a great place for jazz. There was some truth in those words; but Lloyd never dreamed how much he would have to starve and suffer for those rare opportunities to play with some of the world's great jazzmen of the time. As usual, Lloyd's parents were trying to make a normal human being out of him by forcing him into college somewhere, as if college, university, a BA, MA or PhD would ever help him succeed as a musician. They meant well but had no clue as to Lloyd's true genius as a performing artist nor did he as yet.

At the Beirut airport, Lloyd had checked his suitcases on the flight to Frankfurt and chatted with Gunter and his wife as they walked towards the gate. At one point, she seemed concerned and asked Gunter "*aber wenn er in Frankfurt keine Arbeit finden kann?* (but if he can't find work in Frankfurt?)" Gunter coldly replied "*das macht mir nichts* (that's nothing to me)." She stared in disbelief interjecting "*aber Gunter . . .* (but Gunter)" to which he replied "*das is mir egal* (that's all the same to me.)" Lloyd knew that Gunter was just tired of having to host him and that as soon as his arrangements would catapult Gunter's new band to success, the initial warm feeling for Lloyd would return. Gunter and Berta had been at odds about Lloyd during the two weeks he was a guest in their small apartment when she had cared for and mothered him way more than Gunter would have liked. Although Lloyd's father had given Gunter two hundred dollars for housing Lloyd and to get him off on the Frankfurt flight, and Lloyd had carefully written excellent jazz arrangements for Gunter's band, Gunter had unnecessarily become uneasy about Lloyd getting so much attention from Berta. Her head hung as Lloyd's flight was called. Then she secretly fished a \$50 bill from her purse and, after Gunter shook Lloyd's hand wishing him success, she gave him a little hug and a fond kiss on the cheek then gently shook his hand while secretly placing the folded fifty in his palm. Lloyd sent her a thankful loving look as he carefully slid the money into his front pocket and then pulled his carry-on towards the gate. He looked at the young couple one last time as they waved goodbye and soon Lloyd was on the plane to an unexpected experience of hard times and deep suffering in an unprecedented unfriendly environment.

The plane landed in Frankfurt and Lloyd lined up with other passengers to catch a bus into town. He was advised that there were rooms available at a reasonable fee at the *Hauptbahnhof* or central train station. As the bus entered the town, Lloyd was stunned and horrified at the devastation from the war. It seemed that one in three or four buildings were just crumbled down piles of broken bricks like they had been poured down from near the tops of the former buildings into horrid hills of devastation. It was heart rending to see the *Opernplatz*, location of the sad remains of Frankfurt's Opera House, mostly a pile of rubble. The whole town was grim and gray with people in rumpled clothes meanly marching along as if it was still the *Hitlerzeit*. After having spent a year in happy hospitable Iran and a couple of weeks in fun sunny Beirut, this was like sinking into the grim caverns of hell. Little did Lloyd know that this was just an introduction to what was to become six months of misery like he had never imagined before in his life. At the *Bahnhof* Lloyd was given the address of a nearby hostel that was only three *marks* a night, which in 1958 was less than one dollar. He checked his suitcase at the luggage counter and hunted down the hostel. Everyone seemed like machines with no feeling; they were mean, stiff and seemingly sadistic. It was easy for Lloyd to imagine that the old black-and-white films about Nazi Germany actually were not exaggerating how cruel Krauts could be. The hostel was

on the third floor of an old building behind the *Bahnhof*. Lloyd was assigned a bed in a room, or what seemed more like a cell, with three Germans. One was a derelict drunk who babbled about Rommel and the *Krieg* (war), another was a veteran with a stump for a leg and the third was an obviously emotionally disturbed blond teen who chain smoked sour smelling Ernte cigarettes. The main subject of conversation among his new roommates, including the cheerful old landlady who was arranging bedding and pillows, was the war. Although Lloyd was merely self-taught in German, he understood much of what was being said. They were bemoaning Germany's loss and trying to understand what went wrong. The young boy asserted that next time they would win and the others chimed in with hearty approbation; "*ja, nächstes Mol sicher!*" the old drunk declared in agreement. From the few hours Lloyd had been in Frankfurt, he already was convinced that Germans were more mentally sick than he had ever imagined and that even he supposedly ever was and that they were much more riddled with complexes due to the war and losing it, etc.

As he stared in wonder at the emotionless, cold and hardened group that was talking almost as if they were shouting insults, the war veteran fixed a cold stare on Lloyd. As the old man's piercing blue eyes shot bullets of menacing resentment into Lloyd's eyes, the veteran muttered in disgust in Frankfurter dialect, "*Ausländer, nit wor?*" Lloyd having been pampered and catered to in Iran and Lebanon because he was an 'outsider,' a 'guest,' couldn't ever really comprehend the hatred and suspicion felt by Europeans, especially Germans, for anyone not from that immediate area. Lloyd smiled in his childish way and broke the resistance with "*ja ich bin ein Ausländer, aber mein Großvater war von Frankfurt.*" The landlady puffed up her chest and, in that good, old rules-and-regulations German manner, scolded "*nit von aber aus Frankfurt.*" The drunk mumbled "*so Sie sind deutsch?*" Lloyd proudly boasted "*ja mein Nam is' Müller.*" The old *Frau*, trying to be a bit polite so as not to show only the rotten side of 1950s German nature, played hostess stating "*Isch bin Frieda Braun; hier ist der Klaus, Herr Klumper, und Herr Stecker. Sind Sie Amerikaner?*" Lloyd admitted that he was a Yankee but quickly added that Germany should have won the war against the Russian *Kommunistenschweine*. Finally he had endeared himself enough to the ragtag group that Stecker reached into his tattered faded brown leather briefcase and produced a pint of rot-gut *Bahnhof* cognac offering "*hier, macht Spaß; trink mol Komerod!*" Klumper had already emptied his briefcase onto his bed and had stuffed a slab of cheese and a slab of sausage between the severed halves of a round, flat roll. Then stunning everyone present except Lloyd, he brazenly broke the rules of German inhospitality and grumbled "*essen Sie etwas, Knabe?*" Lloyd shyly accepted the makeshift sandwich and timidly ate as the Germans looked on in disgust. Lloyd later learned that in Germany it was considered disgusting to see someone eating in public and that is why they always tried to hide what they were doing at the sausage stands and even in restaurants.

Lloyd slept well under the comfortable puffy white feathery quilt. In the morning he washed in the common sink and was going out the door when Stecker mumbled "*Morgen*" and fell back into a slumber in consort with the others. He must have still been a little drunk or else he wouldn't have broken the policy of cold-heartedness by saying 'good morning' to a stranger, especially an unwelcome *Ausländer*. Lloyd spent the day being treated gruffly and roughly by what he perceived as the rudest race imaginable. Out of resentment for the mean and nasty treatment, towards the end of the day Lloyd couldn't hold back his anger and, after patiently enduring this or that was "*verboten*" (forbidden) and "*Sie können nischt*" (you can't) this or that, he blurted out "*der Führer is' tot!*" (the Führer is dead!) then stomped out of an overly officious office full of grim people glaring in disgust, not only from having to wait, but mostly at Lloyd. Being rude back to Rad (*Kamerad* or what the GIs called the Germans) didn't do any good but just made them meaner (if that were possible).

Jammin' at the Domicile

The second evening that Lloyd was in Frankfurt, he took his old cornet and headed for the regional jazz spot on Kleine Bockenheimer Straße, the *Domicile du Jazz* (for some crazy reason a French name). The Domicile had been a haunt for famous musicians like Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Dizzy Gillespie, Louis Armstrong, Lionel Hampton, Roy Eldridge, Gerry Mulligan, Percy Heath, Chet Baker and the like. Lloyd figured it was his type of place so he headed to the Opernplatz since he had heard it was in that neighborhood. When he got to the Opernplatz and asked directions, people answered in a cold and mechanical manner, almost commanding as they militantly spouted directions like “*rechts, grade aus, dann links und nochmal links!*” (right, straight, then left and left again).” Everyone would stand stiffly when they spoke, glaring at Lloyd as if he were a naughty boy who needed a good thrashing. From the end corner of the Opernplatz, he took Hochstraße right a ways to Große Bockenheimer Straße crossing it then he turned left curving along Goethestraße to where it split left onto Kleine Bockenheimer Straße then a ways more to where the Domicile was at the left in the basement of number 18. At the jazz cellar, Lloyd felt slightly more at ease; but even there, the atmosphere was tense and tedious as everyone eyed him suspiciously and distastefully. He asked the manager “*kennen Sie Gunther Hess*” checking if he knew his friend Gunther in Beirut. The manager thought for a moment then mused “*Gunther Hess, ja Trommelschläger, ni wor? Ja isch ken' ihn*” then, recognizing that Lloyd was a Yankee, answered in English “ya, I know him; vea iss he nau?” Lloyd revealed that Gunther was working at an important venue in Beirut. “*Gunther told me to come here to find jazz and possibly a job*” Lloyd explained. The manager, wiping beer off the counter, grimaced and sarcastically laughed “*jazz, ya you can find best here, but verk, dat's anudder madda. Vat you play?*” Lloyd proudly and correctly boasted “*everything, but mainly piano.*” The manager became sour and scolded “*dat's not pozzible, no von can play everyzink. Vat you got dere, a trumpet?*” Lloyd answered “*yea a cornet.*” Then the manager said “*go up and give a try nex zet.*”

Lloyd obeyed and found a seat at a table near the bandstand. He took out his cornet and was oiling the valves when the musicians returned from a break and purposefully reclaimed their places. The big fat piano player Klaus sat down, puffed on his stinky Ernte cigarette, then set it on the edge of the old piano. The drummer took his seat, tightened the snare head then softly rattled a few tricky licks while settling himself on the stool. The bassist was a big imposing blond with curly hair named Peter Trunk when Funk was a name that better described his playing. As he leaned his bass towards him and plucked out a very strong yet fast flying rippling run down to a powerful low F, Lloyd realized that he was in for a musical treat by at least one professional. The bassist turned to the pianist and ordered “*Klaus, spiel'n wir mol 'Dig' gell*” as Klaus took off with an extremely fast intro and ripped into the complicated head tumbling through an unimpressive solo. Lloyd was on the edge of his chair wishing he could get up there and show them what a piano can do. The bass solo by Peter however was fantastic. The whole club was untypically silent as he ran from the highest possible notes in the overtone series using his left index finger at the top of the fingerboard to bring out the hidden overtone echoes. Then he swooped in lengthy runs all the way down to the lowest notes and back up again. Near the end of his solo, Peter grabbed his bow and ran all over the instrument with the same unbelievable agility as everyone stared in silent respect. The drummer took over and, although less convincing than Peter, was able to fly back and forth from the snare and two toms with final dead thumps from the bass in a manner that kept the excitement cooking.

After a couple of pieces, when the trio was resting for a momentary beer and a smoke, a thin, friendly-looking fellow slowly entered the club. As he walked slightly hunched, he coolly greeted some of the young people at the various tables, approached the bar and momentarily chatted with the

manager. The manager slid him a mug of foaming beer on a white, round disc and the newcomer set his trombone case on the floor then leaned against a stool. As he sipped his beer he surveyed the audience noting Lloyd who was occasionally eyeing him. Lloyd overheard the words 'Gunther' and 'Amerikaner' as the manager explained what Lloyd was doing there then, ridiculing his multi-instrumentalist claim, sarcastically laughed "*er spielt alles.*" The trombonist chuckled slightly but being careful not to lose the German coldness that seemed to be mandatory for everyone in the 50s. The trombonist, taking his half-empty beer mug and trombone case, slowly approached the bandstand. He sat at a table near the piano, took out his trombone and began to assemble it and oil the slide. The pianist turned and noting the new musician greeted him with "*so ... Albert ... geht's Mensch?*" Albert nodded a greeting to everyone in the band, then sat down, trombone ready. Suddenly a little blond with long hair approached the table, fondly kissed him and sat down next to him. Everything, the girl, the manager, the fat bully pianist with an Ernte hanging from his bottom lip and the stiff-looking crowd, reminded Lloyd of those black-and-white Nazi war flicks he had seen during his youth. Of course in German terms this group was the farthest thing from the Nazis. But to an outsider, everything in Germany appeared as an empty recreation of the Hitler era and its icy impersonality. Lloyd was almost waiting for the blond to go up to the bandstand and, in low husky voice with a Nazi armband and long cigarette holder, croon some sloppy sentimental lullaby with the manager in an SS outfit resting his right hand on a black Luger holster looking on with impersonal affection.

Albert, stood up, walked to the piano and demanded a Bb then, after adjusting the tuning slide, he tapped his foot to a tempo; "*ein, zwei, drei, vier,*" he counted then blasted out a cool but tasteful blues head in F. Lloyd was aching to join in on piano, but he knew that the big slob would never move especially for a Yankee. So he bit his tongue and listened for an hour longer wondering when he would get a chance to play. During the next break, a saxophonist who vaguely resembled Albert came in and chatted with the manager for a few minutes then took his beer and joined the musicians at the end of the bar. During the next set, the alto man joined the band and Lloyd found out from fans chatting that he was Albert's brother Emil. Together the Mangelsdorff brothers interpreted several jazz standards with elegance and eloquence. Lloyd knew he was in the company of musicians of his own class even though he knew he could play circles around the pianist. But he felt a gnawing feeling of banishment resulting from the coldness towards Americans as a result of the war and also because GIs acted so rowdy and disgusting. Added to that, they may have been intimidated by the idea of an American jazzman since jazz was invented in the US. All night long Lloyd sat patiently fooling with the valves of his cornet but no one in the band had done more than coldly stare at him. Finally, Lloyd's efforts to communicate with the musicians by friendly smiles and nods of approval were rewarded. Albert lazily looked over at Lloyd and asked "you play dat ting? Wanna try vun vis us?" Lloyd stammered and choked out "sure, uh how about 'Doxy'?" Albert coldly grumbled to the pianist "*Doxy, gell?*" He and his brother started the melody in a catchy harmonic sequence which Lloyd soon joined. The next chorus, Lloyd was playing the head with the Mangelsdorff brothers creating a nice three-part harmony. Emil belted out a semi-funky solo at times reminiscent of the Bird. He was followed by a wild crazy trombone solo in which Albert played in a very high range. He was able to do an entire chorus without moving the slide because the notes were so high that they could be rendered with just lip pressure. The finale of Albert's solo was full of crazy funky downward and upward slides and slurs which perfectly set the scene for Lloyd whose cornet style was a hard-hitting East Coast feel with gut bucket blues overtones.

Lloyd lifted the cornet to his lips and blasted the strongest sound that had been likely heard at the Domicile for a longtime. The cold unemotional German kids drinking beer at the round tables couldn't help but crack a semi-smile or a self-conscious sneer at Lloyd's wild runs, nasal blue notes and accompanying gyrations. The other musicians even looked at Lloyd with hidden admiration from time to time as he nearly rattled beer mugs off the tables with his fiery solo. When he finished playing and hung his head in timid humility with his cornet dangling at this side, a few members of the audience mumbled remarks of partial acceptance. Albert muttered to his brother "*nit schlimm!* (not bad!)" The drummer whose eyes were staring in surprised respect agreed "*ja ganz gut, nit wor?*" During the break, Lloyd returned to his table and noticed an occasional look from other tables, from the musicians and the manager. But German coldness didn't allow anyone to join him at his table, to come over and compliment him or even send a smile or a guarded look of approbation. Minutes before the next set, bassist Peter asked "can I?" then lifted Lloyd's cornet from its open case and began to play some interesting bits. He announced to the band that he was going to play a couple of tunes on cornet. Albert cautioned "*awer wer spielt Bass?* (but who will play bass?)" to which Lloyd eagerly volunteered his services declaring "*isch.*" The musicians suspiciously sneered at each other as Lloyd confidently walked up, lifted the bass from the chair it was resting on and plucked a few notes, which seemed to convince the others that he could do it. They played a slow blues and Lloyd was able to really make the bass sing. During his solo, he rendered melodic lines that were more like a wind instrument than a bass. Even Peter was mildly impressed although not enough to be at all envious.

After Peter exhausted the two pieces he wanted to play on cornet, he took the bass back from Lloyd as he queried with a touch of sarcasm "zo vat is der instrument you play most?" Lloyd quickly quipped "piano, that's my main instrument." Peter and the drummer smiled at each other similar to how SS officers might when interrogating a suspect. Peter, doubting that Lloyd could really play piano, sneered at Albert "*wiss du, er spielt Klavier.*" Albert looked suspiciously at Lloyd then stated "go on, let's see if you can." The fat pianist who had sat here like an immovable boulder all night, reluctantly rose taking his cigarette box, his beer mug and a half-smoked Ernte then plodded to an empty table to witness the demise of the Yankee pianist. Lloyd strutted over to the piano bench, sat down and began cracking his knuckles in preparation for his big European debut. Albert asked him what he wanted to play and he suggested "how about Autumn Leaves?" They nodded in agreement and counted it off. The brothers worked through an exciting fugal interpretation of the melody to which Lloyd added his melodic skills. Soon everyone knew that they were playing with a real world-class jazzman although Lloyd was still coming out of his embryonic stage. He would have many years of progress before becoming a semi-respected figure in Europe still to be undiscovered and unappreciated in the States even in his old age. During his solo, Lloyd surprised everyone by playing circles around the regular pianist who was glancing nervously from his table while he chain-smoked and slurped up beer after beer. Lloyd finished the set on piano finally winning a slight degree of recognition and respect for his skills. No one bothered to talk to him or to become personal at all; but that was Rad, especially in post-war 50s Frankfurt. The manager was slightly impressed, although he wouldn't allow himself to show it. He had no encouragement for Lloyd as far as working anywhere. All he said was that Lloyd could come and sit in if and when the musicians allowed. For money, he mentioned that the only possibility would be playing at American officers' clubs (if anyone could stomach being around those disgusting obnoxious pushy Yankee inebriates.)

Lloyd often went to the Domicile du Jazz when he was in Frankfurt to try by bribing with beer or using trickery to get onto the bandstand (maybe one out of three nights) in order to jam with some good musicians there and foreign visitors like Slavic jazzman Dusko Goykovich and thus build up his reputation. Other than occasionally playing at the jazz *Keller*, all Lloyd could do was sit around the super

sleazy, cut-rate raunchy rooming house where he had settled in. The pension that he dubbed the *Schatzfinder* (sweetheart finder) was a spot where GIs came to spend the night with the resident ladies or with one they found in a beer *Stube* or on the streets. Lloyd had no interest in the girls that hung around there; he preferred intelligent women with good taste in music. Sometimes Lloyd would wander the streets around the *Bahnhof* where he would occasionally buy cheap rotgut cognac to sullenly sip on or he would buy inexpensive bratwursts drowned with strong mustard. Lloyd's parents had been sending him \$50 or \$100 a month which, after changing at five *marks* to a dollar, was enough to barely get by on. At first he didn't dare write them to admit his failure in finding a high paying jazz gig. So when he first got to Frankfurt and ended up in one of the grubby jail cell rooms under the *Bahnhof*, living on crusts of bread or an occasional invitation from a lonely GI to sit around, drink and eat a sandwich in a local bar while chatting about the States, about Rad or *Fräuleins*. But he finally was forced by circumstances to cave in and write home for a little financial help. All his life, Lloyd dreamed of financial independence from his parents so he could get out from under their control and continual pressure to be some big 'success' and a social whirl. He just wanted to be able to use his rare musical talent to play great jazz and to be able to live from it. Lloyd spent time hanging around with the black GIs he met in the rooming house. One black captain he met in a crummy club off a back street near the *Bahnhof* spent a whole day discussing race, politics, religion, Germans, girls, jazz and more. During that time, the kind and highly intelligent captain generously treated Lloyd to a large lunch, dinner and a late snack not to mention several beers. The days wore on and Lloyd wasn't finding any work as a jazz pianist. In fact, the house musicians at the Domicile became less friendly (as if that term could ever apply) than at first. The scene had been taken over by the fat bully pianist and his trio without Peter on bass; so Lloyd almost never got to play there any more. Back at the *Schatzfinder*, he spent long evenings listening to Arabic radio broadcasts on the living room short wave as he reminisced fondly about the sunny weather, the warm-hearted people of the Middle East and the intellectually challenging conversations.

Hot Schatz

One afternoon, when Lloyd was at an all-time emotional low, one of the chambermaids was straightening his room. He was staring out the window at the empty machine-oriented mechanical life on the street wondering how people could be so void of warmth or emotion. The maid, folding his quilt and straightening his pillow, asked “vatz wrong *schatzi*?” Lloyd poured the last vestiges of some rot-gut *Bahnhof* cognac from a pint bottle into the stained glass and offered it to her. “Aren't people awful?” he bemoaned. “Nobody cares about anybody else and no one cares about good music, music with real soul” He complained. “Vait a momen’” she whispered, “I got zomezink bedder for trinkink.” She scampered out of the room and soon returned with a fifth of American whisky. “I gat diss von a GI” she giggled then poured Lloyd a glass and one for herself. She kicked off her shoes, unpinned her long locks and slid off her nylons. Then she sat up against the head of the bed with her legs tucked under, cigarette in one hand and glass of whiskey in the other. Her eyes flashed in naughtiness as she started to relate her intriguing life's story starting with her early childhood at the end of the war, her various GI lovers, her half-black baby and how the Germans seized it from her. After several hours of intimate conversation, she introduced herself as Heidi then surprised Lloyd by locking the door and undressing. She slid under the covers and beckoned Lloyd to join her. His moral strength had run out after days of loneliness in unfriendly Frankfurt and after a few glasses of whisky, he was an easy candidate for seduction. “Come on” she insisted pulling him by the arm until they were both under the puffy comfy quilt where they remained for the rest of the afternoon and the night. When dawn found its way through the tattered curtains, Heidi kissed Lloyd

goodbye, put on her clothes, braided and pinned up her long hair and disappeared into the gray grimness of Frankfurt. Lloyd rested in his bed till noon, physically refreshed but emotionally churned wondering if this was a real romance or what. He had only experienced intimacy a couple of times in his life and was not sure what it all meant. His answer came the next day when Heidi was straightening rooms. Lloyd greeted her fondly only to be glared at as if he didn't exist or was a total stranger. He tried a couple of times to be friendly but Heidi looked past or through him as if he wasn't there or shouldn't have been there. He couldn't figure out what happened; he thought they had a warm and caring relationship. She hid behind her glasses and would only quip an unemotional word when asked about a pillow or something. The following days, Lloyd spoke to other chambermaids to try to find out what had happened with Heidi.

One day he passed an empty room where two of the girls were tidying up. One pointed to the towels and ordered "*de me yek*" and the other handed her a towel. Lloyd was shocked so he entered the room and stammered in German "hey I understood you, you told her to give you one, didn't you?" The girls stared at each other in disbelief and became suspicious asking "how you know our language. No von should know our language but us; eet ees taboo." Lloyd answered "it's just like Urdu and something like Persian." The girls sat down together on the bed and instructed Lloyd to sit in the chair as they gave a long serious explanation of their Gypsy heritage starting in India and ending up in Germany. They told him of customs and taboos and then made him promise to not talk about any of it because it was sacred to them. The three compared other words and expressions several of which Lloyd could figure out from having studied various languages; mostly it seemed like an Indian dialect. As for what happened with Heidi and why she was giving him the cold shoulder, they had too much advice. They wanted to check his palms and offered answers from some of the spooky Gypsy traditions that Lloyd preferred not to get involved with. So he decided he had to forget the incident with Heidi and concentrate on music, which was his main reason for being in Germany.

Move to Mainz

One evening, a black drummer who dropped by the pension for wine and women, told Lloyd of a great jazz club in Mainz about an hour's train ride from Frankfurt. He said that the jazz *Keller* in Mainz was much better than the Domicile, more accepting of unknown musicians and they even occasionally offered drinks or food to musicians who sat in on weekends. Lloyd decided that his days in Frankfurt were over and it was time to move on to a new scene. So the next morning, Lloyd checked out of the pension much to the dismay of the manager who liked him, his only permanent and somewhat financially reliable tenant. But Lloyd was running low on *marks* and checks from his grandfather in Idaho were often delayed at the American Express. Lloyd said goodbye to the tenants he had befriended and began packing his belongings. Suddenly Heidi burst into his room and hugged him sobbing "*lass misch bei dir bleiben!* (let me stay with you!)" then further explained "I'm sorry, I care but I geet in trouble vit my veelinks. I get hurt tsu much, *verstehst? Ja?*" Lloyd pretended to understand but really didn't. He intimated that he cared for her but had to move on. He ventured "*isch liebe disch* (I love you)," shared a knowing smile then apologized explaining that he had to go and Mainz was better for him "*entschuldigung, isch muss mol gehen, weil Mainz is besser für misch jetz'.*"

After checking his suitcase and stack of arrangements he was working on in his grandpa's old leather briefcase at the *Bahnhof*, Lloyd dug out his last 20-mark bill and bought a ticket to Mainz. The train chugged slowly from village to village, stopping every few minutes at every possible place, many of which didn't even look like milk stops. Finally in Mainz, he checked his clarinet and a few arrangements plus manuscript papers at the small *Bahnhof* then wandered towards the center of the crumbled down

bombed-out little town. As he shuffled along, an old German lady chased after him shouting "*mein Herr, mein Herr!*" He thought it was someone still mad about the war so he quickened his gait. But the old lady was persistent finally catching up with him and shouting "*mein Herr, ihr Reisepass!*" She was waiving his passport which had somehow fallen out of his pocket. He was stunned at the honesty and correctness displayed by the good lady running after him so hard and long to return his passport. He took it from the old *Frau* and, standing in front of a yard full of crumbled bricks having been pounded by US bombers, he thanked her profusely before she winced a smile and marched off. "I guess not all Germans are mean" Lloyd thought realizing the harsh post-war situation in could account for much of the grimness.

As he wandered towards the center of town asking about the jazz *Keller*, he became discouraged that no one had ever heard of it. Finally he questioned a spicy little blond girl "*bitte Fräulein, kennen Sie der Jazzkeller?*" To his surprise she answered "*ja sicher, Sie könn'n mol mitkommen, isch gehe dahin.*" Lloyd was glad to accept the invitation to accompany her to the club and he eagerly walked along as she chatted warmly, quite different than most Germans he had come across. When they arrived at the club, she flashed her membership card at the door and told them that Lloyd was her guest. He signed in and the two went down the cement stairs to the dark, dingy, little jazz cellar where various bearded intellectuals, sexy but also intelligent looking babes, a few GIs and a pair of German war veterans were clustered together at various tables or at the bar. The barmaid greeted "*geht's Hilda, neuen Freund?*" Hilda flushed a bit at the insinuation that Lloyd was her new friend then explained that he was an American jazz player who had come to play at the club. The barmaid stretched forth her hand greeting Lloyd and asking what he played "*wirklich? Isch bin Marianne; was spiel'n Sie?*" Lloyd answered "*Klavier*" then asked where the piano was and if they had a regular pianist. Marianne noted that from time to time pianists sat in; but no one was around that night. She then excused herself and hurried to the manager who was a handsome SS officer type with straight blond hair and striking blue eyes. Marianne returned to inform Lloyd that the boss, Helmut, said that Lloyd was welcome to play and that he would have free beer and bratwurst on weekend nights if he was any good. Lloyd glanced a "thank you" towards the manager at the other end of the bar then asked Marianne and Hilda if there was a drummer and bassist since a drum set imposingly dominated the center of the bandstand and an old bass leaned over a rickety wooden chair. "*Ja klar*" Marianne affirmed indicating the drummer and bassist "*da is' der Klaus, Schlagzeug, und Ernst der spielt Bass.*" Then she called out inviting the musicians to come play with the American pianist "*Klaus, Ernst, komm mol, wir 'aben ein 'merikanischen Klavierspieler!*"

Klaus, a dark-haired, bearded intellectual, obviously Jewish, and a short brown-haired boy who looked like a tank commander from a Nazi war movie, rose and slowly moved to their spots on the bandstand. Lloyd sat at the old upright and struck a few chords then went into a free-rhythm introduction while the drummer and bassist did a quick warm-up. When they were ready, Lloyd pounded out a swinging blues in F, which sparked the whole club into action. The manager wryly smiled; finally happy that he had a trio headed up by an excellent pianist who could help attract customers. During the short breaks, Lloyd would sit at a table near the bandstand where his new friend Hilda admiringly and faithfully awaited him. Once in a while, Marianne would bring him a mug of beer and once a piping hot bratwurst in a bun, each time complimenting his skills. At precisely 1:00 a.m., the night was abruptly ended by two grim SS type *Polizei* bursting through the door. They marched in, stood at attention then one, extending his right arm almost in a "*sieg heil*" authoritatively commanded "*Feierabend, alles raus!* (closing time, everyone out!)" The cops stomped out and everyone hurriedly prepared to leave. Lloyd's blond female companion put her arm in his as they climbed the steep steps wondering "*wo wohn' Sie 'n Mainz?*" Lloyd responded that he just came from Frankfurt and had not found a place yet. She warned him that he might not find anything so late at

night; then, softly gazing into his eyes invited “*komm’n sie mit mir, gell?*” Lloyd shyly smiled an acceptance, happy to be invited to stay at her place since he had little money and no idea where to go. But he was not interested in ruining a beautiful friendship with a sensitive jazz fan by another confusing intimate exchange. He didn't want a repeat of the incident with Heidi in Frankfurt. A few blocks away, Hilda unlocked the side door of an old building then led him up four flights to a small apartment. She kicked off her heels, poured him a beer, made a cold plate then undressed for bed. Once in bed she looked over at Lloyd and asked “*schlof’n Sie nit? Komm!*” Lloyd was tired and did not want to sleep; so he self-consciously walked over to the bed, slid off his slacks and shirt then climbed under the large cozy quilt. Both were so tired that they immediately fell asleep without more than a platonic goodnight kiss and an exhausted mumbled “*bis morgen.*”

The next morning, cheerful sunrays shone through the wavy windowpane and a few birds were chirping. Lloyd rolled over and noticed Hilda already dressed and was industriously putting together a continental breakfast of *Brötchen* (rolls), jam and coffee. She smiled “*gut’n Morgen, Frühstück!*” He responded to the invitation with a grateful “*danke*” and during the quick breakfast she explained that she had to go to work at the office, but he could stay until she returned shortly after five. She planted a loving kiss on his lips and darted out the door. Lloyd rested that day gazing out at the small park across the street and sometimes softly playing his cornet. But about lunchtime, fear struck him when he heard someone creaking up the stairs. As he crouched in the corner behind the armoire, a heavy pounding on the door was accompanied by an older lady shouting “*Fräulein Wagner! Fräulein Wagner!*” After a few moments of silence, the lady stomped back down the stairs leaving Lloyd horrified imagining what those scary *Polizei* would do to him if the landlady had discovered a despised American lurking in a girl's apartment. Maybe he would be sent to one of those concentration camps, or even worse, back to the dreaded States. When Hilda finally returned after work, Lloyd was relieved; He ran to the door, hugged and kissed her then related what had happened. She laughed and explained that it was the day her rent was due and that was why the landlady came. Hilda skillfully whipped up dinner of roast beef, potatoes and red cabbage with pumpernickel bread. After a satisfying meal, Hilda put on a Miles Davis album and asked him to dance to one of the slow romantic pieces. She cuddled close and ordered him to kiss her; “*küss mich*” she insisted planting loving kisses on his lips and neck. Then they sat on the bed for an hour hugging and kissing until Lloyd realized it was time to go to the *Keller*. They broke up their love clinch promising to revisit it later after she secured a promise to her plea “*versprichst du ‘s mir?*” Lloyd was thrilled to have a jazz gig, even if it was only for a couple of beers or a bratwurst, and especially to have an attractive pert and cheerful (unusual for post-war Germany) companion lovingly hanging on his arm. He played brilliantly impressing the audience and owner Helmut who verbally contracted him to come every night as leader of the house band.

Lloyd lived happily with Hilda a month although he only allowed one fully intimate encounter to taint their warm and caring friendship. Because he insisted on limiting their love to a non-sexual relationship, she became a bit morose and grouchy. Every girl at the club who talked to or smiled at Lloyd became a suspect for Hilda's jealousy. Finally Lloyd realized that he had to break up his cozy association with her since she was not interested in getting married and the red tape for such an effort would be intolerable. He didn't want a mere sexual situation with no future and what future could a starving pianist offer anyone anyway? But since she had been so wonderful, he didn't want to hurt her feelings. So he explained that he had to go to Frankfurt for a few days to visit the American Express office to see if his good old grandpa in Rexburg had sent him a little money. As he explained his plan, Hilda went into a tantrum of tears pleading “*lass mich nicht allein, bleib bei mir!* (Don't leave me alone, stay with me!)” She clutched him close and said they had to make love that evening. So he yielded and, although it was a satisfying night with

both expressing sincere caring and affection, he felt uncomfortable that they could never have a real future. The next morning he quietly climbed out of bed, dressed and tenderly kissed Hilda who was half asleep, took his cornet case, softly closed the door wistfully whispering her a fond Farwell; “*tschüss schatzi*” he muttered then meandered to the *Bahnhof*. He approached the ticket window and offered the five *marks* Hilda had lent him for a ticket. He climbed on the train and watched the sad crumbled buildings pass as the train trudged off to Frankfurt. Back in Frankfurt, he made his way past the early morning drunks who were wandering about, boastfully chatting about the war, comrades sharing beer and sandwiches at the small stands or others sitting on benches mumbling to themselves. Pairs of *Polizei* menacingly wandered about waking any slumbering drunks and sometimes evicting the raunchier ones. Outside the *Bahnhof* on the streets, some war-wounded amputees were begging for *pfennigs* but Lloyd was as poor as they were so he couldn't help them. Lloyd wanted to shout “*der Krieg is' aus!*” But these guys didn't care if the war was over because it was somehow still going on for them.

Stationed at the Station

Lloyd trudged to the streetcar stop and waited for the one that went to the American Express. But once there, he found no letter from the States; so discouragedly he stumbled back to the *Bahnhof* and wandered around trying to kill a day with only one *mark* to eat on. In his exploring, he discovered the American military waiting room where he later uncomfortably sat and finally stretched out for the night on one of the long black couches. Once the *Polizei* tromped over and accosted him with “*was machen Sie hier?*” Lloyd mumbled in English answering what he was doing there “just waiting for a train.” They appeared surprised and suspicious so he flashed his Yankee passport. They withdrew stunned to see an actual American civilian. Lloyd spent the rest of the night in a miserable semi-sleep. When the morning *Bahnhof* traffic and the loud conversation of a group of black American soldiers officially woke him up, he stumbled to his feet and went to the washroom having to spend some of his last few *pfennigs* to appease the *Waschfrau* attendant lady. The haunting, gaunt unshaven face staring back at him in the mirror let him know that he was beginning to feel the harsh pinch of German torment. Of course it was not on purpose; but just being a penniless American civilian in 1950s post-war Germany, an American rejected by GIs as a suspect German local and rejected by Rad as a Yankee but with no army status to protect him, placed him in a miserable limbo. Three long hard days passed as Lloyd survived on three week-old *Brötchen* he partly begged for a few *pfennigs* at the back door of a local small bakery. He smoked butts left by Yankee soldiers, drank water from the fountain and hoped some GI would leave a half-eaten sandwich in the rush to catch a train.

Finally a letter came at the American Express with a check for \$75; that was a very happy day. After changing it into *marks*, he rushed to the nearest restaurant to spend five *marks* on a sumptuous yet simple meal. A beer or two later and he was ready take the slow milk train back to Mainz and return to his duty leading the house band at the *Keller*. Back in Mainz, the *Keller* manager was distraught that he had disappeared for a long weekend and left them without a trio. Lloyd apologized and explained that he went to get a check in the mail so he could afford to play for just beer and bratwurst. The manager laughed and comforted “*dat's OK Müller; nau go ap dere unt play zom hot jatz.*” That evening, some new musicians came to sit in. One was a Dutch sax man who was fairly good and another was a Turkish trumpet virtuoso named Muvafak (easily mutated into a less complimentary title) who was amazing. Lloyd tried some of his rough Azeri Turkish he picked up in Tehran on Mafi (a preferred nickname) and told of his experiences in Iran. Then he played Uskadar, first as a Turko-Arab *qanun* piece, then turned it into cool jazz only mildly impressing Mafi who was completely westernized. Mafi scolded “hey forget that snake

music and play some real jazz!” Half way through the evening, a very good-looking, slightly chubby American with curly hair and kind blue eyes asked to sit in on drums. Lloyd immediately hit it off with him since their concepts of accents were almost identical.

During the break, Lloyd, Mafi and the drummer named George Solano, sat and discussed jazz and jobs in Germany. George had connections with the army, his father being a full-time officer in France. As the three musicians sat planning a possible tour of army bases the coming summer, Hilda strode in with a shoddy German boy on her arm. She carefully and semi-sorrowfully eyed Lloyd then nervously sat down at a distant table. Lloyd knew she was still hurt but had found someone else which relieved him somewhat. He carefully sent a caring smile her direction which was answered in kind. Too bad it couldn't have worked out; but it was one of many lost loves Lloyd was to endure throughout his struggle to survive as a jazzman. George was with an ugly, bossy witch of an American, the kind Lloyd detested and was running away from by refusing to go back to the States. But this was the type that George always ended up with as Lloyd later learned. George was a real ladies man and could seduce almost anyone. But for permanent relations he always picked scarecrows with money and nice cars, partly for practical reasons and partly due to some obscure psychological hang-ups.

After a couple more sets, *Feierabend* was called and the three wandered out into the street. George's lady friend had a big old Yankee car with US government license plates; so they drove to George's hotel in style to have a quick snack and talk more. The hotel was new, clean but relatively inexpensive so Lloyd decided to splurge and get a room for a few days so he could wash, soak some of his dirty clothes and sleep in a real bed. The next day George's girl had to leave the Hotel to return to work in Wiesbaden and Mafi was off to Frankfurt to work with the famous Army Jazz Three band led by trumpet master Don Ellis. Ellis had already gained a degree of fame in the American jazz scene before being inducted into the army. Lloyd and George hung around Mainz together discussing their future job at the Army base in Bad Nauheim followed by one at the officer's club in Bar-le-Duc, France. Lloyd hated playing for those drunken Yankee slobs who never appreciated sensitive jazz styling or anything intellectual. But after a few nights sleeping in the *Bahnhofswartesaal* (waiting room), he was ready to crumble just to get some food and a place to sleep. He had decided he wasn't ready for an intimate relationship with some German girl from the *Keller* just to have a bed and meals; that wouldn't be fair and would have no future, only emotional traumas. Also sneaking up and down stairs and hiding from a landlady was too restrictive.

The morning that George was to head back to Wiesbaden to stay with his scarecrow woman, Lloyd noticed as he approached George's room that the *Zimmermädchen* who was supposed to be cleaning the room was unclothed and happily bouncing on top of George under the covers. Lloyd blushed, quickly excused himself and dashed back to his room where another pleasingly plump and cheery chambermaid was happily dusting. She glanced at Lloyd, closed the door then sat next to him on the bed. Lloyd was starved for affection so when she started hugging and kissing him, he readily obliged. She noted "*isch bin freigeist*" (she definitely was a free thinker); then she peeled off her clothing, slid under the quilt and beckoned Lloyd to join her. He did and just as things were starting to become serious, her colleague chambermaid knocked on the door, burst in and bashfully giggled. She asked what was going on and her friend answered that she had interrupted the fun. The new arrival quipped that she didn't want to interrupt any fun; then she also peeled off her dress and climbed under the covers to join them. Lloyd was confused and a bit scared; so when George knocked on the door sending both girls flying back into their dresses, Lloyd was somewhat relieved. Soon Lloyd and George were sitting at breakfast without any mention of the embarrassing chambermaid incidents. Instead the conversation centered on the date for the Bad Nauheim gig. George left the hotel and Lloyd enjoyed his last bath in the *Badezimmer* down the hall on his floor where the two naughty chambermaids tried to join him, but he playfully locked them out.

At noon, Lloyd checked out of the Mainzerhof and wandered to the *Bahnhof* to scope out the *Wartesaal*, which was soon to become his home for over a miserable month. That evening he played his heart out with his regular rhythm section at the *Keller*, then around midnight after the main crowd had left, he sat to chat with two German war veterans, Karl and Hans. Karl invited Lloyd for a beer and then unveiled his tales of fighting with Rommel in the desert then later suffering in Russia. Hans had been in the same outfit, so he punctuated and filled in during the story. Later Lloyd put the whole thing into verse that more powerfully relates their suffering in Russia as follows:

Kom zits mal Sho und trink vun moa,
I'll letsha know all 'bout der voa
In Russland vass vee vriezink kolt,
Oua shvastikas vee vut haf zolt.
Mein men dere zat mit no zuplice
unt all vee hat tsu eet vass ice.
Dee Yanks kut kom unt dig us out
yust bringin' zom hot zauerkraut.
Ya dea vee var, die Rushinz came;
vee knew zo far vee'd lost das game.
Vat koot vee do, nix lef' tsu eat;
ya vee all knew dat vee vass beat.
Oudvits vee toa off von den Rets,
Dea helmuts voa on oua own hets.
We shumped inzite a tank left dea
unt took a rite, vee knew yust vea.
Dose garts vee shot bei our zuplice,
der shtuff vee got, dat voot vass nice.
Vee vat oua vey tru oua own vall;
dose Shermunz dey vass vorst of all.
Dee oudvits den vee trew away,
zo Krauts again vee vass O.K.
But ven der voa vass done, you zee,
dey triet me foa I wass Natsi.
I neffer wass, wat koot I do,
I fought bekuss dey tolt me to.
Mien Herr zwo bier, eine bratwurst, gell;
zo nau I'm here, it all ents vell.
Kom trink mal Sho, vats done iss done;
but shtill I know, vee koot haf von.

Parked in the Park

After *Feierabend*, Lloyd bade farewell to his veteran friends Karl and Hans then climbed up to the ground level and sneaked back into courtyard not far from the *Keller* door where he found a place to stretch out and sleep on the ground using his cornet case as a pillow. After an hour of back-aching discomfort, the *Keller* door rattled open and manager Helmut appeared. Helmut wandered over to where Lloyd was pretending to sleep and gently woke him asking "*was machen Sie hier? Haben Sie kein*

Zimmer?” Lloyd mumbled some excuse that he was there because he didn't have time to find a room, etc. Helmut immediately whipped out a ten *mark* note and told him to find a room. Lloyd thanked him politely and went off wandering into the park to stretch out on a bench. He was overjoyed to have 10 *marks* but couldn't waste them on the luxury of a bed because he needed every *pfennig* to buy old stale rolls at the small neighborhood bakery and for an occasional *Bahnsteig Billet* (platform ticket) to the *Bahnhof* waiting room and also for the imposed fees by the washwoman at the *Bahnhof* men's room. A miserable night of aching muscles and bones was broken at 4 a.m. by the inevitable *Polizei* who shouted for some identification. Lloyd pushed his passport into the hand of one officer who looked over the many visa and entry stamps from around the world. Then with a degree of respect he blurted “*danke,*” handed Lloyd his passport, saluted and marched off with his colleague to rouse a drunk and to affect the break-up of an apparently copulating couple on a distant bench at the other end of the park.

The dawn blazed forth into Lloyd's tired eyes and he sat uncomfortably forced to face the day's hours a lot sooner than he wished. “*Die Sonne scheint*” he complained to himself as he watched people marching by, seemingly happy for the sunshine; but he felt the contrary “*isch nit.*” The Germans wandered through the park on the way to work or with their children. Everyone marched in lock step like they were in the military, mothers, children, even dogs and cats. Men clomped past Lloyd with their inevitable old leather briefcases that always contained merely a lunch of beer and sandwiches. Everyone glared at Lloyd in disgust due to his disheveled appearance sitting there like a lost bum. Lloyd lived in that park for two miserable weeks surviving on the few day old rolls he could afford, drinking water from the dirty faucet in the *Keller* and smoking cigarette butts he picked up around the park or in the jazz club ashtrays. He saved a pocket full of stinky butts, then would put all the tobacco together and roll it into toilet paper from the jazz club making a few smokes a day. It was an ugly existence, barely surviving, being hounded by police for sleeping in the park and being aggressively discriminated against by everyone for being destitute and ragged. When some nasty Kraut would halt in front of Lloyd's park bench, glare in disgust at the disheveled starving mess he had become, then thrust his index finger against the side of his head shouting, “*hier!*” indicating that Lloyd was a mentally depraved undesirable, he might with a meaner face use the same gesture adding “*hier! du spinnst auch!*” Or when he was in a really bad mood he might screech “*auch hier, du alte deutsche Schwein! Ja DU! Weißt nit der Krieg is' aus!*” When Lloyd responded with more vigor than his tormenters reminding them that the war was over and occasionally reminding them that they had lost, they would turn red with rage but, being cowards, would just thump off in a flustered fury.

Lloyd finally decided to move to the *Bahnhofswartesaal* (station waiting room) that was a wild boisterous *Bierstube* frequented by local scum: drunks, whores, crooks and swindlers. Lloyd would sleep with his head on the table or resting his head on his hands with his elbows on his knees. He could sleep an hour or so when he was almost unconscious with exhaustion, then the noise of loud laughter and chatter of slobbering drunks and sloppy broads would keep him awake until he would eventually pass out. The *Ober* (waiter) enjoyed tormenting the sleeping bums by waking them every few minutes; but Lloyd found that slipping him a *mark* a night usually kept him away. Then of course the good old *Polizei* never failed to make their rounds every couple of hours to bully everyone. Lloyd usually escaped their torments by showing them his American passport, which brought a degree of respect but also some resentment for the war. After all Germany had lost and they couldn't do much to wreak revenge on the GIs, so Lloyd provided a perfect victim for everyone when they found out he was a down-and-out Yankee civilian. That's why he learned German quickly and was able to pass himself off as a native most of the time.

One overly loud conversation between two drunks in heavy dialect. “*Gor nit, 'berhaupt nit awer hot emol gefrocht?*” one muttered as the other cut short his *Gebammel* with “*alleweil hör auf mit dem Unsinn*”

(now cut the crap)” the other drunk shouted then he staggered towards Lloyd and noticed Lloyd’s cornet case. Then they began razzing Lloyd with “*Musiker, ja Kiffer* (pothead)” the other agreeing “*Koksfresser* (cocaine eater)” then the first added “*ob zu Knast oder Klapsmühle* (off to jail or the nut house).” Then the second drunk turned to the first and pushed him challenging “*un’ du, Hundesohn, ob zur Hölle* (and you, S.O.B., off to hell.)” The first drunk was ready to attempt a swing at the other when an aging whore standing by warned “*nei du*” grabbing his arm and the *Polizei* quickly arrived to calm everything down and invite the drunks outside. Lloyd was relieved that he could get a few minutes of semi-sleep before other similar incidents would occur all through the tormentious night.

The days dragged on with jamming every night, free beers and bratwurst on weekend evenings and nothing much to eat the rest of the time. Lloyd often ate his bratwurst, conned Marianne into an extra roll or two and kept them as his only food for the week. Occasionally, he would attentively listen to stories and hard-luck biographies of the bums and hags at the *Wartesaal* in hopes that they might leave a few butts in the ashtray, perhaps half a beer, an unfinished sandwich or maybe even offer him a whole cigarette or possibly buy him a full beer or sandwich. One sort of friend was another pianist Lloyd had met at the *Keller* who one night took Lloyd to show him off at another fancy club somewhere in the outskirts of town. The pianist drove Lloyd there in his Benz then pushed Lloyd up to the bandstand to play. The band was astounded at Lloyd's jazz skills and the house pianist was obviously embarrassed. That was why Lloyd had been brought so that his friend could make the other pianist feel inferior. Then during a break, his friend treated him to real food and Lloyd noticed the waiter was Iranian. The house pianist came and sat at their table then began making insulting jokes about Lloyd in the typical cutting German fashion. After a while it became too much and Lloyd's patience crumbled. He began insulting the conniving Kraut with all the mother oaths and demeaning degradations he had learned in Iran but in Farsi. Then he and his friend left, climbed into the Benz and were slowly driving off when the house pianist raged out of the club and was running after the car began screaming insults and wild threats. Lloyd's friend opened the car window to hear a few phrases then stepped on the gas and roared off. “What did you say to him” Lloyd's friend asked. “I just told him off in Persian, I guess the waiter translated it for him.” They had a good laugh then returned to Mainz where Lloyd found his grubby corner table in the waiting room for another miserable night.

After a week, Lloyd was down to his last *pfennigs*. He realized that he could only come to the *Wartesaal* one more time with the few coins he had left because he just barely had enough for one last *Bahnsteig Billet* or platform ticket. He glared sorrowfully at the pitiful little coins muttering “*s’ klar, ‘sch’abe gor nichts; ‘s’geht nit, ‘haub’ nit.*” Then he made the fatal decision to spend his last bit of change for the ticket that would incarcerate him in the waiting room for two weeks without any food except what he could find in the form of scraps left here and there or by occasionally eating a mouthful of toilet paper to keep from totally starving. The first week was harsh with staggered and miserable sleep, starvation plus mental anguish from ridicule and persecution showered on him by Rad. Here they had a chance to get revenge for the war on a helpless down-and-out Yankee *Schweinhund* and their basic sadistic nature strongly surfaced as they found many ways to make his life, if it could even be called that, very miserable. At the end of the second week Lloyd looked gaunt and ghostlike, more like a concentration camp survivor than a late teens American boy from a nice family in a plush part of Glendale, California. He decided he had to get out and find a meal or he would become ill or die. So he staggered from the waiting room, out of the *Bahnhof* and over to the jazz *Keller* weakly making his way down the cement stairs. Marianne, who was cooking bratwursts for a couple of early guests, stared in disbelief at Lloyd's ghastly appearance. She gazed about to see if anyone was looking then stuffed two bratwursts into Lloyd's hand whispering “*nim mol!*” Lloyd staggered to the piano and hunched over to sneak the welcome meal. When he finished, he

felt somewhat satisfied and plunked out a few chords. A plink on the highest keys let Lloyd know that Marianne had left him a tall foaming mug of beer so he was practically back in the world of the living although somewhat dizzy which he accepted as a type of high.

Lloyd enthusiastically banged out a blues using his left hand to play a bass line. Soon the other musicians joined him and the club was in action. When Hilda showed up (this time alone), Marianne whispered to her that, according to gossip, Lloyd had spent weeks starving in the *Bahnhofswartesaal*. During the break, Hilda motioned Lloyd over to her table and grasped both his hands. She glared into his eyes like a loving puppy dog and whispered “*du musst zurück kommen, Liebchen.*” Lloyd would have loved to go back to their pleasant life together but he had his pride. He hated to burden anyone no matter how desperate he had become. He kissed her tenderly on the forehead and admitted “*isch liebe disch, awer. . .*” She looked down into her beer and muttered “*ja versteh 'sch.*” Hilda reached into her purse and pulled out a twenty *mark* bill stuffing it into Lloyd's shirt pocket explaining “*du hast's nötig, du kannst's später zurückgeben, gell?*” He heartily thanked her, squeezing her hands in his, then slowly went back to play another exciting set but adding a beautiful romantic ballad which he knew Hilda would understand was a dedication of gratitude to her especially when he punctuated it with a loving vibrant smile.

The next day Lloyd used Hilda's loan to get to Frankfurt where he hung around that *Bahnhof* waiting room a week before he received a welcome letter and check. This time it was only \$50, but Lloyd had learned to live on one dollar a month in the worst circumstances, so he was overjoyed. When he returned to Mainz and the jazz *Keller*, he was pleasantly surprised to see George tuning and tapping the drums. “Hey baby” George laughed with his eyes sparkling. “I'm glad you showed up. Last night I had to play with a German pianist and you know how Rad plays.” Lloyd jumped onto the stand and greeted everyone, then they really got groovin' with some good German and GI cats joining in. George invited Lloyd to be his guest at the good old Mainzerhof where they could spend a couple of days planning the eminent Bad Neuheim gig. Turkish horn man Mafi was going to be on trumpet, a solid German on bass and the tenor man Izmet who was a Turkish colleague of Mafi. The job was scheduled to pay \$300 each for the month, which in the late 50s was good money especially when, translated into *marks*. Room and board was to be supplied by the base which added to the attraction. George left Mainz early to get everything set up. Lloyd was to meet him and the other musicians at the Mannheim *Bahnhof*, in the waiting room, of course. Lloyd stayed a few days at the Mainzerhof to rest up and get prepared for another week in the park or *Bahnhof* before going to Mannheim. That night an exceptionally large crowd of Germans and GIs filled the *Keller* and Lloyd played hard and honkin' as usual. During a break, he joined Hilda who was alone at a table near the bandstand. He hugged her and thanked her for the twenty *mark* loan which he proudly repaid. She tried to refuse but he firmly insisted then ordered a beer and bratwurst for her being proud of his temporary ability to finally pay for something. Before returning to the piano, he held her tight and then lovingly kissed her on the ear whispering “*danke für alles; wenn isch eine Frau finde, isch hoffe sie ist so gut wie disch.*” His hand slid from her tender grasp and they exchanged a look of companionship that surpasses the usual lust and possessiveness attached to physical ‘romance.’

Officers' Club Gigs

On the day before the appointed meeting with George, Lloyd bought a ticket to Mannheim to chug off on the train to his month-long big gig. In Mannheim, he situated himself at a corner table at the *Bahnhofswartesaal* and spent his last two *marks* on beer and bratwurst. He didn't think he would need any cash once George and the guys came to take him to the gig. That was a nearly fatal decision. Lloyd ended up waiting three weeks at that table suffering insults, threats and haughty belligerence from the

Obers (waiters). The bread crust and left over drink situation was skimpy and the nasty waiters made sure that Lloyd rarely got a chance to snatch scraps from any plates. Finally George showed up apologizing over and over that the contract had been changed to a month later and the two had to wait a few more days for the others. George already had all the tickets to Bad Nauheim; so he felt he could splurge on drinks, cigarettes and food, generously tipping the waiters until his money ran out. Then for a couple of days, George had to learn how to suffer the pains of being totally broke. It wasn't as bad for Lloyd because at least they were both suffering together. Also the waiters, having been given generous tips by George, occasionally sneaked them dry rolls or food scraps out of pity. Finally George's girlfriend showed up, as did the other musicians. George got some money from his girl and then ordered big meals and lots of beer for everyone. Suddenly everyone treated Lloyd like a human; they called him "*mein Herr*" they said "*bitte*" even "*danke*" for a refreshing change. Lloyd offered George his dessert saying "*bitte*" to which George responded "no, just a little salty" a dialogue they often replayed as one of their corny 'comedy' bits.

They gathered up their things and George's girlfriend drove them over to the base. Her government ID gained them easy access as the MP called in to say the band for the officer's club had arrived. Lloyd, George and George's lady friend were put in one room and the other three musicians in a nearby room at the small guesthouse. The base supplied their sumptuous meals and, needless to say, Lloyd was better fed than he had been since leaving Tehran. The month flew by without incident except the continual harassment by army drunks slobbering all over band members asking for certain stupid tunes over and over or muttering about their problems. Lloyd vowed that if he ever had a choice he would never play for drunks again anywhere. At the end of the gig, George gave Lloyd \$50 to last him until the bank check could be processed and sent to George a month later. The \$50 lasted Lloyd three weeks then he was back to starving in the Mainz *Bahnhof* waiting room again. The lone evenings he would in his wander around the grim streets past crumbled brick ruins sometimes venturing into a *Bierstube* in hopes some GI or an old German veteran would invite him for a drink to listen to war stories.

Finally one night George appeared at the *Keller* with a wild grin and his scarecrow woman on his arm. Lloyd knew that the check had finally come. They went to the fanciest restaurant in town to enjoy designer food and special brews then to the Mainzerhof for a week to rest up for their next job in France. Mafi, his tenor man pal and an American bassist met George and Lloyd in Frankfurt where they crammed their instruments into George's woman's big old car and headed out on the autobahn to Köln and on to France until they reached the quaint village of Bar-le-Duc. France was quite different than Germany. Everything seemed much more run down, dirtier and less organized but definitely more human. Sure, the French were often suspicious and nasty like Germans, but many were also cordial and would warmly converse instead of mechanically blurting out commands like Rad. The French would chat for hours about an unimportant subject and argue various points with waving hands and bobbing heads. They often acted gruff and grumpy, complaining and downgrading everything; but they were a lot easier to get along with than Rad with his war-loss inferiority-superiority complexes.

The actual 'town' of Bar-le-Duc was a hole in the road with one café where local village men stood around grumbling over drinks while younger fellows enthused and yelled over the silly *Fussball* game, the only recreation in town. George got a room with an ex-madame or something who's brightly died red hair, over-polished nails and slummy makeup pegged her as probably the former town sex boutique. The room in the old house near a park was furnished with an armoire, a crocked sink, a worn-out wooden table, a *bidet* (a sit-on sink that sprays a person's derriere) and the saggiest bed Lloyd had ever seen. George and Lloyd had to share the bed, inevitably rolling together in the center within minutes of climbing in and they had to fight a feverish uphill battle to keep from sagging together to the floor in the center. The officer's

club was nice resembling a small chateau, but the usual imbeciles would hang around the band and, in drunken stupors, demand sloppy sentimental requests, which the band was obliged to honor. The worst drunk and overly obnoxious slob was colonel Gluz who had hired them. When Gluz had a fight with his wife, his mistress, another officer, the old lady at the grocery store, or was perturbed for any reason, he went to the club to get drunk and bully the band, especially Lloyd who had always been an easy target for abuse. The month dragged on and finally ended this time with George demanding the check before leaving town. The band loaded up the car again and headed back to Frankfurt where they were all paid and promised another gig in future months in Nancy, France.

Back in Mainz, Lloyd lived with two bearded Jewish intellectuals. They would throw their dirty stinky old laundry on the floor so Lloyd could have a makeshift bed that was by far better than the *Bahnhof*. Then when one of them went to work in the mornings, Lloyd would climb onto his bed for a few hours of real sleep. Once the assistant manager of the *Keller* invited Lloyd to stay in his apartment for a few days. The assistant manager would also sneak Lloyd a sandwich or beer now and then. He once expressed to Lloyd what many of the regulars at the club felt "Lloyd you are a real man; I'm not a man but you are. You shtick to vat you belief no madder vat." Finally when he got another check from home, he rented a little room in the same building for a month and was able to live like a human for a while. He could spread out his manuscript paper and write arrangements blending jazz with the Eastern concepts he had heard in Iran, the Far East and India.

Don Ellis and the Jazz Three Band

After suffering at the hands of Rad and starving in sleepless misery for months, Lloyd's tenacity finally paid off one night when he was wildly belting out his hard drivin' bluesy repertoire. A crowd of more people than could reasonably fit in the *Keller* poured in. Several of them had instruments and looked as if they were real professionals. Whispers reached Lloyd's ears that it was famed trumpet man Don Ellis and his renowned army Jazz Three band, the best cats in Europe at the time. They came up to the bandstand one by one asking Lloyd for notes to tune their instruments. Mafi was with them as was famous sax man Edie Harris, a Mexican trombonist from L.A. named David Sanchez and half a dozen other world class musicians. The ensuing jazz was the most exciting thing Lloyd had ever been part of and he played masterful. His playing so impressed everyone that Don asked him if he wanted to come tour with the band since they had just lost their pianist Cedar Walton. But Lloyd didn't read music so playing the complex arrangements they had would have been impossible. George appeared and sat in on drums; so the group was complete and Lloyd was in ecstasy. It was the big jam that Lloyd had been working towards for years. He turned on his newly purchased little ten *mark* mini tape recorder with its tiny 10 minute reel and taped a couple of the tunes, distorted but wonderfully performed. Don's solos were masterful, hard driving and full of unbelievable virtuosity that approached Diz or Clifford in skill. Sanchez ran all over the trombone as if it was a trumpet and Eddie's funky bluesy but also sensitive tenor work was fabulous. Everyone played so fast and so hot that the regulars at the *Keller* were stunned to silent awe especially the manager Helmut and barmaid Marianne.

But when Helmut called out the inevitable dreaded "*Feierabend*" at 1:00 a.m., for the first time in his musical career in Mainz, Lloyd became fiercely angry. He stood like a stallion with flashing glazed eyes and authoritatively commanded "*nein! Kein Feierabend! Sie spielen meine Musik!* (no! No closing time! They're playing my music!)" The manager and his staff sunk back like frightened puppies as Lloyd continued to pass out the arrangements he had been writing for months since those late night hours in the hotel in Beirut. Finally Lloyd had convinced someone to play his charts and he wasn't going to allow

anything to get in the way. Since Lloyd had patiently born all kinds of humiliation and suffering in silence, everyone knew he meant business when he flew into a fury. After Don and Eddie had played most of his trumpet and tenor arrangements, some in odd time signatures and many with Eastern overtones, Don was very impressed. He was a composer/arranger too, but never had heard Eastern influenced jazz charts like Lloyd's. He declared "hey man, I dig this Eastern jazz stuff. I'm going to really get into it myself now that I have heard how it can work." That may have been a turning point in Don's career, which later led to his stardom as a purveyor of Turkish and Eastern European rhythmic concepts in his jazz composing.

For a finale, Don called out Honeysuckle Rose and everyone tore into it like madmen. Lloyd thumped C's in octave with his left hand on the off beat for the first four measures every third or fourth chorus joined by George's snare drum and the excellent solid bassist. Then Lloyd and George who had been feeling the same accents for months at their gigs and jams would tear into wild accents in perfect consort. Suddenly, right in the middle of Eddie's superb solo, when he was running up and down his tenor so fast that it was almost impossible to follow punctuated by background riffs from the other horns, the music immediately cut to a dead silence. Only Lloyd continued pounding a few chords in bewilderment until the familiar growl of the *Polizei* pierced his ears with an outraged "halt!!!" Lloyd turned around from his position facing the wall to see the incensed stare of two blue-eyed SS types. The *Polizei* glared as if they were ready to stand Lloyd up against a wall for execution. Lloyd started to stutter an explanation when the lead officer shouted at him to shut up; "halten Sie den Mund! Verstanden?!" The other officer glared at the whispering frightened fans ordering "Ruhe! (silence!)" Then he sent them out timidly scampering up the stairs with "alles raus! ab! . . . los! ja?!"

The manager quietly tried to calm the police explaining that it was a private rehearsal of a special group that had never been at the club before. The police seemed unconvinced even by two tall foaming beers and a couple of bratwursts flirtatiously offered by beautiful and charming Marianne. Finally she girlishly tossed her long blond hair and sweet-talked them into not punishing the *Keller* too harshly or revoking their license. Lloyd never knew whether the *Keller* got fined or not or how much; but one thing was sure, the staff gained a healthy respect for him now that they found out he could stand up for himself with vigor when necessary. The musicians all left the club about 3 in the morning and Lloyd suggested they continue jamming in the park. They decided the idea was too far out and too police provoking and they would infuriate the cops even more. They might have been arrested and sent to a concentration camp if any could still be found. Rules and regulations, that is what Rad loved and lived for. So the big jam was over for the night.

A few days later, Don Ellis was invited to join the gang from the *Keller* for a jazz cruise on the Mainz River sponsored by owner Helmut in one of his more generous gestures with free food and beer for musicians. Lloyd was on the cruise along with the bassist and drummer who were regulars at the *Keller*. Actually, Don was invited by Marianne which he couldn't refuse since he had developed a minor crush on her. Don played a few tunes with the band but mostly relaxed hugging and kissing with his newfound blond *Schatz*. Meanwhile an overly friendly American guy had been hanging around with Lloyd and showed up on the cruise. He had continually been trying to sell some pot to Lloyd but, as always, Lloyd had no use for pot or other drugs. He hated giggling for no reason and dropping keys or whatever along with being unnecessarily incessantly hungry. Finally one night after the cruise, while sitting on a park bench and chatting, to appease his friend, he gave in and bought a small bag of really bad pot that was mostly stems for \$10. He tried it out but mostly it just burned up cigarette papers and had little effect. A couple of days later, Lloyd gave it all to George and never saw it again. But Lloyd's pushy friend didn't forget about it. Actually, Lloyd later learned that his so-called pal was

actually a US army narc who hadn't gotten a bust yet in Germany and needed a sucker to take a fall and Lloyd was it. A few days later, Lloyd's 'buddy' sheepishly admitted to the whole sham set-up and asked Lloyd to be a good guy and just go along with it for a few days then leave Germany till it all blew over. The next weekend Lloyd dropped over to the *Keller* and was stunned at the grim coldness from everyone there. The waiter who had befriended him and allowed him to stay a while in his tiny apartment was very hurt that Lloyd had supposedly accused him of being a fag. Lloyd strongly denied it all and asked who was spreading lies about him. Then the waiter told him how Marianne had been interrogated by the *Polizei* who also accused Helmut of aiding and abetting Lloyd as a dangerous dope pusher. Everyone at the *Keller* who had any relation with Lloyd, even his old girlfriend Hilda had been interrogated probably with a touch of SS meanness since most *Polizei* were likely former Nazi SS officers. He felt very depressed that he had become an undesirable, just so his 'friend' could feign success as an army narc.

Rescued from Rad

Lloyd went back to his dreary little apartment to mope for a few days pending the arrival of his mother and sister who were flying all the way from Tehran to see how he was doing. When they got to his grubby little pad, they were horrified by the place and shocked by Lloyd's tattered clothing and his emaciated ghastly appearance. His mother tried to sew up some of his town clothes then broke down in tears. That night Lloyd proudly took his family to the *Keller* where his mother and sister were shell shocked by the dirty bearded beatniks, the blatantly wild women, the beer guzzling, the obvious dope smoking dregs and the noise of boisterous partying and honkin' jazz. Although the word had gotten around that Lloyd had been set up on the phony drug peddler rap and his friends were less cold to him, his mother and sister were so traumatized by the whole experience that the next day they gave Lloyd an ultimatum. His mother said "If you go to college, we will support you." Then she added "your sister is going to be placed in a first class school in Villars in the Swiss mountains near Geneva. So you could go to the university there. You could study at the interpreters' school; you are so good at languages." Lloyd knew he had no choice since the cops could be hauling him in on the phony dope rap and because he was nearly broke again and would soon be back in the *Bahnhof* eating crusts and waiting to eventually be arrested by the *Polizei* there. He reluctantly agreed and his mother gave him some money to get his instruments, music and personal items out of the *Bahnhof* storage and to prepare to become a college boy, a lifestyle Lloyd had always despised.

Lloyd was sad to have to leave Mainz now that he finally had his own little apartment and was established as the *Keller* house pianist. The next evening he went to the club to jam for the last time to bid farewell to his friends and fans. As usual, the fans loved his funky hard driving sometimes half-insane pounding and his cheerful positive personality. After the last set and well before *Feierabend*, Lloyd was sitting at a table glumly nursing his free beer. His old flame Hilda wandered over and joined him asking "was, Schatz?" He despondently responded "*ist fertig, zu Ende, zu spät; alles verloren, alles vorbei. Es tut mir leid, Schatz, aber isch muss nach der Schweiz fahren, ja zum Universität*" adding "*richtig schade* (a real shame)." He hung his head continuing his sorrowful requiem for his jazz 'career.' "*So viele Fehler, so dumm von mir, isch habe nichts gemacht, isch habe nischt gedacht; isch bin zu schwach, es is so unmöglich Musiker zu sein. Vielleicht es ist mein Schuld; isch bin so blöde, immer spielen und spielen dann plötzlich . . .*" Hilda interrupted his dirge by taking his hand wondering when he had decided to leave asking "*seit wann?*" He muttered "*gestern, mein Mutter und Schwester . . .*" Hilda interrupted "*bist du sicher?*" she plead. Lloyd grumbled "*macht nichts, marks nichts . . . spielt keine Rolle*

mehr.” Sure everyone knew he was broke. Hilda asked how he would survive “*wovon lebst du?*” He took sip of beer and mumbled “*kein’ Ahnung*” then he grumbled “*mein’ Eltern.*” She looked into his eyes and asked how he felt about it “*wie fühlst du dich?*” He sneered and quipped “*awful; furchtbar*” he muttered then tried to joke “*isch muss die Herrenvolk verlassen (I have to leave the master race.)*” She feigned an uncomfortable chuckle then, attempting to prove her love, offered “*isch gehe zusammen mit dir in die Schweiz.*” He appreciated her offer to come with him but released her from the responsibility saying “*nit noting, kein Sorge, isch . . .*” She squeezed his hand pleading “*versprich mir, dass du misch nit vergisst.*” Of course he wouldn’t forget her. “*Ja, isch habe geschworen*” he promised.

Then Helmut wandered by the table and stopped to ask “*was is’ denn, Müller?*” Lloyd sat with his head hanging down glaring at the table; so Hilda explained “*er fährt noch Genf; er kommt nit zurück.*” Helmut became stern then looked at Lloyd and asked “*wieso?*” Then he declared “*guck mal Mensch, bleiben Sie hier, weil . . .*” Lloyd interrupted “*aber isch kann nichts tun.*” Helmut smiled, motioned to Marianne to bring some beers and ordered Lloyd to play “*los, spiel was.*” Lloyd smirked and cautioned “*aber Feierabend.*” Helmut chuckled remembering the recent *Polizei* raid. Then realizing that Lloyd’s decision had been made, he squeezed Lloyd’s shoulder and thanked him for his work “*vielen Dank für Ihre Mitarbeit*” to which Marianne added “*und wunderbare Musik.*” She planted a loving kiss on his lips then glanced at her friend Hilda who offered an approving smile. It seemed that the whole false drug scare by the undercover army narc was now understood by everyone as a set up with Lloyd as the innocent victim. After finishing his beer, Hilda followed him up the stairs and walked to his apartment mostly in silence. At the door, they embraced firmly exchanging several meaningful kisses when she attempted to enter the door pleading “*kann isch . . .*” He answered her with one last hug and a kindly kiss on the forehead before slipping into the door and quickly closing it wishing her farewell as she slowly and sadly shuffled off never to see him again.

In the morning, Lloyd’s mother and sister came to the dingy apartment to help him finalize his packing. The landlady was distraught that Lloyd was leaving because he had been a nice and pleasant tenant. He really hated to leave the jazz scene he had been in and had actually created in Mainz. But starvation, degradation and sleepless nights eventually could have killed him. So he was forced to give up his principles and to be crushed by the system for a moment. He decided he had to succumb to that middle class, mediocre, American sickness about going to college. “You can probably play jazz at some club in Geneva like you did here” his mother comforted. He thought for a long ten minutes unhappily pouting and staring at the floor then grudgingly agreed. The next day Lloyd finished packing, returned the key to his landlady with fond farewells then he trudged off to the *Bahnhof*. As Lloyd was approaching the train to Frankfurt sorrowfully dragging his luggage, he looked up to see the same two *Polizei* who had burst into the *Keller* the night the Jazz Three band was jamming after curfew. They were also the same pair who had jolted Lloyd awake many times in the park or the *Bahnhof*. Since it was his last time in Mainz probably forever, Lloyd decided to be cordial. He went right over to them and offered his hand stating “*tshüss Kameraden, isch fahre nach Genf zu studieren; kein mehr zu spät spielen und kein mehr schlafen in Bahnhof.*” The officer with the blaring blue eyes remarked to this companion “*der Klavierspieler (the piano man).*” Then, with a forced wry smile on half his mouth, he accepted Lloyd’s hand and wished him well “*also, viel Glück Knabe.*” His companion cop also took Lloyd’s hand adding “*viel Spaß; Genf ist wirklich schön.*” Lloyd was completely stunned how nice they could be in a normal situation. Lloyd realized that maybe Rad had some good traits after all and maybe he was part of the problem, a concept that later would prove to be very true. After all, he was a third generation Kraut; so there had to be something he could relate to someday.

Chapter 18

Languages and Jazz in Geneva

So finally Lloyd, his mother, and sister were on the plane to Geneva. They checked into a nice *auberge* on the outskirts of town in a pleasant grove. For the first time since he left Beirut, Lloyd felt that he was among human beings. The Swiss seemed to be much more polite than the Germans or French, although some Swiss appeared to be cool and calculating. A few days later they all took the train through Lausanne and Montreux, then up the mountains to Villars where Lloyd's sister comfortably settled in her fancy private school. Most of the students there were children of Americans or other diplomats stationed around the world and children of the wealthy or high government officials of various countries. A girl who the Millers knew from Tehran was there, a girl whose buxom shape and long blond hair had attracted Lloyd before and now even more so. When he met her again they walked through the trees near the school and sneaked a kiss or two. Lloyd suggested "if you don't have anyone, you do now. We could make this a permanent romance." Lloyd didn't have much hope of seeing her again so his offer was a bit artificial.

Back in Geneva, Lloyd's mom found a nice room for him in a boarding house. On that same floor, two snotty American girls, also prospective students at the University of Geneva, had the next-door room. So his mother, always looking out for him and trying to 'get him on the right track,' secretly hired them to watch Lloyd for a few weeks. After his mother left to return to Tehran, the American chicks went through the motions of befriending him. They were as disgusted with his beatnik, bebop aura as he was nauseated over their middle-class American mediocrity. Lloyd resented the epitome of sickening shallowness they portrayed. Their short hair, heavy make-up, manly pushiness, brashly whining voices, snobbishness and clomping walk made him want to vomit. The girls invited Lloyd for lunch, obeying his mother's paid request, and they tried to put up with him as he purposely made snide and shocking statements, the same techniques he used as a child to embarrass his mother for her pseudo society social climbing companions. He had a good time stunning them with detailed accounts of sexual relations he had experienced as they choked on their soup, or by trying to convince them that smoking pot was necessary for everyone as they dropped their forks on the floor. He succeeded in assuming that the two straight chicks would leave him alone no matter how much they had been paid to watch him when he cussed them out for their blaring loud voices and then promised that he would have an orgy with both of them together that night. Although they turned red, purple and almost had heart attacks, Lloyd felt that their mixed-up sado-masochistic sex complexes might have secretly tantalized their imaginations from his last affront, he was pretty sure they would never bother him again.

A Gaggle of Gorgeous Girls

Now, free from bondage, Lloyd was ready to confront Geneva on his own terms. He went to the *Unversité de Geneve* and stood in the long line for registration. The number of gorgeous and stunningly well-built girls at the university was almost a shock treatment for Lloyd. Beauties from all over the world; friendly, romantically inclined and eager for dates thronged the corridors of the main building proving why the interpreter's school had been dubbed *le Bureau de Marriage*. One scintillating Italian with long, black hair came up to him and asked "*eh, come va? Americano?*" He nervously nodded and then turned as a pert

little redhead tugged at him declaring “American, huh? Hi, I’m from Boston.” A local Swiss with very wavy blond hair sauntered by and asked “*vous ettes etranger?*” while a naughty little Swiss German grabbed Lloyd’s arm and gently pushed the others back warning “*er ist deutsch, il est a moi!*” Lloyd didn’t know how to handle so much attention, whether exaggerated or real, from such a cast of queens; but he loved every minute of it. He already knew that he was going to like Geneva; the international atmosphere was perfect for his character. A genius oddball musical wizard like Lloyd never got along in small towns or in one-sided mediocre ethnocentric situations. As several dozen girls clustered around Lloyd to see who could win his first date in town, a cute little gal with curly black hair and almond eyes floated by purposely ignoring any males present. He knew that she was Iranian because of how she almost acted as if she had a chador pulled over her head as she stared past him looking down as she hurried along. Lloyd broke out of the circle of European and American beauties and rushed after her. “*Khanom, khanom!*” he shouted “*shoma Irani asti?*” She quickly turned in awe staring at Lloyd in disbelief. As their eyes met for a moment, a slight bond of friendship was formed before she muttered “*bali, shoma kojai asti?*” When Lloyd shot back “*Emrikai*” she remembered her native code of gender separation and consequently hurriedly whisked off down the hall. Lloyd was temporarily love-struck and dazed as he slowly returned to his female admirers to ask who that was. A sweet little Belgian offered the information in French with a Flemish accent “*elle est Iranienne, Mademoiselle Hoda Bahar. Mais elle ne parle pas avec des homes, son frere est tellemont jellous.*” The girls all laughed in relief knowing that Lloyd’s chances with an Iranian girl who had a protective brother were nil. “*Vous devais choisir parmi nous*” a pretty Parisienne declared.

Then a painfully plain little American with kinky hair, prominent freckles and goofy glasses pushed her way into the center of the circle and said “Hi, I’m Jean de Bruler from Chicago. Come on and I’ll show you where we all have lunch.” Lloyd was relieved that his choice of girls had been made for him so he wouldn’t have to hurt anyone’s feelings even though Jean was not really beautiful and in no way sexy like the others. But this was preferable to Lloyd who was a bit afraid of being drawn into web of sexual activity with some lovely creature only to be betrayed and discarded as he had been before. A bond was immediately formed, mostly on a platonic basis, and Jean, who looked and acted a tiny bit like Lloyd’s mother, ended up being his sidekick in Geneva. They became great friends as they chatted for two hours at the café where University lunches were served. It wasn’t much of a boy-girl relationship at all, just a couple of weird expatriates who had some things in common. Jean liked the same kind of jazz that Lloyd did and they both resented the mediocre product pushing and product worshiping stupidity of American society; plus they both had a flare for languages. Lloyd didn’t want to ruin his friendship with her, so their romance was limited to merely kisses, tight hugs and rarely mild petting.

The first weeks of classes were hell for Lloyd because he was studying some of his favorite Eastern languages but the classes were all in French which he hardly knew yet. So he had to sign up for a beginning French class as well where he had a hard time with the weird spelling and the confusing gender system. Lloyd had signed up for ancient Egyptian, Acadian, Sumerian, Sanskrit, Chinese, Arabic, Turkish and all three years of Persian. He did well in most of the classes, although Sanskrit was early in the morning and the professor was so vague and absent-minded that no one was making any progress. After a couple of months, Lloyd’s classroom French was sufficient to make it through the lessons quite well. The teachers, all of whom admired his linguistic genius and ability

to pronounce with little or no accent, helped him along occasionally telling him meanings in English or taking time to explain complicated information after class.

Jean and Lloyd went everywhere together exploring and discovering Geneva and its environs like two kids with new toy. They found the non-alcohol restaurant that served healthier but not always tasty food, hung around on the benches by the lake to watch sunsets, wandered up the hill to Old Town. They occasionally dined at the restaurant by the lake where the grimly syrupy and hokey bad Italian commercial band played gruesome tunes like Volare and the violinist with a big gold earring wandered around from table to table expecting tips and generally making a nuisance of himself. One night in Old Town, after Lloyd and Jean had finished a small bottle of wine Jean brought along in her purse, the two inebriated Yankee goofballs started some exaggerated dancing and everyone in the small club surrounded them to shout encouragements. They got crazier and wilder as the audience energetically yelled and applauded probably because they were watching two ridiculous drunks rather than any legitimate cool American dance moves. As for dance, Jean occasionally visited the ballet studio where a one legged ballet master was skillfully guiding young ballerinas thumping his cane on the floor in time to the pianist and shouting dance commands in French. Lloyd was amazed that a ballet master with one leg could teach as well as one with both legs. It inspired him to reach for higher goals in his music endeavors. As for booze, Lloyd found when he visited a dentist to work on a painfully decayed tooth, that there wouldn't be any Novocain. The dentist just suggested that Lloyd get a pint of cognac and drink as much as he could to deaden the pain. Lloyd obeyed and got through the painful slow grinding without feeling much of anything. Jean had to help him back to his friend Hadi's apartment where he was temporarily staying as he mumbled nonsense and staggered goofily.

Lloyd quickly fell into the Iranian crowd whose leading figure was Hadi Bahar. It was Hadi's sister who Lloyd had admired on his first day at the University. Lloyd quickly became the mascot of the Persians and was also friends with some of the Arabs and other Eastern people from as Far East as Thailand. He always tried to practice his linguistic skills on his international friends who encouraged and helped him along in his efforts to speak their various languages. The Iranians had a great time sending him to another crowd of Iranians in the cafeteria with messages like "*buna bogu 'perdasag.'*" (tell them 'son of a bitch'). Lloyd, not fully fluent in Persian yet and not familiar with insults, obediently obliged carrying the message. The other group of Iranians chuckled and asked "*ki betun goft?*" He indicated who had sent the message by pointing to the group of their friends across the cafeteria. Then one of them instructed "*buna bogu 'madar morde,' fahmidid?*" He falsely indicated that he understood and obediently rushed over to the first group to share the answering insult. This went on for a half hour until Lloyd had pronounced every possible Persian insult including some unprintable ones without knowing he had been the bearer of scathing yet humorous (because a big dumb looking tall Yanki was pronouncing the curses) phrases.

Lloyd endeared himself to the whole Iranian community at the University and one day they decided he was to become an Iranian. They were discussing what name he should have. One suggested Kurosh or Cyrus, the name of the world's greatest and kindest emperor. Another suggested Ali the martyred saint of Shia' Islam. A third noted that he should end whatever name he decided with Khan, the title of honor from the Mongol period. Lloyd stood up and declared "*pas Kurosh Ali Khan*" combining all three cultures in a very goofy but memorable manner. From then on, as Kurosh Ali Khan, no Persian speaker would ever forget him once they had a chuckle or a stare of surprise at the weird name combination. Hadi took Lloyd under his wing and they found a nice apartment near Rond Pointe by the U. The first month they were struggling to get the rent and deposit together and, while they were sitting glumly in the lobby of the university, Hadi's sister Hoda demurely drifted by. Hadi

jumped up and told her of their financial dilemma. Immediately, without any questions, Hoda whipped out a hundred franc bill and folded it into Hadi's thankful hand. After thanks and farewell, Hadi pulled Lloyd to his feet and said "let's go, its OK now." Lloyd never forgot that example of the goodness and kindness of Iranians and the solidarity of their family structure.

Le Jazz en Geneve

It didn't take Lloyd long to find the one and only local jazz club which was a downstairs room up the hill in the old part of town. At the club, known as Le Cave de Hot Club, Lloyd fell in with the local pianist and showed him some chording and alternate changes. The pianist, Jaques, became one of Lloyd's best friends along with Hadi and Jean. Jaques always invited Lloyd to sit-in on piano or clarinet when he came to the Cave. It was an opportunity for Jaques to learn directly from a real American jazz master. The two had great times together and occasionally tried some fourhanded piano to impress the fans at the club. But when Jaques and Jean became overly friendly, Lloyd's betrayal-rejection complex began to catch up with him. He would glumly sit in a sidewalk café staring emptily into the street as he sipped black beer or a coffee. Jean would ask, "what's wrong?" and Lloyd just answered "oh, nothing." His complexes had overpowered his reason and he was imagining that Jean and Jaques might be having a wild affair behind his back. Finally the pressure and anguish was so heavy that Lloyd, in a paranoid quiet rage, burst into the café near the University where Jaques usually hung out and asked him to come outside for a moment. In a saintly manner, Lloyd said, "*Jaques mon ami*, if you want Jean you can have her. You are a better man than me anyway." Jaques stared in disbelief and sputtered "what are you talking about, man? I'm not the least bit interested in Jean. Maybe she plays up to me just to make you jealous." He then patted Lloyd on the shoulder comforting him. "She's your girl, man, go work on it. Maybe she wants to marry you."

Lloyd was relieved, and, when he mentioned it to Jean at dinner, she smirked a bit unconsciously revealing her secret scheme to create fears and jealousy in the mind of an insecure romantic companion. Lloyd decided it was time to make a move to stabilize his relationship with Jean. He said "well if it isn't you and Jaques, then why don't we get engaged." He sat dumbfounded at his own words and how easily he had given in to Jean's sneaky plot to trap him. So, Lloyd bought a cheap gold band to give Jean as a surprise the next day. She put it on her left hand fourth finger to show they were engaged according to Swiss custom. The ring would be moved to her right hand when and if they were married. Lloyd was very hesitant about the idea of marrying someone who had too many traits and faults that paralleled his mother's. But he was used to that kind of personality for the same reasons and felt comfortable around it although wary and leery.

One day Jaques and others at the Cave told Lloyd that the world famous fantastic jazzman Art Blakey was coming to Lausanne for a concert with his Jazz Messengers. Lloyd was stunned and overjoyed that he could hear such a great band up close. He had been playing Moanin' and other tunes in the East Coast style, mostly with a Horace Silver sound, and couldn't believe he would actually be able to see pianist Bobbly Timmons play his piece Moanin' in person. Lloyd excitedly bought his ticket and enjoyed that hard diving sound of Blakey's excellent band. Although Lloyd missed the funky bluesy piano of Horace Silver who, along with Tristano and Brubeck, had been his main piano idol, Timmons was also very cool and funky. During the intermission, Lloyd went out into the hallway near the back of the stage just in case the musicians would come out. His hopes were rewarded as

Blakey, Timmons and the others filed out and hung around the door. Lloyd, fearless and crazy as he was, walked right up to them and, assuming his spade and jive-shuckin' persona, chatted them up. Of course they had a chuckle seeing a tall goofy honky sometimes convincingly trying to be a spade cat. They soon warmed up to him and he invited Art to come to the jazz club in Geneva the next night to maybe jam. Then when everyone was ready to slowly go back towards the stage, Lloyd cornered Bobby and asked about the changes to the bridge of Moanin' since he wasn't exactly sure. He went through his concept of what they were starting on the Bb. Timmons approved Lloyd's perception of the changes then Lloyd wondered if it was Bb 7th or minor for the first chord of the bridge. Bobby recited the correct sequence of the changes which were almost exactly what Lloyd had been playing at jam sessions. Lloyd warmly thanked him as Bobby went back through the door to start the last set.

The next night Art Blakey actually showed up at the Cave half way up the steep hill in Old Town and was very personable. Lloyd, Swiss drummer Daniel Humair and local cats played a few sets and Blakey listened and politely chatted with fans. His presence at the Cave created a world class and professional atmosphere that enthused everyone. Finally at the end of the night, after having been pled with to sit in a set, Art agreed and the whole place was electrified with his high energy solid drumming. Lloyd felt that he was playing with a real jazzman like the one other miraculous evening in the jazz *Keller* in Mainz when Don Ellis and Eddie Harris joined his trio. After that last set, everyone thanked Art for gracing them with his presence and for consenting to play a set. Everyone left the club and Lloyd wandered down the steep hill in a joyful daze having played with one of the worlds best if not the absolute best drummer of the times. He wandered into the apartment where Hadi was studying and briefly related the unbelievable events of the evening.

Two Many Fiancées and a Swiss Wedding

One afternoon, Lloyd was surprised by a knock on the door and the appearance of his sister with her friend Sally. Sally pressed against him, kissed him with enthusiastic fervor then declared, "remember Lloyd we are engaged." He looked stunned as she continued, "you said that since I didn't have anyone else, to wait for you, so I did." Lloyd's sister agreed exaggerating "Yes, Lloyd, she has been very faithful and has been waiting for you refusing hundreds of dates and offers of marriage." Lloyd gulped and fumbled "yes I remember, and I really meant it then." He looked over at the beautiful girl with her chest tantalizingly ballooning out of a low-cut sweater, her soft eyes lovingly peering from behind her silken hair. "She really loves you Lloyd" his sister continued, "so why don't you get married and go straight. Give up that silly jazz playing, return to America, go to college there then and get a regular job." The desire which had been welling up in Lloyd for the gorgeous creature sitting there on his bed suddenly subsided. Visions of middle class mediocrity, of sickening supermarkets and tasteless TV ads passed before him as a scene of horror then resentment fell over him like a black cloud. "I, uh, yes, um, she is beautiful and I could really love her but music is my whole life." Sally, eager not to lose Lloyd, piped up "oh, Lloyd I want you just like you are. I love your jazz playing and your lifestyle." Lloyd stood befuddled and bewildered not knowing how to handle this plus how to handle his promise to Jean. He sat down on the bed next to Sally who cuddled up next to him as Lloyd's sister made some excuse to go outside for a few minutes. A half hour later, his sister returned just as Lloyd was fighting the urge to initiate some minor petting. The lovers broke up their clench to discuss plans for Lloyd to visit Villars soon in order to potentially continue their romantic activities.

Their attention was suddenly turned to the door as Jean unlocked it and entered with the weekend groceries under her arm. When Sally and Jean saw each other, the war was on. Lloyd tried to explain that Jean was a roommate living there. But Jean refused that statement with “what do you mean roommate, see this ring” she declared waving her left hand, “we’re engaged. We’ve been engaged for a month or more.” Sally’s face fell and big tears welled up in her eyes. Then Jean became sadistic describing how Lloyd had chosen her and promised to marry her because he was so desperately in love with her. She went on to describe in detail the necking, petting and almost sex sessions they had experienced together exaggerating beyond the realm of reality. After a few minutes of the humiliating experience, Sally ran out the door followed by Lloyd’s sister who threatened, “I’m telling our parents about this Lloyd, it’s disgusting.” Jean stood defiantly and triumphantly victorious, savoring having sealed his fate as her future husband. But Jean wanted to be sure Lloyd was permanently in her clutches. She knew how much Lloyd was basically against sex without marriage; so once he had succumbed to her physically, he would be her prisoner. That night after Lloyd had fallen deep in sleep, Jean took off her clothes and initiated intimacy. She climbed on top of him and broke her virginity; a painful pleasure, which she knew, would secure her future. At the final moment, Lloyd suddenly awoke to see Jean glowering down at him like a vampire. “OK, Lloyd, now we have had sex so no more little blonds from Villars, right?” Lloyd didn’t know whether to be furious or to enjoy the relief and relaxation. Jean didn’t let him have a chance to decide as she continued the intimacy until dawn finally found them slumbering in each other’s arms. So their fates were sealed and the two ‘lovebirds’ soon began the long process of obtaining a marriage license.

Their names had to be posted at the city hall for a few months in case anyone had objection to the marriage (poor Sally was up in Villars and didn’t know French or wouldn’t think to snoop at the city hall.) Then there were miles of red tape necessary before they could go through with it. Finally the wedding day came, attended by Lloyd’s sister (reluctantly), Hadi and Jaques plus Lloyd’s new jazz friend Jimmy, otherwise known as Mobarik. Jimmy, a black ‘musician’ from New York, had convinced Lloyd to go with him to Sweden where the jazz scene was the best in Europe. Lloyd, always a sucker for a friend, had given Jimmy \$100 of his allowance so Jimmy could get his VW fixed for the trip. Of course Lloyd was going to pay for the gas and lodging all the way to Stockholm.

After the wedding where Jean switched the simple gold band from her left to right hand according to the Swiss Protestant tradition and a quiet party, Lloyd and Jean drove off with Jimmy through Germany to dreaded Frankfurt. The newlyweds spent their wedding night in a mediocre hotel in Frankfurt where memories of living in poverty in the *Bahnhof* and his grim recent past haunted Lloyd. He refused to let Rad and his nastiness spoil anything. That night Jimmy offered a toast in Swedish, “*min skål din skål, alle folkets skål*” he said waving a beer mug to be clicked by the newlyweds. The next day they were off to Hamburg where Jimmy told stories about the several whores he had been with in the Reeperbahn section. “They got chicks dere who loves to get whipped, man. Dey even got chicks who whips you if youse a sick cat like dese Krauts is” Jimmy revealed. Then he turned to religion and began preaching Islam. Lloyd knew something about it from Iran so he got into a lively discussion. Lloyd was trying to tell Jimmy about Mormonism, the religion he had been born into but never lived. Jimmy put Mormonism down as a Ku Klux Klan racist organization. When he found out that Jean was maybe going to join the Mormons some day he said “oh man, you don’t wanna get mixed up with dat holy roller outfit. Get into Islam, forget that racist crap.” Lloyd kept quiet about the subject to avoid bad feelings as they drove to Hamburg and stayed nearby then drove north to the village of

Grossenbrode where they waited in a line of cars for a large boat which was to ferry them to Demark. On the boat, the newlyweds chatted and wandered around the deck as the sea breeze blew mist through their hair in the cool moonlit night. The boat arrived at Gedser and they drove off the boat into the quaint Danish village.

Chapter 19

Dear Old Stockholm

Wonderful Copenhagen

Denmark was a real improvement compared to any other place Lloyd had seen in Europe. In fact, it became his favorite European country. Little shops and charming homes lined the streets where coin-operated machines offered scrumptious Danish sandwiches. Those sandwiches and the famous *wienerbröd* became Lloyd's favorite food that year. The flat, Danish landscape with its plush greenery and cheery villages passed until they arrived in Copenhagen or Köbenhavn (pronounced 'kerbenhoun') and checked into a hotel. That night Jimmy took them to the Vingaarden (pronounced 'veengorn') a large jazz club packed with hundreds of rabid fans. The band featured the famous black bassist-cellist Oscar Pettiford who was an acquaintance of Jimmy. After the gig, where Lloyd sat in on piano the last set and impressed everyone immensely, they went to Oscar's apartment to talk jazz, listen to records and smoke a little dope. It was dawn when Jimmy drove Lloyd and Jean back to the hotel. The next day they drove to Helsingö to take a small ferry across the short expanse of sea to Hälsingborg in Sweden. Jimmy drove off the ferry and into a lane, which conducted them onto the left side of the road. Lloyd was nervous at first having traffic whiz by his side of the car traveling the opposite direction. He couldn't understand how a driver could see to pass but soon learned how to rely on the signal lights of the car ahead and to lean way over when passing. Because of the difficulty of left-hand driving, drivers in Sweden were especially courteous and helpful. Signs all over kept reminding drivers who had just left the ferry '*vänster sköring*' (left-hand driving). Sweden was not as quaint and crowded as Denmark.

The VW putted along through the flat fragrant fields of Skåne in southern Sweden northward towards Stockholm. As they drove, Jimmy bragged about his new alto flute, which was a bigger version of the regular flute and how he had it made especially for him in Germany. He bragged about gigs in New York where he was on the bandstand with the Bird and other famous cats. From his stories, Lloyd and Jean imagined that he was some could-have-been famous jazzman. Later the real truth was revealed about Jimmy, who never played a note but just walked around with a sax on his neck. Jimmy was not only a con man and fraud with music and money, but most notably with ladies. On the way, Jimmy made a couple of stops in small towns where he had girlfriends and one seemed to have a child that bore some resemblance to Jimmy. Each place he stopped, Jimmy conned his former girl friends out of money and once he spent an hour seducing one poor victim while Lloyd tried to get some sensible sounds out of an ancient out-of-tune clavichord in the living room as Jean read a paperback novel. Jimmy had a Swedish mistress in Göteborg like he seemed to have in every major city. He was like a tax collector (or sex collector) as he visited his mistresses, slept with them for a night or a few hours, then demanded or conned money from them. At times his technique resembled blackmail indicating he might tell their husbands or whomever if they didn't grease his palm. They drove up the coast to Göteborg where Jimmy took them to the local jazz club. Lloyd was the star of the evening as usual with several Swedish horn men fighting to play with him.

As they drove off from the last encounter, Jimmy declared “hey man, I gotta service my ladies.” Lloyd and Jean gazed at each other in disgusted disbelief then Jimmy went on to boast about how many women he had all over Europe and how they all gave him money and that is what paid for his custom made alto flute which he eventually proudly showed to his passengers at a restaurant. Of course he never played one puff and obviously couldn’t if his life depended on it. After a couple of days in a nice boarding house with strange antique out of date clavichords which Lloyd couldn’t ever get anything out of, the money ran out. That is Lloyd’s money ran down to ten Swedish *kroner* which wasn’t even \$2. Lloyd had been the financier for the whole trip; so that was where it temporarily ended. Jimmy found another fairly crummy boarding house where he put Lloyd and Jean then promised the manager to pay the bill when they left. He told Lloyd “hey baby, I’m gonna get some bread somewhere to get us to Stockholm, then you can pay me back from that check you gets from home dat you says is waiting at American Express.” Jimmy disappeared and Lloyd didn’t see him for two weeks. The first days, Lloyd and Jean ate fairly acceptably by spending five *kronor* for a roll of sweet black bread on which they buttered rotten looking tangy cheese full of green mold. They then realized that Jimmy might never come back; so Lloyd used his last *kronor* to buy three big, heavy loaves of black bread made of pumpernickel which was nearly indigestible but better than starving. The days dragged on as the newlyweds got weaker, suffering from stomach cramps and indigestion caused by having only dense bread and water.

Dear Old Stockholm

When they thought they couldn’t endure another day of worrying whether they were stranded forever to die in a dingy room, Jimmy showed up as if nothing had happened. “Come on man” he said “I paid yer bill; so let’s head to Stockholm.” He stopped off at one of his mistress’ house, a plush place in the country, where he kissed a Swedish half-black kid, obviously his, and hit up his mistress for a few more crowns. On the positive side, it was a beautiful drive through forests, villages and ancient spooky rock formations near Stockholm. There they got another room near the American Express and the center of town. Jimmy finally got out his prized possession, that alto flute specially made for him in Germany. “You dig baby, dis is the most, man; only I’s got a flute like dat.” When Lloyd asked to actually hear some sounds, Jimmy found a way out of playing. “Man, it gotta get warmed up first,” he said. Jimmy constantly made excuses and talked about his times with the Bird (maybe at the other end of the same club). While they were waiting for Lloyd’s check to come, several Swedish jazz men and a couple of famous American spade cat jazz stars residing in Sweden, trumpeter Benny Bailey and drummer Joe Harris came to see Jimmy and meet Lloyd the new pianist with whom they eventually performed now and then. Every time a musician or other friend came to see Jimmy, he got out his alto flute, put it together, flashed it around, but never played a note on it. He always had some feeble excuse and no one ever pressed him to demonstrate the fabulous virtuosity he constantly boasted of. Later, Lloyd learned the truth from a black dope supplier who had been with Jimmy in New York. “Man, I knew that phony cat called Mubarik back in the states. He would hang around the clubs, even when Bird was alive, always wearin’ an alto sax on his neck. He never sat in or ever played even one note, you dig. After a few years of that jive, baby, some of us cats dug that he was a fake. Man, he can’t even blow a note on anything.”

One day, Lloyd and Jean found an excuse to sneak out of the hotel for a few minutes without Jimmy asking if Lloyd was going to get his check. They went into the middle of Stockholm to see the town. They wandered to the central station and, as they gazed across the street at the front of the station, a black box-shaped taxi crashed into a gray one. Lloyd was expecting the drivers to get out and start an argument, maybe even a mild fistfight; but he was shocked at what happened. The drivers calmly got out of their

taxis and calmly walked toward each other and politely chatted coolly nodding as if nothing had happened. They introduced themselves, Ole Svenson and Sven Olson of all things. Lloyd and Jean gazed at each other in unbelief as the ultra cool Swedes unemotionally chatted about the accident. Lloyd tried to figure out some of the Swedish phrases they heard like “*va kan man säga?*” and “*tak för sisten.*” Then others like “*Ja vist . . . inte klook . . . ja bara undrade . . . hur menar ni . . . faktiskt inte . . . ni måste tro mig, jag svär . . . va’ kan man säga?*” Finally an invitation to get together for a coffee or a beer “*nästa gången vi kan ta en kaffe eller en öl*” ending with “*ta det lungt, hej.* (take it easy, bye).” Lloyd and Jean wandered back to the hotel still wondering how the taxi drivers could be so unemotional and cool about the accident. They then went to the American Express office and asked at the clients mail for a letter to Lloyd Miller. To his surprise and joy, Lloyd discovered four letters from home, each of them with a \$50 money order. So he left one and kept the others. The next day he went with Jimmy to check the mail there and got the one letter, opened it and then cashed the check into *kronor*. He gave Jimmy half and kept the rest. Jimmy grumbled asking for the whole thing. But Lloyd explained that he needed something to live on. Finally Jimmy left Lloyd with only a hundred *kronor*, but luckily Lloyd still had the hidden \$150 or he would have perished.

Nalen Nights

Now that Jimmy had squeezed all he could out of Lloyd, he left town to collect from more of his girls all the way back to wherever he was going. Lloyd and Jean checked out of the hotel and found a room in a far-off southern suburb called Farsta where they rented a small room with a Finnish landlady, Fru Pekannen. The first months in Stockholm were drab because Lloyd had to strive and struggle to get into the jazz scene which, like everywhere, was a dog-eat-dog situation. The summer came and he use to sit in the small room looking out over a beautiful forest at the rose and golden glow of the all-night sunsets. It was an inspiring experience that spurred Lloyd on to write some beautiful compositions and arrangements. He would hang around Stockholm’s main jazz spot, Nalen at 74 Regeringsgatan, a large venue with three stages where jazz greats like Charlie Parker, Sonny Raollins, Stan Getz and the like had been featured. Lloyd wasn’t allowed to sit in much there because the groups were either big bands or combos with a special repertoire. During the day, Lloyd would take the *tåg* (subway) into town, which could be as long as an hour rides. He would walk up Kungsgaten a few blocks then turn right onto the side street where the club was located. There Lloyd found a piano in one of the rooms and, using the system he had learned at Westlake College, created arrangements using numbers, which he later transcribed for different instruments. Lloyd usually wrote for octet: trumpet, trombone, alto, tenor and bary sax. Once he was able to get three of his charts played by one of the bands during a late afternoon rehearsal and the band was pleased with his work. Lloyd gave them photocopies of the arrangements to keep in their repertoire. As usual he didn’t care about money and so didn’t ask for any. The bandleaders looked at him as if he were daft; but they were polite and quite thankful. From time to time, different bands like the big band featuring Benny Bailey or the other led by Joe Harris would accept a free chart from Lloyd with the promise that they would play it once in a while. This way Lloyd was getting good jazz music, his music, heard and appreciated. From hanging around Nalen and playing once in a while, several of Stockholm’s top musicians got to know Lloyd and liked his piano styling.

Of course, the hundreds of young people who hung around Nalen to dance and drink weak beer were not fully committed jazz fans. So the music was somewhat commercial and more dance oriented. Some of the groups were even pop or rock and roll. One such group organized by a Swedish drummer Hubbe and featuring Rock Olga as singer, needed a pianist. Some of their material was much too sloppy Swedish

schmaltz tunes like one of Olga's hits *Den Som Glad Är*; but a few were almost acceptable old Swedish folk tunes. Because of his financial desperation and as a result of sweet talk, Lloyd was persuaded to be the group's pianist for a while. The pay was minimal, probably because Hubbe was keeping most of Lloyd's money for himself. The group played the main show in the side room of Nalen and one night the big boss came to see a special performance of Rock Olga's top hits from her latest LP record release. At the end of the concert, a representative of a crummy soft drink company came up and presented Olga with a case of pop. The other band members also received a case. When it was Lloyd's turn, being basically shy especially when it came to phony showoff events, he fumbled up to the stage and turned his back on the audience (this was before Miles Davis set the fashion of doing that). Then he set the case of pop down and started to walk back off until the boss gave him a reprimanding stare. Lloyd fumbled back unto the stage and picked up his pop case, still not acknowledging the audience. He boss looked completely disgusted and Lloyd knew his days at Nalen as a paid musician were numbered. At least he wouldn't ever be hired as the big American star that he could have been.

One night at Nalen, Hubbe invited Lloyd out to sit in the car for a drink of *brändvin* or Swedish schnapps. "*Vill du dricka lite bors?*" Hubbe asked and passed a big bottle of the fiery white booze to Lloyd. He took a big swig and passed it back exclaiming "*det var jävla gott!*" Hubbe started up his car and drove around Kungsgaten sharing *brändvin* with Lloyd and talking about girls. "*Ska' vi ragga nå'ra brudar?*" Hubbe asked. Lloyd replied that broads were not that easy to pick up, especially for foreigners. Hubbe scolded "*du inte ingen djävla utlännig; du spelar piano med Hubbe nu.*" Lloyd was unconvinced that because he was playing in Hubbe's band he "ain't no blasted foreigner;" but he appreciated the thought. He was already feeling patriotic towards the blue and gold flag and the cool (in more ways than one) relaxed land way up north. Lloyd hated to always be a despised foreigner wherever he went. But back in America it was worse; he was mistreated more severely for his being different and for no apparent reason except middle-class stupidity. As they approached two hot-looking girls, Hubbe rolled down the car window and yelled an invitation to join them "*hej du, lilla älskling; vill inte åka med nå'nstans?*" The girls laughed and one of them told Hubbe where to go: "*åk til helvete, din djävul.*" Hubbe laughed and called them witches "*djävle trollkvinor!*" then rolled up the window and drove off. "*Dom tyckte om mig*" he boasted as Lloyd wondered how he could think the girls liked him when they shouted such harsh insults. Then Hubbe winked and told Lloyd that he had slept with both of them and they were a couple of his steady girls.

Hubbe pushed the bottle back into Lloyd's hand and finally came to the point of their little ride "*du, Larre,*" he began, "*tycke du om at åka omkring Sverige?*" Sure Lloyd liked the idea of traveling around Sweden but he really wanted to stay in Stockholm now that he was slowly breaking into the jazz scene. Finally, with promises of good pay, nice hotels and *massa brudar* (a mess of girls), Hubbe was able to convince him that it would be *djävla trevlig* (really fun) and he could *tjäna pengar* (earn money). Hubbe passed the jug one more time to Lloyd who sputtered "*tack du djävul*" to be quickly corrected by Hubbe "*inte du men din djävul*" to which Lloyd replied "*varför*" wondering why not you devil, but your devil. Hubbe explained that people aren't themselves devils but are taken over by them thus 'your devil.' From Lloyd's Sunday school lessons, it made sense because he had been taught that people's bodies can be taken over by evil spirits if they aren't careful.

So a few days later, off Lloyd went with Hube's band on a train to Malmö for their first week engagement. Next stop was Köbenhavn and then back through some small towns in Skåne, up to Göteborg, then Norland (northern Sweden). Hubbe was right, once in awhile he gave Lloyd a hundred *kronor* note and Lloyd would remark in amazement "*hundra bagis, fy fan!*" As promised, the girls were plentiful too, always chasing after Hubbe and more rarely Lloyd. His high fidelity to Jean back in Farsta

wouldn't allow any mischief even when he was accosted by some beautiful bulging blond in his hotel bed, naked and anxiously waiting. He politely explained he was married; "*ja' ä' gift*" he stated and the young fan would disappointedly quickly dress and slither away. One night Lloyd noticed that a couple of girls from a former gig in another town were still shacking up with the bass man and sax man. He asked if they had become permanent band followers and the guys chuckled and said "*nej, bara för . . . vitu* (no, just for . . . you know). The drummer continued "*vi visste att dom var horor* (we knew they were whores)." Lloyd didn't appreciate such a description of the two mixed-up blond teens just like he hadn't appreciated the description of two little Danish teen fans they had picked up in Copenhagen who the drummer had referred to as "*skøger* (skags)" using the Danish term for whores. Since Lloyd had no real standing in the combo and his Swedish wasn't yet fluent enough to give a lecture on respect for women (as if he was any expert), he just unhappily hunched and walked away while the bass man and saxist continued to *shuka borst* (slurp vodka) while rowdily exclaiming expletives. At the end of the gig, Lloyd complained that the fans just wanted pop music and didn't understand a thing. He lamented "*dom fatta ingenting, nej, inte ett dugg.*"

Back in Stockholm, a bit more famous and more accepted in the music circle, Lloyd was asked to bring a chart to the rehearsal of the famous Swedish big band led by Seymour Österwall. They were rehearsing in a large hall near Nalen one afternoon and Lloyd took his big band chart of Night in Tunisia, which he had written during three weeks in the library of the American University in Beirut. He brought his trusty tape recorder as well in order to later check out any errors in his leisure. He entered the hall and waved to a few of his friends and acquaintances from the Nalen bands and combos. He could see right away that Österwall's group was definitely an all-star organization. The top men in the country were there, some of whom Lloyd knew and some who were pointed out to him by Hubbe who had driven him over from Nalen. There were greats like trumpeter Lars Färnlöv, tenor man Bernt Rosengren, baritone sax master Lennart Jansson and bassist Connie Lundin. Lloyd nervously handed the parts to Seymour who passed them out and started rehearsing "*Vi ta A; en, två, tre, fyra*" he counted as the band blasted forth with the most outstanding music they have ever played. As the rehearsal progressed, the musicians looked at Lloyd with more and more respect and afterwards they all came over to him to express their admiration for his arranging skills. Some begged for charts for their combos, others asked Lloyd to play in their groups on tours through the folkparks, which were the dance and party centers for the youth in each Swedish village or city. As always, Lloyd gave Seymour the arrangement for free and was heartily and politely thanked. He promised to write some trumpet and sax arrangements for his pal little hunchback trumpet man Lars, and a few trumpet and tenor charts for tenor man Bernt. A musician who had been in Hubbe's combo, asked Lloyd to join him and baritone sax man Lennart Jansson for a quartet to play a few gigs around town and in folkparks. Lloyd turned from one to the other expressing his thanks for their offers and promising to do whatever they had asked "*ja tack, ja säkert. Ja ja, jag skulle vilja göra det.*"

Trumpet player Lars hung around till the last and, in his bebop English which he always like to use, he suggested "Hey man, let's go over to Nalan and jam." So they walked the few blocks to the club and found a side room with a piano where a drummer from one of the bands was setting up and tuning his drums. When Lloyd and Lars started playing, the drummer quickly abandoned his tuning project and hurriedly finished setting up in order to join the session. Lasse (Lars) asked what tunes Lloyd wanted to play offering the names of several standards. Lloyd responded "*vad som helst, alt i hop, eller hur?* (whichever, all of them or whatever.)" They jammed for hours right up until opening time. Musicians and fans had been gathering until the whole room was packed with admirers wildly applauding and encouraging. Even the old grey-haired club owner left his office and limped over with the help of his cane to see what was happening. When the regular group showed up to start playing, they joined in the wild

session and the club owner insisted Lloyd keep on playing, cheering and clapping himself. About 9:00 p.m. Lloyd was tired and turned the bandstand over to the rightful musicians to sit out a set. The owner limped over and stood in front of Lloyd smiling and said, "*tack för det. Ni spelar djävla bra, pojke. Ni måste jobba här, med Lars, med egen orkester eller vad som helst.*" Lloyd thanked him for the offer to work at Nalen with his own or other jazz group shook the eccentric old gentleman's hand and then went back to Farsta early to tell Jean about his success.

The Tandläkare (dentist) and Frisör (hair dresser)

Since arriving in Stockholm, Lloyd noticed that his bottom teeth were squeezing together and one of the middle four bottom teeth was starting to stick out. It became worse and worse until he could frighten people by sticking his bottom teeth out. Jean suggested he visit the dentist in the little community near the apartment building. Lloyd was afraid of the cost but Jean assured him that Sweden had free or cheap medical for everyone. Lloyd set up an appointment and then, the best he could in Swedish, told the dentist his idea. The bothersome sticking-out tooth should be pulled and the others would likely slide together filling the gap and end up perfectly straight. The dentist pondered a while then stated that no one could be sure it would work but if Lloyd were willing to try it, the dentist would be happy to pull the problem tooth. A quick shot of Novocain and then the tooth was pulled. When Lloyd tried to offer money, the dentist said that it was free. Lloyd countered that he wasn't a Swedish citizen and thus wasn't covered. The dentist smiled "*de' spela ingen roll, de' kosta ingen ting.*" Lloyd couldn't believe it, no cost dental care; wow! Sure his two dentist uncles always took care of all the families teeth gratis when they were able to drop up to Minnesota; but free dental work in another country that was just great. Sure enough, in a couple of weeks Lloyd's teeth began to slide together in a nice smooth line even if there were only three.

One day Lloyd came home to the apartment and was shocked to see Jean's hair all messed up in a goofy batch of hanging curls. She had been to the *Frisör* (hair dresser) who had frizzed her hair into some weird dangly look which caused Lloyd to quip "what happened to you, ya look like Martha Washington?" That wasn't necessarily an insult, just an observation. Of course Lloyd had always been a fanatic believer in very long straight and unfettered hair and long dresses in rebellion against the stupid short clipped or puffed up hair and dumb looking pants on women in the 1950s. Jean was crushed and threw a fit grabbing the scissors and chopping chunks of her hair off in a tantrum of tears. Lloyd grabbed the scissors and hugged her apologizing but she had already ruined what were becoming sensibly long locks to replace the stupid short hair she had in Geneva. After that, Jean went back to the hairdresser and got a shorter haircut, which eventually instigated the end of Lloyd's full infatuation with her as a perfect woman.

Tooling the Town in a Taunus

Jean had become interested enough in the Mormon Church to reluctantly accept baptism. So the next week, Lloyd took Jean to the Stockholm ward house where the missionaries who had been working with her finally baptized her. There was a strange glow in the room that day and both Lloyd and Jean felt something very inspiring. Afterward, Lloyd decided that he wanted to try to repent and reform his ways. He swore to eventually stop smoking and drinking for starters. But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't completely quit smoking. He wasn't emotionally strong enough to go all day without having something in his hand as a crutch. That friendly little fire and the smoke that issued forth seemed to be a living entity, which comforted Lloyd during dark, lonely winter days and evenings. When Lloyd's parents, now back in California, heard of his desire to stop smoking, they were eager to be supportive.

They told him that if he stopped they would have a German car sent to him in Stockholm as encouragement. When the car arrived at the customs office, Lloyd and Jean excitedly rushed to clear it. It was a Taurus station wagon, which was perfect for hauling band equipment because the back seat folded down to create a space large enough for a drum set and several instrument cases. The couple was thrilled with their new car. Now, they could drive around and see the countryside.

They could visit Lars (Lasse) in Västerås more often because they didn't have to hassle with the *tåg*. In fact, that was the first place they went to the countryside with its greenery, where mysterious stones, tidy little villages and polite hospitable folk was a whole new experience for Lloyd and Jean. They stopped for lunch at a small *konditori* then continued on to Västerås where Lars lived in a country bungalow with his mother and brother. As usual, Lars and his mother were glad to see Lloyd who they always compelled to stay a few days if not a week. This time, Lloyd and Lars rehearsed some of Lloyd's arrangements with a local baritone player named Karl. The repertoire that they rehearsed with Karl consisted mainly of Lloyd's scores because Karl had become an admirer of Lloyd's arranging and composing expertise. The following day Lloyd spent a whole afternoon explaining to Lars the difference between East Coast and West Coast jazz and defined Lars's style as East Coast hard bop but not as driving as the jazz stars from New York or Philadelphia. To demonstrate the Blakey/Silver style, Lloyd came up with a hard-driving minor head he later scored and dubbed Blue Rue, a tune that became a favorite some of Stockholm's jazzmen. He then expounded his theory on sound as he got carried away with his weird but interesting ideas. "There are molecules and atoms in everything," Lloyd explained. "The tiny molecules and atoms which we cannot see are in constant motion and motion creates sound. We cannot really hear the sound of molecules and atoms running about but their sound is there, but not perceived. So when we play a note or a chord, it may be the same tone as a certain set of molecules or certain atoms in action although we would represent those sounds many octaves lower." Lars and Jean's eyes were bulging in wonder as Lloyd rambled on. "You see, sound can be representative of objects due to the sound of motion of their atoms or the hum of the general sound of their molecules. So an advanced spiritual master might be able to touch a table top or a stone and feel the music as well as hear it with his super-natural spirit ears." Lars asked Lloyd to go on with his wild concepts but they were interrupted by Lars's mother's urging "*vill ni inte spisa nu? Vi har smör o' bröd, ost o' fisk; kom nu Lars o' Larre.*" Jean had been helping fix and serve lunch, which everyone gobbled up with famished pleasure chatting about various subjects. Lloyd loved the cheese and couldn't stop sliding the cheese spatula over the long block peeling off slabs of the tangy treat.

After lunch, Lloyd continued his lecture on music, "You see, each note contains a whole world. Just like each drop of water contains a world of various minute life forms." He drew a large round note on a sheet of paper, then, doodling in objects to prove his point, continued "So one note may have the sound of a certain size or type of a rock, a tree, a building, a stream, etc. That is why a note or combination of notes in a chord can create the sound vibrations, which subconsciously bring to mind these objects. Certain sounds can suggest those objects to the listener even if he doesn't understand why." Lars sat astounded and eager to hear more. Lloyd continued "sound and color are probably related too. Who knows what else sound can do or what else it can represent to listeners. So music is a language. Notes are letters which spell words and musical phrases are sentences. You can tell whole stores that way; music even reveals a person's emotions and thoughts through the way he interprets a solo. Then Lloyd went off onto a wild tangent about international blends in jazz. He lectured Lars on Far Eastern, Indian, Iranian and Arab music and disclosed how concepts from those systems could be utilized in jazz charts and instrumental solos. Lloyd sat down at the piano and created a Chinese type tune, an Iranian melody as a jazz piece and a *raga*-oriented jazz head as examples. Those charts eventually became part of the combo's repertoire.

While Lars was dazed with so much information, whether fact or fantasy, Lloyd dug out his trusty Indian music album featuring *sarod* master Ali Akbar Khan playing Sindh Bhainavi. As they listened to the peaceful introductory *alap*, Lars mentioned that Ustad Ali Akbar had won the Downbeat Magazine jazz poll that year as the worlds' top improviser.

Lloyd's last evening in Västerås, Karl came over again excitedly waving a contract for a whole two months tour of folkparks, dance halls and jazz clubs all over North and Central Sweden. He begged Lloyd to join the band with him and Lars, a drummer and bass player and he promised to play Lloyd's charts as much as possible. Jean nodded to Lloyd to accept the opportunity because, as always, they needed the money. Jean drove the car back to Stockholm and Lloyd stayed a few more days with Lars so they could rehearse for the big contract. That weekend, Lloyd took the evening *tåg* to Stockholm and relaxed in an empty passenger car thinking about his musical successes. As he gazed out over the landscape of trees and lakes with the moon reflecting on the water or shining through the trees, he suddenly heard a beautiful melody, which he wrote down and later arranged for Lars and Karl giving it the Persian name Mahtabi or Moonsheen. The first gig with Lars and Karl was, of course, in Västerås at a jazz club. The fans went crazy over Lloyd the American jazz 'star' and the girls flocked about him.

The band continued on northward playing in various towns like Norköping until they reached a village in the far north. There, most people didn't really like to dance to jazz or pop but insisted that the band play hambos and Swedish traditional folk music. Lloyd didn't mind since he had fooled around with polkas, schlagers and schmaltz tunes in Germany, Switzerland and even during his high school days back in Illinois. Karl continually passed piano charts with chord changes to Lloyd as they played through the old Swedish favorites. The two months were well spent and at the end, Karl gave Lloyd a few hundred crowns, a lot less than he had earned, but better than nothing. Everyone always took advantage of Lloyd's goodness and desire to help others including refusing pay for his work. They all knew he loved to play music, to be in a group; so they always used him and paid him as little as they dared. That was the story of Lloyd's life.

On the long drive back to Stockholm, Karl and the guys talked about crazy pranks they would play on the phone. One said he always answered "*huvud centralen* (central headquarters) a vaguery which really meant nothing." Another told how he would call friends in the middle of the night asking how they were sleeping "*hur sova du?*" Then, after hearing a dazed mumbled retort, he would add "*bara undrad; sov got* (just wondered; sleep well)." Karl told a dumb joke in English "why do I only have eyes for you? Because I am keeping the cognac for myself. Then they razzed and roused Lloyd into a rage by telling him how he was being ripped off by his landlady. "*Du betalar för mycket, Larre*" they warned him, saying that if he was overpaying he could complain to the housing investigation office. Lloyd never liked to confront anyone, even when they cheated, hurt or insulted him. But Karl insisted saying that his friend worked at the bureau and could arrange it for him. Back in Stockholm, Lloyd begrudgingly met the housing inspector and gave him the information; then went to his apartment in Farsta to uncomfortably await the raid.

Misfortune in Farsta

That week, he had bought a hamster and a cage for it. Lloyd loved mice, rats and hamsters because they represented tiny, helpless things, a feeling he shared and strongly felt having been constantly crushed by the system and persecuted by society for his eccentricities. Also he figured that he was raised by rats since his parents mostly left him at home in his room where his pet rodents taught him how to hoard food, keep out of people's way, scamper around, stay up late at night and other habits he

incorporated in his personality. The hamster was a genius, like Lloyd, and knew from behind the walls of his cage when Lloyd was awake in the morning. The little animal would squeak madly until Lloyd picked him up and took him to cuddle under the warm covers. The hamster had a mind of his own and had a horrible habit of eating his own excrement. Lloyd couldn't tolerate such a nauseating habit and decided to train his little pet. First, he just shouted reprimands but to no avail. Then, he gave a tap on the little creature's behind but that didn't do any good either. Lloyd was a mellow and submissive artist but he had a natural knack for leadership, which everyone around him seemed to accept and respect. He usually got his wishes and it mostly worked out for the best for all concerned. So to be outdone by a tiny rodent was very aggravating to Lloyd. As the days passed, he found more forceful punishments to try to cure the hamster. He used a rubber band to snap the poor creature on the rear or even the nose, but to no avail.

Finally one day he was matching wits with his pet and the power struggle got so infuriating that Lloyd's seldom-aroused temper overcame him and he gave the little creature a solid slap on the side of the head. But, realizing his misdeed, he immediately took the little animal in his arms, hugging it gently, then broke into tears. The little hamster never recovered from the blow and developed a cold. The cold turned to pneumonia, and, got worse until the little pet finally died clutched against Lloyd's heart as Lloyd sobbed softly. It was the only act of real violence that Lloyd had ever committed other than pummeling a tormenting teen in a fit at Verdugo Woodlands in the 40s; and now he felt the guilt of a murderer. It was his slapping that probably triggered the pet's death and Lloyd never forgave himself nor did he ever forget with a pang of remorse the memory of the trauma. The hamster was buried in a nice little box in a hillside near the apartment where Lloyd went every day to meditate and pray for forgiveness. But, one day the grave had been dug up so he ran to show Jean. She said that probably some scavenger animal, a cat or something, had done the dastardly deed. So, to help Lloyd forget this incident, Jean found a beautiful white kitten as a replacement. They named the kitten Sefid which means 'white' in Persian and tried to forget the hamster incident. The classy Swedish family who sold them the cat noted that it was the child of a famous feline movie star.

One evening when Lloyd came home, he greeted his landlady in his few words of Finnish. "*Miten kaike?*" he asked. Her husband who was too drunk to realize what was going on answered, "*hyvän kiitos!*" Fru Pekkanmen just sat staring then began to sob. Jean, also in tears came from their room and broke the bad news to Lloyd. "The housing investigator is here measuring the room. He told Fru Pekannen that you accused her of cheating us and she's really hurt. Everyone sat in silence until the investigator tallied up his findings then turned to Lloyd almost reprimanding him. "*Ni säga att ni betala för mycke; men det är inte så. Ni betala för lite för att ni har rummet, ni kan bruka köket och badet, ni hade råttor och nu ni har en kat. Vad vill ni för två hundred femti kronor månad?*" Lloyd hadn't really thought that use of the kitchen, the bathtub, having had hamsters and keeping a cat were extra privileges beyond his rent; but it dawned on him that he had a really good deal after all. The investigator asked if Lloyd wanted to pursue the complaint further but Lloyd declined and apologized to his crushed landlady.

She hugged him fondly saying that he had been like her own son and that he could stay if he wanted to. She sobbed, "*Jag trodde att ni var mormoner?*" Lloyd felt just awful that he had given the Mormon Church a bad name by his actions, as if smoking and drinking hadn't already done that, and apologized over and over. He admitted that he had been awful and terrible muttering "*ja' var fruktansvärd o' förskräklig*" as he shuffled in shame to their room. The guilt of the misdeed was so heavy on Lloyd that he decided they had to move out and live in the Taunus station wagon for a while until they found another place. He loaded his car with all their belongings, a suitcase, small photocopy machine, short wave radio, clothes and instruments. He then covered the whole load with some heavy clothing and blankets to make a bed. Another blanket would cover them at night and that is the way Lloyd's car stayed for the three cold

hard months that they slept in the Taunus. They barely had room between the pile of baggage and the ceiling to squeeze into their uncomfortable makeshift bed. But one evening they parked outside of Stockholm as a pleasant rain caressed the car roof in a peaceful symphony and they realized that nature's beauty can overshadow all problems.

Finally they moved into a cheap pension where Lloyd met an American sax player who was working with a South African group called the Golden City Dixies. The black musicians and dancers had successfully toured Scandinavia with their flashy show and had now settled down to a series of local engagements around Stockholm and nearby cities. Swedish girls went mad over the dark African artists and fought over the privilege of sleeping with them. Sometimes, a musician or dancer would have to take a dozen girls a night to their bunk beds to avoid being mobbed by them. It wasn't clear whether all the girls actually slept there or just goofed off and hung out to show off to their friends. So the American saxophonist, Stan, got Lloyd a job with the Golden City Dixies which made money, not much, but a little. Lloyd was a great success in the Dixies shows with his clowning and playing the piano while dancing on the piano bench. One day Jean got after him for always letting people take advantage of him. "Stan is getting paid several times more than you, Lloyd. You went out and bought the band uniforms from Joe Harris and you drive everyone to the jobs even in other cities. You write the arrangements and you run the rehearsals. So get your share Lloyd, you know how much we need it." Lloyd, never wanting to bother people even if they bothered him, refused to allow himself to be angered by anything. But Jean's constant ridiculing, talking and pushing finally incited him to take a stand. So late one night, Lloyd tromped over to Stan's room and knocked heavily. Stan staggered to the door and opened it saying, "hey, man it's three in the morning, what's the idea." Lloyd stood erect and told Stan off for scooping up his wages and leaving him with a pittance. Then in anger at Stan's supposed improprieties, he officially quit the Dixies and stomped back to his room to tell Jean. She was unhappy to hear that he had quit but he said that she wanted him to stick up for his rights and so that is what he did. Now financially depleted and desolate again, Jean began to crack under the pressure.

One day, Jean showed up with a new dress and shoes. Lloyd asked where she got it, since they had barely enough money to feed themselves and the cat. She smirked and confessed "I got a job a few weeks ago and didn't tell you." Lloyd slumped into a chair and sunk his head in his hands. There was nothing more destructive to his confidence than to have his woman working when he couldn't find a job. He felt cheap like drummer George and his rich government employed girlfriends he lived off of. He felt like a crumbly procurer running girls on the streets of Storyville in New Orleans around the turn of the century. He angrily thought to himself "I ain't no easy rider" then jumped up and started cussing her out in his meek way, then slumped back to cry for an hour. Jean came over to him and comforted "that's ok baby, it's just for awhile." But that while drug on for months as Lloyd worked hours and hours practicing the piano and writing arrangements. He would leave the car with Jean and take the *tåg* to Gamla Stan where he had found a music studio in a back alley that rented piano and rehearsal rooms for a minimal fee.

Inger, the woman who operated the BRA Studio was a beautiful, gentle, mysterious creature with long black hair and a body that was hard not to notice. She always treated Lloyd like her boyfriend or lover, blinking her big brown eyes at him and flirting sweetly. Lloyd being a true and faithful husband to Jean, never allowed such flirtations to affect him, even when Inger would put her arms around him and press against him provocatively. He would pay his ten *kronor* and rush to the piano room and begin practicing or writing. Once when he was ready to leave after forgetting how long he had been there, Inger stood in the doorway to stop him. "*De' var två timmar; ni måste betala tia spänn mer*" she chided him. Lloyd knew he rightfully should pay 10 crowns more for the extra time he had stayed accidentally; but he didn't have the cash. "*Ja' ha' ingen ting kvar, Inger; pengar ä' borta.*" he lamented describing his financial

problems. “*Ja ska giva de’ nästa gången*” he said promising to pay next time. “*Det behövs inte; bara älskar mej lite gran*” she teased saying it wasn’t necessary but just love her a little. How could Lloyd agree when Jean was waiting for him at home. Then Inger suddenly pulled Lloyd close to her and smothered him with aggressive French kisses. She pressed herself firmly against him as he politely pulled away and ran down the steps promising to pay the extra 10 next time. Lloyd stayed away from studio for a few days to recuperate from the shock.

Jean Splits the Scene

Then suddenly for no reason, Jean disappeared for several days. Lloyd sat day and night at the window of the pension wondering where she was and when or if she would come back. The car was there but she wasn’t. A week passed, then two, until Lloyd was about to suffer a nervous breakdown. Suddenly one evening, in came Jean and sat on the bed where Lloyd was half asleep. “Hi” she said stroking his hair and smirking defiantly. “Where in the hell have you been?” Lloyd burst out. Pretending nothing had happened, she nonchalantly quipped “Götland” then began to describe her trip. “It’s an island off the coast of Sweden” she began and related all about her escapades there. “Who did you go with?” Lloyd worriedly wondered. “None of your business” she retorted then casually prepared for bed. Jean became more and more independent and secretive as Lloyd wondered about her fidelity remembering the Swedish maxim “*ingen rök utan eld* (no smoke without fire)”. She stayed away for days at a time and never explained why. Finally one night she came home after midnight and sat on the bed looking at Lloyd. Almost sadistically she announced “Lloyd, I’m leaving you.” After waiting for his initial shock and reaction, she continued “I’ve been living with Mr. Morgan, my boss at the English magazine where I am his secretary.”

Lloyd felt his heart sink and ache as if he had been stabbed with a railroad spike. He began to cry noting “but he is an old fogey in his 60s.” Jean answered “that’s what I like, a mature man, someone to replace my dad who was a alcoholic and a bum. Also he is stable, he has a normal job and isn’t an over-emotional artist.” She began packing while Lloyd continued sobbing; then walked to the door. “You can keep the cat” she offered. Lloyd looked at her one last time and tearfully stated “that’s fine, honey. I hope you will be happy. I love you and want whatever you want. Don’t worry about me, no one ever does.” Jean dropped the suitcase, rushed back to the bed and frantically kissed him. With tears streaming down her cheeks, she declared, “oh, Lloyd, you’re a saint; you’re too good for this rotten world, God will take care of you even if us awful humans treat you badly.” She rose and slowly walked to the door, opened it and left. The next few days, Lloyd was devastated, unable to do anything but wander around the streets of Gamla Stan and sit for hours in his BRA Studio practice room. He tried to practice piano but couldn’t do much. Inger’s older daughter Helene, who was a rough and tumble teenage punk, was on duty that week. She dressed like those *ragga brudar* who the motorcycle hoods picked up and rode around with and acted just as tough. She was attractive but had no interest in Lloyd nor did he in her.

One evening, as Lloyd was alternating between crying and playing slow sad tunes on the piano, Inger quietly opened the door. She was wearing black, a widow’s mourning outfit. “*Va’ är det me’ du, Lloyd?*” she asked concerned. “*Ingenting*” Lloyd lied bursting into tears which he tried to quell and dry as soon as he partly regained control. Inger sat down on the piano bench, put her arm around him and ran her delicate fingers through his hair comforting him. “Lloyd? *Vet du min man är död . . . sista veckan . . . Jag också har mina problem*” she sighed. Lloyd was sorry to hear that her husband had died last week and he realized that she also had her own problems. They sat gloomily glaring at each other as Inger told the sad tale of how her husband’s mean and nasty brother took everything from her. He always wanted Inger for himself and now was getting revenge for his frustration. He had taken over the studio that belonged to

Inger's husband, all the money that was in the company and was now trying to evict Inger and her two daughters from their house. "*Vi är judar, vet du,*" she explained, "*Afanasjew från Ryssland.*" Lloyd knew how terrible some Jews could be even though Inger was an example of the gentle sensitive kind. So if her brother-in-law was a Russian Jew, then it was easy to understand why he could be hard-hearted. "*Så bra att du komm* (so nice you came)" she thanked hugging him in sorrow stricken desperation. Then, before he could fully utter a comforting "*stackars lilla du*" she suddenly smiled and blurted "*det spela ingen roll* (it doesn't matter) and shrugged in her easygoing girlish manner "*kom du; vi ska åka hem och spisa något gott* (come on; we'll go home and eat something good)."

Happy in Hägersten

On the way to Inger's cozy house in Hägersten on the *strand* or beach, they stopped to get a bottle of fine French wine at the government liquor dispensary and also a few groceries. It was fun to be with a woman again, even if she was about fifteen years older than Lloyd. They enjoyed sharing shopping and Lloyd was so comfortable hanging around with a native Swede who could charm everyone with her cheerful attitude. They drove down the hill to the cottage at Båtmans Kroken 10 and went in. Inger told her younger daughter Vony to get dinner ready while she and Lloyd sat on the sofa to witness the glorious gleam of a multicolored sunset. She took off her shoes and tucked her legs under her, looking at Lloyd like a kitten waiting to be petted. Lloyd asked permission to remove his shoes too and soon Vony brought out a tasty cheese block and a loaf of tasty brown *kavring bröd* from Skåne. After dinner Inger ordered "*du ska diska, Vony, skynda på dig nu!*" and her obedient daughter took the plates into the kitchen to wash them then asked, "*ja' ska tvätta men vem ska torka?*" Lloyd, being the nice guy, offered to dry the dishes "*ja' ska torka.*" Inger forbade it saying that her other daughter Helene would dry dishes when she came back from riding with her cycle bum boyfriend. Lloyd knew that would never happen so he quietly dried the dishes kidding around and goofing off with Vony. He splashed water on her and she reprimanded "*gör inte det!*" then splashed him back giggling and declaring "*din dumbom!*"

After the dishes, Lloyd and Inger sipped wine and softly talked. She drew close to him and put her head in his lap. Lloyd ran his fingers through her long lovely locks as she spoke of romantic things. Vony finished cleaning up in the kitchen and Inger ordered "*gå ligg dej; gör det nu!*" Vony argued that she wasn't tired, didn't want to go to bed and couldn't she go watch a little TV; "*kan ja' inte gå titta på TV lite gran*" she pleaded. "*Inte ikväll* (not tonight)" Inger affirmed. Once they were completely alone, Inger slowly pushed Lloyd down on the sofa and worked her way on top of him. He didn't want to be seduced, but, was so discouraged by Jean having left him, that he had lost all faith in fidelity. True tenacity and fidelity had always seemed to result in him being trodden under foot. So he didn't care anymore and was thirsty for some solid sensual sharing after a year of a nearly monk-like marriage. Inger slipped off her clothes then his, eventually pressing her firm yet soft self against him. What followed was one of the most satisfying and relaxing romantic intimacy experiences Lloyd had ever known. "*De' var länge se'n* (it's been a long time)" Lloyd thought. After a brief rest, they continued then fell asleep until the rays of dawn eventually woke them. Inger invited Lloyd to move in with her and he happily agreed. He left the pension and its heartbreaking memories of rejection by Jean and took everything to Inger's cottage. Sefid the cat was gone, probably confiscated by Jean while Lloyd had been away. Lloyd lived in Hägersten for two beautiful joyful but partly guilt-ridden months of summer basking in the multihued rays of the midnight sun and the warmth of a caring woman. In spite of a gnawing gloom of guilt, he was happy to be loved, fed and cared for. While Lloyd lived at Inger's, she and the girls worked to improve Lloyd's Swedish until he was able to rattle off a famous tongue twister. He could quickly recite "*sju sjösjuka sjömän sköljad sina*

skitiga skjortor i sjö” with all the breathy “sh” type sounds whistling past the back of his tongue.

One evening, with Inger’s help, Lloyd was able to get the five best horn men in Stockholm to come to the BRA Studio to record some of his latest arrangements. Inger called all the best musicians she knew from many rehearsals at BRA Studio: Lennart Jansson, Bernt Rosengren, Lars Färnlöv, Connie Lundin, a trombonist, an alto sax man and a drummer. It was a Scandinavian all-star group if there ever was one. Inger, who had made a temporary peace pact with her contentious brother-in-law, came to the studio to watch and support Lloyd. He broke out his new charts, ten great arrangements which the musicians carefully played through. Lloyd could see the thrill felt by even the most hardened or stoned-out band members as Lloyd’s masterpieces revealed themselves one by one. At the end of each arrangement, every one including Inger, her two daughters and the brother-in-law enthusiastically clapped for Lloyd’s music. Lloyd felt he had finally made it in Sweden. He had heard his charts played by the top men in the country and he had one of Stockholm’s most beautiful women in his arms every night. It was too much for him to accept being used to hardships, failure and misery and maybe he wanted to conquer new territories.

Seeking Scenes Southward

So, when Lennart Jansson and Connie Lundin suggested they go to Paris to make their fame and fortune, Lloyd was game for a new kick. Inger, of course, was saddened by his decision to leave the pleasant romance they had developed. Lloyd comforted with “*allting har sin tid* (everything has its time)” then added *ja’ skulle gärna vilja ha en fru som dig, o’ ja’ älskar dig men . . .* (I would like to have a wife like you, and I love you but . . .)” Lloyd felt it was not morally correct to stay with her and he subconsciously wanted to pay for his sins by suffering hardships again. So, the two greatest Scandinavian jazz masters left Stockholm with Lloyd to drive the long road to Copenhagen where they stopped to jam at Vingaarden. The apparent thousand fans there were stunned by the brilliance of the three jazz giants who had descended upon them from the north. In Hamburg, the group was equally admired at the local jazz *keller*; but their real success was in Frankfurt. For Lloyd it was like a Viking invasion to return to that town and the club where he had been prevented from playing so many nights and was treated like an unwanted mangy dog. When Lennart and Connie walked in and unveiled their instruments, the Mangelsdorf brothers, Peter Trunk and everyone there crowded around them. When Lennart proudly presented Lloyd as his pianist, the Germans glared suspiciously. Lloyd heard positive mutterings in German about the Swedish jazz greats along with negative mumblings about former Banhoff bum “*der Müller*.” But when Lloyd and the Swedes played, everyone was impressed. After the set, Lloyd mentioned in German “same old piano” to which they remarked “but not the same pianist” acknowledging Lloyd’s improved skills. Finally Lloyd had made it in Frankfurt even if it was just while passing through. Lloyd and the Swedes continued on to Holland and jammed there in a couple of clubs before ending up in Belgium where Lenny and Connie found alto sax man Jaques Belzer who owned a pharmacy and always had a good supply of heroine. After playing a few nights in Brussels at the famous Rose Noir jazz club, they went on to Paris to find their fortunes.

Chapter 20

I Love Paris

Paree, Gay or Nay

They reached the outskirts of Paris and were lost as if in a miserable maze; but Lloyd swallowed his pride and asked directions from a few cold-hearted and mean Parisians. At one point, as they were driving slow in an industrial section, an old war veteran, viewing the oval-shaped Z or German *zollfrei* plates, shouted out “*eh, la guerre, p’tit chien!* (hey, the war, little dog!)” Lloyd shouted back “*et oui, c’était nous qui t’avons sauvé en Normandie, mon vieux, suis Americain!* (yea, it was us who saved you at Normandy, pops, I’m American!)” The old veteran’s eyes bulged in embarrassment then he responded “*pardon et merci!*” Lloyd answered as he drove on “*ça fait rien, moi aussi je n’aime pas les Boches*” adding that he also didn’t like Germans. The French veteran and a couple of other likely veterans fondly waived as the Taunus drove off towards the scheduled jazz spot where Lenny had told a few of the French jazzmen they would meet up. When they arrived at the meeting place, Lenny went into the club and brought out some of the jazzmen. Swiss drummer Daniel Humair was among them and asked who was going to be their drummer. When Lloyd blurted “George Solano” the French musicians moaned, looked at each other in dismay and then all wandered away disgusted. The former respect for the new arrivals suddenly turned to rejection which, added to the fact that Lloyd and the Swedes could blow everyone else off the bandstand, stained and strained their efforts to find work in Paris. It seems George’s excellent hard-hitting New Yorker East Coast drumming, coupled with his reputation as a promise breaker and girl thief, had put him on the outs among the Paris jazz clique.

Quartered in the Quarter

Since it was very late and the travelers were exhausted, they found their way to the Latin Quarter on the Left Bank where hotels were reportedly cheaper. They booked themselves into the very reasonably priced Hotel Dauphine on Rue Dauphine to get some rest and to decide where they wanted to be headquartered and what club they could work at. The next day Lloyd decided to move to a nicer place around the corner down at the end of Rue André Mazet, the place he and Hadi had spent a few days visit from Geneva during the time of the confusing old French Francs, thousands of which had almost no value. The jazzbos, under Lloyd’s instructions, decided to move from the Dauphine to Hotel Saint André des Arts which was at 66 on Rue Saint André des Arts between Odeon and Saint Michel. The location was identified by the long sign above the hotel where the name was scrolled. Lloyd entered the door and into the room on the right where a kindly gentleman was sitting at the desk. He greeted Lloyd with friendly “*bonjour*” then asked “*vous voulez une chambre?*” Lloyd indicated that he did want a room, actually two rooms for a total of three persons. The manager, Claude, grabbed two keys attached to metal bars with spherical ends, and climbed the stairs two floors. He turned left down the hall then left again to a room which he opened with a smile. Lloyd liked the room that had two tall windows facing the street on the Rue Saint André side of the hotel. It had a sink and the typical weird *bidet* which would be of no use to him unless he was expecting some female overnights. There was a fairly large bed with the head against the wall to the left, an armoire on the other wall, a table and chair and a sink opposite the bed. When Lloyd learned the price was affordable, although high for starving musicians, he accepted asking what the weekly rate would be. When he found the weekly rate to be

better he agreed to one week to start out. Claude closed the door of the room then took Lloyd down the hall to the other end opening a room that had windows facing Rue André Mazet. Lloyd agreed to take both rooms then Claude led him back to the front desk.

As Claude was calculating the total price for both rooms for the week, his charming wife slowly made her way down the narrow curling staircase from their apartment above the front desk. Claude introduced her and she shyly smiled and greeted Lloyd. After her their adorable little children, a boy and a girl came down the staircase. The little boy was dressed in a suit and tie just like a grown-up and the little girl was in a beautiful dress. Claude ordered the children to greet Lloyd then instructed them what they were to do when the family was out shopping. He called the little boy '*m'sieur*' and the girl '*ma'moiselle*' respecting them as adults and thus expecting and inciting adult behavior. Lloyd was always amazed how well-behaved and intelligent European children were, totally opposite to the bawling, brawling, belittling and bullying brats he had the misfortunate misery of growing up with in the stupid States.

Lloyd took the room keys and went out to the street where he had parked the Ford Taunus and informed the Swedes that they had rooms. Lenny said he was really tired "*d'ä' bra, ja' ä' dödstrött vit du.*" Connie added "*ja, d' ä' djävla kul, vi kan gå upp och tänder på med häst.*" Lloyd cringed at the thought and was really getting sick and tired of the dopers boiling heroin powder on spoons and shooting up the horrible poison in their veins. He had just about had it with being in charge of the gaggle of goofy Swedes who were messed-up in every way but musically. He registered at the front desk, paid, then helped the Swedes up to their room. Lloyd left the crazies to cook up and shoot up their poison while he flopped down on his bed for an hour's rest before street noise brought him back to reality. He had to find some bread, cheese, slices of meat and other food items for himself and the Swedes who would probably never eat but instead just shoot up if he didn't take care of them.

He went out looking for supplies and came across a cute little *boulangerie* or bakery with an even cuter *petite* late teens sweetie shyly selling *baguettes*. Lloyd stood in the short line observing her entrancing simple villager beauty as she collected one Franc coins and gave change to each customer rolling the *baguettes* in pages of the daily newspaper. "*Merci m'sieur*" or "*merci madame*" she would cheerfully chime in a sing-song Swiss manner, almost offering a curtsy as her happy voice warmed the coldness of Paris which was still languished under the gloom of the war, further oppressed by the blackened soot-stained walls of the cold stone buildings. As he approached the *guichet*, the baker handed his daughter a load of bread exclaiming "*tiens Collette, encore des baguettes*" as he pushed a dozen of the fresh smelling breads into her arms. As she timidly clutched them, Lloyd wished he was a *baguette* held close to her chest with its roundnesses prominently protruding under her simple but sweet country dress. He stepped up to the open window offering his Franc coin as his eyes fastened on hers in a longing lovelorn gaze which she readily returned thus foretelling their future as non-intimate mutual admirers during Lloyd's sojourn in the Latin Quarter. "*Une baguette, s'il vous plait ma chère et jolie Collette*" he stuttered as he placed his coin in her soft little hand. Collette self-consciously giggled as she rolled the long thin bread in a newspaper page then handed him his change cheerfully chirping "*votre monnaie m'sieur.*" He took the *baguette* and change letting his hand rest momentarily on hers as they experienced a tingling electrical exchange then he blurted "*merci chérie*" as he scampered back toward the Hotel Saint André.

Almost every other day when he was in the quarter, Lloyd bought bread from that bakery where his secret crush Collette always shared a kind caring smile completely contrary to the harsh meanness that he and everyone else experienced from most Parisians. But he could forgive them because they had suffered during the war and he was definitely not a fan of the Germans himself after having been

tormented by Rad in Frankfurt and Mainz. Whatever happened: musical disappointments, romantic failures or long periods of loneliness, Collette was a shining light in his harsh life as a struggling jazzman and a forlorn sin-soaked soul, even if they never shared more than a fleeting yet romantic bread transaction.

Ou Est le Jazz?

Lloyd stopped at a delicatessen to be groused and gruffed at by the ornery owner where he bought cheese and meat slices then climbed the two flights of stairs of the hotel, turned left entering his room and placing his purchases on the table. He cut the *baguette* in thirds then gathered most of the cheese and meat slices in a wax paper to take to the Swedes. He knocked on their door and Lenny opened it with his impish evil glaring squinted eyes indicating he was already stoned way beyond acceptability. Lloyd set the food on their table and noted he would check out clubs to see where they could play “*ja’ ska gå på klubba’na i kväll att se var fan vi kanska kan spela.*” He left the Swedes who were in no condition to do anything and descended the stairs hanging his room key attached to its heavy metal slab ending in a sphere. He hung it back on the hook above its mail slot in one of the rows of seven slots in five rows in the wooden case at the bottom of the steps. Lloyd strode out into Rue Saint André, which by now was bustling with the beginning of nightlife activity. He turned left towards Place Saint-Michel passing Rue André Mazet at the corner of the hotel, the quaint shops on both sides then Rue des Grandes Augustins on the left. After a few shops, came Rue de l’Eperon on the right then finally Rue Séguier on the left. Near Rue Git-le-Coeur on the left was a cheery Greek restaurant where Lloyd eventually became a constant customer savoring his favorite desert *Kadaif à la Crème*, a round sweet shredded wheat baklava pastry covered with hot sour cream. Nearby was a basement club where traditional North African music oozed forth from *un petit vasisdas* or narrow basement window. Often Lloyd would often stop and kneel to dig the cool *qanun* and *oud taksims* on his way to Place Saint-Michel. At the end of Rue Saint André des Arts, the road flows into Rue Danton all the way to Place Saint-Michel. But just before that, Lloyd jogged right a bit to Rue Fransique Gay which, after crossing Rue Saint-Michel, became Rue Saint Severin. Lloyd wondered if he would ever reach the famed Caveau de La Huchette as he wandered on down Saint-Séverin past Rue de la Harpe then finally came to Rue Xavier Privas which he took towards the river until he finally reached Rue de la Huchette. There he found number 5 which was the Caveau de la Huchette where old time trad jazz was bubbling forth. Lloyd knew that Lenny and Connie wouldn’t be interested in jamming with any but the finest cool jazz experts; so he decided to make the Cave a place where he would bring his clarinet from time to time to stun everyone with his perfect and vibrant George Lewis and Johnny Dodds representations. He stayed a while to listen to the fun trad band lead by Maxim Saury.

Lloyd went out the door of the Cave gazing back at the wall of unevenly placed stone blocks, the black metal lamp between the door and the alcove at the left then crossed the street to find number 4 which was the Chat Qui Peche where Aldo Romano was playing, a place where Lloyd would eventually perform several times during his stay in the Latin Quarter. Still it wasn’t exactly the permanent spot for hardcore geniuses like Lenny and Connie. So on he went to find Aux Trois Mailletz, a jazz club where African-American sax man Don Byas was rumored to play. Later on during his Paris days, Lloyd played a few sets with Byas and the two hit it off very well musically. From Rue de la Huchette he headed past Xavier Privas to the larger street Rue du Petit Pont where he turned right then a half block to Rue Galande. There was a church on the right corner of Petit Pont and Saint-Séverin before it became Galande. Just a little ways down Rue Galande and Lloyd found Trois

Mailletz on the corner of Rue Saint-Julien le Pauvre where a small church of the same name stood opposite the club. That night, sax man Guy Lafitte, who was not appreciated by hardcore Paris jazzmen for his commercial syrupy sound and lack of technical skills, was on the bill. Trois Mailletz was also a club where Lloyd would eventually be a featured artist with his hard-driving piano. It was a potential spot for Lenny and Connie to jam but still not exactly where they could really shine.

So Lloyd wandered down Julien le Pauvre to Quai Saint-Michel which followed along the river across from the grim and gruesome imposing Notre Dame cathedral that Lloyd decided should be dubbed 'Notre Diable' where the screams of tortured victims of the Inquisition seemed to linger in a dank cloud above the hideous gargoyles. He continued along the river in the dark of dusk, peering at lithographs and books in the few riverside stalls that were still active. At Place Saint-Michel, he wandered back up Rue Saint André des Arts to the hotel but stopped in at the Caméléon which was no. 57 right across from Hotel Saint André. There he found some fairly good jazz being played by American guitarist Jimmy Gourley with a nice French bassist and drummer. Lloyd couldn't resist sitting at the piano and, after a nod of approval from Jimmy, furnished some sparse tasty chords greatly enhancing the set. During the break, he chatted with Jimmy and the other musicians telling them of the presence of Sweden's top jazzmen Lennart Jansson and Connie Lundin at the hotel across the street. Jimmy wondered if they would want to jam that evening; but Lloyd assured him that they were resting from a long several days drive from Stockholm (not to mention they were too stoned to be of any use). Lloyd played another set and was assured by everyone including the Chinese manager that he was welcome to play there anytime, but for no pay of course, at least not yet. Guy Lafitte was a regular at Le Caméléon and, even if he couldn't really play, Lloyd was friendly to him and sat in a few times with his band. When Lloyd returned to the hotel, he chatted warmly with Claude who noted that there was a Dixie club across the street at the corner where Saint André crosses Rue Dauphene and becomes Rue de Buci. It was the Riverboat where bands like the High Society Jazzband and the Hot Bunnies entertained. Lloyd would eventually occasionally drop over there to wow everyone with his New Orleans clarinet when he was bored or had a trad jazz urge.

Club Saint-Germain and the Famous Blue Note

The next day, Lenny and Connie were researching clubs on their own and they learned more about the famous Blue Note in the Étoile area where Bud Powell and Kenny Clark were featured and the Club Saint-Germain not far from the hotel where various French pianists and combos could be heard. Lloyd made the *sprut djävlar* (syringe devils) promise to hold off on their cooked up massive heroine fixes until after playing somewhere that night. They sullenly agreed and, after a makeshift meal of the supplies Lloyd had bought, they got themselves together to go over to the Saint-Germain on foot then planned to drive the Taunus over to the Blue Note on Rue d'Artois. They put on their suits, Lenny grabbed his big old bary sax case; then they fumbled down the stairs of the hotel and into Rue Saint André, this time to the right where it quickly becomes Rue de Buci curving left past Rue de Seine then right onto Rue Saint-Germain towards Saint-Germain des Prés. A little ways past where Rue Bonaparte and Rue de Rennes end at the famous old church, they found Rue Saint Benoit where they turned right for a ways to number 13. Club Saint-Germain was right on the corner of Benoit and Rue Guillaume Apollinaire which was one of those charming streets with a semi-circle pattern of small square cobblestones. The door to the club was right on the corner of the four and a half story building with fairly evenly arranged alternating stone block walls. Later Lloyd found that the quickest way to the club from the hotel was just straight on Rue de Bucci turning right after Rue de Seine a ways then

crossing Rue de l'Echaudé and, immediately after crossing Rue Cardinale, then straight on Rue de l'Abbaye which becomes Square Laurent Pache and finally ends with Rue Guillaume Apollinaire at the club front door.

The three jazzbos wandered into the club noting that they were musicians and interested in jamming. The bandleader was snooty and not highly skilled pianist Martial Solal with whom Lloyd never could really develop a warm relationship. He looked at the three strangers and quipped "*voulez faire le boeuf, quoi?*" then remarked "*d'accord, nous pouvons faire notre 'break' maintenant; alors allez-y!*" He strode from the small grand piano with the composure of a *gendarme* as Lloyd nervously sat down to await Connie who was chatting with the bass man and Lenny who was putting his bary together. In a few minutes, Lloyd burst forth with a hard-hitting wild piano intro slugging intro to a blues in F that made Marcel and a few others in the place, who were used to more gentle and commercial jazz, cringe uneasily. Soon Connie was humming with his rock-solid virtuoso bass lines and Lenny was honking out passages faster than the Bird or any other sax man had ever played, presenting his smooth tenor tone defying the typical grumbly bary sound.

Everyone was astounded at the virtuosity and ferocity of the three crazies and several hot-looking girls were eying them in a romantic manner. A few young fans were totally mesmerized and became immediately hooked on the sound eventually hunting them down at their future performances. After the set, Solal and the French bass man came up to chat and befriend Lenny and Connie. But they avoided Lloyd who was way too crazy for their tastes even though his jazz playing actually reflected the true Spade-cat honkin' jazz style of L.A. in the 50s. Also Lloyd was way too weird; he spoke French but sometimes with a Swiss accent and he was overly friendly like a used-car salesman putting on too much Dale Carnegie sugariness. But a couple of really attractive chicks in sexy tight dresses were all too happy to hang around him and ask questions like "*où est-ce que vous jouez?*" and "*vous êtes à quel hôtel?*" Both girls knew the Saint André where top models and artists of various disciplines were permanent residents; and they indicated they might visit him sometime, but never did (as far as he could remember.)

The three strangers broke free of their fans and wandered into the street to backtrack down Rue Saint Benoit then right on Saint-Germain to the Metro station. As they approached the station, Lenny asked Lloyd "hey man, you think we should go to the Blue Note on the Metro or try the car?" Lloyd thought for a minute then asked "you cats ready for some walking? I mean shooting up so much horse hasn't worn you out?" Connie muttered a bit of hesitation; but Lenny asserted that they were Swedes and real tough muthas, descendants of the Vikings who terrorized Europe for centuries. They could take freezing cold and raid villages carrying heavy swords and their longboats on their shoulders, etc., etc. Lloyd said "OK, OK, so you can walk a block or so; then let's catch the Metro." They descended the steps, bought their tickets and caught a train three stations in the direction of Port de Clignancourt to Chatelet then walked a while to get the line towards Port de Neuilly. After a few stations, they reached Franklin D. Roosevelt, the guy Lloyd felt sold the U.S. out to the Left and purposely caused the war with Japan and Germany to get out of the financial crises. "Ugh," he thought, "how could anyone name a station after him. Then why not Stalin, Hitler or maybe even Mao?" They climbed up the steps of the station and found Rue la Boétie and soon on the right Rue d'Artois appeared. They walked on to number 27 and entered the blueness of the Blue Note. It seemed everything was blue, the walls, the carpet, the cushions, tablecloths and definitely the music.

Jazz master and bebop co-innovator Bud Powell, along with legendary drummer Kenny Clark, were honkin' out some unbelievable stuff with moderately acceptable but more mediocre French bassist Pierre Michelot trying to keep up. They finished the set with a rousing bop tune then filed off

the stand to a booth next to the three visitors. Lenny was the one who had the guts to slide into the booth next to Bud and say “hey Bud baby, I always dug your playing and you are really cool.” They chatted a while and then Bud convinced Lenny to order a double whisky while Bud ordered a soft drink so they could switch drinks and the mean owner Ben wouldn’t be hip to Bud’s boozing. A solid friendship was thus formed; then Bud paid for the drinks and asked Lenny if he wanted to blow a set. Lenny said he would love to and could his bass man Connie join. They agreed and the two Swedes went up to jam with Bud and Klook. What a great sound; in fact it was so impressive that big fat obnoxious Ben came over and thumped his ugly butt down next to Lenny during the break and asked if he wanted to work there. Lenny’s eyes stared even more than when he put on his squinty-eyed devil face after shooting a big spoon or two of H. Of course he agreed but Lloyd and Connie felt a bit left out. In any case they all three had already committed to accept the offer from Louis at the Rose Noire in Brussels to do a few weeks there as the house band. So Lenny explained that, after that gig, he would be back and then would join Bud and Klook for a couple of years if they wanted. Ben shook on it and Lenny was beaming all the way back to the hotel.

Lloyd was uneasy about how he perceived that fat sloppy and disgusting big creep Ben chewing on a stinky cigar and trying to put the make on him in the booth when the Swedes were playing. He even tried to French kiss Lloyd which made him want to throw up. He detested what he considered dangerous homo predators who, since his youth, were always trying to victimize him. He wished that they would all die of some deadly plague or be executed for their crimes like it says they should in the Bible and he hoped that they would never be legalized or gain power like they did in Sodom and Gomorrah. The apparent aggressive homo community in Paris more vigorously augmented his anger against the predators among them. Lloyd was disappointed that Ben was Jewish bringing a negative blotch on what Lloyd considered as basically good people after having had so many positive experiences with the highly intelligent, artistic, friendly and helpful Jews in southern California. He thought “there are bad apples even among the best people. And if homos would just live their lives quietly and not try to put the make on us, they can be pretty nice guys and a valuable part of the arts community.” The three jazzbos eventually learned about other jazz spots in Paris like the Vieus-Colombier where pianist Jacques Lautier was playing or the Slow Club over on Rue de Rivoli where Claude Luter could be heard or traditional jazz spots like the Turnoi and La Conche Atomic-Club or other spots such as Domino, Cigale and Caveau de la Montagne. But they were just not the right places where Lloyd and the two Swedes could be featured.

Chapter 21

Back in Brussels at the Rose Noire

The three jazzbos stayed out their week at the Saint André jamming at various clubs and impressing everyone in town, even working a few nights at the Chat Que Peche and the Camélion across the street. Finally they had to pack up and return to Brussels for their extended house band gig. The first time they had worked there, the pay was nothing except an occasional drink or some food. But this time they had been promised free lodging upstairs in two sizable rooms above the club plus 250 Belgium Francs a night and Louis said he would pull strings to get them in the famous Comblain-la-Tour International Jazz Festival. Comblain was a chance to be seen by other top jazz musicians as well as important promoters and presenters. The day they left for Brussels, Lloyd figured they should go in the direction of Gare du Nord then Port de la Chapelle. At least this trip they wouldn’t get totally

lost in the Flemish part of Belgium not knowing where to turn out at Turnhout or lost in Liege searching for Thier à Liège on the hill after driving in circles for hours never finding Jacques Pelzer's famous *Pharmacie de Thier*, or getting hemmed in and stuck at a dead end of canals in Amsterdam. They took the road advised by friends: from Paris to Reims to Namur then Brussels. Little did they know that later seeking the obscure village of Comblain-la-Tour would be worse than turning wrong at Turnhout or losing their way in Liege. The Ford Taunus sped along the road to the border where everyone was uneasy and worried that maybe the officials would find the last vestiges of a shake of heroin or old needles and blackened spoons. One of the reasons the Swedes were so anxious to get to Brussels was that maybe Jacques Pelzer would drop by the Rose Noire to share a shake of H from his pharmacy. Or worst case, they could strong arm Lloyd to drag over to Liege so they could turn on a couple of days and cop a few ounces for later. Lloyd bitterly hated being the baby sitter for messed-up dopers; but they were really great musicians so he had to put up with it all.

With his friendly personality and fluency in French, Lloyd got them through the border easily but, as usual, when they got to Brussels, they were fairly lost driving in circles trying to find the Grand Place. They finally found it and got close to Petit Rue des Bouchers which was a narrow alley off a corner of the Grand Place, an alley they remembered from their gig there on the way to Paris. They walked down the cobblestones to number 30 which was the Rose Noire with its black door in the black wooden front. Owner Louis was thrilled to see the jazz giants back in town and noted that drummer George Solano had showed up the day before; so the band, dubbed by Lloyd 'The International Jazz Quartet' or IJQ, was complete. Lloyd wanted it to really be the 'International Jazz Quintet' by adding trumpeter Mafi Falay. For the Comblain Jazz Festival, Lloyd even dreamed of having German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff which would have made it a sextet that could play some of Lloyd's very cool arrangements he had been working on during his year in Iran, his weeks in Beirut and his years in Germany, Switzerland and Sweden. Unfortunately Mafi wasn't available and Albert was to be featured with the Comblain Original Group. Lloyd had also thought maybe Yugoslav trumpeter Dusko Goykovich, who Lloyd had occasionally jammed with in Germany, might be invited into the IJQ. But no one could find out how to contact him and they eventually learned that he was already booked at Comblain on his own.

The three weary travelers set up in two rooms, Lloyd and Lenny in one, and Connie in another leaving a place for George if he wanted. But George usually liked fancy hotels or staying with some ugly mean Yankee witch who had money and satisfied some masochistic self-punishment complex George was burdened with. The band was now an all-star lineup with Lenny on bary, Connie on bass, Lloyd on piano and George on drums. They played for up to five hours every night, perfecting their skills with Lloyd and George attaining a perfection in shared accents that served to push Lenny along as he became more and more of a virtuoso, executing unbelievable fast passages with ease as if he was playing a clarinet, the instrument he played for years in the Gothenburg Symphony. Connie, always quiet and strange but cool, kept an unwaveringly solid beat with very tasteful notes and fast flying solos more like a horn than a bass. It was the perfect high-energy yet sensitive jazz quartet, unlike any other in Europe. That is why their fame grew and people would drop by the Rose just to hear the best jazz on the Continent. Every night after the gig, Lloyd and George often played chess while sipping on Stellas at the rough-and-tumble Au Welcome bar next door to the Rose Noire. It was a hangout for hardened down-to-earth butchers who would boisterously chatter away in rumbling rough Flemish as they guzzled down beer after beer. Occasionally some sickening aggressive fag would accost Freddie at the Welcome because he was drop dead gorgeous, according to all the girls as well as the homos.

Freddie constantly complained about being accosted by those homo creeps and Lloyd agreed that they should all be dumped in the ocean or something.

But there were a few chicks around and the place to meet them, other than at the club itself, was the unisex toilet structure out behind the club. Once Lloyd was waiting by the door and an amazingly stacked cute gal with wavy black hair came out and was fumbling with her bra. She turned her back towards him and asked if he could help fasten her bra hoping "*pouvez vous m'aider, s'il vous plait?*" Lloyd fumbled and finally got it fastened; then she turned and stunned him with an invitation to feel her 'qualities' offering "*voulez les toucher?*" He timidly gave a couple of strokes and then she noted that Lloyd was the pianist who was living above the club and would he like her to drop up there in a while to 'visit' him. He hesitated then blurted "*oui, pourquoi pas?*" as she headed back towards the club. Lloyd finally took his turn in the john then went out to shop for a few food items before returning to his room. When he got there, from Lenny's room he heard sounds of a girl seemingly being taken advantage of in a somewhat painful manner. After about a half hour, he saw the gal who had invited herself up to the room unhappily scurrying away. He followed her and asked what happened and learned that Lenny, stoned out on something, had treated her rough and she asked where Lloyd had been. He apologized and then went to scold Lenny who had on his squinty-eyed horse-trampled stoned-out smirk and so he was too far-gone to talk. Lloyd returned to apologize to the poor girl and promised to play some nice tunes for her that evening.

That night after the gig, about three in the morning, as was the case at least a couple of times a week, the musicians and everyone else in the vicinity were jolted awake by a loud screaming argument between a man and woman down on Petit Rue des Bouchers. "*Salope . . . dégueulasse!*" he yelled and she screamed back "*sale con, toi!*" He responded roaring "*putain!*" as she screamed "*ta gueule, sale conard!*" Then he angrily bellowed "*tu baisses n'importe qui! Je ne mar . . . conasse!*" As usual the discussion continued for a while finally fizzling out after the whole street had been woken up. Those late-night street spats between drunks were also a common occurrence outside the Hotel Saint André in Paris.

One evening at the Rose Noire, a personable lady sat near the band cage and chatted with Lloyd in French and English. Finally she asked "can my son play with your band?" Lloyd looked quizzically and wondered "what does he play?" The lady answered "guitar." The band members glared at each other grimacing and expressing disgust as Lloyd tried to politely explain "you can't really play jazz on a guitar; it's for stupid music like rock and roll or pop. Maybe a couple of really great hard blues players have been able to get something out of it, but the electronic sound is just too ugly for real music." The nice lady would not back down; she mentioned "I have ordered full meals and several drinks for all of you." Lloyd stared at George and Lenny then sighed "well OK just a couple of tunes to see what he can do." Soon the young man had his guitar and amp set up and in tune as the band members cringed then reluctantly counted off a blues in F. As suspected, the boy was pretty amateur and couldn't do much. The band tried to encourage him and gave him every chance to shine, but without much success. After the set, the mom and her son sat by Lloyd as he tried to explain some of the substitute changes for various tunes and how voicings needed to be hip, subtle and nothing like pop music or like the simplistic pseudo jazz changes that most guitarists favored. As he was enjoying a nice meal and a couple of Stellas, Lloyd's kindhearted nature kicked in and he offered to help the boy work on improving his changes, voicings and ideas for solos if he wanted to drop by the club in the afternoons for a few days. Lloyd did all he could to help the talented and enthusiastic youngster catch up to the cool things that IJQ was doing and, after a few days, there was a very noticeable improvement in the kid's playing. Finally after jamming off and on for a couple of weeks, the young

man, Philip Catherine, was ready to be recorded on Lloyd's Grundig tape machine at one of the sessions. All the IJQ members were surprised at Philip's swift absorption of so many jazz concepts in such a short time. He eventually went on to become one of Belgium's most prominent jazzmen.

A musician who was always welcome to jam with IJQ at the Rose was Jacques Pelzer whose smooth and sweet yet groovy alto was a nice addition to Lenny's honkin' bary. Whenever Jacques entered the club, stopping to chat with Louis and his wife, Lenny and Connie would light up with happy faces knowing that during the next break they would be cookin' up and shootin' up some H. The fun-loving pharmacist Jacques always had some horse from his pharmacy in Liege to turn on all the musicians who were so inclined. One night at the Rose, Lloyd recorded some pieces when Jacques and Lenny were jamming as part of his documentation of the Brussels jazz scene in 1960. Unfortunately, when Benoit Quersin dropped by to jam or when the IJQ cats went over to Ixelles to Benoit's Blue Note jazz club to jam, Lloyd didn't record those sessions. But the most important cat that hung around with IJQ was Freddie Deronde, an upcoming bassist, a student of Benoit's who was really diggin' Connie's hard drive and solid beat. After a few weeks hanging around the Rose and sitting in for a few sets in a row, Freddie decided to move in with Connie to share one of the rooms above the club.

Comblain-la-Tour Jazz Fest with a Viking Vixen Sidekick

Even though audiences were sometimes small at the Rose, IJQ played superbly night after night perfecting their skills for the upcoming Comblain-la-Tour Jazz Festival. Their local bassist buddy Freddie Deronde was friendly with the management because he was in what seemed like a *ménage à trois* with the owner's pretty wife. So the band got paid every night and they were offered a few drinks and food as well. Once in a while, his beautiful wife would check to see if Louis was watching, then gently place a big silver 100 Franc coin in Lloyd's palm as she passed by the piano. He definitely appreciated the extra help because he could then drop over to the restaurant across the street to sit on a black wooden chair at a black wooden table and have a delicious *stek au poivre* or pepper steak. While IJQ was at the Rose Noire, they were often visited by alto man Jacques Pelzer with his ever-present deadly white powder which always bugged Lloyd even if Lenny and Freddie were thrilled to get those stupid spoons boiling. But Jacques was great to jam with as always with his pleasant tone and sensitive interpretation of melodic patterns. Jacques and Lenny blended well together and Lloyd made sure to record a session with him which decades later was released on a CD of IJQ's Brussels sessions. One night Benoit Quersin dropped in to jam a set on bass as he had done in the past and invited the IJQ to come to the Blue Note, his club over in Ixelles. They used the Taunus to find their way to Louizalaan then Defacqzstraat. It was always cool jamming with Benoit at his club; so from time to time the IJQ would go over there.

But it seemed that bassist Connie was starting to act weird and was shooting up too much H. Since they become roommates, Freddie was really getting a nice solid bass line under Connie's influence and often sat in most of the night when Connie was too strung out to play sensibly. Finally, Connie went over the edge. One day Freddie rushed over to the Welcome where Lloyd and George were playing chess and Lenny was necking with a pleasingly plump Flemish chick. Freddy burst in and blurted "eh, man, Connie is gone. He tried to hang himself upstairs then he split. He said he was going to work on a Swedish ship and sail back to Stockholm." Everyone ran to the upstairs room above the Rose to check the noose Connie had made then they frantically started calling various port cities to see if anyone knew about any Swedish ships. After a few days of desperate searching, they gave up. Freddie had fully absorbed almost all of Connie's energy, solid drive and tasteful solo lines; so the IJQ continued

preparing for the Comblain festival with Freddie as bass man. They worked on their repertoire of jazz standards with Lloyd perfecting his changes while building a series of accent patterns shared with drummer George. Meanwhile Lenny became more and more virtuoso executing unbelievably fast phrases on his big sax while Freddie's powerful bass kept it all together.

The weekend of the festival approached and the excitement was building among the IJQ members. Club owner Louis made sure that a photo and blurb about the IJQ appeared in the weekly Brussels Friday events publication for August 5 – 11, 1960 noting that the Rose Noire house band, the International Jazz Ensemble, was appearing August 6 and 7 at Comblain. The event was also promoted in the Brussels August 5, 1960 paper La Lantern on the front page and most of page 4. Others appearing at Comblain were: Chet Baker representing the U.S., Romano Mussolini from Italy, Albert Mangelsdorff from Germany, Rita Reys from Holland, George Grunz from Switzerland, Dusko Goykovich from Yugoslavia along with local Belgium jazzmen Jacques Pelzer and Philip Catherine. According to the big green poster with a white vertical trumpet and black lettering, the festival was produced by Joe Napoli with cooperation from the newspapers La Lanterne and La Meuse along with Belgian Radio and other sponsors.

Finally it was time to crank up the Taunus and head out to Comblain-la-Tour, a tiny Belgian village south of and near Liege in the direction of Hamoir on the Ourthe river, where the musicians were to stay at a convent, of all places. It was about half the distance between Brussels and Köln but way south, or about half way between Namur and Aachen, even with Namur on the map and south of Aachen. From Liege, they followed the occasional improvised roadside signs indicating 'Comblain-la-Tours' or '*Festival de Jazz*' and when the IJQ musicians arrived in Comblain, they were guided to the monastery where nuns showed them their bunks. Almost immediately, Lenny found some Norwegian jazz fan babe and had her in his bunk much to the chagrin of the sisters. Then she was with Freddie for a short time before finally ending up, almost in tears, with Lloyd. She muttered in Norwegian that she was a virgin and no one wanted her. Lloyd couldn't understand stating "*jeg forstår ikke*" then assured that she was welcome to be with him during the festival and he didn't care if she was a virgin and wasn't at all interested in relieving her of that title. They shared a loving caring friendship enhanced by plentiful kissing, minor petting and cozy yet non-sexual cuddly nights in Lloyd's bunk. When she wondered why Lloyd didn't want to hang out with his friends, he bemoaned their disease of shooting up drugs which he didn't want anything to do with. She noted that he and she were both independent types because of their standards against drugs and indiscriminate sex. Then she quoted from Ibsen's *En Folkefiende* (Enemy of the People) "*den sterkeste mann i verden, det er han som står mest alene.*" He agreed that one must be strong and alone to stand for something. Lloyd was thrilled to have found a temporary sweetheart who was beautiful, buxom and, most of all, brilliant.

The opening of the festival was a champagne affair where participants were welcomed, officially honored and given small bronze badges, which resembled a medal of honor with a thin tri-colored red, yellow and black ribbon hanging from the top. On one side of the medals was written in raised letters 'Comblain 1960' and 'Journal La Muse' at the bottom encircled by the words 'International Jazz Festival.' On the other side were brass band instruments and an open book at the bottom. Lloyd thoroughly enjoyed finally for once being treated like a respected artist, shaking hands with officials and important international musicians while being cheered by thousands of friendly fans, always in the company of his striking, classy and well-dressed Norwegian consort. The jam sessions at the end of each night's concerts were also very exhilarating and Lloyd's piano pounding was well appreciated by his colleagues. He and his girl went to most of the concerts including Chet Baker. Poor Chet was really stoned and some obnoxious Yankee in the audience yelled "hey Chet, you're drunk!" Lloyd, realizing

the jerk was drunk himself, couldn't resist shouting back "it takes one to know one!" When IJQ performed their set, they masterfully rendered Stable Mates and generally impressed the audience with their virtuosity. After their set, a gentleman from an Italian record company came up and asked them to sign a release so their music could be included on an LP. Of course they all signed not even thinking or caring about any potential royalties. No one ever saw or heard the LP but they all hoped that it eventually came out and was heard somewhere. After the festival, as Lloyd and his new girl were driving back towards Brussels and suddenly the IJQ performance of Stable Mates came on the radio, Lloyd was so shocked to hear his band that he had to pull over and listen intently. He and his girl held each other tightly as they enjoyed Lenny's and Freddie's fabulous soloing along with Lloyd's acceptable efforts in a difficult key.

They continued on to near Brussels where the Norwegian girl said she wanted to get out of the car and hitchhike back to Oslo. Lloyd's eyes began to become teary and he clutched her tightly begging her not to leave but to stay with him. After a few fervent kisses, they childishly mutually declared "*jeg elsker deg* (I love you)" then Lloyd let her out of the car and sorrowfully drove into the outskirts of Brussels. As he approached the center of town, he was overpowered by an impulse to go back to the lonely spot where his Norwegian sweetheart was languishing. He drove frantically hoping she was still there and safe until finally he saw her still sadly standing at the roadside where he had left her. He jumped out of the car and hugged her as they both cried; then he pulled her towards the car and said she had to come to Brussels with him. They drove into town and stopped off at the apartment where Jacques Pelzer and a couple of jazz musicians were staying. They hung around for a couple of hours snacking on treats and drinking wine until she looked sorrowfully into Lloyd's eyes then broke down in sobs stating that she really had to go home to Oslo and asked Lloyd to please understand and forgive her. They held each other for a long time, then excused themselves and slowly made their way down the stairs to the car and again drove off northward. She broke the feelings of sadness by chuckling about how silly they had been citing their frivolous declaration "*at vi elsket hver andre* (that we loved each other)." He partly agreed realizing that they were just kids who didn't really understand much. But he excused his feelings explaining "*men jeg ser etter . . .* (but I am looking for...)" She nodded understandingly then they continued in silence until they came to the same lonely roadside spot she stood before. She kissed him long and strong then climbed out of the car sobbing softly as he plead "*gå ikke fra meg!* (don't leave me!)" She sighed, took her pack and closed the car door as he said "*på gjensyn* (see you later)." She glumly corrected the statement, warning "*adjø* (good-bye)." They waved a tearful final farewell before he slowly drove off towards Brussels and his room above the Rose Noire to absorb the eventful weekend that would be re-contemplated for years to come. Sadly he never saw or heard of her again.

After the festival, Lloyd spent a few more days playing at the Rose Noire, jamming with local names like vibes man Sadi, Jacques Pelzer and even one session with Jaque's white powder buddy, Belgian-American saxophonist Bobby Jasper. Lloyd knew of Bobby from his time in Paris before Lloyd arrived there and also from sitting around in Jacques' pharmacy where Bobby, Jacques and Lenny would shoot up H and act weird. Bobby sounded nice playing with Jacques; his sax style was smooth and soft like Stan Getz with striking technical skills, but nothing like Lenny whose technique surpassed almost everyone. It was unfortunate that IJQ eventually dissolved for good even after their big success in front of the large audiences at Comblain that reportedly reached up to 50,000. Discouraged, George had bought a ticket to Germany to return to one of his ghastly witches and Lloyd drove back to Paris with Lenny who had his promised job at the Blue Note waiting for him.

Chapter 22

Back in Paris

So even after being a hit at the Rose Noire, the Blue Note and their big appearance at the Comblain-la-Tour International Jazz Festival in Belgium, the International Jazz quartet had shrunk down to just Lloyd and Lenny. Lloyd was devastated especially when Lenny told him of his plan. They were sitting in Lenny's room and the Saint André when Lenny rolled a joint, took a deep inhale, held it, then exhaled stating "*du Lloyd, ja' ska spela med Bud på Blue Note; dom betala massa pengar och bruda'na är rolig'.*" Lloyd couldn't verify or did he care if "the broads were fun" at the Blue Note; but he did realize that the money was great as was the chance to play with Bud and Klook. Lenny did mention one drawback, that Bud had a really serious drinking problem; it was so bad that his wife had to lock his clothes in the closet so he couldn't go out to get booze. Lenny promised he would try to save some money for IJQ's potential big success in Paris in the future (yea, sure). Then he announced "*o' ja' ha' fått tag i på ett bättre rum nästan till Noten.*" So now Lenny was moving from the 6th to be closer to the Blue Note leaving Lloyd all alone at the Saint André with no band and no friends. Then Lenny added insult to injury by noting that Lloyd didn't have any real piano technique and why didn't he get serious and learn how to really play like Bud Powell. Lenny reached into his leather drug paraphernalia bag and pulled out another syringe in which he sucked yellow liquid from a vial. He calmly explained that by shooting up vitamin B when shooting H, he would never get hooked. But he was by all appearances already hooked. Still, Lenny explained that H saps vitamin B from the body that results in having to keep on shooting up more H day after day.

Lloyd drugged back to his room and sat bereft of all hope for any future in music. Now he had no potential gigs, little money and no real friends after having bragged to his parents that he was finally going to be a success and independent from their occasional financial assistance. Lloyd stumbled down the steps of the hotel, hung his key on the hook above his box and wandered out into the busy street. He stopped in the local café to get a thick Italian coffee and a cognac, which he mixed together adding a bit of sugar, then ordered his usual *sandwich au pâté*. Lloyd enjoyed the French tradition of just striking up a conversation with anyone anywhere without being introduced or ever caring who was who. He listened to the boisterous conversation of local characters, some of which was beyond colorful. A chubby middle-aged lady was haranguing an old man with a stubby beard sitting by a grocer slouched over the bar. "*Voyez, je lui dis: et puis non, p'tite cochone! Je sais que tu es son macreau et elle fait le trottoir pour toi*" she bellowed slurping a glass of cheap red wine. When she added "*et puis non,*" she flicked her thumbnail forward across her top front teeth, a gesture which Lloyd soon learned but never fully understood. The garrulous gal blabbered on "*eh oui bah,*" she exclaimed pressing her right hand index finger against the bottom of her lower right eyelid blurting "*mon oeil, cochone, je lui dis; je sais que tu vas avec cette salle conasse. C'est la putainrie, quoi.*" A quiet man from a nearby table twisted his fist counterclockwise around his nose to signify to Lloyd that the woman was drunk. He emphasized his message by muttering "*jusqu'aux oreilles, piguez?*" The lady, overhearing the remark, harshly scolded "*tais toi mon p'tite chien, je sais que toi, tu es un salle con, quoi.*" The man shouted back reprimanding "*eh bah alors; moi je travaille, quoi, et pas sur le dos.*" His remark that he worked "but not on his back" extracted hearty laughs from the other customers as the amicable yet rough verbal rivalry continued as some people joined the rabid repartee then one by one left the premises for others to take their places. The conversation continued with an older gentleman, obviously tiring of the boisterous lady mouthing off, scolded "*des clous, mon chou, tu pignes; jous pas*

le casse-pied!” to which she replied “*laisse-moi tranquille* (leave me alone)” as another fellow kidded “*elle est chouette, non, tres joli morceau, mais méchante, quoi.*” Obviously sarcastic since the belligerent lady was anything but ‘cool’ and a ‘nice morsel.’ She ended the conversation roaring for him to shut up and die in the street “*ta gueule, espèce de merde! Tu dois crever dans la rue.*”

Giggin’ at the Mars Club

Lloyd was guzzling down wine, cognac and beer trying to forget his dead-end situation when he felt someone squeeze his arm. “*Lloyd, c’est moi Jacques*” a voice chimed as a piano player living at the hotel accompanied by two skinny yet highly attractive girls sat down at Lloyd’s table. Jacques motioned to the waiter “*eh, garçon, deux vins rouges, et un café avec cognac si vous plait, et toute suite; nous avons soif.*” He turned to Lloyd and asked “*qu’est-ce que tu veux, coco?*” Lloyd answered he wanted a beer and Jacques shouted “*aussi une bière pour m’sieur et dépêchez-vous, d’accord?*” The group sat discussing music, politics, beatnics, drugs, sex and every other subject of interest in the Quarter. Finally, Jacques noted “*eh Lloyd, il y a une gigue pour toi. Le type au Mars Club m’a demandé de travailler là, mais j’ai autre chose à faire. Tu le veux?*” Of course Lloyd wanted a job playing piano especially at a chic spot like the Mars Club which was classier than the Blue Note. He blurted “*d’accord*” to which Jacques responded “*alors, c’est fait*” then ordered another round of drinks at his expense. Then he invited Lloyd up to his room, number 15 at the Hotel Saint André with large windows facing Rue Mazet, where he had a beautiful grand piano right in the middle of the room. Lloyd asked where he got it and found out he was renting it from the piano studio on Rue Monge just a few Metro stops away where Lloyd often went to rent a practice room. Jacques sat down and tinkled out some syrupy attempt at romantic non-music for his girls who adoringly sat on either side feverishly cuddling and kissing him. Eventually the girls stripped down to their underwear as did Jacques and they all invited Lloyd to join them under the covers of Jacques’ big bed; but Lloyd was too weirded out to comply. He shuffled back to his room to contemplate his impending gig at the Mars Club and to jot down a repertoire of favored solo piano tunes.

The next day, when Lloyd wandered down the stairs to put his key on the hook, he noticed a note from Claude which said “Mars Club: ELY 47-99.” He entered the foyer and greeted Claude asking if he was supposed to phone there “*je dois téléphoner au Mars Club?*” Claude nodded positively adding that it was a job “*eh oui, c’est du boulot; ça commence ce soir, savez.*” Lloyd called the Mars Club and chatted with the American owner who was so nice. Lloyd noted that Jacques was not able to take the job since he had already committed to another gig. Lloyd was invited to drop over and check out the place and the piano. So he rested a bit and then hopped the Metro to Châtelet then the Neuilly line to Franklin Roosevelt. He exited the Metro station and walked a ways down the spacious Champs de Elysees to Rue Marbeuf where he turned left walking another block down the quiet alley to number 6. The alley was lined by comparatively fancy four and a half story buildings with wrought iron balconies under each window on the first and third floors above the *rez-de-chaussée* (ground floor) and unbroken wrought iron balconies on the second floor. At the end of the passage was a girls’ school, an official looking low building with doors on the sides and a window in the middle with a French red white and blue flag in front of the tall window.

The Mars club had two small windows, the bottom halves of which were amber-colored stained glass set high above the street through which various bottles of seemingly expensive liquor could be seen. Above the wooden door was a half round ribbed canopy. Lloyd timidly entered to see a plush club with classy gentlemen and ladies, many affluent American tourists or residents, quietly chatting.

There was a nice piano dominating the center with friendly tables strewn about and signs of the zodiac were represented in murals on the walls. He walked in and the friendly owner Barney Butler came up and shook his hand stating "Lloyd, right? Pianist Jacques and Saint André manager Claude both highly recommend you. There's the piano and you can have a few drinks on us every night." Lloyd learned that the pay was 100 new Francs a night which was about \$20, a nice fee in 1960. He was to play solo piano every night from 6 to 10 when the trio came on. Sundays, he was to play from 6 to one in the morning for 150 Francs. Then if the regular combo didn't show up or their pianist couldn't make it for some reason, Lloyd would keep playing until closing time which was about 2 a.m. and he would receive double pay. Lloyd later learned that the Mars Club had been the haunt of some of the greats of jazz history like Duke Ellington, Kenny Clark, Billie Holliday, Ertha Kitt, Maya Angelou, Carmen McRae, Quincey Jones, Don Byas, Leroy Vinnegar and Oscar Pettiford with whom Lloyd had jammed and stayed with in Copenhagen. Lloyd also discovered, to his chagrin, that the Mars Club was a homo hangout as if he needed to have those obnoxious pushy predators after him. It was likely because that disgusting fag Ben Benjamin, now the mean owner of the Blue Note, was formerly owner of the Mars Club. But, homo or whatever, Ben should be acknowledged for all he had done for jazz in Paris.

Added to the benefits of a nice piano and mostly classy clientele, Barney was completely honest and fair in paying musicians and he was highly appreciated by everyone who played there as a good, kind and caring person. He was the best, most honest, understanding and generous club owner that Lloyd would ever know and for that Lloyd hoped that he would be blessed throughout his life and also in heaven where he surely would be welcome.

Lloyd played steady at the Mars Club where he was well served by his solid left hand, his walking bass lines and versatility in various styles of jazz from early New Orleans to his own dreamy creative experimentation. He was personable, friendly and got along great with the customers, although he didn't appreciate drunks especially when they got sloppy and kept requesting dumb tunes. He only did jazz standards well and was fully dedicated to hardcore jazz and thus not at all a commercial or piano bar player. So since the Mars Club was a full-fledged jazz spot, he was never scolded by management for refusing to play Volare, Mustofa or any other pop slop even if some wealthy inebriate continually harassed him about it. In any case, he didn't know any pop tunes and wasn't going to waste his time learning them. Lloyd worked at the Mars Club for two months until one night manager Pete came over and sat near the piano, waiting until Lloyd finished his set. Then he gently informed Lloyd that they would be having a guest pianist, a spade cat from the States; so Lloyd was off work for a while. Lloyd was promised by Pete that in the future he would be invited back from time to time when needed, especially Sunday nights. That promise definitely came true because, as long as Lloyd was in Paris, every couple of months, the Mars Club would call about a gig for a night, a couple of nights, or a week or more.

While Lloyd worked at the Mars Club, every day he went to the piano store on Rue Monge to rent a practice room for two or more hours where he worked on perfecting his skills. Since he was actually making decent money, he could remain as a permanent resident at the Saint André along with various other artists and the fashion models. Lloyd quickly became good friends with hotel manager, kind and caring Claude, and was offered a permanent resident rate of about \$50 a month which was affordable as long as Lloyd could play a few gigs and his family was occasionally sending funds. He moved to a room across from Jacques where they could exchange piano ideas. It was actually Jacques who learned the most since Lloyd already had a solid grasp of jazz chords, melodic structure of improvisation and of rhythmic patterns. Eventually Jacques Lucier became one of the better French pianists in Paris.

Everyone kidded him about his name accusing him of being the famous Jacques Lutier who recorded the acclaimed Play Bach LP. But the less famous Jacques was a good sport and had his own musical charm even if it was a bit commercial and syrupy. Hotel manager Claude became very helpful especially concerning the albatross of the Ford Taunus which had to be moved from one parking spot to another according to the Paris regulations specifying which side of the street and when and where cars could be plopped. Once established in Paris, with the excellent Metro system, having a car was more of a burden than anything else. But since hotel business requiring hauling items and traveling out of town was part of Claude's life, lending him the car so that he took on all the inherent responsibilities, was very helpful to Lloyd. He would borrow the car back for occasional out-of-town gigs or other needs and then return it and the keys to Claude who would park it correctly and continue the obligation of watching over it.

Playing for Drunks on an Army Base

One occasion when Lloyd had to borrow back the car, was to play a few gigs with George who had settled in Paris not long after the three jazzbos had completed their odd odyssey from Stockholm. He had finally conjured up one of his army gigs at an officer's club near Paris. It was only on weekends over a month period but it paid quite well. So Lloyd and Lenny were coaxed away from their gigs and other activities to make some good money for a change. This time, Lloyd insisted on receiving a specific pay instead of giving it all to George to manage for the two of them (mostly for George). Now Lloyd had his own permanent hotel room and had to keep the payments up; so he didn't want to end up in a park or on a warm grate with a French *clochard* in a ragged stinky old coat. For the gig, George found a couple of French cats to play bass and trumpet and they used some of Lloyd's excellent quintet charts making the gig a big success. Of course the same sloppy scummy Yankee drunks were staggering around blabbering loud and hassling the band. Lloyd was so glad not to be living in the States among those horrible people and, although the bread was great, everyone was glad when the gig was over. Lloyd wisely gave most of his money to Claude at the Saint André to pay up his rent way in advance so he would be assured of not having to share some warm grate or a spot under a bridge over the Seine with the homeless *clochards*.

Soon it was time to head on to George's other army base gig for a few days in Nancy. The same unpleasant atmosphere of drunken slobs faced them there; but they took the punishment to earn good pay that would last them a few weeks. This time, they had Freddie Deronde from Brussels on bass; so with the old IJQ back together again, they sounded great. But Lenny was always stoned out of his gourd on H. One night he had locked himself in a toilet stall to shoot up and never came out. As a fellow junkie, Freddie knew exactly what was going on and how fatal it could be. He desperately climbed the wall of the stall, opened the door and grabbed the syringe clutched in Lenny's hand. Lenny was more than unconscious; he appeared dead with no color left in his skin. Freddie and Lloyd walked Lenny's limp body around the parking lot for an hour before he finally barely came to life. After lots of coffee and cake, he was almost able to play. That Nancy gig was torture having to fill in all the time when Lenny would drop out in the middle of playing the head or a solo. Then he would start playing right in the middle of people's solos; he was really messed-up. Fortunately, the stupid Yankee slobs were too plastered on booze to know what was happening; so the band made it through the week.

A Piano by the Bed and Baby Sitting Babes

Back in Paris and IJQ disbanded, Lloyd returned to the Saint André where he was comforted by his pianist pal Jacques Lucier who brought him some good news. “*Tu peux prendre ma chambre avec le grand piano pour trois mois*” he declared offering Lloyd his room and grand piano for three months. Lloyd would just pay the room rent but not the piano rent which Jacques would take care of so that he could still have the big room and piano when he returned. Jacques added “*et tu peux avoir toutes mes filles aussi.*” Of course Lloyd knew that most of Jacques’ girls would find out that their cute French guy was gone and wouldn’t want to mess with a boring Yankee; so offering Lloyd “all his girls” was of little value. But the opportunity to practice piano almost all day every day for three months was a veritable boon. Lloyd readily accepted and decided to set a schedule for himself, even though he had always been wary of acquiring too much technique that might hinder honest expression of deeper emotions. But he felt confident that he was musically mature enough not to be commercialized or desensitized by technical skills. Jacques realized Lloyd’s hesitancy and fully convinced him that once he attained a high level of virtuosity, he could use it any way he wished without losing his soulfulness.

So Jacques was off to southern France for a gig and Lloyd moved his things over to Jacques’ room and began working on Hanon’s piano book attacking each exercise with vigor and resolve, working until he had total control. During most of the day, the happy plinking of piano exercises and jazz tunes could be heard oozing out of the room. At night when Lloyd was asleep or ready to sleep, he would occasionally hear a soft knock on the door. When he opened it, a stunning young lady would chime “*où est Jacques?*” to which Lloyd would respond “*sud de France*” then would jokingly add “*mais moi, suis là.*” Usually the disappointed girl would glumly offer a “*merci, pardon*” then wander away. But once in a while, a fun-loving young lady would enter the room, start kissing him and dropping items of clothing one by one. Mostly Lloyd would disappoint them by gathering up their clothes, returning them and gently guiding them to the door with a little kiss on the forehead and a promise that Jacques would be back in a couple of months. Rarely a girl might end up staying the night, maybe even a couple of nights to be serenaded by Lloyd’s piano in the morning and again in the evening after she returned from work. But Lloyd did not want to be sidetracked or drawn into a web of emotions; so he avoided potential opportunities for ‘romance’ as much as possible. Lloyd forcefully practiced piano while he also improved his social skills trying to incorporate some of the ‘little things’ he had observed George do added to the typical charm and sensitivity he had witnessed Jacques shower on his girls. But Lloyd was really more interested in his music than the crazy late teens girls that knew Jacques from his club gigs all over Paris. So when Jacques finally returned, Lloyd was somewhat relieved that he didn’t have to worry about female fans and baby-sitting babes. He gladly returned to his small room to concentrate on his music, even though a few of the girls hunted him down there and continued to pester him for affection.

During the time Lloyd had the piano by the bed in Jacques’ room, he really concentrated on perfecting his technique. Each morning he would wake up, eat the hotel’s *petit déjeuner* of croissants, butter, jam and coffee brought to the door by Claude’s lovely wife; then he would work Hanon’s two-handed exercises in octave until noon. He would take a ten-minute lunch break making a fast sandwich of tomato, cheese or sliced meat returning to the piano to attack all types of scales in octave. After that he would work on some right-hand and left-hand triad exercises until about 6 when he fixed dinner in the room or went two blocks down Rue Saint André to the Greek restaurant for a hot meal and his favorite desert of *kadaif a la crème* and a *carafe* of red wine. Once in a while he would order dinner in

a nearby restaurant; but he had to fight tooth and nail to get them to cook a steak at all. They just kept bringing it back raw and he just kept sending it back until instead of pleading “*bien cuit*” (well done) he fiercely growled “*brûlé* (burned), *oui brû!-lé!*” They would keep bringing him red bloody steaks that looked like they were just cut off the cow and had never seen a frying pan. Once, out of curiosity, he made the dreadful mistake of ordering a ‘*sandwich Américain*’ to be nauseated to near barfing by a plate of raw ground round with a couple of raw eggs cracked into the gaggy middle of it. Yuck! How could anyone even imagine such a horror much less eat it? Lloyd’s future tendency towards vegetarianism was being formed already.

After dinner, he would return to work on jazz tunes, new chords and improvising solos until 11 at night when he stopped so as not to annoy the few hotel guests who were on the premises. When Jacques finally came back from the south, Lloyd’s skills had improved immensely; he was almost as adroit on some phrases as piano great Oscar Peterson. Sometimes way late at night, maybe around three in the morning, after a long day’s work practicing, recording, evaluating and exercising his fingers, Lloyd would wander down Rue Dauphine, across the Seine on Pont Neuf to Les Halles, the Paris central market. He knew he could enjoy a burning hot *soup d’oignon* also called *soupe à l’oignon* (onion soup) at a little bistro up creaky wooden steps. Or more commonly, he could buy a steak sandwich from a vendor closer to the end of the bridge. Again he had to firmly insist “*brûlé!*” several times until the vendor got used to Lloyd and was able to charcoal a steak completely against his better judgment. Lloyd would often buy a few vegetable and fruit supplies at Les Halles.

Lloyd decided to take a room on the floor above where he had installed himself, a nice location with tall windows facing Rue Saint André where he could gaze over the people passing by and he could see the Caméléon, the club where he would occasionally sit in with various players, some of whom were quite good. He decided to continue working on his technique, so he went over to the Rue Monge piano store, where he formerly practiced often, and rented a small upright for his room so he could continue improving his skills. There was a weird little skinny Italian classical pianist staying at the Hotel at that time and she buddied up with Lloyd so she could use his piano to practice the classical pieces she was mastering while he was out. When he was away for a few hours, he would knock on her door and hand her his key so she could work on her pieces. There was never any physical attraction; she was too skinny and, although sort of pretty, was too goofy for Lloyd; and he was also unattractive to her. They shared technique information about how fingers and fingering work best. She came up with a crazy notion from some book or something about the thumb being just like the other fingers. In other words, she said it should not just be laid down on the keys horizontally; but it should be bent and released from a slanted position like the other fingers. He tried it and found it was difficult to do but maybe a nice improvement that could facilitate more speed.

One of the several nights he went to the Blue Note to chat with organ master Jimmy Smith, he demonstrated the concept during a break and Jimmy thought it was interesting, maybe a breakthrough in thumb technique. Jimmy had showed Lloyd all about the fantastic bass lines that can be done with the left foot on the pedal notes in unison with the left hand or just with the left foot leaving the left hand to strike chords while the right hand does solo lines. No matter how hard Lloyd tried, before or after Jimmy’s gigs, to get a groovy bass line going with his left foot, he just couldn’t make it happen. But a few minutes here and there wouldn’t be enough to really develop such a demanding skill, even though normally Lloyd was able to pick up almost any instrument and within a few minutes play it like an expert. Lloyd never discussed techniques with any of the snooty haughty hotshot (or so they supposed) Paris pianists except for his pal Jacques who didn’t have a superiority complex like almost all the others. Eventually, too many discussions between Lloyd and the Italian pianist about sex and

how it should be done, ended in them checking to see if they were any good at it as a team. Both admitted the other was pretty good but there was no real chemistry so it was not worth continuing.

One night when his hands and fingers had been flying fast all day, he felt it was time to visit his friend Lenny at the Blue Note. He took the Metro there and wandered into the club to see Bud Powell sitting at a booth near the door, pouting. When Lloyd walked in, Bud looked up and forced a smile whispering “hey Laid baby, come ‘ere, man.” Lloyd sat down and Bud did his thing, which would become a ritual every time Lloyd went over to the Note. “Hey man, order a triple whisky for me an’ we’ll switch drinks, dig?” Lloyd reluctantly agreed realizing that poor Bud was already drunker than anyone should be and that boozing was probably really bad for him. Lloyd grasped the hand of the pert and pretty redhead waitress and asked for a triple whisky. Bud ordered a soft drink and then nervously fidgeted until she returned with a tray of drinks. As she leaned into the booth Lloyd couldn’t resist putting his hand around her slender waste muttering “*merci chérie, vous êtes trop mignonne et trop jolie* (thanks dear, you are too cute and too pretty).” She blushed and planted a tiny kiss on his cheek that seemed to burn there all night. Then, when no one was looking, Lloyd and Bud switched glasses and Bud smiled as he sat back in bliss. When it was time to play again, Bud shot Lloyd a broad smile and, with twinkling eyes ordered “hey Laid baby, gowan up an’ do a set for me, man; A’m gonna jus’ cool it here.”

Lloyd obeyed as he went to the nice grand piano where Lenny smiled a greeting and French bassist Pierre Michelot sort of scowled. Pierre didn’t like Lloyd’s honkin’ Horace Silver and boogie-inspired left-hand action which Pierre felt invaded his territory. “But hey, he wasn’t doing much down there anyway; so what was the big deal,” Lloyd thought. All during the set, Lloyd played brilliantly matching accents with Klook, running all over the piano sometimes with both hands and driving like a steam roller. Lenny looked on with pleased amazement smiling his sly squint-eyed smirk. Then Lenny impishly called out Cherokee snapping it off at a tempo way faster than anyone had ever imagined. After whipping through the head and several choruses of unbelievably rapid runs all over the bary, he ended with a rip from the bottom to the top of his range followed by a challenging chuckle glaring at Lloyd to keep up the frenzy. Midst the cheers and clapping, Lloyd took over keeping the speed and spirit that Lenny had set down even amazing himself at how fast, furious and frantic he could play after those months of working Hanon and scales all day. He ended his fantastic solo smashing both arms in a thud on the keys inciting a thunder of applause from the fans in the booths and at the bar; even Bud smiled approvingly. Poor Pierre couldn’t even imagine soloing so fast on bass; so he nodded to Klook to take over.

Klook amazed everyone with his perfect, clean and rabidly rapid stick action flying from snare to toms so fast his sticks were only a blur. His solo brought a roar of approbation from everyone including the band members. That ended the set and Lenny smiled at Lloyd admiring “*du ha’ lärt dig bra* (you learned well)” as Lloyd smiled back a jovial “*tak, din djävul* (thanks, you devil).” Lloyd played one more set ending the final ballad with a long run in the Japanese minor Hirajoshi scale since he had been listening to Eastern traditional music every day and had absorbed much of it. Lenny again praised Lloyd for finally, after months of prodding and razzing, attaining technical virtuosity, then he added a compliment for Lloyd’s Japanese run at the end “*jag gillar det Orientaliske skiten.*” Lloyd shook a few fans’ hands, lovingly hugged his favorite redhead waitress then left the Blue Note feeling a bit less down on himself. He wandered over to the Mars Club to sit in a few tunes on solo piano amazing everyone there with his newfound technical skills. That week Lloyd visited most of the jazz clubs in Paris where he wormed his way onto the bandstand to show off his new skills and cut everyone to shreds, a rightful vengeance for having been rejected so many months.

Helga of Hollywood Comes to Collect Fashions at Fashion Collections

Once in a while, Lloyd's parents would ask some of their high society Blue Book friends to look up Lloyd in Paris and suggest that he be their hired driver for the week or whatever. Most of the visitors wanted to see the tourist traps like the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, the Champs, etc. Lloyd just hated those places because of how everyone from the States insisted on seeing them so they could brag about it to their friends. He was a permanent resident in Paris, a jazzman intellectual and scholar who wouldn't be caught dead in the Louvre with all the stupid Yankee slobs. But he would oblige his parents' friends by cheerfully and politely driving them wherever they wanted without actually playing tourist with them but just waiting in the car until they were ready to go to the next tourist trap. But two of the Millers' friends, who were sent to Lloyd needing a knowledgeable French-speaking driver, were just great. One was Helga Oppenheimer, a savvy, hip, artistic, wonderful, kind lady who could care less about the tourist junk but was only interested in the fashion collections and picking up tips for the next season for her famed Helga's of Hollywood store. Lloyd's parents gave him her flight information, he picked her up at the airport and immediately they were best pals, at least he felt they were. For the week or so she was in town, Lloyd lived like he used to back in southern California with his parents who took him to nice restaurants, concerts, plays, the country club and everywhere. Helga had a schedule of activities that kept them both busy day and night and loving every minute of it.

Lloyd was always interested in women's clothes and other beauty items because he was always interested in women. So it was great fun to see the new line of dress designs although most were absolutely horrid and shouldn't be and weren't ever worn by anyone anywhere. He went with Helga to perfume vendors, shoe shops, purse stores, scarf dealers, coiffeurs and just everywhere including the obscenely expensive Tour d'Argent Restaurant and slightly lesser high-end eateries. This was a Paris that Lloyd didn't even know existed because he spent his time in jazz caves hanging around with down-and-out artists. There was some crossover of associates when he bumped into most of the manikins from the hotel Saint André who were modeling the weirdo gowns at collections. He was careful not to be too intimate with them in public even though he had seen most of them in their panties, bras (or not, but who cared since they were flat as boards) and see-through night gowns when they would come to his room asking for him to brush, wash or singe their hair. Helga was impressed that most of the manikins were close friends of Lloyd's and that Lloyd had an in at the two world famous jazz spots that she wanted to visit. In fact there was a reception after one for the more important collections at the Mars Club where Lloyd had recently been house pianist off and on.

Helga would ask Lloyd's advice on fashion since he was a guy like those who would be looking at what would be worn the L.A. area. His good taste in almost everything served him well as an advisor to Helga and they agreed on almost everything. The most memorable event was the main collection where Helga and various other designers from New York and other key world fashion capitals were there to take notes on the Paris *haute couture* of the season. The location for the collection was plush and the runway was elaborate. As the manikins sauntered along one by one, many of whom were Lloyd's friends from the hotel, once in a while he would slyly make a funny face or goofy eyes at them to see if they would accidentally crack a smile instead of the deadpan glare that was required. He got a couple of the girls to giggle, which became contagious among the serious pretentiously posing *couturiers* sitting at the long table feverishly sketching the screwball designs. Helga often whispered to Lloyd how the various items were totally ridiculous and no one ever would or ever could or ever should wear them. They were just exaggerated outrageous creations by French homosexual designers who were trying to make a name for themselves and cause men to be turned off by women.

One outfit was so outlandish that everyone looked at each other in suspicious disgust. The mess was titled Tangerine Sherbet and was a hideously hanging orange top from an uneven empire 'waist' that started just barely above the chest (as if any of the manikins had one) then hung straight like a bad lampshade to just below the hips and then all of a sudden quit. That was it, a beyond ugly micro-mini that was totally obscene and obnoxious even to the other homo designers who were present. Helga and most of the others looked like they needed a barf bag; so Lloyd decided to get into the act. He pulled a few sheets off Helga's sketch pad and drew three outrageously silly designs of his own, entitling them: 'Gargoyle de Notre Dame' and 'Rat de Rive' then 'Clochard sous Pont.' Helga almost broke into hysterical laughter at the titles and silly sketches then passed the crazy drawings to her New York colleague who tried to suppress wild cackles before sharing them with his neighbor. By the time the sketches reached the end of the line of designers, who were sporting maybe cigarette holders and/or jeweled sunglasses, everyone, except the designer who was featured, was ready to burst out laughing and finally they couldn't hold back any longer and the whole table roared with hilarity.

Finally, even the targeted designer caught the laughing bug because another homo designer's work he seemed to disapprove of was starting down the runway. But to save face he rose, arranged his hip-length wavy hair, slinking in his fruity boots and pink shirt waving Lloyd's goofy cartoons exclaiming "*mon dieu, qui a fait ça?*" Of course Lloyd and Helga had their heads down using all their power to suppress the urge to roar with laughter. After the collection, a few of Lloyd's girl-friend manikins, or more correctly girls who were friends, came over to where he was sitting to give him subtle little signs of affection like a tiny pinch on the waste, a secret kiss on the ear or a poke in the tummy. The faggy designer whose work had been spoofed in the sketches also approached Lloyd, who he suspected of doing the goofy cartoons, and began to rag on the other designers accusing them of all being pederasts: "*sont tous pédés, savez*" he chimed. Then as he left, another fruity designer came up to Lloyd and warned him not to listen to the first guy who was a terrible fag "*croyez pas ce mec là, il est une terrible tapette.*" Lloyd was sick of the whole fag mess and ready to leave.

It was time to go to the reception at the Mars Club, so Helga rescued Lloyd from the homo designers who all wanted to disparage their colleagues and try to date Lloyd. Eventually Lloyd and Helga drove off the Mars Club and, on the way, Lloyd presented his theory on homo dress designers. He wondered "do you think they purposely make really ugly dresses so guys will hate women and turn homo?" Helga chuckled and answered that she couldn't say, but that was an interesting theory. At the Mars Club, Barny was delighted to see Lloyd noting that, since there was no pianist booked for the event, he could play a bit if he wanted. Lloyd was happy to oblige but first ate a few fancy snacks, grabbed some fine wine and chatted with a few of his manikin pals before doing a long set of great piano which endeared him even more to Helga and the other attendees. Finally, Lloyd got up from the piano to join the party. Helga was chatting with a colleague when one of the designers who had been featured at the collection came over and started ragging on his colleague who Lloyd had derided in his little cartoons that afternoon. He jittered about in an overly feminine fashion "*Lloyd coco, c'est moi Maurice. Vous avez raison sur les designs du petit mec là*" he coyly and cattily quipped nodding towards the designer in question. "*Sa collection était franchement moche, tu sais chérie, moche, moche, mo!-che! Oui, dégeulasse, dégoutant et décourageant. C'est de la saloperie, de la couchonnerie; af-freux! Quelle heueur, horrible! hor!-ri!-ble! 'Puis il n'a aucun sens des couleurs; vachement emmerdant, lui; suis fatigué de son truc. Et lui, tu sais, il est un très grand pédé, une terrible tapette; alors, faut faire attention, mon chou.*"

As he was deriding the guy's designing and warning that he was a fag, he suddenly gazed in horror towards the subject who was now approaching them. He nervously warned Lloyd not to repeat

anything “*faut rien dire, d'accord, coco?*” The two homos met with a sensual hug and the conversation became sickeningly syrupy, totally contrary to the former diatribe. Maurice began with “*dit donc mon cher, qu'est-ce que tu penses de la collection cette après midi?*” Pierro bounced back the question of what he thought of the collection with “*toi, qu'est-ce que tu penses, coco?*” Maurice wiggled a bit and, flirtatiously flicking his eyelashes a couple of times, lied about how much he liked Pierro's work “*ton Tangerine Sherbet était magnifique; ou la la, très chic . . . légendaire!*” Pierro shyly smiled and hunched muttering “*bah alors, allez vous en . . . arrête mon chou, tu me fais rougir*” timidly acknowledging the false compliment. A waiter brought by some tiny snacks offering them to the fags when Maurice shuddered that he couldn't be a glutton “*je peux pas faire le gourmand.*” Pierro supported the decision with “*bravo, ton corps est si chouette, coco*” complimenting Maurice's body, which he was lustfully surveying, mostly at the waist area. Maurice flirted back with “*c'est vrai? Mais tu te moques de moi* (really? you're mocking me).”

Then as Pierro slowly withdrew to chat with others at the reception, he feigned a kiss with his lips puckering and a cute blink of the eyelashes swearing his continual love “*t'aime toujours, chérie*” then vanished into the crowd. Maurice nervously admitted to Lloyd that he and Pierro were once sweethearts but that Pierro had dumped him for some “trashy floozy blond bitch,” a guy with fruity long hair who was lurking in a far corner chatting and who Maurice referred to as “*une sale putain.*” Maurice threw up his hands in disgust stating “*mais dit-on, je ne marre de cette histoire.*” Then he told Lloyd that he was lucky not to be a homo because they were just horrible “*vous avez le chance de ne pas être tapette, elles sont vraiment affreuses . . . trop horribles.*” Lloyd was also ‘sick of the story’ and fully fed up with the whole faggot scene; so he excused himself to wander back to Helga hoping she would rescue him from the horrid homos and be ready for a ride back to her hotel. As Lloyd walked off, Maurice called out a sickeningly sweet and swishy “*tout à l' heure, coco*” then turned to chat up some other poor guy victim standing near by. After a wonderful week or so of running around Paris with Helga, Lloyd dropped her at the airport and, after a tearful hug and goodbyes, drove back to the Saint André. Back at the hotel, he opened the envelope with a sweet thank you card from Helga and was stunned to find a hundred dollar bill. He couldn't believe it; just being with her, learning about fashion, meeting interesting people and dining at chic establishments was reward enough for him. But a hundred bucks, wow, that was a lot of money in the early 60s in Paris and at five Francs a dollar; he was rich!

Peer is Here with Here's Hollywood

An earlier visit from another of the Oppenheimer family, Helga's brother-in-law, came after Lloyd's parents told him one of their friends was coming to town and could use a driver who knew his way around, could bluff his way through traffic and was fluent in French. Lloyd showed up at the airport to transport Peer Oppenheimer to his fancy hotel; the crew took other transportation. Lloyd's expertise as an aggressive driver was proven when he and Peer arrived at the hotel a half hour earlier than the rest of the crew who used taxi transportation. Peer was in Paris to do interviews with famous people for his popular TV show ‘Here's Hollywood.’ On the drive from the airport, Peer told Lloyd of the packed schedule of interviews and asked if he could come early in the morning to the hotel to get assignments. Sometimes Lloyd would be asked to go fetch a movie star or other famous person, or sometimes he would be asked to run errands for staff or crewmembers. He was usually at all the shoots and had the opportunity to meet some very illustrious personalities. One of them was Louis Armstrong who did an interview at Lloyd's favorite piano spot, the Mars Club. During the usual hours of setting

lights, etc. and waiting, Lloyd had the opportunity to chat with Louis, to mention joining Johnny St. Cyr's jazz society in California and seeing Kid Ory at the Beverly Caverns. Then Lloyd asked if Louis ever heard Buddy Bolden and what he sounded like. Louis said that mainly Bolden played really loud. Then Lloyd asked if Louis got most of his ideas from Bunk since he had noticed many similarities from hearing almost all the old recordings of both. Lloyd was surprised to hear Louis deny that Bunk was his main inspiration giving all the credit to King Oliver. "Just King Oliver," Louis stated. Lloyd didn't dare contradict Louis and later realized it must have been the respect an artist retains for the person who helped them out most and gave them their start that required him to favor King Oliver as his guru. Then Lloyd sat at the piano and fooled around on a couple of Chicago jazz tunes using the style of Lil Armstrong and Jelly Roll Morton. Louis seemed to be positively impressed. Then Lloyd went off on a goofy tangent messing around with weirdo beyond modern chords and very odd melodic structures that he had been working on. Louis' face reflected almost nausea and the cameraman was also perturbed. Lloyd left the piano and went back to his position behind the crew setup.

Later that evening during the party at the Mars Club where Lloyd played a little at the urging of Peer and his associates. The cameraman, now fully drunk beyond reason, continually ragged on Lloyd for having played such bizarre and creepy non-music and bugging Louis with it. Fortunately, Lloyd had done some of his upbeat fun driving jazz at the party so no one but the cameraman knew of Lloyd's more twisted creations, a trend that Lloyd soon abandoned realizing that creativity did not necessarily denote being wacky. Strangely enough, the next evening, Lloyd took his clarinet to jam trad jazz at the Caveau de la Huchette and met 60-year-old New Orleans clarinetist Albert Nickolas who chatted about the old days. He was making very good money playing jazz and was one of the first to do a concert behind the Iron Curtain. Like Lloyd, Albert was sick of musicians who were hooked on dope.

Others that were interviewed for Here's Hollywood included Greek Never on Sunday star Malina Mercouri who they met in a famous café near Notre Dame where she mainly raved on about how horrible the Greek junta was. Then there was Horst Buchholz who was a wonderful, personable and fun young star whose claim to fame was from his role in the Magnificent Seven. His interview had been delayed a few hours so Lloyd was assigned to drive him to some plush restaurant in the outskirts of Paris beyond the Bois de Boulogne and hang out until his shoot was ready. Lloyd really hit it off with Horst as they goofed around making up Wild West gunslinger dialogues, World War Two SS scenarios and other crazy things. Another interview was at the world-renowned Tour d'Argent where a meal was about \$100. The week with Peer's crew went by too quickly because Lloyd really felt at home with the important figures that were being interviewed. They may have been stars but they were mostly just nice refined and intelligent people who were enjoyable to chat with. Such a wonderful kind person was Simone Signoret whose interview was at her plush single-story house. She told of her fondness for cool jazz and friendship with a well-known Parisian jazz pianist. Lloyd played a little on her wonderful grand piano and consequently she invited him to drop over and play anytime he wished. Of course, he wasn't able to go over there except once to leave off a bottle of *vin de Touraine*. Lloyd even appeared as an extra in some of the 'Here's Hollywood' interviews. At the end of the week on the way to the airport, Peer handed Lloyd an envelope with a nice crisp \$100 bill just like Helga. What a wonderful experience and Peer ... what a nice guy.

Chapter 23

Jazzin' with Jef Gilson and Rise to Fame

Meeting France's Top Jazz Innovator

Lloyd felt it was time to make an LP of his piano solos; but he was not sure how to do such a thing. One day he was wandering up Rue Dauphene past Saint André where Dauphene becomes Rue Grégoire-de-Tours. He walked a ways then noticed on the right a shop at no. 7 called Kiosque d'Orphée, a recording studio. A feeling of excitement came over him as he timidly entered the shop to be greeted by a man named Jef Gilson who seemed to be predestined as a colleague and friend. Lloyd felt he knew this person and was predetermined to work with him musically. As they chatted about music and Lloyd's plan for cutting an LP of his piano solos, they both felt that their lives and careers would merge. They both liked some of the same jazzmen and both had a desire to bring something new to jazz. Lloyd's dedication to Eastern music was understood by Jef who was interested in learning more about Persian, Indian and Far Eastern concepts. They set up a time for the recordings; but Lloyd was hesitant about it because of the potential costs. Jef assured him that this was a project he was invested in and promised Lloyd that it would go forth at whatever fee Lloyd could afford. Jef also offered assistance in Lloyd's wild project of recording some pieces in which he would play piano, bass and drums by re-recording. Jef noted that as, well as a nice grand piano, he had a bass and drum set in the studio and it would be easy to do.

Then Jef invited Lloyd for dinner at his place where the two could further discuss the project. By the end of the pleasant evening, Lloyd and Jef were like family; finally Lloyd had a true friend in Paris who was also a pianist and was working on some new ideas for a band he was putting together. They talked about everything; Lloyd told of his time in Iran and visit to the Orient and Jef divulged his background being from Strasbourg with his original name as Quievreux. He indicated that, although Strasbourg was somewhat Germanic, it was not like the leftover *Hitlerzeit* Germans who everyone resented. Lloyd surmised that Jef had the best of both cultures inheriting the technical and electronic skills of the Germans and the artistic *savoir* of the French not to mention great taste in food and wine. Lloyd accepted Jef as a type of advisor while he also became a guru for Jef when it came to Eastern music. During the following days, Lloyd visited Jef's studio to practice bass and drums for the upcoming recording session while he continued working at the Rue Monge piano store to keep up his piano virtuosity.

Finally, the recording day came and Lloyd played brilliantly taping his favorite tune Autumn Leaves then a 5/4 blues he called Pentalogic, named so because it was counted 2 + 3 instead of the uncomfortable backwards 3 + 2 that one of his piano idols Brubeck used on his Take Five recording. From Indian, Afghan and other Eastern music systems, Lloyd's theory on this matter was reinforced since in all Eastern music systems the short segment of an unevenly divided meter comes first. It was totally logical for Lloyd that, first you do the short one then relax with the long one last, instead of being choked with the short one last and trying to catch up. It goes with the Eastern concept of building up by adding. At the session, Lloyd also did a Persian impression he dubbed Early Morning Mist on piano, bass and drums where he played piano with two fingers like a *santur* that uses two mallets, plucking the bass like a Persian *setar* and sometimes using fingers on drums. Jef did a fantastic job of recording the three pieces and then they went into the editing room together where Lloyd witnessed a top pro miraculously edit music in a matter of moments. Jef would play portions of the session for

Lloyd and then help him choose the best parts. Jef carefully saved the good portions in various places remembering exactly where everything was; then for short edits, he would drape various lengths of tape around his neck, over his shoulder or other easily accessible locations. Then he would agilely whip all the segments and pieces together into a perfect finished product as Lloyd stared in disbelief. Lloyd had been editing tapes since he was about 10 years old but never imagined how quickly and cleanly it could be done until now.

Jef pressed the small 33 record for Lloyd keeping the tape in case Lloyd wanted further copies. Then Lloyd set a date for the World Tour LP he had been planning for years. He had been practicing pieces and impressions from Japan, China, Indonesia, India, Persia, the Arab World, Spain and Sweden plus New Orleans jazz, Boogie, New Age jazz and Lloyd's first recording of *santur*. That recording session also went well and Jef pressed half a dozen copies which Lloyd used later for PR purposes. Little did he know that his ticket to fame (but not fortune) in the jazz world would be in the hands of his newfound friend Jef. After the recording sessions, Lloyd would keep dropping by the Kiosque d'Orphée to chat with Jef who was planning the debut of a new jazz combo. He had been composing and arranging for years in Paris and had worked with Les Double Six and Swingle Singers vocal ensembles. He explained to Lloyd that he decided to have both upright and electric basses that could play lines in harmony sometimes or trade off playing bass lines and melodic passages or just play in unison or octave when appropriate. He also envisioned both tenor and soprano sax; this was before anyone used soprano in jazz except New Orleans master Sidney Bechet. Of course there would be a drummer and Jef would be on piano with his Theloneus Monk style. Finally, he was looking for someone who was a genius on any instrument and a solid soloist. When Lloyd asked who that was, Jef blandly looked him in the eye and stated "*c'est vous.*" Lloyd thought "me?" then stuttered "*mais, moi . . . c'est à dire. . . suis rien . . . bah, alors. . . comment . . .* (me, I'm nothing, how?)" Jef interrupted Lloyd's hesitance with "*non, mais, vous êtes parfait. Vous jouez n'importe quoi avec confiance; alors à mon avis vous êtes notre soloiste.* (no, but you are perfect. You play no matter what with confidence, it's my opinion that you are our soloist)" As Lloyd sat stunned, Jef invited him to a gathering at his place a few days later where they were having fondue and where the other musicians would be present. Jef told Lloyd to think about it and they would talk more at dinner.

Soloist in the Combo that Conquered Paris

Jef picked Lloyd up at the hotel in his rattley funny looking little *Deux Chevaux* and they cheerfully chatted all the way up to Jef's place. There Lloyd met his new band buddies: quiet shy tenor man Pierre Caron, tall thin and playful electric bassist Alain Melet and a drummer. They were all friendly, easy to get along with and nice looking young men. Lloyd was quite handsome himself explaining why girls would often cling to him like barnacles expecting physical relationships that he definitely needed to avoid for mental sanity and musical progress. Jef's wife, although not exactly a fashion model, was nice and friendly. She seemed to be attracted to the tenor man who was fairly cute. The fondue was brought out and everyone stabbed chunks of bread and dipped them in hot cheese as the wine flowed, conversation bubbled and the musicians bonded. At the end of the evening, a time was set for the first rehearsal and Jef once again asked Lloyd if he was ready for the commitment. About the potential band he stated "*le bateau part si vous voulez être là d'dans.*" Lloyd, sipping on a fancy liqueur and picking at a creamy cake, hesitantly agreed "*d'accord, on va voir; mais savez, de temps en temps j'ai du boulot 'ci' là.*" Jef promised that Lloyd would be free to play around town on

his own at the Mars Club or the Caméléon or wherever, adding that there wouldn't be any money playing in his band "*il aura pas du fric, savez.*" Lloyd muttered "*fais rien, suis pas là pour le fric.*"

So during the next weeks, there were rehearsals sometimes twice a week or more where Jef would tediously teach everyone in the band what he was looking for, note by note. Lloyd, who was used to playing with world class musicians from way back in the mid 50s in L.A. and virtuoso genius cats like bary man Lenny or Klook over at the Blue Note, was bored to tears especially when it wasn't clear what he was going to do in Jef's band. Finally, Jef found a funny little electric piano that was more like an accordion in tone. Then he sent Lloyd to check out and approve an African balaphone at an antique store in the Quarter near the hotel. Lloyd was to play solos on those odd instruments on certain pieces which he could easily do but was going crazy sitting through the long and lugubrious rehearsals. Finally, Jef excused Lloyd from all the rehearsals only inviting him to come when the rest of the band had learned the tunes first. That helped make it easier for Lloyd to enjoy being part of the new movement in French jazz. He cherished his friendship with Jef and would do anything for him; but those rehearsals were just awful. Finally, Jef found a baritone horn to add to Lloyd's solo instruments. On the balaphone, Lloyd found a way to get more than just the notes provided by the dozen long thin wooden bars with long thin resonance gourds under them. He would hold one mallet on the bar at a certain point where it would raise the pitch a half step providing notes that weren't on the instrument. On the micro organ, he would try to find ways to fit in to the unusual arrangements about half of which were weird and crazy Monk type creations. Lloyd began to understand what Jef meant by French jazz. Some of his compositions had the flavor of old *chansons* that one would affiliate with accordion music in small colorful bistros in Montmartre including charming French type waltzes.

The Gilson band began to play concerts around Paris and was attracting the attention of jazz writers and the R.T.F. (Radio Télévision Français). One of the favorite tunes in the Gilson repertoire was called *le Grand Bidou*. It was a one-chord piece with a bluesy bass line and a great opportunity for modal improvisation. Lloyd immediately saw an opportunity to insert the East Indian tonic drone using a low note on the micro-organ, which he kept humming, by using a folded up piece of manuscript paper wedged in front of the key to keep it down. Then, since the instrument sounded like the ancestral Lao *khen* or bundle of bamboo pipes with free reeds in them, for his solo he couldn't resist rendering the *khene* music he had been listening to from the UNESCO series of LP records of world music. One weekend, the Gilson group was on a concert visit to a nearby town and at the party after the concert everyone was fairly imbibed with good wine. Jef decided to explain to Lloyd the real meaning of the Grand Bidou. He and the band members, in an inebriated chorus hanging on to each other like Oktoberfest celebrators, started the demonstration. "*Un bidou et un bidou égalent . . . deux bidou! Un bidou et deux bidou égalent . . . trois bidou. Un bidou et trois bidou égalent . . . quatre bidou. Un bidou et quatre bidou égalent . . . cinq bidou. Un bidou et cinq bidou égalent . . . shoobidoo, shoobidoo, shoobidoo, shoobidoo.*" They had built a whole goofy math project on the old typical bebop scat phrase 'shoobidoo' adding one bidou to another chanting "one bidou plus one bidou equals two bidou," etc., until they reached six when, instead of "six," it became "shoo" bidoo. The whole silly thing played much better when everyone is drunk. Jef's guys remarked "*ça casse la baraque*" (that brings the house down). Lloyd kept working with Jef who set the band fee for a vacation while he said he was going to work on setting up some really big gigs; so everyone should be ready to go full force in a couple of months.

A Yankee Consort Becomes a Main Squeeze

One night when Lloyd was jamming at the Caméléon across the street, a couple of Yankee chicks dropped in, sat right next to the bandstand and began chatting up Lloyd. After the set, they invited him to sit at their table and bought him some drinks. The more aggressive one introduced herself “I’m Anne Ludicke and this is my roommate Toshika.” Then they suggested he cruise around town with them and point out the cool jazz spots. In Anne’s fancy American car, they went from club to club where Lloyd would sit in and impress everyone with his piano skills and heavy honkin’ drive. They finally hit the Mars Club where Lloyd was often house pianist then ended up at the Blue Note where Lloyd and his buddy Lenny on sax blew everyone away. During the break, Bud, of course, had Lloyd and his girl pals order lots of double whiskeys to switch with him then Lenny joined them at the booth. When Bud left for a momentary visit to the head, Lenny explained the situation that Bud was getting really messed-up on booze and sometimes wouldn’t show up for gigs. Of course some nights, other artists like organist Jimmy Smith were there; but Lenny thought that it might be cool for Lloyd to work a few nights when Bud was really messed-up. Lloyd thought for a moment then firmly stated “not for all the pigs in Pigalle; I’d have that disgusting ugly fat fag freak Ben trying to French kiss me and a lot more if I was around here for a full night.” Lenny hadn’t been hassled by Ben because he wasn’t an attractive tall boy like Lloyd; but he knew the problem of Ben trying to put the make on all the cute guys. He chuckled and sighed in agreement that it would be uncomfortable for Lloyd to work there.

After another great set of jamming, the girls took Lloyd to their plush apartment near the Eiffel Tower for some late-night snacks and more great booze they had picked up at the PX. Anne worked at the American embassy, so she had a PX card, a cool car, great pay and a nice pad. She seemed to be starved for male affection and Lloyd was also in need of companionship; so he and Anne soon became an item. The girls would invite Lloyd over every chance they could and cook him great French, Italian or other food treats they were learning from cook books and offer him the comforting feeling of being home in the States, a feeling that usually had horrible memories for Lloyd but coupled with a very rare few fond ones. Anne had a really bad face condition with pockmarks; but she had an extremely desirable perfect body that just called out to him to hug it, kiss it and more. Lloyd wasn’t at all interested in a serious relationship with her, not because of the pocked face, he only saw the real her and didn’t notice that problem. It was because she was a Yank and he abhorred almost everything American especially the rough gruff ‘women.’ Of course, Anne was an exception; she was shy, gentle, soft and cuddly, never pushy and always warm and cozy. She was only persistent in her efforts to make Lloyd her boyfriend and he had a hard time avoiding a solid relationship because she tempted him with great food and chauffeured him around in her car; she always had the best booze from the PX and was a fantastic lover. So he would often stay over at Anne’s pad to enjoy a real breakfast and other things, of course. Or she would take off at noon from the embassy for a pleasant lunch on the Champs or they would dine in various fancy spots around town mostly near Lloyd’s hotel. When Lloyd played at the Mars Club, Anne was right there facing him smiling, flirting, buying him fancy drinks and lighting smokes for him. When he did other piano gigs or concerts with Jef, she was there as his faithful friend shyly smiling and offering encouragement. At her apartment, she would fix him great meals she had been studying up on from various cookbooks. Sometimes they would cook together; she showed him how to fold an omelet over cheese and fine herbs or how to hammer black pepper corns into a steak for pepper steak. They were a happy couple and her presence, although it took away from his practice time, was a nice addition to Lloyd’s life even though he could never be in love with her because that

feeling was only reserved for enchanting mysterious deeply intellectual foreign beauties. However, he should have realized that Anne was the best lady friend he had known.

When Lloyd was resting on his bed at the Hotel after a long day of practicing, oil painting weird keyboard patterns (a new hobby), or listening to Eastern music taped from LPs of releases by Boite a Musique (B.A.M.) and Anne called, he was an easy target. She would sweetly and self-consciously stammer something like “hi honey, I have a big bottle of really good whisky from the PX, should I come over and share it with you?” Lonely and thirsty, Lloyd would hardly ever refuse. About a half hour later, he would hear a tender tap on the door and Anne, all dolled up and hot looking, would be standing there with a little smirk on her lips waiting to have it kissed away. She would set the booze in a paper bag on the night stand and slide over onto the bed to cuddle and sip from the shot glasses she had in her purse. It was almost certain that she would end up staying the night even though Lloyd was usually more comfortable just working on his music. Despite Anne’s perseverance, Lloyd never felt more than a friendship and comfort with her although she was apparently crazy about him. She was a wonderful friend and had struck up a pen pal relationship with his mother who was thrilled to have all the inside information about what Lloyd was doing. He had a slight hesitance about Anne ganging up with his mom to maybe spy on him and keep him from getting into too much trouble. But when he was low on funds, Anne would make sure his parents knew that he could use a nice blue American Express money order for \$50 or \$100 although he wanted to be able to succeed in music without needing any assistance from home. That is why he was able to save up a few \$50 money orders into quite a nice savings from those days when he began to be more active in the Paris jazz scene working at various clubs.

Maybe knowing that Anne was frequently corresponding with his mom, Lloyd was suspicious and felt potentially betrayed. So when Anne’s sister came to Paris for a couple of weeks and he met her at several dinners at Ann’s place or around town, he was easily attracted to her sly sexy looks and other come-ons. Somehow, Anne’s sister found out where Lloyd’s hotel was and one afternoon he heard a knock on the door and there she was. She immediately started getting cozy and explained she was the mistress of a shrink back in the States who advised her to go to Paris and try out some other men to be sure she was happy with him. Lloyd realized he was her first ‘other man’ and, although quite an interesting offer, felt a bit guilty. His main squeeze’s sister? OK, sure Anne admitted to having a fling or two with the embassy marine guards; but he felt a bit queasy which might have added to the weird enticement of it all. Soon they were under the covers for part of the afternoon and she noted that he let a girl take her time, was sensitive and satisfying; but she still preferred her Jewish shrink. “Fine, so thanks for the visit,” he thought; now he could get back to his practicing. After she left, he had the urge to call Anne to see if she hadn’t been in on setting it all up to help her sister in the bizarre experiment. But then, if she had not been involved, it would be cruel to inform her of the embarrassing indiscretion.

Geneva Again and a New Swarthy Sweetie

Occasionally Lloyd tired of the big city with the scary traffic and plentiful people; so he would take a drive to the country, which might include a favorite old haunt, Geneva. On one trip there, he got a room at the *auberge* where he stayed on the first trip with his mom and sister. He hunted down his old friend Hadi who had developed a system of recruiting girls on the street using his handsome happy face and smooth manners to sweet talk them into a date. After finding out from mutual friends where Hadi was that evening, Lloyd came up behind him to hear his happy voice with a cheery sing-song Swiss accent “*bon jour ma’moiselle, où est-ce que vous allez? Est-ce que vous voulez diner avec moi*

ce soir?” If the young lady showed a bit of interest, Hadi would follow up with a barrage of compliments and more sweet talk until he might actually get a date. This time, the potential victim was a fun little blond Swiss German who was pretending not to be interested but hung around anyway. Lloyd approached, interrupting the hunt by shouting in Farsi “*salam pedar sag, che kar mikoni?* (hi you S.O.B., whatcha doin’?)” Hadi dropped his prey temporarily to rush over and kiss Lloyd on both cheeks bubbling with excitement to see his old roommate again. While they were exchanging Persian politenesses, the attractive blond surprised them by agreeing to the proposed dinner date then asked to be introduced to Hadi’s friend. She wrote down her address on a scratch paper and told Hadi to come by around 6 then continued on her way as Lloyd and Hadi strolled off talking about old times, old friends, Lloyd’s short-lived marriage to Jean, and other topics. Lloyd asked about Hadi’s family and was especially interested in what was happening with his charming sister Hoda. They stopped at a familiar sidewalk café near the U until about 5 when Hoda showed up. She chatted with them avoiding directly talking to Lloyd following the code of Persian modesty. Of course they exchanged sly glances, carefully concealing any obvious enthusiasm for each other. Lloyd had been enchanted with Hoda since he first came to Geneva even though she wasn’t much interested in him. Hadi, realizing Lloyd’s interest in her, suggested “*hoda jun, emshab hamrah-e ma biya* (Hoda dear, come with us tonight).” She hesitantly agreed muttering “*chash’*,” then excused herself to go back to her apartment for a moment. But when it came time to leave for the restaurant, Hoda never showed up. Lloyd was crushed; he was admired and befriended by Anne along with beautiful models and several female fans back in Paris; but Persian girls had no interest in him. It seemed that the perfidy of Persian women was only outdone by their coquettishness and they always skillfully evaded his every effort to activate an acquaintanceship.

So Lloyd, Hadi and his new blond catch shared a romantic candlelight dinner in a pleasant restaurant at the top of the hill in Old Town; then they went to the jazz club part way down the hill where Lloyd played with some of his old musician friends. Hadi and his new flame left to visit other clubs while Lloyd stayed and played another set. While Lloyd was honkin’ hard on a blues solo, he looked over at the dancing crowd to spy Hoda’s supple sensuous form subtly swaying in consort with some sandy-haired Swiss partner. After a couple of dances, they left the club cuddling and clutching each other like long-term sweethearts. Lloyd was slightly crushed and slowly wandered from the bandstand moping sadly. Near the door, a tall slender dark girl with waste-length black hair grasped his arm and said in English “come on, boy, dance with me.” He found out her name was Katia, the daughter of a Russian Jewish pharmacist who, driven by the war, was forced to move through several countries, loosing and restarting pharmacies until he ended up succeeding in Zurich. The story inspired Lloyd who also had gone from place to place in search of jazz, succeeding a bit here and there then failing and moving on. Lloyd had seen Katia around the University, at the sidewalk café and noticed that wherever she went, boys followed her like the Pied Piper of Hamelin. He was always turned off by overly pretty popular girls who were constantly hounded by boys; he preferred quiet intellectual librarian types who dug the intricacies of cool jazz and were well versed in other arts. Lloyd figured that whatever everyone sought after was of questionable value because ‘the masses are asses’ and mostly the general public’s tastes stink. Katia was very forward which frightened Lloyd a bit although he didn’t mind some mysterious beautiful creature squeezing him tightly, kissing him sensually on the lips or neck and provocatively pressing her breasts against him as they danced. Since his ego had been trodden under by Hoda jilting him, he needed a moral (or immoral) boost; and Katia, although not Persian and demure, was an acceptable alternative.

After dancing a while, Katia ordered “come on, boy, let’s walk around Old Town.” So they slowly wandered the quaint cobblestone streets and alleys on the hill, stopping at a café for a sandwich and another for a couple of drinks. “Where’s your car?” she interrogated then suggested “let’s drive around the lake.” They parked at the lakeside and pranced across the grass, playing tag around the trees and flower beds. Then they found the most romantic spot on a bench near the water overlooking the placid lake on which the lights happily danced. Heavy necking and petting ensued until Katia ended up on his lap facing him as the frenzy approached full-scale intimacy. Then she jumped to her feet and tugged bewildered Lloyd towards the car reassuring “let’s drive towards France on the lakeshore; I know a nice quiet spot.” A half hour of slow driving intermingled with frantic necking and petting found them at a deserted point where they could see the light of the moon brightening the sky and reflected in a glowing column on the surface of the rippling water. Lloyd got out of the car and sat in the passenger seat then Katia climbed on him facing him with a wild smile as they seethed in sensuous satisfaction. They ended frozen in each other’s arms until they were able to reenact the process. Lloyd had not at all been looking for such an occurrence when he left Paris to seek pastoral placidity. He didn’t know whether to feel guilty or bask in the comfort of mutual affection or whatever it was. They slowly drove back to Geneva and he dropped Katia where she was sharing a room with two other girls. He didn’t see her for a couple of days; then one evening when Lloyd was relaxing on the bench they had shared at the lakeside watching the lights dance on the wavelets and the spray of the fountain, she made a surprise appearance suddenly sitting by his side. He couldn’t figure out how she knew he would be there. The fountain was suddenly turned off for the night and, as the spray subsided to the surface of the water, she hugged him then expounded “the fountain has fallen to the water level but the fountain of our love still flows.” Then she said “let’s take a drive” and indicated another road out of town the opposite direction from before to a deserted spot in a forest where they ended up in intoxicating intimacy again. Lloyd was very confused because he didn’t feel they shared the commitment which should accompany such activities and she seemed too aggressive and nonchalant about it all.

The next day, she found him at the sidewalk café near the U and took his hand tugging him along stating “come on, boy, were going to find an apartment together.” Lloyd protested noting that he had a permanent hotel room in Paris, but she wouldn’t hear a word of it. At the housing office, in eloquent French or Swiss German, she convinced the agent to find them a prime location at a reasonable rate. It was a one-month contract for half a house in a colorful village on the lakeside between Geneva and Lausanne. The landlord was from Stockholm, so this time Lloyd could do the talking. The landlord said that he had left Sweden to escape the up to 90% income tax that supported Sweden’s socialist system. The two love birds felt like they were living in a dream with the beautiful picture window view of the lake and the mountains on the other side. Lloyd had saved up some substantial funds (substantial for a starving jazzman) for his trip to Geneva and Katia was earning high wages at her job as a teletype operator for a bank. They enjoyed evening walks on the lakeshore, or through fragrant fields, visits to cafés, quaint shops, and historic buildings. Everywhere they went, friendly villagers enjoyed chatting with the happy young couple. Once Katia came home and announced she was going to wash her hair to which Lloyd corrected “no, I’m going to take care of it.” He explained how some of Paris’ top models at his hotel would come to him for a hair singe, shampoo and brushing. He worked his magic on Katia’s long silky hair and she was surprised how nice it looked. It was all like a honeymoon but with no commitment which made Lloyd uneasy.

The last day of their ‘honeymoon,’ they decided to visit the mountain village of Villars where Lloyd’s sister had been in a fancy boarding school. They drove along the lake to Montreux then up the

winding road to the village where they parked the car and decided to hike in the forest above the town. After two hours, they reached a peaceful cluster of pines where they relaxed and enjoyed a picnic of cheese sandwiches in *baguettes* with lettuce and tomatoes generously smothered with *moutarde de Dijon*. After lunch, they stretched out on the soft grass breathing the fragrance of the pines, flowers and fresh grass while listening to the music of birds and the tinkling of cowbells on goats munching in the field. This was also a perfect opportunity to share the comfort of a long romantic embrace. When they decided it was late and time to return to the car far below, they started off down the hill through the forest when a little goat pranced up and began to nudge and cry for attention until they petted and hugged it. The goat lovingly licked Katia's face then, bell loudly ringing, followed them all the way to the outskirts of Villars, nudging and bumping against them. Katia decided "we can't take this poor thing all the way to the house; we have to run and try to escape from it." They ran down the last part of the hill laughing all the way to the car as the goat kept up with them. They jumped into the car and closed the doors but the goat was determined to join them; so it jumped up on the door several times in protest. They hated to be cruel but were obliged to drive off as the goat jumped down to gaze in sad surprise as the car drove off. The next day, Lloyd dove back to Paris promising to return soon to continue what he thought appeared to be a real relationship with a potential for permanency.

Back in the Quarter with Anne and a Benelux Visit

Back at the hotel in Paris, Lloyd found that Anne had been staying in his room every evening as they had planned; but she had really missed him and wondered what had happened to him. He also wondered what had happened to him; what started out as an innocent visit to see some old friends turned out to be a rabid romance that got way out of hand. He was glad to be back to what was a more normal committed relationship. He played a few gigs around town to gather up some more funds to pay the monthly hotel rent and to get back into the music scene. Then Anne decided she was going to make a normal person out of Lloyd which was impossible, as she soon learned. She wanted to share visits to the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower and other dumb tourist traps. Just the thought of such stupid tourist places that all the dumb Yankees insisted on seeing so they could brag to their friends and put on pretenses of importance, caused Lloyd to feel nauseated. He vehemently declared that he would never go near those stupid places, ever! He was a 'cool cat,' an intellectual jazz artist and a permanent resident of Paris almost like a local Frenchman, fluent in the language, even knowing *argot* slang with all the proper gestures and attitudes. He wasn't going to degrade himself by going to tourist traps; what if one of his fans saw him and sneered, giggled, then spread the word throughout the jazz community? No! No! *Non! Jamais!* Lloyd was proud that he never looked at the Taj Mahal when he was in India or did any other tourist stupidity on his way through the Far East and he wasn't going to become a dumb Yankee now or ever.

Anne kept pressing the issue reminding Lloyd that she was the source of all that great PX booze, occasional menthol cigs, great food, the driver for comfy rides in a big old car not to mention the fountain of physical gratification. So finally he caved in to just one dumb spot. Since Anne's apartment was near the Eiffel Tower and the big old ugly thing was visible everywhere in Paris, he figured he could agree to a quick assent to the first level only and back even if it might destroy his reputation as a Parisian artist/scholar if anyone ever found out. He really didn't even think it was that cool, just a bunch of metal put together to stick up in the air; so what? Anyway, silently kicking and screaming, he let Anne tug him up to the first level where they paused for a moment to look out over Paris before he

threatened “OK that’s it, we go back to the car now or I’ll have to jump; at least that would be a legitimate reason to be up here.” They went back down and sped away in Anne’s car to the nearby Bois de Boulogne, a pleasant garden forest that was non-touristy, a cool spot for anyone to visit because Parisians themselves did.

One time Anne invited herself over to Lloyd’s with a jug of gin and cuddled up to Lloyd stating “hey honey, I got us prime seats for a live performance of West Side Story.” Lloyd stared starkly noting “but Anne, those musicals are so silly and full of sickening fags and I have been attacked enough by those SOBs during childhood and even accosted here in Paris. I don’t really want to see those skuzzes prancing around and singing fruitily.” She countered with “but this is a world classic and you should really see it to know what it is all about” He sarcastically quipped “so I can tell all my friends I saw it like the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, the Champs . . .” She broke in with “you need to do this so if you hate it you can find out why, OK?” Again he noticed the excellent gin sitting on the nightstand and then looked back at Anne’s attractive bod and gulped “OK” before lifting a glass of gin to kill the pain. They went to the opening night and were in the presence of what appeared to be some fairly high society types, a few of whom Lloyd remembered from other fancy events and places he had been the Helga and Peer Oppenheimer. After the first act, Lloyd was convinced that it was a good example of the high school gang scene like he remembered in L.A. Other than the dumb singing continually interrupting the story line, he began to see the slight value of such a presentation. Even a couple of the tunes were almost acceptable and he dug the finger snapping on 2 and 4. Afterwards on the drive back to the hotel, he thanked Anne for her effort and wondered how she got such great seats. She chuckled “hey, I work at the embassy; vee haf vaysse.”

Lloyd figured he needed to explain his loathing for fags, that it was for what they do but not really personal. The fact that they are always on the prowl to pounce a guy, made real men feel uncomfortable and like we should just slug or shoot them so they couldn’t bother us any more. But Lloyd was not at all a violent type; so all he could do is speak out against their evil intentions. But when it came right down to it, Lloyd affirmed that, if a homo wasn’t trying to put the make on him, he would prefer going to a concert, a play or some art event with a homo much more than having to gag at a stupid sports event with some chain-smoking macho lush. Those were the same slobs that always beat Lloyd up in schools, while the fags tried unsuccessfully to attack him as sexual predators. Actually, Lloyd hated almost all men because they had really horrible taste, treated women badly and were just jerks. If he had his choice, he would live in a society of almost all women and would get along just fine except for the dastardly dikes who he couldn’t stand, which wouldn’t exist in an ideal world.

One event that Anne planned was fabulous and lingered in Lloyd’s mind ever since. Somehow she wrangled tickets to the opening night of the just released French cinematographic version of “*Les Miserables*.” This was a movie about a story that Lloyd really related to; so they arrived two hours early to stand in line with the other full house of eager moviegoers. Finally after friendly chats with others in the lines, Lloyd and Anne were able to snake up to the attendant to proudly present their treasured tickets. They found their seats and sat to await one of the best films Lloyd had ever seen. It was beautifully crafted ending with Edith Piaf singing La Marseillaise backed up by a vibrant full chorus. When she started “*allons enfants de la patri-e,*” since the film had been such a strong emotional experience, the audience, including Lloyd and Anne, stood and patriotically sang along with unforgettable vigor. When they reached “*aux armes, citroyens; formez vos bataillons*” the power of patriotism had completely flooded the theater. As Lloyd and Anne sat down, Lloyd had to brush aside tears, tears of gratitude that he had finally found a country where he could share his music with people

who were sensitive and intellectual; a refined people who appreciate the arts and from whose royalty some of his main ancestors had issued forth. After the movie, everyone walked out of the theater stunned by the power of the film and, when most were out on the street, everyone burst into a thunder of applause lasting several minutes. So Anne had finally taken Lloyd to an exceptional event that was definitely wonderful and very memorable. *Merci Anne!*

Anne wanted to have some private time visiting interesting places with Lloyd; so she planned a short trip to northern France, Belgium and especially Holland since her ancestors were from there. Lloyd took it as an opportunity to check on the jazz scene at the Rose Noire and to drop off a copy of his World Tour LP with a record company in Holland, the manager of which was a friend of Lloyd's parents. Lloyd had spent a couple of weeks off and on preparing the LP cover painting the big globe with a keyboard wrapped around it in many trial and error layers eventually looking more like a flat sculpture rather than an oil painting. He considered that it could be his personal style, maybe a trend like other goofy mod-odd art circulating around Paris. He had planned to take one of the LPs to Holland where his parents' friend might check it out and he could end up with a record contract (yea, sure). So Lloyd and Anne packed a few things in her big old American car and off they went northward staying in quaint *auberges*, fancy hotels, enjoying the countryside and stopping to dine in charming little cafés. In Brussels, they stopped at the Rose Noire where Lloyd jammed with his old buddy Freddy Deronde and a spunky red-headed drummer named Vivi along with the young highly skilled guitarist Philip Catherine who Lloyd had worked with during his long sojourn at the Rose.

In Holland, Anne in her Yankee tourist role, insisted on checking out as many windmills as she could find and buying a pair of wooden shoes. Lloyd just silently cringed but, since he wasn't a fulltime resident there and his Dutch was just a rudimentary concoction of whatever his reformatted brain from shock treatments at the nut house could come up with by mixing German and English, it wasn't so uncool to be tourists because that is what they were. One day at the beach, they parked the car and went for a romantic stroll to return finding their car somehow sunk deep in the sand. As they forlornly glared at the poor car, within seconds strong and helpful Dutch gentlemen gathered around and over a dozen of them literally lifted the car out and slid it onto the pavement. Lloyd couldn't thank them enough as they all strolled back to where they had been as if nothing had happened. Lloyd was impressed at how helpful Dutch people could be and was reminded of how they had helped him and his Swedish jazz buddies wrench the Taunus out of the dead end trap surrounded by canals in Amsterdam on the trip from Stockholm to Brussels.

But Lloyd was a bit paranoid (the docs at Mount Airy had diagnosed him as a schizophrenic paranoid and were exactly right); so he was really bothered that he didn't understand and speak fluent Dutch especially since it seemed so easy, something like an alternative version of German or English. In restaurants when people were talking and laughing, if they looked his direction, he wondered if they were talking about him. His paranoid persecution complex would kick in and he had to quell the urge to go over and tell them off. The cure for it was to learn every language possible as fast and efficiently as he could so no one could put one over on him. Thus his multi-linguistic prowess was because he was a frightened paranoid nut-job trying to fit in fast to avoid persecution. But it paid off resulting in his eventual ability to linguistically get along almost everywhere except places that spoke Finno-Ugric languages since the little Finnish he learned in Stockholm wasn't enough to be of much use. And he had no interest in Greek because they were the rats that ruined the holy Achaemenian Empire of ancient Persia. After a pleasant trip and dropping off the World Tour LP in Holland, which didn't seem to be of any use of course, Lloyd and Anne returned to the excitement of Paris and Lloyd's rise to stardom in the jazz scene with the Gilson band.

The Gilson Band Soars to the Top of the Paris Jazz Scene

Jef had been working on public relations in the jazz scene and had added three instrumentalists who were more technically skilled. One was dark curly-headed North African soprano saxist Alain Tabar-nouval, short upright bassist Henri Texier and serious drummer Pierre-Alain Dahan. Having two basses, upright and electric, was an interesting concept where one could take the bass line and the other could join the horns or they could both play bass lines in harmonies or both in unison. The original Gilson quartet was popular mainly because it was something different, not due to any fantastic skills possessed by the musicians except Lloyd who was a virtuoso but was stuck on toy instruments that were weird and hard to really actually play. Jef himself was not a great technician but, since he favored a Thelonious Monk style, fabulous technique wasn't really needed. However, one recording of a piano solo by Jef playing Body and Soul showed that he could play in a difficult key quite well. It was the continual training, teaching the band members note by note exactly how to play his unusual yet attractive compositions, which made the band a unique success. Of course, according to how the Paris news writers termed it, Lloyd's "inventive genius," his "astounding agility" and "grain of folly" boosted the band's reputation throughout France even spilling over into other countries.

With the addition of the new more standard performers, nothing could stop the Gilson band from rising to the top. They played at youth clubs and in concerts almost nightly until they were ready for the big time. Lloyd's exciting solo work and his crazy showmanship attracted large and larger audiences to hear the unusual and enchanting sounds and see the goofy American do his wild antics. Jef continued with his exacting intensive rehearsals which included a retreat at a country cottage that he had access to in Vallais, a one store town about 220 kilometers outside of Paris on a country road. One day when Lloyd walked into the door of the Saint André, Claude informed him that Jef had called and said that he was to join Jef and the band at the cottage and left directions. Claude handed Lloyd the car keys and wished him luck finding the place. Lloyd took off and got lost a couple of times before finding the 'town' and the cottage. When he arrived, all Jef's friends and musicians were there, including the three new members. It was a wild weekend rehearsing, jamming and partying with a liberal supply of all types of alcoholic beverages and wonderful tasty food not to mention a few joints of pot. One of the evenings, Jef decided to invite the whole village, maybe a dozen or so people, to join in a huge Swiss fondue party. Jef's wife melted up a monstrous batch of cheese and everyone stuck pieces of bread on forks into the hot cheese until the bread was sort of toasted and saturated with cheese. Then Jef and the band played their full repertoire that they had been rehearsing for the locals who strangely liked it all. They all joined in for the goofy "*un bidou et un bidou égalent . . .*" bit working up to 6 replaced by 'shoobidoo' as Lloyd and all the villagers chanted along. Back in Paris, Jef decided that Lloyd was ready to graduate from the baritone horn that he occasionally played to a tuba to join the two basses on a couple of numbers. So off they went to the *marché a puces* or flea market. After wandering through the maze of makeshift stalls, Jef came to an instrument dealer acquaintance where they found a big old tuba that Lloyd was able to get a few notes on; so Jef bargained it down and bought it. He had a plan for his big concerts, like the impending one at École Normale de Musique, to use the tuba as well as a real organ rather than the silly little micro organ Lloyd had been playing.

Paranormal Concerts at École Normal and Théâtre de l'Étoile

For the February 22 landmark concert at École Normale de Musique, Jef added the soloists from the Chamber Orchestra of Monaco including flute, oboe, 2 clarinets, etc. and members of the Robert Seto Orchestra including trumpet and bary sax. The large ensemble performed Jef's same tunes which had become popular around Paris but with a much bigger sound. Lloyd had more than he really needed with a full organ which, except for his visits and musical exchanges with Jimmy Smith at the Blue Note, was unfamiliar to him. Of course, any instrument Lloyd got his hands on, he could play and usually convincingly after only a few minutes. But this time the power was too much for him to handle and he overdid using the pedals and effects. The concert was a huge success and widely reported by all the Paris media. Jazz writer Philippe Nahman gave the concert two pages with photos in the celebrated Jazz Magazine. In his report he lauded Lloyd dubbing him as a sympathetic star of the septet and a musician "highly gifted if one considers the number of instruments he can play." The original text stated "*l'une des vedettes de ce septet est le jeune et sympathique Américain Lloyd Miller, musicien hautement doué si l'on songe au nombre d'instruments dont il peut jouer.*" Lloyd appreciated Philippe's compliment on his piano brilliance and his honesty when he noted that Lloyd was less skilled on organ and not exceptional on baritone horn although fairly convincing on tuba. In the original text "*Miller montra au piano une technique très brillante. Au cor il ne se singularisa pas outré mesure et à l'orgue, fut moins bon qu'au piano, abusant des notes graves.*" Lloyd accepted the fact that he goofed, thinking he could do his typical Horace Silver and boogie- inspired left hand work on organ but it was too rumbly and sounded ugly. However, the articles highly praised Lloyd's piano on "*Lloyd's special, prélude dans lequel Miller au piano essaya de rendre perceptible l'influence de la musique orientale sur le jazz (Lloyd's Special, the prelude in which Miller on piano attempts to render perceivable the influence of Oriental music on jazz.)*" This was one more example of the concept of Oriental Jazz which would eventually bring Lloyd to the limited attention of the jazz world. Another Jazz writer, Maurice Cullaz, added his praises describing Jef's performance as "*un concert en tous points remarquable avec ses jeunes et déjà excellents musiciens* (a remarkable concert in all points with his young and already excellent musicians.)" Then he praised Jef's arrangements as "*extrêmement originaux et intéressants.*" He added "*Lloyd Miller est lui-même un soliste plein d'idées et de tempérament. Bravo, Jef et sa vaillante équipe témoignent de la santé débordante des jeunes jazzmen de notre pays.* (Lloyd Miller is himself a soloist full of ideas and temperament. Bravo Jef and his valiant group testifying to the overflowing health of young jazzmen of our country.)"

A concert by Jef's band at the Salle Wagram, organized by the Hot-Club de Paris and presented by Charles Delaunay, was also reviewed in Jazz Magazine which reported that the evening included many of the names of French jazz as well as American jazz giant Kenny Clark who played at the Blue Note. After Lloyd's appearance with Jef's band, as Kenny Clark was climbing the steps to the stage with his snare drum under his arm to set up for his gig, he greeted Lloyd who had jammed a few times at the Blue Note. He told Lloyd to drop by the Blue Note again whenever he could because he played pretty well and was always welcome. Kenny even mentioned that Lloyd might be asked to do a gig or two when Bud Powel wasn't feeling well. Lloyd politely thanked him but knew he wouldn't be able to work there with that slob owner Ben trying to put the make on him all the time. After the huge success at Jef's high-profile debut at the École Normale, his next prominent concert was at the famed Théâtre de l'Étoile, reported Combat on Monday March 5 by one of Jef's strong supporters in the media, Jean Tronchot. In his review he traced a bit of Jef's history noting he started studying clarinet then in 1941 was deciphering transcriptions of Bach sonatas with Claude Luter. Of Lloyd he wrote "*il faut voir en*

Lloyd Miller, le seul Américain du septet, un jazzman très doué. (it is necessary to see in Lloyd Miller, the only American in the septet, a very gifted jazzman.)” He noted that a couple of the pieces performed at the concert were composed by Lloyd.

But the concert where Lloyd really set the Gilson band into orbit was described by his main squeeze Anne in a letter to Lloyd’s mother back in January of ‘62 where she reviewed a January 13 concert for a huge dance at the Cité Universitaire which she said was “*magnifique*.” According to her report “Lloyd was jumping all over the stage playing his various instruments and, when they requested a cha-cha-cha, he pleased them with an improvisation on the piano. Then he did a take-off on a rock and roll melody, singing crazy and acting even crazier. This was supposed to be a satire to show the students what idiots they would be to like it. They (Gilson’s band) have a way of charming audiences. He (Lloyd) is the favorite of all the band members.” Then she added “he can do anything he puts his mind to.” Anne mentioned the upcoming tour that had been set up for Jef’s band by the R.T.F. (Radio-Télévision Française) to seven cities including Lille and Rouen enhanced by famous and friendly radio jazz promoter André Francis with his classy voice as their announcer. The concerts were to be taped and widely broadcast on the radio. On the tour, Lloyd became a hit everywhere because he was fearless, freaky and fun. Jef had found him a little accordion-sounding keyboard toy that works by blowing into it. At a performance, Lloyd would wander up towards the microphone and then quickly whip out the little instrument or a small flute from his coat pocket or his clarinet from under his coat and surprise the audience by plunging into a wild solo. Then he would jump off the stage into the audience playing to various fans as he wandered up and down the aisles. He might dance around while playing clarinet or even tuba while crazily clowning as the fans went wild. His trick of whipping out an instrument to shock the audience was imitated a few times by other regional bands that were on the same bill; but it never had the same effect as when Lloyd did it because he was a real actual officially diagnosed nut case who could be more convincingly crazy than any imitators. Although Lloyd became immensely popular among jazz fans in France, the Parisian jazz musicians never accepted him, partly because he was too crazy and hard driving as opposed to their semi-pop syrupy sweetness and also partly out of jealousy for his tremendous success with Jef. In one radio interview, Jef praised Lloyd as one of the five white jazz musicians who he believes are truly great.

The 10 Inch Vinyl that Topped the Charts

It was about the time of the big debut at the École Normale that the famous Gilson 10 LP took Paris by storm. The recordings had been done at Jef’s Kiosque d-Orphée studio on Rue Grégoire-de-Tours and featured some of the top hits of the Gilson band: le Grand Bidou, Fable de Gutenberg and Bizz-are. Unfortunately, the LP didn’t have room for a few of the interesting later recordings of pieces like Chant Inca where Lloyd did a nice balaphone solo borrowing the initial notes of la Marseillaise, or Anamorphose where he wailed out a crazy micro-organ solo or St. Louis Blues with Lloyd’s amazing and honkin’ piano playing which included an esoteric intro then ending with a whole tone run on major seventh chord before rabidly ripping into a rollicky barreling blues. The other side of the 10-inch featured some of Jef’s earlier compositions performed by jazz names like Bobby Jaspar, Walter Davis Junior, Doug Watkins and Art Taylor. All the jazz media went wild over the LP which was soon selling like mad. A two page spread in Jazz Magazine by Jean-Robert Masson raved about the album mentioning some of the band’s concerts like Rouen, Lille and Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier then went on to discuss Lloyd. “*Lloyd Miller, l’homme-protée de l’orchestre et son grain de folie, dit Gilson, est un jeune Américain sur lequel son directeur musical ne tarit pas d’éloges.*” Then after mentioning that

Jef never tires of eulogizing Lloyd, the main man in the orchestra with ‘his grain of folly,’ the writer indicated that Miller, a student in Paris, spent time living in the East collecting important ethnomusicological information. Then the writer continues the Eastern theme stating “*Lloyd Miller a composé quelques œuvres de structure simple et à la mélodie chantante, destinées à mettre en évidence les rapports étroits qui, selon lui, existent entre le folklore musical du Moyen-Orient et le blues du jazz noir* (Lloyd Miller has composed several works of simple monophonic melodic structure destined to demonstrate the close relationship which he feels exists between the musical folklore of the Middle East and black blues.)” Masson goes on further to explain one of Gilson’s paths. “*L’essai de redécouverte, par-delà les traditions jazzistes afro-américaines, de l’esprit musical de l’Orient, de la science de la percussion hindoue, de la qualité mélodique de la musique iranienne. Pour Gilson, en effet, l’actuelle vogue de l’Islam auprès des jazzmen américains n’est esthétiquement qu’un mouvement rétrograde* (The effort of rediscovery beyond the Afro-American jazz traditions, of the musical spirit of the East, of the science of Indian percussion, of the melodic quality of Iranian music. For Gilson, actually, the present vogue of Islam among American jazzmen is esthetically merely a retrograde movement.)” Then he writes that it was listening to recordings brought from India by Miller which made Jef decide to deepen his study of the exotic, the authentic exotic not the Hollywood version. “*C’est l’écoute d’enregistrements rapportés de l’Inde par Lloyd Miller qui l’a décidé à approfondir une étude à laquelle le prédisposaient son goût pour l’insolite (l’insolite authentique, précise-t-il, non l’exotisme de commande des studios hollywoodiens) et sa propre réflexion.*” Thus the description of Gilson at the beginning of the article as *un pur* or a purist is an excellent definition. Referring to Miller’s instrumental skills, the writer noted “*Miller trouve au piano un style mieux adapté à son vrai tempérament* (Miller finds at the piano a style better adapted to his true temperament.)” Jazz writer Jean Tronchot praised the album mentioning Lloyd as a “*musicien très doué et inventif* (very gifted and inventive musician)” About the balaphone solo on Bizz-are, he said Lloyd “improvised strangely” and about Lloyd’s micro-organ solo on Le Grand Bidou, he said one hears “crazy variations.” Various others reported similarly about the new hit album that seemed to permanently affix the Gilson band at the top of the Paris jazz scene. On the back of the cover, important figures in the French jazz media made comments. The liner notes of the album mentioned Lloyd in a paragraph using some of the same terms that appeared in reviews and articles in the media. “*L’étonnant Américain Lloyd Miller donne, en septembre 1961, une impulsion décisive à la formation qui gagne, avec un nouveau soliste de valeur, un certain grain de folie propre à accrocher l’auditoire.* (The astounding American Lloyd Miller offers, in September 1961, a decisive incitement to the group that gains, with a new valuable soloist, a certain grain of folly appropriate to catch the listener.)” Radio personality André Francis was quoted depicting Jef as “*un des musiciens les plus intéressants, les plus curieux, les plus insolites de la jeune école de jazz français* (one of the most interesting, the most curious, the most unusual of the young school of French jazz.)” Jean Tronchot from Jazz Hot declared “*La musique de Gilson, qui comporte des suites harmoniques inhabituelles, est très personnelle* (The music of Gilson, which permits unusual harmonic successions, is very individual.)” Then another Jazz Hot writer, Jean-Pierre Leloir, stated “*Je suis heureux qu’on reparle de Gilson qui, en 1951, s’est vraiment trouvé à l’avant-garde du jazz en France* (I am happy that one speaks again of Gilson who, in 1951, found himself at the *avant-garde* of jazz in France.)” Whenever Lloyd got a little discouraged he wandered around the corner from the hotel over to Jef’s studio on Rue Grégoire-de-Tours to gaze upon the LP in the window to be encouraged by seeing his photo with the famous band on the cover of the best-selling LP.

Viking News Nymph Comes to the Saint André

Another music writer who discovered Lloyd's talents during the Gilson era was Norwegian writer Eva Lie or 'Lita' according to her journalist *nom de plume*. Her 1961 article entitled *Hør Litt mer på Østens Musikk* (Listen a Little More to Eastern Music) started out with "*Paris er full av unge musikere . . . fulle av håp som bare venter på sin sjanse*, etc." In English "Paris is full of young musicians full of hope who are just waiting for their a chance." She continues "*en av dem er den 22 år gamle amerikanske pianisten Lloyd Miller* (one of them is the 22-year-old pianist Lloyd Miller)." Eva went on to describe how you could hear from one room a sax, from another trumpet, but from Miller's room you hear piano music but from a tape recorder since he practices on a small silent keyboard which he bought at the Rue Monge piano store where he used to rent a practice room and where he had rented an upright for his room for a year. The article discussed how Lloyd urged everyone to look to the East for musical inspiration because of the long history of musical richness there. Under the section heading entitled My Form for Jazz "*Min Form For Jazz*," Eva quoted Lloyd as saying "*Jeg vil ikke imitere noen, jeg vil spille musikk slik jeg hører den og vil ha den* (I don't want to imitate anyone, I want to play just like I hear it and want it to be)." This was Lloyd's feeling at the time, not to play like everyone else; but he eventually realized that, for ethnic music and authentic New Orleans or Chicago jazz, it is necessary to exactly render not only the sound but all the phrases and passages of the original greats.

Although Eva's article didn't reach the French fans of jazz, members of the small Norwegian community in Paris and, of course jazz fans back in Oslo, were impressed and they were constant clients at the Caméléon and sometimes at the Mars Club; so they made sure the managers of those places were aware of Lloyd's skills which was helpful. Although Eva wasn't Lloyd's type of girl with her hair cropped short and so business like, he did have a tiny crush on her and was very thankful for her interest in his music. Eventually he was able to express his positive feelings towards her in a very physical manner in her small room on the first floor of the Hotel Saint André, an occasion which they both highly appreciated but didn't feel needed to be repeated. Sometimes Lloyd would go over to the Caméléon when Eva was sitting with a table full of her Norwegian pals. After a couple of drinks, Lloyd was talking Norwegian like a native, or so he supposed, singing up and down and ending words way higher than Swedish which already emphasizes the last syllables of words more highly pitched than any other known language.

But the fame gained by the Gilson band was not to last forever. Somehow a disagreement broke out between Jef and the three musicians who had most recently joined the band. Lloyd never knew what it was about; maybe they thought they were too important to play the restrictive scores that had to be learned by incessant rehearsing. But whatever they thought of themselves, they weren't really that good compared to Lennart Jansson or Kenny Clark. Or maybe they were tired of working for nearly no pay. Whatever it was, they quit or were let go by Jef and afterward they tried to talk Lloyd into leaving also. But Lloyd was an old fashion type who believed in being true to friends and colleagues; so he would never leave Jef and would remain faithful to him forever. Also what would he do without Jef who got all the gigs, who planned all the music, who had instruments, etc., etc? So after the disgruntled 'stars' left, they began slandering Jef to all the media and were unfortunately mostly believed resulting in massive negative press in several jazz publications. Insulting articles began to appear in the jazz media making fun of Lloyd playing his stupid little toys that were not even real jazz instruments. They had a point; Lloyd was really a pianist and a fairly good one. He was also good on clarinet and acceptable on cornet and a few other standard jazz axes. But he didn't have much of a chance to really

play in the Gilson band although he did his best on what was given to him. But whatever the print media falsely claimed about Jef as a fallen jazz innovator, Jef's faithful supporter at the radio, André Francis, remained a true friend. After the breakup of the band, gigs became sparser and Lloyd was back to mostly working clubs.

Chapter 24

Sinking in Sin, a Setting for Salvation

Sentimental Journey to Visit Former Haunts and Honeys

Now that gigs with Jef had all but dried up and Anne had gone for a month vacation on some far-off island in the Mediterranean, Lloyd was getting bored and lonely. It was just the right time for his old friend George Solano to show up in Paris. Of course George was even more unwelcome by the French jazz musicians than Lloyd; so gigging together in Paris wasn't an option. Lloyd suggested that they take a drive over to Geneva to jam at the Cave du Hot Club then up to Frankfurt and Stockholm to jam and also Lloyd could check up on his former lady friends Katia and Inger. Stupid Lloyd should have known that taking George to see old girlfriends was like inviting a fox into the chicken coupe. No matter how many times George had 'helped' Lloyd spend his money orders from home or how many chicks George had taken away from Lloyd before he even had a chance to get to know them, Lloyd was too good of a guy to see faults in his friends. So Lloyd got the car keys from Claude who didn't need the car for a couple of weeks and off they went to Geneva. George had one of his ugly Yankee rich witches stashed in Geneva, so the jazz buddies parted company for a couple of days so George could leach some cash from her. Meanwhile Lloyd hunted down his momentary recent flame Katia at the bank where she worked nights. When he knocked on the door of her upstairs office, she was glaring at the teletype ticking off financial figures and facts. She seemed happy to see him but a bit distant. That night after her work was over, they drove around a little and ended up in a quiet spot on a country road for their typical intimate encounter which she rushed through then said she had to get home. She had a different place now in the old part of town part way up the hill. When they arrived at the apartment she said "don't park in front of the door" then left with a semi-convincing kiss. Lloyd called her back and asked what was going on and she finally admitted that she had moved in with a Swiss guy who had money and was a friend of her father. But she promised to meet Lloyd the next evening at the same old sidewalk café near the U.

So that night Lloyd parked at the café, went in and waited until it closed but she didn't show up. The sort of cute and pleasingly plump blondish Swiss German manager was locking up and wondered why Lloyd was hanging out there so long. He shared his tale of woe about Katia having been so loving and caring before but now she was sort of cold and distant. She had moved in with another guy so the rabid romance seemed all but over. The manager was sympathetic and understanding then asked Lloyd to drive her home. They got into the car then she said they should drive around and talk for a while. Lloyd headed out of town in the direction of the quiet spot where he and Katia had been once. The blond was very caring and comforting and soon they were making out like minks; so Lloyd pulled way off the road at the spot he knew. Before long, maybe out of chronic sorrow and loneliness or maybe out of vengeance, he accepted a physical incident in which she was firmly fixed facing him on his lap on the passenger's side bouncing so hard that her poor head was hitting the ceiling of the car. But she didn't care; she just craved the wild physical encounter that was way beyond anything Lloyd had

experienced in his career as a sinful rebel. After an hour of exhausting intimacy, they drove back on the highway and stopped at a quaint little café for a couple of beers, sandwiches, some serene smiles and a few laughs. Then they drove back to Geneva parking in front of her place which was right in the center of town, there to again repeat their intimate endeavors which seemed insatiable.

The following night, Lloyd returned to the café in order to repeat the promiscuous pleasures with his newly discovered Swiss miss sweetie even though he still was crushed by Katia having so coldly dumped him. He entered the café to hear his new lady friend chatting on the phone in Swietzer Dietsch. “*Jô . . . guet, guet*” she chimed adding “*s macht nüüt*” then noticing Lloyd sitting across from her, excused herself a moment with “*en Ougenblick.*” She then pantomimed a very sensual kiss, quickly poured and slid him a coffee, then continued her conversation. “*ned nöötig . . . wivil franke? . . . S tuet mir leid; es gôt ned . . . I mues sege i weiß ned rächt . . . wie mues i jetz mache? . . . Jô bitti . . . I chomm scho . . . adie, adie!*” She hung up the phone and gazed lovingly into Lloyd’s eyes apologizing “*cettait ma cousine.*” Then she quickly closed up the café grabbed her purse and invited “*chomm, vien chérie*” and off they drove to their secret spot and another full evening of lascivious loving.

The last day in town when he was driving near the café to say goodbye to his blond miss, he saw Katia and her boyfriend romantically strolling along the street. He jerked the steering wheel of the Taunus in shock and pain almost crashing into the curb. He and Katia glared at each other, Lloyd in stunned disappointment and Katia in semi-guilt. That night was the last in Geneva, so Lloyd and George jammed at the Cave stunning everyone there with their routines of simultaneous accents and honkin’ high energy. After the jam at the Cave, Lloyd and George headed out through Lausanne, Basel, Karlsruhe and Mannheim to Frankfurt stopping to snooze in the car on the way. In Frankfurt they stopped to jam at the Domicile where Rad was as unfriendly as ever since the cool musicians, namely Peter Trunk and Albert Mangelsdorff, with whom they had hung out for the great jams at the Comblain festival, were not in town. However, a handful of army hobby musicians including a couple of cool spade cats remembered Lloyd and George from sessions when they had played together. After Frankfurt, they headed over to Brussels to jam a night at the Rose Noire with their pal Freddie then on to Holland where the jazz scene was sparser and where they didn’t know anyone. Jef Gilson’s renown, although widely extended throughout France, had not yet reached as far north as Amsterdam. Lloyd decided to drive northward along the coast of Holland on the road built on a dyke through the ocean. They were struck by the multicolored sunset tinting clouds over the sea before they continued on through northern Germany to Hamburg where they jammed at the local jazz club. They continued northward to catch the boat at Großenbrode.

As they waited for the boat to arrive, Lloyd struck up a conversation in German with an interesting fellow who was Lithuanian by birth. While they were discussing the *Krieg* (war), the fellow stated with conviction “*der Führer hatte Recht!*” Lloyd was taken aback; how could Hitler have been right except about sick art, homos, strengthening the country and a few other points? Then the fellow explained why: “*unter Hitler hatten wir nur ein Schwein; aber unter Stalin hatten wir kein Schwein.* (under Hitler we had just one pig; but under Stalin we had no pig.)” That made sense; compared to living under Communism, life under Hitler for an underprivileged non-Jew, non-Gypsie and non-homo, was probably OK. Decades later, a Jewish Rabbi who had lived in a concentration camp under Hitler and then in Russia confirmed that to Lloyd, he stated that compared to Stalin, Hitler was a choir boy. Soon the boat began to fill up with passengers and Lloyd said “*auf Wiedersehen*” to his new acquaintance and soon they were on the long voyage splashing over the waves towards the coastal town of Gedser, Denmark. After a substantial drive through Denmark, they stopped in Copenhagen to spend an evening jamming at the Vingaarden with

bassist Oscar Pettiford and were invited to stay at his place that night before heading out the next morning to another short boat trip to and through southern Sweden up to Stockholm.

In Stockholm they headed over to Inger's place at Båtmanskrogen 10. All the way up from Paris, Lloyd had been extolling the many qualities of his Russian Jewish lady friend Inger, not realizing that he was just causing George to water at the mouth and to plot his usual girl thieving schemes. At Inger's, they were warmly received by her and the two cute teenage daughters, Helen and Ivon or Vonny. They chatted about old times at the BRA Studio and various Swedish jazzmen. Lenny was out of town, and Connie was in a mental hospital after his return trip from Brussels having worked on a ship for a while. But tenor man Bernt Rosengren, trumpeter Lars Färnlöf and others were around; so Lloyd and George planned to visit Nalen that evening to jam and stun everyone now that Lloyd had some piano technique and after he and George had become rock-solid as a team. The next night they went to Västerås to play with Lars and stun everyone there as well. The first few days, Lloyd was happy and cozy in Inger's big old bed, playing daddy to the girls helping organize and assist with chores and doing minor handyman repairs around the house. But George was craftily working his tricks to win Inger who stupidly was falling for them. If Lloyd tried to warn her, she thought he was just jealous and she became more defensive of and more interested in George. Lloyd suspected that George would secretly tweak her nose, run his fingers through her hair, sneak a kiss on her cheek and play the role of a master card reader, an internationally acclaimed jazzman and clever businessman (of course, he was expert at conning everyone, mainly Lloyd). Eventually George and Inger were sneaking late-night heavy kissing and petting until one night Lloyd saw George in Inger's big comfy bed and he realized he was out on the narrow living room couch.

Lloyd sulked alone every night on the couch wondering how he had been edged out of his relationship with Inger. Was it because she and George were both Jewish? That shouldn't have been a factor because they weren't quoting the Torah to each other in Hebrew and, if they had been, they would have come across plenty of scriptures that forbade their sexual improprieties. Maybe stuff like "thou shalt not steal thy best buddy's girl even though he should not have been with her either" or something. Or they weren't sharing prayers or singing Havana Gila with a menorah on the table. She was a Russian Jew and George was Spanish Sephardic; was that even a really good match? And anyway, Lloyd was fairly akin to the whole Yid thing from his Beverly Hills days and his parents' cool friends. Hey, he and a couple of his Beverly Hills Yid pals had once finished off a whole gallon of Mogen David even if it was way too sickeningly sweet and really sticky. So what happened, was it because Lloyd was a stupid Goy boy? It was just George and his little boy sad eyes, his drop-dead gorgeous face and his many 'little things' like tweaking a gal's nose, touching their shoulder, staring lovingly into their eyes, listening intently, seemingly caring about them and not talking about himself except to tell his tall tale of loneliness. Whatever it was, Lloyd was victim of the old 'best friend stealing the girl' syndrome and he couldn't wait to get out of Stockholm and to be back with Anne, the one true friend who stuck by him no matter what.

Inger's youngest daughter, Vonny, seeing the sad situation with Lloyd having been shut out and condemned to the sofa, felt sorry for him and hung around trying to be caring and kind which she was by nature anyway. Once when they were working on a repair job in the basement, she and one of her oversexed teenage girlfriends decided to give Lloyd some substantial loving in the form of hot French kisses and firm sensual hugs, all the things they had seen in the movies. He was a bit distraught because they were a tad young even though just a few years younger than him. He appreciated Vonny's kindnesses but halted the potential orgy before it went too far even if it was a welcome alternative to having been shamefully shed off to a sofa. Actually, Lloyd was temporarily succumbing to a growing distaste for all women in general after having experienced one more heart-rending rejection. He just wanted to get out of

town to try to forget it all and get back to Paris where at least he was appreciated by his platonic model friends at the hotel and a few of his female fans who hadn't read the hate articles about Jef's band.

Finally Lloyd announced that he was leaving Stockholm and if George wanted to come he could; otherwise it was *hej på dej* (goodbye). George could have stayed there forever eating wonderful free food, slurping *brändvin*, basking in the bed of a beautiful woman and playing daddy to two cute girls. But the big freeloading filly-filching freak balked at the thought of ending up in Stockholm for life having to face those icy dark almost all day winters. And, if Inger could switch partners that fast, who knows how long he might last as her main squeeze. The long drive back to Paris was almost in total silence. George put on (or maybe it was real) a guilty sad bad-boy face all the way trying to occasionally offer an attempt at an apology. Lloyd had seen that both George and Inger felt some type of guilt; but it didn't help much. When they finally rolled into Paris, Lloyd was more than relieved to have George out of his life forever. No drummer, no matter how hard driving, how cool and how seemingly friendly, is worth that kind of treachery. If Lloyd wanted to be double crossed, he could have gotten someone in Stockholm to do it and save the tedious trip. It was better for him to be rid of George who, although fun to jam with, was not always managing Lloyd's money in a way that benefited Lloyd. Of course he would miss the great gigs and the hours of discussing Uspensky, the many 'I's that make the whole 'I,' psychology and who was projecting on who, philosophy, history and George's summer working in a sausage factory in northern Maine where he picked up the accent and could do really funny bits. So IJQ was totally demolished forever as was the fabulous Jef Gilson Septet leaving Lloyd pretty much on his own.

Amazing Manikins Continually Drop In

With his own upright piano rented from the Rue Monge studio, Lloyd was continuing his practice schedule although spending less hours a day on Hannon and running scales and concentrating on improvising and creativity. He had become friends with most of the permanent guests at the Hotel and was almost family with Claude the manager. The beautiful models from Sweden, Germany and France who stayed at the hotel had heard about Lloyd and his respect for women (supposedly) from some of the crazy little fans of pianist Jacques, girls who Lloyd had treated honorably by mostly not taking advantage of their sexual offers. During the day, Lloyd's piano practicing or listening to music on his Grundig tape machine might be interrupted by a little knock on the door. He would carefully open it to see a fashion model, sometimes scantily attired, shyly ask to come in. She might have an iron in her hand and would ask Lloyd to iron her long locks flat like Bridget Bardot. He also was also awarded the job of charring the ends of their hair straight to get the Bardot look. It required wrapping their long hair in a damp towel, heating a coat hanger wire red-hot over his little camp stove then quickly passing the wire straight over the very ends of the hair then rubbing the singed ends away. Afterwards he would give them shampoo, all the while cheerfully chatting in whatever language necessary, advising on guys or comforting if needed. Sometimes they would drop by to chat because they just needed a good friend to talk to about the horrors of modeling, makeup, bright lights and long hours strenuously posing. They might need a kind shoulder to cry on over some creepy guy that had jilted or cheated on them. Lloyd was always a friend and never tried to touch the tantalizing merchandise even when occasionally a lonely miss might wish to be physically involved, except when they begged for an innocent back, neck or foot rub. Lloyd really enjoyed being different, an honorable and trustworthy good guy who kept his focus on music and off sex. The models were mostly flat as boards anyway and not much of an enticement. His code of kindness found him many fans for his music among the girls at the Hotel and their friends. He really didn't need to satisfy any carnal lusts with these beauties because their friendly

visits in their night gowns or skimpy apparel along with their inherent total trust in him was satisfaction enough for Lloyd who was becoming so involved with his boozing that he was usually too dazed to even care about a potential physical experience.

Two models at the Hotel were particularly chummy with Lloyd. One was pianist Jacques' girlfriend (as if he really had one among his dozens of fillies), Marion Wedekind from Germany. She and Lloyd hit it off well since she could confide in Lloyd about Jacques and his multi-female lifestyle. Another pal of Lloyd's was a sweet little model from Sweden who would talk to him about her French boyfriend and about the harshness of the manikin business. She would come back from a long miserable shoot, frantically knock on Lloyd's door and burst in, almost in tears. She might spend almost a half hour over the sink washing the thick ugly makeup off, griping about how horrible it was and how the makeup and the lights were damaging her skin. Then she would sit a lay on his bed while he stood listening to her grumbling about the annoying traffic swirling around Place Concorde where she had to pose for hours or the wind blowing across the plaza by Trocadero or up on the Eiffel Tower. Then she would point to the piano and demand he play "*du Lloyd, spela nå'nting*" and he would oblige with a romantic peaceful ballad retorting "*nå'nting söt som du* (something sweet like you)." After a few minutes of musical tranquility, she would kiss Lloyd on the cheek, giving him a nice little hug and scurry out the door to her room to recuperate for her next miserable photo shoot.

Once one of the models had her leg smashed in an accident and, with her leg bandaged up, stumbled into Lloyd's room to be comforted. He innocently hugged her as she sobbed. Then he remembered his Mormon upbringing and how people could be healed. So he thought a little prayer asking God to heal the poor gal. A few days later, everyone, including Lloyd, was stunned about how she had miraculously been cured and was walking and dancing as if nothing had happened. Lloyd was surprised and gained a bit of faith in religion although not enough to lead him to consider abandoning his sinful lifestyle of smokes, booze, sometimes drugs and occasional babes. A few weeks later when the Swedish model had a bad car accident and was laid up in the hospital, Lloyd went to visit her. She was pale and pathetic-looking like she would never recover. Her faithful French 'fiancé' was also in tears. She tried to break the misery with a bit of humor asking Lloyd to guess where the accident happened. When he couldn't, she told him "Invalides" then broke out in a goofy forced laugh. Lloyd put his hand on her head and thought a silent prayer asking God to heal the poor kid. He went to the hospital a couple of more times outside of visiting hours and lurked below the window of her room, again silently praying for her. A week later she was back in her upstairs room in good spirits and ready to face some more tedious photo shoots. Everyone in the hotel including Lloyd was bewildered about the amazing recovery.

But one female hotel guest that Lloyd couldn't comfort was the 'fiancée' of a pathetic dirt-poor young 'artist' who cranked out ugly mod-odd goofy paintings that made everyone cringe. So to finally become famous, as if anyone really could in Paris, he decided to commit suicide so his girl could hopefully sell the paintings at a better price since the artist would be dead. It didn't exactly work out that way and she was left desolate. When Lloyd heard about the incident from a resident in the foyer of the hotel, he wondered "Pont Neuf?" The answer was "*mais oui, c'est idéal . . . plus romantique* (of course, it's ideal . . . more romantic)." Lloyd figured that would really be the ideal place, the legendary Pont Neuf and near the hotel. Lloyd decided to try to comfort the 'widow' so he trudged up the stairs to the first floor and the little inside room that had just a window to nowhere. He knocked on the door and, when the poor girl opened it, he stuttered that her neighbor had told him something about the incident "*votre voisin, il m'a raconté des choses.*" She was crying so, even though he knew the story, he asked what was going on "*qu'est-ce qu'il y a?*" She continued to sob then added "*qu'est-ce qu'on*

va faire?” After a moment of grim glumness he remarked that it was really a shame and that one should think before doing something foolish. “*c’est vraiment dommage; le pauvre gars. Je comprends pas. On doit réfléchir avant de faire des bêtises. Je sais que ça-t’jen beaucoup?*” Choking back tears she continued explaining that they were dirt-poor and that her fiancé thought they would end up in the street even though she was content with their life “*nous étions presque que sans sou, pigez? Il était emmerdé; il croyait que nous devions crever dans la rue. Au contraire, moi je disais que je suis très content. Et par consequent . . .*”

She took the last puff on a cigarette butt then, in a spurt of anger, she accused him of being a coward noting all men are the same “*espèce de sale lâche. Les mecs sont tous les mêmes; sont tous comme ça*” she bemoaned then asked for a smoke “*tu as une ploc?*” Lloyd obliged offering her a Gauloise as he noted that he didn’t believe they would end up on the street on a grate like clochards “*je-n’ crois pas que vous serez dans la rue couchant sur grille comme les clochards.*” She continued explaining that he had mentioned killing himself so she could sell all those ‘paintings’ to make some money and now she was ready to join him in at the bottom of the river. “*Je crois qu’il pensait: tant pis pour lui et tant mieux pour moi après avoir vendu tout ses ‘œuvres.’ Tu sais, maintenant suis prêt à le joindre dans la rivière.*” Lloyd sympathized “*ça alors . . . désolé, vraiment; c’est bizarre les trucs comme ça. C’est curieux, trop drôle. Mais alors; je me demande pourquoi.*” Then he tried to lighten the mood with a joke that the Siene was too cold for her “*mais la Seine est trop froide pour vous*” extracting a nervous chuckle from her. When he asked if there was anything he could do, she thankfully assured not “*c’est gentil; ne t’embête pas*” then a fresh burst of tears before sighing “*c’est pas la peine.*” Lloyd rose and gave her a hug then held her hand for a moment mumbling “*mais enfin . . . ça alors, dans ce cas . . . donc alors, qu’est-ce qu’on peut faire?*” She hung her head shrugging that nothing could be done trying to pretend that it didn’t matter “*rien a faire . . . ça fait rien.*” He slowly opened the door and smiled a farewell, quietly closed the door and trudged back up two flights to his room. Later that week the sick joke around the hotel was “did you hear about the starving painter that decided to kill himself and went inSeine?”

Chain-Smoking Wino

The various incidents of comforting, healing and spiritual manifestations led Lloyd to occasionally pray about his own debauched existence as a chain smoker, a worsening drunk, a sometimes dope user and an occasional sexual participant not to mention a musical failure. It seems Lloyd had to get worse before he could get better so his prayers would be answered but in a completely unforeseeable mysterious way. Meanwhile Lloyd decided to try again (for at least the hundredth time) to quit smoking. He had switched from sour or sickeningly sweet menthol American cigarettes to dog-doo-tasting Gauloise in the light blue packs. He tried other really strong and bad-tasting brands like Gitannes and in Belgium he once obeyed the prevalent ad “*rook Bastos*” and choked on a pack of those nasty things. So on the advice of a few friends who were also trying to quite he changed to *Gauloise verte*, the de-nicotinized version in a green pack. The first few months he got the shakes and nicotine withdrawal pains but finally he was partly free but just couldn’t break the habit of reaching for a friendly little fire, a seemingly living pal in his hand to quell loneliness when it often occurred.

As for booze, things seemed to be getting worse. The drinking problem started to become overwhelming when hotel manager Claude invited Lloyd on a trip to Tours where he had been going in Lloyd’s car that he had been using and properly parking on the right or left side of the street depending on the city schedule. Lloyd was happy to see more of France and to see how really good wine was

made. They took the road south-eastwards to Orleans then Tours. As they drove through the lush (no pun intended) countryside, Claude shared information about wines, *rouge*, *rosé* and *blanc* and which years were good. That was information Lloyd didn't need to absorb as a guy who just drank to get sloshed without any interest in taste or some obscure 'bouquet' or whatever. Then Claude told Lloyd the common joke about the Spanish priest who came to France with a huge bottle of expensive clear liquor. When he drove up to the French customs, he was asked what was in the bottle. He said it was just miracle water from Lourdes. The customs agent asked him to open it then took a whiff. His eyes bulged and he said "this is liquor" to which the priest responded "*eh, bah, c'est un miracle* (well then it's a miracle)." Finally they arrived at the outskirts of Tours and drove into a farmhouse complex to meet the wine maker. After a pleasant chat and a snack of whole-grain country bread with tasty cheese, they all went downstairs into the cellar to see the huge old wooden casks. The winemaker proudly indicated which barrels contained various types of his creations; then he handed Claude and Lloyd glasses so he could offer them samples of each masterpiece. As they moved from cask to cask, the winemaker would turn the wooden spigot, half fill the small glasses and comment on his methodology, the type and the year.

By the time Claude and Lloyd had tried all the *rouge*, *rosé*, *blanc* and others, they were almost too giddy to load up the Taunus van with the giant glass jar full of *rouge* and two smaller jars of *rosé* and *blanc*. They had a rough time trying to figure out how to stuff it into the back of the car, the huge *carafe*-shaped bottle with a basket-type covering over the large bottom and a great big cork sealed in the slender top. After hefting and struggling, they finally got the big bottle in but with the top sticking way out the back. A few ropes and a big quilted pad wrapped around the top made it travel ready although quite fragile. One wonders how the two semi-shnocked inebriates, Lloyd and Claude, would be able to get back to Paris in one piece as they said farewell to the winemaker and his fun family. The two traded off 'driving' making various mistakes and weaving about, vastly perturbing other drivers who would shout out various typical insults like: *sale con! idiot! cochon! salaud!* to which Lloyd would smile and lift his half empty bottle of *rouge* in a sarcastic toast. Miraculously they finally made it back to the Saint André where, with the help of Claude's wife, his kids and a couple of guests who happened to be in the lobby, they struggled the huge bottle through the door, up the little stairway to the door to the cave under the hotel where Claude and Lloyd set up their bottling operation. Under Claude's tutelage, Lloyd had purchased a corking device and a few dozen bottles with corks to bottle his own wine, which was to be siphoned by a small pump through a plastic tube through a hole in the cork of the big master bottles. After a few tries, Lloyd was able to become an adept corker and would fill a half dozen bottles each week to have handy in his room for himself and an occasional guest. This was a very dangerous situation because the various types of *vin de Touraine* that he and Claude had brought back were so gentle and innocent tasting that a person could finish off a bottle as if it was grape juice not realizing that it had the full percentage of alcohol which could easily inebriate the toughest alcoholics.

During those times of total debauchery, Lloyd had succumbed to the habit of accepting visits from late teens and early twenties girls, some from the old days in Jacques' room and others from the Gilson concerts or friends of girls that stayed over with Lloyd and thought he was a nice guy. Sometimes he wished he could remember or be even half awake to enjoy the company of a young miss who he would wake up to kiss 'good morning' with no knowledge of what, if anything, had occurred the previous night while he was frozen in an impotent drunken daze. Once he woke up finding a girl on each side wondering what had happened or if anything had happened in his stewed stupor. He hoped that they had just stayed there because they didn't have a place to sleep which was likely often the case. One of

the young ladies who Lloyd remembered was Sara, an attractive and kind redhead from London with an adorable accent, who stayed a few days with him. It had been a long time since he had really felt anything for the occasional overnight guests because he was so soused on booze all day and night that he was living in a daze, more dead than alive. After a few days living in Lloyd's room, Sara said she had to get back home but would eventually return with one of her friends. It was becoming so degraded that Lloyd was just hoping and sometimes praying that he could break free from the dreadful debauchery and get his act together as a formerly rising star of the Paris jazz scene. The ready availability of self-bottled fine wine, along with another occurrence had set the stage for Lloyd's eventual serious alcohol problem.

One night Lloyd was at the Caméléon upstairs where Miles Davis' Kind of Blue LP, a favorite of everyone that year, was playing. Lloyd was chatting with the Chinese owner when a sneaky Dutch dope dealer from the Hotel sat down next to him. Lloyd never liked the guy but wanted to be on good terms with everyone at the hotel. On the other side of Lloyd was an American visitor to Paris who had been also chatting with Lloyd. When the American whispered "hey, where can I get some pot or hash?" Lloyd nodded towards the Dutch guy on the other side of him then he whispered to the Dutch dealer "hey, this cat wants some dope." Lloyd then left his seat at the bar so the two could cut a deal; he felt he had done a favor for a couple of guys and that was his good deed for the day even though he hated drugs and was against anyone using them. So the Chinese owner of the club incorrectly pegged Lloyd as part of the drug scene. A couple of weeks later, as Lloyd entered the hotel, Claude called him into the office and sat him down for a bit of friendly chat. Claude stated that the Caméléon wanted Lloyd to play there a couple of weeks with good pay but was hesitant because of Lloyd's drug situation. Lloyd stared in disbelief stammering that he was a boozer and basically hated drugs citing their trip to Tours and his bottle corking activities. Claude was convinced and just asked Lloyd to swear he was clean of any drugs so Claude could vouch for him and get him the job.

Lloyd decided to go over to the Caméléon and straighten things out. He sat at the bar and kindly talked to the owner explaining that Claude had mentioned the potential job and that there was no need to worry about any drugs. Lloyd stared into the owner's eyes and swore "*moi je n'utilise jamais des drogues, je bois du vin et autres choses* (I never use drugs, I drink wine and other things)." Then he emphasized in Mandarin in case it would strengthen his argument that drugs were "*hen pu hao* (really no good)." The owner continued mopping the bar with a white cloth then glared at Lloyd scolding "but you sell." Lloyd stood up in surprise and declared "*comment?*" Then, remembering the incident introducing the dealer to a potential customer, he timidly sat back down muttering "you mean the other night I introduced those guys?" The club owner answered "right." Lloyd swore that it was just once trying to be a friend and that it would never happen again, which satisfied the owner. But Lloyd felt he had to prove he was only interested in alcohol by drinking more and more much to his detriment. Even though he was fairly sloshed every night, he played well at the club and some of the Gilson fans from various recent concerts came to offer approbation and cheer him on.

Jammin' with Nat Adderly; too Plastered to Play

One afternoon, Lenny came to see Lloyd at the hotel having heard of his recent rise to stardom in the Gilson band. Lloyd explained the whole sad story of some of the band members leaving and, since they had all been trained to play Jef's charts, Jef couldn't keep up the energy with a skeleton staff and had no time to retrain new members. Lloyd affirmed that he would never leave Jef after all Jef had done for him and all the great gigs they had together even though the gigs had temporarily dried up

after the big breakup. Lloyd and Lenny hung around joking about old times and then went to jam at the Caméléon across the street. Lenny informed Lloyd that Cannonball Adderly and his brother Nat were going to be in town for a concert with their very cool quintet at the Caveau de la Huchette; so Lloyd and Lenny decided to check it out and maybe join the jam. When they got to the club, they found that the whole French jazz community had beat them to it. Pianists, bassists, drummers and horn men packed the tables near the bandstand and people were everywhere, at tables, in the isles, standing, in every nook and cranny of the dark cave, stuffing the place way beyond the legal limit.

It was two in the morning (thank goodness they didn't have the stupid Hitleristic *Feierabend* law like the Germans) before Lloyd had a chance to sit by Nat and chat. Lloyd had been drinking and drinking out of frustration from all the French pseudo jazz players hogging the stand; so he was fairly disposed of his senses. He bought a few drinks for Nat and was entertaining him by shuckin' spade lingo to the point that Nat wondered if maybe Lloyd was a maybe fairly good piano man. So Nat invited him to jam a set although French bassist Pierre Michelot and the French drummer glared in resentment, some of which was due to Lloyd's recent successes with the Gilson band. Lloyd roared through a couple of standards sounding fairly good for being as sloshed as he was. Nat seemed to be mildly impressed but then a funky blues in F was called and Lloyd messed up bad. During his solo he was so drunk that he reverted to the 5/4 patterns he had been practicing at the Hotel for one week straight and forgot there was a bassist so he drowned out Pierre with some rumbly, almost ugly, left-hand boogie type 5/4 patterns. Since no one else was aware that Lloyd had gone into 5/4, after his wild and weird freak-out, instead of taking a bass solo, Pierre set his bass down and mumbled "*je peux pas jouer avec ça.*" The drummer nodded in agreement sticking the sticks in the bass drum. Nat, not sure what to do, just said "yea" and put his horn away for a break. The news of the fiasco spread quickly among the Paris jazz musicians and Lloyd had a huge struggle to try to salvage the negative reputation that everyone eagerly helped spread due to their inherent resentment for Lloyd's former big successes with Jef.

After the fiasco, Lloyd stumbled to another club where he knew he could cash a \$100 American Express money order. Near the club, a friendly and obviously financially desperate African fellow chatted him up and asked if he had a few extra Francs. Lloyd felt he owed a debt of gratitude to the African race for bringing jazz to motley America and also he felt guilty for letting Nat Adderly down with his stupid 5/4 shenanigans. So he told the fellow he would cash a check at the club down the street. He cashed it for the usual 500 Francs and then, too drunk to remember what was going on, plopped two hundred Franc notes into the hand of an African guy sitting at the bar who immediately plopped them right back into Lloyd's hand. They played 'plop the Francs back and forth until Lloyd assured the guy he wanted him to have the money. He then left the club and outside the door was the other African fellow timidly waiting. Lloyd was embarrassed at his mistake but gave the original African two hundred Franc bills also. After being profusely thanked, he staggered back to the Hotel with only one hundred Franc bill left to last him a couple of weeks. Although he felt he had done a good turn, he realized that he was seriously losing control of his thinking and actions and really needed a drastic lifestyle change.

Time for a Major Change

Lloyd seemed to have sunk to the dregs starting drinking when he first rolled over in bed in the late morning for a couple of big swigs of wine from one of the bottles by his bed-head. Then when he finally rolled onto the floor in the early afternoon and stumbled around trying to get his clothes on, he

took another shot of wine and staggered down the hotel stairs to a nearby café for a cup of thick syrupy extra strong coffee in which he poured a couple of shots of cognac for breakfast. Then he staggered back up to his room to lie on the bed and, finally about dark, he went out for a few beers somewhere never thinking about actually eating any food. He might stuff down a pâté sandwich once a day; but by night he was really plastered. When he got home, he finished off a full bottle of wine while fooling around at the piano or playing tapes of former gigs or from recordings he had made of his piano soloing. Then around midnight maybe he would hear a soft knock on the door by a horny late-teen babe or two who wanted some long action that Lloyd never turned down when he was so drunk. It was getting so that something major had to happen to Lloyd or he would die of a booze overdose.

During this time a Swiss bass man came to visit Lloyd because of his reputation as a non-drug using boozer who could be trusted to hold drugs. The bass man asked if Lloyd would kindly hold his folded up wax paper full of heroine and each night when the bass man came by Lloyd's room to cook up his fix, would Lloyd talk to him for an hour or two just to stretch out the fix time until maybe he could eventually go a whole day without it? Also Lloyd was instructed to decrease the amount of the fix he would be rationing out, which would also help in kicking the habit. Lloyd was always ready to help a friend; so he concentrated on pushing the time an hour or two later every evening and was succeeding in helping his friend somewhat. But then he wondered why everyone was so hooked on that stupid white powder so he figured he would just sniff a tiny pinch of it and no one would notice since the bass man was on a three-day gig out of town and probably would be cooking up fixes with other band members. So Lloyd sat on his bed and took a tiny pinch of H then sniffed it up. He sat for a while waiting to see what would happen. About eight hours later, he was still sitting in a daze and remembered he was going to try a tiny pinch of the stupid stuff so he did again forgetting that eight hours before he already had. That action went on for almost three days when Lloyd suddenly realized that he had been sitting there a long time. He nervously folded the package back up hoping that the bass man wouldn't notice anything was missing; although by then a small palmful had been sniffed up.

Then a frantic knock on the door shocked him back to almost full consciousness. It was the bass man who was back from his three-day gig and wanted a fix. He entered the room and demanded his packet which Lloyd timidly handed him. As he was cooking up a fix in his spoon he noticed or pretended to notice "hey man, you been using my stuff?" Lloyd denied having filched any; but the bass man was insistent, mainly because he wanted his package back so he could return to his daily fixes without any interference. He put the pack in his briefcase and without much more than a "gotta go, see you around man," left the room never to be seen again. Lloyd sat for a couple of hours trying to figure out what had happened to the lost three days. Finally he realized that he had been stoned into a trance and didn't know what he was doing, continually sniffing tiny pinches and then sitting for eight or so hours. That was it! Lloyd was totally convinced that drugs were absolutely worthless and very dangerous and that booze and weeds were too. He had been cutting down on his intake of Gauloise *verte* cigarettes and finally his supply of the tasty *vin de touraine* had run out; so he was less drunk than he had been for months and was ready for a change.

Traumatized by a Terrorizing Text

About that time, Lloyd went to the American Express to get a check from home and found a package from his sister. He opened it and was terrified to see a small black book with gold letters entitled 'The Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants and Pearl of Great Price.' To his embarrassment and anxiety, he noticed his name embossed in gold at the bottom. So throwing it in the

wastebasket wasn't an option; someone might find it and his reputation as a totally 'cool,' 'hip' and 'groovy' jazz cat could be ruined (if the debacle at Adderly jam hadn't done so already). He quickly stashed it in his pocket so no one could see and furtively fled with the fallacious text before anyone could catch him with it (as if anyone cared but him). Sure he had sort of been born a Mormon even though his parents never encouraged him much during his childhood but just dropped him off at church to be baby-sat while they went off to play golf with their friends. Then living in Rexburg, Idaho which was a Mormon town, had finished the job of totally turning him off to 'the Church.' Of course his having been a messed up drinker, a sometimes smoker, a general goof off and just a bad cat didn't at all endear him to any of the cutesy little goody goody (or so they tried to appear) high school Mormon girls or any of the silly shallow guys. His problems in Rexburg were all mostly Lloyd's fault. He didn't fit in there (he never fit in anywhere); but, at that time, he didn't realize he was really to blame. So, panic-stricken, subtly glancing about like a double agent who was being tracked for assassination, he boarded the Metro back to the hotel. When got back, he scurried up to his room without saying "*bon jour*" or "*ça vas*" or anything to anyone. He rushed into his room, locked the door, put a chair in front of it and, shaking like a leaf, opened the cover of the book to find a dedication from his sister.

She had always been a great friend and a sweet caring family member no matter how bad things were between Lloyd and his parents. So he thought he'd better at least read the dedication that went "I hope you will read this book whenever you get a chance, it will help you a lot." Lloyd was panic stricken; what if anyone ever saw that book? His reputation of being a cool swingin' jazz cat would be snuffed out like a Bastos cigarette but on some dirty Metro platform. No one would ever talk to him again and he was already washed up because of the Gilson breakup. He frantically opened his bottom drawer and hit the book under a pile of clothes hoping no one would ever see it. From then on he decided to try to remember to take his key with him at all times so no one could sneak into his room and find the dreadful thing. I took Lloyd a few days to force the frightening incident from his memory assisted by an excess of by various varieties of booze.

Two Xes Drop By the Hotel

About that time, one day Lloyd entered the hotel after shopping to hear from Claude that his wife was upstairs "*ta femme est en haut.*" Larry choked "*ma femme? quelle femme?*" he wondered "what wife" rushing up the stairs to see who was posing as his spouse. When he opened the door, a nauseating stench of really bad body odor hit him like a ton of bricks. He put a Kleenex on his nose and glanced over to the chair to see Jean gloating at him puffing on one of his cigarettes. "Hi baby, what's happenin'" she declared with a little wry smile. She got up to hug him but he waved her back choking out "smell" fighting back the potential for dry heaves over the sink in the corner. "Open the window and stand in front of it, Jean, sorry but you stink really bad" he ordered. She nodded in agreement moving towards the window. Then he offered "air this place out and I will get the tub room key so you can get a bath." Once bathed, Jean smelled a bit less acrid although her clothes also needed some serious help; maybe being burned would be the only answer. She told Lloyd that the old guy who she ran off with in Stockholm eventually to a nudist colony in Spain had finally jilted her. But she met another nice young Jewish guy at the colony. She had checked in over at a cheapo student hostel in another *arrondissement* after bumming her way to Paris hitch hiking, living in grubby group rooms with hippies or temporary sex partners.

Now she was waiting for a ticket from her mom to fly home to Oak Park. Her new boyfriend would be coming to Paris in a couple of days. Lloyd told her that if she could find a laundromat or

someplace to get her stench-ridden clothes cleaned, she could stay in his room on the floor that night but no sex or anything like that. She agreed then Lloyd pulled a hundred franc bill out of his wallet and told her to use it to buy a clean dress and to live on until she got her ticket home. She stayed one night on Lloyd's floor then got a tiny inside windowless room at the Saint André for a few days at a really reasonable rate after Lloyd plead with Claude to be charitable. The next day, her boy friend arrived and immediately became friends with Lloyd. They would play chess often and all three would chat about philosophy, cool jazz and world affairs. Soon Jean had her ticket home and her boyfriend lingered a few more days at the hotel until he got the fare form home to return to New York. Lloyd gave him a ride to the airport and wished him well.

Not long after that, Lloyd's old flame Katia from Geneva came to Paris and tracked him down at Hotel Saint André. He was out shopping when he found a little message in his box that said "Hi, I'm in town for a couple days, see you later, Katia." He was excited to see her, although he was still a bit heart-broken over their last unfortunate encounter in Geneva. He turned to Claude and asked where she had gone "*la fille, où est-ce qu'elle est-allée?*" He said she had left with some guy "*elle est parti avec un type.*" Lloyd couldn't resist doing a word play conjuring up "*quel type de type, un type typique au un typiquement type de type?*" Claude chuckled and flipped his hands inward and upward indicating he didn't know "*bah, sais pas.*" Lloyd went to his room and nervously waited until he heard a firm knock on the door. "Katia" he called out as he rushed to open the door and greet her with "*grüezi, min chline Switzer tüsche Schatzli?* (greetings my little Swiss German sweetie?)" She hugged him and they shared significant kiss then she responded with "*Guet, I'm fine, boy, I'm engaged to a Dutch guy and will be getting married soon.*" He was momentarily crushed then actually relieved not to have to try to juggle two main squeezes, Katia and Anne. She then stated "I can stay here a few days, OK, then I go to Holland? We can just share the bed but no sex or anything." Lloyd was totally cool with that since he was used to celibate relationships. He responded "*Natüüli, gäärn; s macht nüüt, s tuet mer aber gâr ned weh, meitli. I bi froh du bisch dô. Und jô, e gueti idee; I ha gâr nit vil z'tue* (Naturly, fine; no problem, it doesn't worry me, girl. I'm happy you're here. And yea, a good idea; I don't have much at all to do)."

So they ran around Paris like old friends sharing a mature relationship that seemed to Lloyd to be more valuable than the steamy sometimes frantic physical one they had in Geneva. At nights they would fall asleep holding hands but not even a kiss. Katia recorded some fun Swiss German on tape for Lloyd telling the Snow White story and all about herself. After about a week, Katia was ready to head on to Holland. She packed and grasped Lloyd for one final embrace as Lloyd asked her how long the trip would be "*wi lang under wäägs?*" She revealed that she was taking it slow "*e paar tâg* (a couple days)." Then he wished her a nice trip; "*guete reis*" he said and she disappeared from his life forever. He had finally found out who the 'type' was that she left the hotel with when she first arrived; it was that obnoxious German kid Heinz who really got on Lloyd's nerves. From the other side of the street opposite the Hotel, Heinz had spotted Katia standing on the balcony of Lloyd's room then had hounded her a few times on her walks around the quarter. He had tried to steal her, even though she wasn't Lloyd's anymore (as if she ever was), and he was just being a general nuisance.

Discovering the Langues Orientales

A major change in Lloyd's life came shortly thereafter when a few of his close friends: the Jewish American girl in the room across from him, a Jewish American pal from the floor below with his Jewish girlfriend and the obnoxious Heinz from the first floor who was the lover of the girl across the

hall from Lloyd, all came to Lloyd's room to suggest he check out the wonderful school for Eastern languages that was not far from the hotel. They knew Lloyd was interested in Middle Eastern music and culture and thought he might enjoy checking out the school. Lloyd appreciated their interest and one day they all took Lloyd to dinner at a sidewalk café, then walked with him to the corner of Rue de Lille and Rue des Saints Pères then waved goodbye. Lloyd wandered into the École Nationale des Langues Orientales Vivantes in the building on the corner at number 3 Rue de Lille. He was struck by the vast language offerings: Persian, Armenian, Turkish, Arabic, Kurdish, Ordu and many others. He decided then and there that, since the Gilson band was broken up and that he was somewhat blackballed because of the Adderly jam fiasco, maybe he should concentrate on his interest on language and culture of Persia and its neighboring countries. He knew his parents would be happy to know he was going to school even he was only a non-credit auditor at a specialized academy. He chatted with a few teachers and staff members and then returned to the hotel.

But when he entered his room, much to his chagrin, he noticed his tape recorder was missing. He went into a fury stomping around the room then down to the front desk to report the theft. He started accusing all his friends but not the two main suspects, the nosey German, Heinz, who would burst into Lloyd's room to rummage through all his things and drawers, and the sneaky dope-dealing Dutchman. So as a drunk detective, Lloyd attempted to solve the crime. Sure he knew that his tape machine was playing a lot, sometimes late at night, and that people were probably sick of hearing it. So possibly anyone in the hotel could have been the culprit. Lloyd was seething with rage and his paranoid mania was heightened beyond any rationality. First he had been attacked and unsettled by the Book of Mormon his sister sent him; now his prize possession had been stolen. He couldn't get more unbalanced and suspicious of everyone, as he paced the floor of his room trying to figure out 'who done it.' He strongly suspected that Heinz could easily have developed a jealous resentment against Lloyd because Katia stayed in his room; but she wasn't Lloyd's girl anymore. So one night he came home to his room and overheard Heinz talking to his Jewish girlfriend in her bed in the room across from Lloyd. He paused to listen a moment, then went into his room to down a full bottle of *vin de touraine* then started on a bottle *rosé*. He strongly suspected that Heinz was the culprit, maybe because he just resented Germans after suffering there. So he decided he was going to get him for it. Lloyd grabbed his most wicked sharp pointed steak knife, stuffed it into his belt and went back to put his ear against the door to learn more.

Chapter 25

Radical Lifestyle Reversal

Unseen Forces of Good and Evil Exert Control

Lloyd was really drunk as he tried to make sense out of Heinz babbling in bad French with his German accent while his girlfriend giggled intermittently. Lloyd imagined he heard Heinz brag saying something like "*j'ai pris la clé et j'ai ouvert la porte. Person ne m'a vu. Apré que je le vends, je viens en Amerique te voir, chérie.*" So Lloyd was convinced now that he heard how Heinz took the key (maybe for his room but probably for her room), opened the door and nobody saw him. After he sells it he will go to America to see her." Lloyd was sure that "it" was his tape recorder and that the key was for Lloyd's room not hers. So it was time for action; he violently kicked the door of her room in, flicked on the light, whipped out the knife and put it at Heinz's throat. He glared fiendishly and demanded "give it back or you die!" Of course he didn't realize that Heinz wouldn't understand

English and his New York girlfriend was in a state of shock and couldn't even utter a word. Then Lloyd witnessed the most unbelievable and amazing occurrence of his life, a supernatural miracle that changed him forever. He felt a definite external power pull his arm back for a deadly jab and then lunge it forward so that the knife would sink into Heinz's heart. But another stronger external force pushed Lloyd's arm to the right so that when the knife hit Heinz, it barely nicked his shoulder top doing almost no harm. Lloyd was dumbfounded, stunned at having been overpowered by two definite undeniable forces completely outside himself.

Lloyd was in a daze and suddenly stone sober from the shock. His body and hand with the knife in his fist was immobile until Greta, a young German friend of Lloyd, Heinz and everyone, came from down the hall after hearing the commotion. She gently pried the knife out of Lloyd's hand and spoke soothing words calming him "*kom mal, sag mir was los ist, ja?*" However Heinz was furious. He rose up with his shoulder slightly bleeding and threatened Lloyd "*vous allez payer pour ça!*" But his bed companion hushed him and tugged him letting him know that a scandal with them naked in bed was not a good thing. Greta gently led Lloyd, still in shock, to his room and sat him down, keeping his knife and confiscating another smaller knife he had on the mantelpiece. She went back to help Heinz bandage up the insignificant wound and calm everyone down then went downstairs to Claude to explain the incident requesting no police involvement. Soon Claude's wife had a fresh sheet at the scene of the crime and took the partly bloody one to be quickly laundered. Claude sent Greta to invite Lloyd down for a discussion showing him the bloody sheet and kindly advising "*Qu'est-ce qui se passe, mon vieux? Il faut faire attention, quoi; un peu moins de vin, d'accord? On dit rien, mais . . .*" Lloyd nodded agreeing that he really goofed and was very apologetic still trying to understand who or what had first seized his arm and who had pushed it aside and how.

A Move to the 16th and Beating the Draft

The next day Lloyd called Anne, told her he had messed up and asked her to take him to her place for a few days so he could recuperate and try to figure out what happened. She was very understanding and not at all judgmental. Anne, seeing Lloyd's mixed up situation, invited him to move in with her permanently which invitation he accepted but said he had to take a while to move everything from the hotel to her fancy place in the 16th. He took a few things with him, most importantly the Book of Mormon which he strongly felt he needed to read to try to understand what had happened. Meanwhile, he received a notice at the American Express where he got his mail to appear at the local army headquarters for induction. He was totally stunned because he had been in the nut house and his feet had been permanently damaged. Having been frozen on his escape from the nuthouse to avoid a lobotomy. He asked Anne to check into it through the embassy. She did and he learned that he needed to be evaluated by French psychiatrist appointed by the U.S. Army and then have his feet examined by an army doctor. He was determined that nothing in the world would make him have to be with those horrible scum pig drunken Yankee army slobs he had seen in Germany and on the military bases where he had the misfortune of playing. They were so obnoxious, worse than Rad in Germany during the drunken festival called *Fasching*. No never; he wouldn't be under the control of the country that destroyed his life and any chance of succeeding in any profession due to the mutilated mental condition they forced him into through shock and insulin. They were ready to lobotomize him and he should serve those creeps in any manner? Absolutely not! The only red, white and blue he would salute was the French flag, at least they treated him like a human being and gave him a chance to succeed in music, the only thing his shattered mind could still do.

So Lloyd decided that he would miserably flunk the psychological and physical exam or die trying. Death would be better than wearing the uniform of a country that had as its goal the total subjugation and enslavement of the world through pushing products and an evil, sinful, greedy and ego centered lifestyle. So two days before his appointment with the army, Lloyd walked resolutely to the banks of the Seine near Anne's apartment in the 16th. He filled his shoes with sharp gravel and began to painfully plod along the cobblestone riverbank in the regal rays of dusk. He felt like he was in a scene from *Les Miserables* as he painfully trudged along the cobblestones with the river sludging by on his right. Then as darkness crept over the city, he heard a strange pounding or pattering on the cobblestones in front of him. He couldn't figure out what the massive noise was until he noticed the beady eyes of armies of thousands of huge shaggy rats as they thundered like a dark shifting blanket as the little (or big) furry guys rushed from the water's edge on the right to the safety of the embankment on the left. Hours passed as the patter and clatter of the startled rushing rats preceded Lloyd's plodding pace. He occasionally called out to his new friends "hey guys, I'm your friend. I had lots of rats as pets when I was a kid and I am at the bottom of society too; so I am one of you. Don't be afraid, little pals." When they didn't listen to him, he tried in French but still none of his newfound furry friends would stop to chat or commiserate about life.

Lloyd figured that, if he didn't flunk the draft, he would be better off jumping into the Seine. But he could swim too well and the water was cold and sewagey. He figured in that case he would return to the Middle East to some village where no one could find him. After hours of painful plodding, he eventually passed the hideous specter of the evil Notre Dame and pressed onward until the pale rays of light preceding the dawn signaled that he had to return. On the way back, as the morning approached, Lloyd passed grubby *clochards* staggering along with a half empty bottle of rotgut wine in one pocket and a gnawed-on stub of a *baggette* in the other, pushing a baby carriage full of junk. Some *clochards* who were camped under a bridge and were scrounging together a wretched 'breakfast,' suspiciously eyed Lloyd and one brazenly accosted "*eh le mec la, jette nous un franc!*" Lloyd reached into his pocket and found a few centime coins which he handed to a white-bearded old man in tattered clothing with rags wrapped around his feet for shoes.

It was noon before Lloyd returned to Pont d'Iena, climbed up to the street and trudged over to Anne's apartment where he climbed to her floor and stumbled in exhausted. She was there for a lunch break and worried about him, especially when he pulled off his gravel filled shoes and torn socks to reveal the red, green, black and blue bruises that covered his swollen feet. Anne couldn't believe how terrible his feet looked and offered "why don't you sleep all day while I'm at work?" He answered that he had to be in terrible physical condition and really crazy to be able to fail the draft exam so he needed to stay awake for two whole days. That evening, Lloyd stared at himself in the mirror and laughed insanely from time to time in an effort to achieve as insane a state of mind as possible. Of course he had some natural psychological problems: he was a dreamer, a fantasizer, insecure, overly talkative and could be chronically paranoid at the slightest provocation. But these mental problems were tied to his unfortunate past and unsure present. His problems were personal and did not represent any threat to society; the one incident with Heinz was in no way typical of Lloyd and mainly the result of too much wine. After working a few hours to loose his sanity, Lloyd imagined himself in the role of a nut in a psycho film to attempt to insure he would remain in that state. Then he put on his gravel-laden shoes again and trudged to the banks of the Seine again to be with his furry little rat friends walking all night until morning. His feet were really looking dreadful which is just what he needed. Also not sleeping was helping to make him fairly disoriented and about as crazy feeling as anyone could possibly be.

Shrinking the Shrink and Flunking the Draft

When Lloyd finally staggered into the psychiatrist's office, he was armed with half a dozen beautifully made ink blot tests he prepared for the occasion with water color on artist's paper. When the doctor came in the office, Lloyd jumped to his swollen feet, giggled like a hyena and started to jump around saying "I'm a kangaroo." Then in an amazing change of mood, he fell to the chair and, in a deeply serious pout, declared "I'm so depressed." Then he suddenly reverted to uncontrollable laughter which, in spite of his effort to repress the reaction, the doctor joined in laughing. As soon as the doctor was cackling wildly, Lloyd abruptly halted and reprimandingly scolded the doctor with "hey doc, what's wrong, why are you laughing like a nut?" Then he jumped to the doctor's desk and flopped the inkblots in front of him inquiring "OK doc, what do you see in this, huh?" The doctor self-consciously and nervously twitched stammering "it looks like a Warshak test." The doctor, seriously mentally unstable like most shrinks, was horrified that anyone dared test him, a top ranking French psychiatrist. Lloyd pressed further "come on doc, you see your mother in this blue one don't you? You want to make love to her, right? And in this red one, isn't that your sister there on the right and aren't you having a sexual encounter with her? You always dreamed of that didn't you? How about this brown one; isn't that you bashing your father in the head? And the green one is you sexually attacking your dog, right?" The doctor was so horrified and distraught at the whole assault on his profession and himself, that he pushed the inkblots aside and fumbled for a cigarette as Lloyd sat repeating his insane laughing and grim somber treatment until the doctor frantically fled the room to recuperate outside.

He returned fifteen minutes later acting as if nothing had happened and Lloyd was a totally new patient. "So you are Miller," he noted. Adding "you know it is up to me whether you go into the army or not?" Lloyd in his normal childlike enthusiasm stood up and declared "right, I want to go into the army so I can help the Chinese take over America so we can get a good country instead of the imperialist pigpen we have now." Lloyd was able to offer that opinion with some degree of conviction from all he had suffered at the hands of the Yankees. He continued "America needs to be destroyed to pay for what they did to the Indians, the Blacks, the Mormons and to me." The doctor fidgeted hoping he could gain an advantage explaining "but Lloyd, two years with those low class types; I could never endure it and neither could you. Why don't you meet me for dinner at the Deux Magots café and we can have dinner then come up to my place and relax. If you become very, very close to me, I can fix everything for you." Lloyd finally understood the doc's ploy, he was one more of those disgusting faggots who should all be executed for trying to force themselves on young male victims.

Lloyd pretended to be too crazy to understand adding "great doc, so you want to join the Chinese too it seems, we can change the world; so get me into the army, OK?" Then Lloyd did a few of his insane laughing then grim glaring sessions, again taunting the doctor about the inkblots of him and his sister in a lovelock. Suddenly Lloyd stated that he had to go to the Seine to catch rats for dinner and if the doc wanted some roast rat, he could bring it to the office the next day. The doctor became nervous realizing that if he declared Lloyd sane, he himself would have to admit to insanity after the whole incident. So he fretfully filled out the report indicating that Lloyd was fully insane and not a good candidate for the draft. Lloyd left the office telling the doctor to keep the inkblots because they really represented the good doctor's secret self then he rushed off to his next appointment.

At the army headquarters, Lloyd rushed up to the black M.P. and said "hey baby I'm like Miller, dig, an' I got dis cool gig wid da doc upstairs, you hip?" The M.P. smiled hesitantly and said he would let them know. Then Lloyd started scatting wild and wonderful crazy jazz solos constantly stating "dig dis one man" or "hey baby dis one's like hip, baby." He would plough into a goofy chorus with "dubee

dubee spleeboba rebop a doodlee oobop, etc.” The officers and enlisted men passed by Lloyd eying him with apprehensive suspicion as he bobbed about waving his hands to emphasize various notes in his wild scat renditions. When he was finally sent upstairs, he repeated his antics for the doctor who asked to see Lloyd’s feet. As he peeled what were left of his socks off revealing the multicolored serious bruises and gashes that were everywhere, the doctor stared in shocked incredulity wondering with deep concern “is this the extent of the damage?” Lloyd explained “today they are in really great shape; usually it is much worse than this.” The doctor sat back in his chair and searchingly queried “you mean your feet get more swollen and worse than this?” Lloyd smiled “yep, this is the best they’ve been in a long time; in hot weather they swell up so bad I can’t even walk at all.” After the appointments, Lloyd stumbled back to Anne’s to recover bathing his feet in hot and cold water sleeping for many hours to try and catch up. A week later, a letter came from the army asking him to appear for another interview. So he wrote a letter in scribbly handwriting being nuttier than ever, excitedly disclosing his plans for an automatic crossbow that would defeat the Chinese. Anne sent the letter then called the army from the embassy stating that Mr. Miller was out of town indefinitely collecting rats tails from all over Europe so he could weave baskets with them. Needless to say, Lloyd made 4F with honors especially with the help of his dad’s position on the draft board in Glendale where he could reiterate that Lloyd was totally insane and had been an official candidate for lobotomy.

Miraculous Conversion and Total Lifestyle Reversal

One day Lloyd was rummaging through his things and came upon the Book of Mormon and remembered that he wanted to find out what was in it. He spent three days at Anne’s apartment fixed in a comfortable chair all day and night exhausted from reading the Book of Mormon but pressing on until he finished the whole thing. He would hold the book in one hand and a glass of vodka or gin sometimes a cigarette in the other. But the farther he read, the less he drank until when he finished it he realized that drinking got him into the stabbing incident and he needed to somehow quit. His interest in liquor and cigarettes began to strongly wane and he even began to feel guilty about his sexual activities with Anne. There was a definite improvement in Lloyd’s appearance; he began to have a bit of a glow replacing the sickly look he had as a wino. He felt a bit less insecure and more positive about life even if he was a has-been jazzman with seemingly no future. During his readings in the Book of Mormon, he came across passages that rang so true that he almost leapt out of his chair in excitement. They weren’t the passages that people usually praise, the nicey nice goody goody stuff Mormons emphasize. But they were the fire and brimstone predictions of total destruction of America for its sins, filth and arrogance, something Lloyd had always anticipated. And now he had a promise in print direct from God declaring how that sinful evil greedy egoistic nation would definitely be wiped away.

He was reading 2nd Nephi 13 where he felt a detailed description of the problems of American society. In 13:9 he found “doth declare their sin to be even as Sodom, and they cannot hide it” Which he understood it to mean the blatant favoritism for homosexuality. Then in 13:12 he found “children are their oppressors, and women rule over them” which he had definitely witnessed how the little delinquent brats and hoodlums terrorize society and the pushy feminatzi freaks were in charge everywhere after being brainwashed and zombified by the conspiratorial corporations. Then the whole slutty sliminess of sexually explicit young women, also zombie victims of the evil ‘fashion’ industry, described in detail in 13:16 “because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, waking and mincing as they go.” Lloyd felt a burning of testimony of the truth of this book, as he had to gulp another mouthful of gin to be able to read on. It was all too true and he

wondered why he hadn't read this book before so he could have shouted down his oppressors back in the States all during his youth. Finally he was overjoyed to see that there would be retribution for the ugly situation in America in 13:24 where the Lord promised "and it shall come to pass, instead of sweet smell there shall be stink; and instead of a girdle, a rent; and instead of well set hair, baldness; and instead of a stomacher, a girding of sackcloth; burning instead of beauty."

Lloyd wanted to shout out his discovery about God's affirmation of how rotten America was to Anne, but she wasn't home from work yet; also she definitely didn't share Lloyd's resentment for America because she hadn't been beaten to a pulp during her grade school days or had her brain fried in a nut house plus many other atrocities Lloyd had suffered there. So he kept his newfound enlightenment to himself as he feverishly read on. When he came to 2nd Nephi 28:24-27, he discovered the following: "Wo be unto him that is at ease in Zion! Wo be unto him that crieth: All is well. Yea, wo be unto him that hearkeneth unto the precepts of men, and denieth the power of God, and the gift of the Holy Ghost! Yea, wo be unto him that saith: we have received, and we need no more." He set the book down for a moment, took another swig of gin and tried to fully comprehend what he had just read. Since, according to what he understood, America is Zion geographically, they definitely fit the description and deserved all the woe that could be showered upon their conceited ego-oriented society. But Zion is also the geographic areas inhabited by Mormons, Utah, Idaho, southern California, etc. He thought back over his experience in the Glendale West Ward and going to Madison High in Rexburg, Idaho. Didn't this warning also pertain to the Mormons themselves like the wealthy Church members of southern California or the self-satisfied Mormons in Idaho and Utah?

Lloyd became concerned wondering if Mormons themselves might be in need of some re-enthusing and definitely needed to be reminded of how important humility is. Suddenly, Lloyd felt he might have a mission to somehow inform Americans and Mormons of their many failings since he had seen first hand many things that stood out in his mind as problems that needed improvement. Of course, he chuckled as he finished the last of his glass of gin and refilled it wondering how could he ever preach to anyone; he was one of the most corrupt and sinful persons alive. But so was Saul before he became Paul and what a preacher he became. Lloyd began to realize that he had to quit all his bad habits and sins and become more pure than the average Church member before he could ever dare try to encourage others to abandon their materialism and egoism.

Lloyd got up and wandered about the living room trying to understand what he had been reading and what he was supposed to do about it. He wanted to scream from the housetops that America was the Devil's headquarters from where sin and spiritual sickness was being sent forth to corrupt innocent traditional societies through promoting poisonous products and forcing all manner of evils on the world. But who would listen to him as an alcoholic, chain smoker, sex fiend and junk food junkie? He would have to wreak a major change in himself and then see if he could conjure up the character needed for such a task. Could he do it? He had done many amazing things in music and in surviving, like living on one *mark* a week in *Banhofs* in Germany and living in his car in icy Sweden. He placed the gin bottle and his pack of Gauloise on the kitchen sink so he wouldn't be tempted, and sat down again to read more seriously.

He continued on until Anne came home and they shared a few hugs and dinner. She had to go to some embassy related event that evening, so Lloyd was up till past midnight eagerly devouring chapters and verses of the Book of Mormon like they were cakes and candies. He was absolutely sure that the Book of Mormon was completely true from the many passages which exactly described how bad America was and how they would be punished; but when he came to 3rd Nephi 21, he was even

more astounded by the truth of the book. He shouted out after each verse as if he was chanting in agreement with a fire and brimstone preacher as he read on.

“14. Yea, wo be unto the Gentiles except they repent; for it shall come to pass in that day, saith the Father, that I will cut off thy horses out of the midst of thee, and I will destroy thy chariots;

15. And I will cut off the cities of thy land, and throw down all thy strongholds;

16. And I will cut off witchcrafts out of thy land, and thou shall have no more soothsayers;

17. Thy graven images I will also cut off, and thy standing images out of the midst of thee, and thou shalt no more worship the works of thy hands;

18. And I will pluck up thy groves out of the midst of thee; so will I destroy thy cities.

19. And it shall come to pass that all lyings, and deceivings, and envyings, and strifes, and priestcrafts, and whoredoms, shall be done away.

20. For it shall come to pass, saith the Father, that at that day whosoever will not repent and come unto my Beloved Son, them will I cut off from among my people, O house of Israel;

21. And I will execute vengeance and fury upon them, even as upon the heathen, such as they have not heard.”

He found similar warnings in 3rd Nephi 16:10. “And thus commandeth the Father that I should say unto you: At that day when the Gentiles shall sin against my gospel, and shall reject the fullness of my gospel, and shall be lifted up in the pride of their hearts above all nations, and above all the people of the whole earth, and shall be filled with all manner of lyings, and of deceits, and of mischiefs, and all manner of hypocrisy, and murders, and priestcrafts, and whoredoms, and of secret abominations; and if they shall do all those things, and shall reject the fullness of my gospel, behold, saith the Father, I will bring the fullness of my gospel from among them.”

Lloyd was refreshed to learn that the gospel would be taken from the Gentiles who are the wicked inhabitants of America, because of their pride and other many sins. Lloyd was contemplating how God would utterly destroy America and realizing his responsibility to somehow help warn them, as if any of those obnoxious Yankees would ever listen to him or to God even if He appeared to them in person. When he heard Anne’s key opening the door, he went to the door, gave her a hug and then declared “Anne, help me find the Mormon Church here in Paris and take me there.” Having been a former Catholic nun, she was not too thrilled with his request but agreed to work on it. Then she shared some news with him. She had found a very nice apartment in the 16th in a relatively wealthy neighborhood near the peaceful Bois de Boulogne in the general area of her (an all Yankee’s) favorite icon, the Eiffel Tower. It was a third story apartment on the beautiful Avenue Henri Martin near the Rue de la Pompe Metro stop on the same side of the street between Rue de la Pompe and Square Lamartine. The concierge was a kind and cheerful older woman who became like a mother to Lloyd and Anne. The apartment had a spacious comfortable living room, a nice kitchen and a fun little metal coal/wood heater to augment the regular heating system. The building was six stories augmented by two smaller roof levels. The third level had a charming wrought-iron balcony decorated by window boxes and some of the nearby buildings had attractive shutters and awnings. The street was divided by a refreshing grass and tree-adorned meridian and the traffic was minimal compared to other Paris neighborhoods.

It was Saturday when Lloyd and Anne moved into the new apartment putting their clothes in the large dresser in the bedroom behind the living room where the tall windows opened onto the pleasant Rue Henri Martin. After a long day of unpacking, they were exhausted and fell asleep without any romantic activity. The next morning, Anne had a sumptuous breakfast early and, when they finished, she revealed “I have a surprise for you. I found the Mormon Church, do you want to go there; it’s just

a few blocks from here?” Lloyd’s eyes bulged as he hugged her thankfully then rushed to the dresser to find a nice suit, white shirt and tie. Anne put on one of her slinky fancy dresses with Chinese type splits up the sides and soon they were ready for the excursion. Lloyd knew he owed tithing for the years and years he hadn’t been near a Mormon church; so he gathered all the blue American Express money orders his family had been sending him for months and that he had been saving since his jazz jobs were finally supplying him with a reasonable income. He counted about \$500 and was happy to put them in his wallet to turn over to the Church. If nothing else he was completely convinced about paying tithing after having experienced the positive results even at a very young age.

They went downstairs to Rue Henri Martin in the opposite direction from the Pompe Metro stop to turn right on the next street, a continuation of the street coming from the left called Rue Mignard which was Square Lamartine that in a block crossed Avenue Victor Hugo then became Rue Spontini. Square Lamartine was peaceful with pleasant trees and a park at the intersection of Rue Benjamin Godard which forked to the left of Rue Spontini. Anne, who had studied their path in advanced, tugged Lloyd to the left along Benjamin Godard to where Rue Mony branched to the left and became Rue de Lota, a pleasant, plush and placid street. They wandered slowly along the street to near the end where on the right was number 3 just before a quaint volcanic stonewalled lower building then it dead-ended at the cross-street Rue de Longchamp. The church was a spacious mansion with tall windows and stone balconies in front of shuttered windows on the first level around the street and wrought iron balconies on the third level. The door was tall with a pleasant arch and wrought iron above which was a larger duplicate of the long arch encasing an appealing stain glass window. A metal plaque at the left of the door was engraved with the words “l’Eglise de Jesus-Christ des Saints des Derniers Jours.”

They entered the building and climbed the large staircase to the next level then turned left towards the mission office. Lloyd was hesitant and apprehensive as he tried in vain to hide his smoker’s breath. Anne couldn’t hide the skin-revealing sexy splits in her dress or her round figure perceptibly protruding through her overly tight dress. He looked suspicious and she looked like a gangster’s moll. At the top of the stairs they were met by a group of plasticity pasty-faced young boys who sillily bubbled “*bon jour frere, bon jour soeur*” as they giggled and goofed off clamoring down the staircase like junior high school delinquents. Anne asked in disgust “who are those characters?” Lloyd embarrassedly responded that they he thought they were supposed to be Mormon missionaries. Anne stared in unbelief and Lloyd quickly changed the subject as they entered the mission office. The mission staff were also young men but respectful and dignified. A kindly elderly gentleman emerged from the office and stared at Lloyd as if he knew him from the pre-existence. It was a look similar to the stare apostle David O. McKay fixed on Lloyd when they happened to meet at the Glendale West Ward during Lloyd’s late childhood years. After that meeting, Bishop Callister told Lloyd’s parents that brother McKay stated that he knew that Lloyd was a very special person with an important mission. Neither Lloyd nor his parents gave the forecast much thought as Lloyd went on messing up everything throughout his life, which was now at a veritable dead end.

The kindly white-haired mission president also recognized Lloyd and was aware of his important pre-ordained mission. He grasped Lloyd’s hand and held on to it for a few minutes looking deep into Lloyd’s eyes as he softly reassured “that’s fine brother Miller, it’s so good to see you here and we are so happy you came in.” During those minutes, Lloyd experienced a shock wave equivalent to a 220-volt jolt racing through him so, when the mission president let go of his hand, he felt like a totally different person, never to be the same again. A sweet older lady joined them and introduced herself as Sister Hinckley. She noted “I see you have already met President Hinckley.” Then Lloyd remembered he had planned to pay the \$500 in back tithing so he quickly signed the money orders and handed them

to mission president Hinckley. Noticing Lloyd's unkempt appearance, Sister Hinckley caringly asked "are you sure you want to pay it all now?" Lloyd assured that he did because he was a firm believer in tithing. When Lloyd was chatting with President Hinkley, sister Hinckley secretly gave \$200 of the money to Anne whispering "I think he needs something to live on." Later when Anne told Lloyd about it, he told her that she should keep it for her trip to visit her family in Virginia. After the Hinckleys excused themselves, the mission secretary noted "President Rulon Hinckley has special spiritual powers and perceptions." Lloyd knew that was very true because he had been jolted way beyond any shock therapy treatment at Mount Airy Sanitarium and had now, in a matter of minutes, become a very different person, maybe the person he originally was supposed to be but never could become.

Chapter 26

Seeking to be Sainly

Hoping to Become Holier

Lloyd and Anne slowly strolled down the staircase, out the door and back to the new apartment. Lloyd couldn't say much because he was still in a state of shock. They had a quiet dinner and Lloyd thanked Anne for taking him to Church and then said they should have a prayer together. It was strange for Lloyd who hadn't really officially prayed much at all during his life and even stranger for Anne who only prayed the Rosary and wasn't used to directly expressing her feelings. They went to bed holding hands only and glaring at the ceiling contemplating the events of the day. It was just a few days to New Years, so Lloyd decided that their New Years' resolutions should include quitting drinking, quitting smoking and quitting sex. These were very difficult habits to kick and Lloyd figured the only way to quit the poisons was to overdo them until the two would become nauseated and disgusted from alcohol and tobacco forever. The next morning Lloyd authoritatively stated "Anne, I'm going to stop all my filthy habits and completely repent. I'm going to become active in the Mormon Church; why don't you try it too?" She twitched nervously and, for the first time in their relationship, became negative and bitchy. "You don't want to be like those icky stupid immature missionaries, do you? Do you want to go around in a suit chewing gum and talking like a farm hick teenager?" Lloyd became slightly upset. "Look, Anne, at least I won't be clutching a wretched cross with a sadistically gnarled Jesus on it and thumbing dumb beads mumbling vain repetitions." Anne's eyes softened as she drew near to Lloyd, then climbing on top of him on the chair snuggled and whispered "come on sweetheart, let's not argue. You can be a Mormon, I'll go back to my rosary and pray too. We'll both be religious, just different." Lloyd wasn't appeased. He gently worked his way out from under her and stood up stating "I said I'm going to give up all my bad habits and one of them is you." He wandered into the kitchen to make a sandwich realizing that booze, smokes and, most of all, sex were not going to be easy to give up for a guy who had been hooked on all three of those habits off and on for about a decade.

It was Christmas and Lloyd and Anne set aside their religious differences for a few days to enjoy the season, even though Lloyd never accepted the materialistic pagan Roman holiday as worth celebrating. He was so happy when he eventually learned that Jesus was actually born on April 6 and the Christmas myth was a total pagan fraud honoring the sun god originally including human sacrifice, reveling in drunken orgies, singing naked in the streets from house to house and other ugly practices. From his study with scholars such as Professor Hendessi at the Langues Orientales, he had learned that

Jamasp, the prophetic brother of ancient Persian king Gushtasp, predicted the advent of the Messiah who would be born in Persian lands in the territory of the Hebrews. He would be born and die on the same day. This prediction, which guided the Persian Magi or wise men, confirmed the Mormon belief in April 6 as the correct birth of the Savior. Lloyd also later learned that Easter was a celebration for Ishtar (variation of the same name) who was the whore of Babylon whose son and lover was supposedly resurrected every year. During the pagan season of Christmas, the cozy coal stove warmed the kitchen where Lloyd and Anne spent the season in the typical pagan feasting and sharing liquor, cigarettes and unhealthy food. Lloyd couldn't really enjoy his bad habits any more even though he was still direly addicted. He felt very guilty about sex with Anne, although he craved it and couldn't seem to break free.

After Christmas, Lloyd spent the days alone in the apartment by the stove contemplating his future. He prayed constantly trying to find a solution for the problems he was facing and for strength to abandon his sins. He asked God to help him find the perfect woman to share his life with, someone who was highly intelligent, classy yet humble, who spoke Persian and various European languages, who was musically skilled, who would be a perfect wife, physically attractive, very active in the performing arts yet who could share in an ideal spiritual partnership. He continued praying for that for days until he felt he finally had a witness that it would happen. What Lloyd didn't realize was that, for his prayer to be answered, he would have to be married a few times because no one person would ever have all the qualities he sought. So he eventually learned: 'be careful what you pray for because your prayers could come true.'

Along a similar line, Lloyd was reading the Doctrine and Covenants and he had found section 132 which he was trying to absorb and comprehend. He read verses 61 and 62 several times praying for understanding.

"61. And again, as pertaining to the law of the priesthood—if any man espouse a virgin, and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent, and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified; he cannot commit adultery for they are given unto him; for he cannot commit adultery with that that belongeth unto him and to no one else.

62. And if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law, he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him, and they are given unto him; therefore is he justified."

Lloyd finally had his mind opened to be able to understand how such a strange way of life might work. He thought of living in a very spiritual non-physical relationship with Anne, Katia, Jean, and various other former female companions all the way back to his first love, Deanna. He could maybe envision loving and caring for them all at once; but having them all in the same apartment and trying to figure who was going to cook what, who was going to share his bed each night and how to attend to each one's personal problems and emotional needs not to mention mediating and quarrels would be a nightmare and nearly impossible. And how about the financial responsibility? That would be totally beyond any reality for Lloyd on his haphazard meager musician's wage and unsure living location. How about 4 wives and 12 kids living in the *Bahnhof* waiting room in Frankfurt? Lloyd understood that plural marriage could work, but only if everyone was a perfect saint and not part of the modern materialistic competitive society. So when he read on to the Manifesto by Wilford Woodruff, he was relieved that the practice of plural marriage, no matter how beautiful it could be in a perfect world, was abandoned for now. The Official Declaration submitted by President Woodruff, with no mention of "thus sayeth the Lord" appeared more like a statement than a revelation. Lloyd studied the text which was as follows:

"To Whom It May Concern:

Press dispatches having been sent for political purposes, from Salt Lake City, which have been widely published, to the effect that the Utah Commission, in their recent report to the Secretary of the Interior, allege that plural marriages are still being solemnized and that forty or more such marriages have been contracted in Utah since last June or during the past year, also that in public discourses the leaders of the Church have taught, encouraged and urged the continuance of the practice of polygamy—

I, therefore, as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, do hereby, in the most solemn manner, declare that these charges are false. We are not teaching polygamy or plural marriage, nor permitting any person to enter into its practice, and I deny that either forty or any other number of plural marriages have during that period been solemnized in our Temples or in any other place in the Territory . . .

Inasmuch as laws have been enacted by Congress forbidding plural marriages, which laws have been pronounced constitutional by the court of last resort, I hereby declare my intention to submit to those laws, and to use my influence with the members of the Church over which I preside to have them do likewise.

There is nothing in my teachings to the Church or in those of my associates, during the time specified, which can be reasonably construed to inculcate or encourage polygamy; and when any Elder of the Church has used language which appeared to convey any such teaching, he has been promptly reproved. And I now publicly declare that my advice to the Latter-day Saints is to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the law of the land.” Wilford Woodruff, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The situation was further clarified in Excerpts from Three Addresses by President Wilford Woodruff Regarding the Manifesto in which he says: “The question is this: Which is the wisest course for the Latter-day Saints to pursue – to continue to attempt to practice plural marriage, with the laws of the nation against it and the opposition of sixty million people, and the cost of the confiscation and loss of all Temples, and the stopping of all the ordinances therein, both for the living and the dead, and the imprisonment of the First Presidency and Twelve and the heads of families in the Church, and the confiscation of personal property of the people (all of which themselves would stop the practice); or after doing and suffering what we have thought our adherence to this principle to cease the practice and submit to the law, and through doing so leave Prophets, Apostles and fathers at home, so that they can instruct the people and attend to the duties of the Church, and also leave the Temples in the hands of the Saints, so that they can attend to the ordinances of the Gospel, both for the living and the dead?”

So whether or not the Manifesto began with “thus sayeth the Lord,” because the Lord would not excuse himself for revealing a true principle and reverse a divine revelation; it was a wise temporary solution to the problem by agreeing to submit to federal law even though that law was against the law of God. This all proved to Lloyd his continual complaint that the U.S. Government, although originally divinely influenced in its origin, has slowly drifted from the true purpose of its founders to eventually become one of the most if not the most corrupt evil empires on earth, rivaling its ancestors Rome and Greece, an empire that, according to many statements by ancient and modern prophets, must be wiped from the face of the earth never to rise again.

Kill-or-Cure Bash to End Booze and Cigs

It was a couple of days before New Year and Lloyd decided he couldn't go to Church one more time smelling like an ashtray. So he got a blank piece of paper and sat down to write up official New

Years' resolutions to be signed by both him and Anne. It read: "Mr. Lloyd Miller and Anne Ludicke do hereby swear as of January first, that neither of the above mentioned parties will touch any alcoholic beverage, any form of tobacco or each other in any sexual manner. Whoever is caught smoking will be forced to eat half a cigarette as punishment. Whoever is caught drinking will be forced to guzzle a quart of gin in one gulp as punishment." Then Lloyd went downstairs to the local market to buy five bottles of the worst rotgut one-franc wine he could find and two cartons of the nasty ultra strong Gauloise *Bleu*. Anne had a half carton of Yankee smokes and a gaggy cigar to add to the poisonous pile on the dining room table that they were amassing for their last big kill-or-cure overdose party. About sundown on December 31, the two victims made ready for the most nauseating and horrible event of their lives. Lloyd set the rules: they would start chain smoking and chain drinking, making sure to wash down numerous deep inhales of smoke with the rotgut wine as often as possible. No one was allowed to let a cig go out without lighting a new one from the but. Anne had a few nearly depleted bottles of strong booze around the house which were added to the mangy mix; they couldn't have anything left over because they had covenanted to never ever drink again. So they held each other's hands swearing this was the end of their bad habits and off they went puffing and guzzling as they became sicker and more nauseated every hour.

When the pile of poisons was half gone, Lloyd and Anne looked almost green and they were on the verge of puking. But on they puffed and glugged in morose misery moving slower, more hunched over and queasy every half hour. The midnight hour approached and they had only a couple of packs left and more than half a bottle of rotgut wine. Lloyd fiendishly puffed and guzzled with whatever resolve he could muster until a minute before midnight. Almost ready to puke his guts out and pale with nausea, Lloyd pulled the last Gauloise from the last pack, lit it, took one puff; then in desperate determination, he pinched it out and immediately swallowed it whole. Anne was just finishing her last glug of wine when Lloyd bolted to the bathroom and stayed there throwing up for over an hour. When he took a break from heaving to stagger around the room in a daze, Anne took her turn in the bathroom also violently vomiting. It was dawn before Lloyd finally puked his last dry heave and collapsed on the floor until he eventually summoned the capability to drag over to the bed where Anne was collapsed as if in a coma. Lloyd continued to throw up for the next few days but only a few times a day. Anne eventually had to force herself to go to her job and they both felt like they were half dead. The torture of that night followed Lloyd the rest of his life in that every time he even saw a cigarette, he felt like throwing up. When someone actually lit up, he had to use all the willpower he could conjure up to refrain from puking all over the jerk who was puffing deadly smoke into the air. The only thing left from his smoking addiction was a few days of his hand reaching into his left shirt pocket for the weeds that weren't there, which made him chuckle and smile that he was over that disgusting habit. But due to the miserable nature of the whole evening, Lloyd and Anne didn't have a chance to share that one last outrageous orgy that they had planned to conclude their sexual activity forever. Anne felt cheated out of that final fun frenzy that never happened and swore to herself to do something about it.

Temporary Back Sliding and a One Week Penitence Fasting

Lloyd went to church recuperated from the massive poisoning and now not smelling smoky. He felt more welcome at the branch probably because no one had to cough and choke from the stinky Gauloise smell in his clothing. When he returned to the apartment, Anne had one of her wonderful meals waiting. During dinner Lloyd announced that he was stopping coffee and tea. Coffee he always hated because it tasted so terrible and he hardly never drank tea, also unpleasant tasting. Anne quickly

brewed up some enjoyable hot chocolate with a marshmallow and plenty of sugar. The next few days he used hot chocolate to wean himself off coffee which he was never really addicted to. That night, Anne plotted to get her last big orgy that she was deprived of because they were too nauseated on New Years Eve. That evening Lloyd and Anne dozed off as usual in the same bed, but according to their pact, without more than a harmless goodnight kiss. About three in the morning, Anne quietly slid off her slinky nightgown and pulled Lloyd's clothes off undetected. He was having an uncomfortable dream of cuddling some undefined person when Anne carefully slid on top of him resulting in physical passion. Lloyd thought he was dreaming of the placid passion subsiding into bliss but was jolted awake to the realization that they had broken their promise as Anne was contentedly smiling down on him.

At first he was serene having enjoyed intimacy like never before now that he had all his senses back after having quit polluting his body with poisons. But then he realized he had fallen back to serious sin and could possibly be under heavy spiritual condemnation. Anne was preparing a repeat of the experience as he nimbly squirmed out from under her onto the floor then scampered to the bathroom to regroup his spirituality. He slipped into a bathrobe and returned to the bedroom to gather up his clothes and to respectfully reprimand Anne for breaching their bargain. He said that since they couldn't remain celibate in the same bed, he was going to sleep on the couch from now on. She protested and tried to tug him back for another sensuous session; but he politely pulled away and installed himself on the living room sofa to reflect on his inability to keep the pact. He finally dozed off but eventually was jolted awake by what felt like a vision. He felt a blinding light shine down on him and felt he saw the hosts of heaven in white attire glaring down upon him in disapproval which was suffocating his soul. He realized he had to make amends; so he decided to go on a one week fast to purify himself of the sin.

The next day he told Anne he would be fasting until the following Sunday after church, so not to try to feed him anything or even offer him any water until then. She sighed at one more move on Lloyd's part to distance himself from her. Now she couldn't seduce him nor could she win his affection with her cooking. The next 7 days would be difficult as Lloyd remained mostly near the coal stove with his scriptures learning as much and as quickly as he could. The first three days he read further in the Doctrine and Covenants where he discovered more forecasts of destruction for America further reconfirming to Lloyd that the Mormon scriptures were definitely the word of God. Some of his favorite discoveries remained fixed in his mind ever since he found them. Those particular D & C scriptures plus a few more he found in other books are as follows:

D & C 29: 9. "For the hour is nigh and the day soon at hand when the earth is ripe; and all the proud and they that do wickedly shall be as stubble; and I will burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that wickedness shall not be upon the earth;

14. But, behold, I say unto you that before this great day shall come the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall be turned into blood, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and there shall be greater signs in heaven above and in the earth beneath;

15. And there shall be weeping and wailing among the hosts of men;

16. And there shall be a great hailstorm sent forth to destroy the crops of the earth.

17. And it shall come to pass, because of the wickedness of the world, that I will take vengeance upon the wicked, for they will not repent; for the cup of mine indignation is full; for behold, my blood shall not cleanse them if they hear me not.

18. Wherefore, I the Lord God will send forth flies upon the face of the earth, which shall take hold of the inhabitants thereof, and shall eat their flesh, and shall cause maggots to come in upon them;

19. And their tongues shall be stayed that they shall not utter against me; and their flesh shall fall from off their bones, and their eyes from their sockets;

20. And it shall come to pass that the beasts of the forest and the fowls of the air shall devour them up.

21. And the great and abominable church, which is the whore of all the earth, shall be cast down by devouring fire, according as it is spoken by the mouth of Ezekiel the prophet, who spoke of these things, which have not come to pass but surely must, as I live, for abominations shall not reign.

22. And again, verily, verily, I say unto you that when the thousand years are ended, and men again begin to deny their God, then will I spare the earth but for a little season;

23. And the end shall come, and the heaven and the earth shall be consumed and pass away, and there shall be a new heaven and a new earth.”

D & C 34:7. “For behold, verily, verily, I say unto you, the time is soon at hand that I shall come in a cloud with power and great glory.

8. And it shall be a great day at the time of my coming, for all nations shall tremble.

9. But before that great day shall come, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon be turned into blood; and the stars shall refuse their shining, and some shall fall, and great destructions await the wicked.”

D & C 38:11. “For all flesh is corrupted before me; and the powers of darkness prevail upon the earth, among the children of men, in the presence of all the hosts of heaven—

12. Which causeth silence to reign, and all eternity is pained, and the angels are waiting the great command to reap down the earth, to gather the tares that they may be burned; and, behold, the enemy is combined.”

D & C 45:26. “And in that day shall be heard of wars and rumors of wars, and the whole earth shall be in commotion, and men’s hearts shall fail them, and they shall say that Christ delayeth his coming until the end of the earth.

27. And the love of men shall wax cold, and iniquity shall abound.

31. And there shall be men standing in that generation, that shall not pass until they shall see an overflowing scourge; for a desolating sickness shall cover the land.

32. But my disciples shall stand in holy places, and shall not be moved; but among the wicked, men shall lift up their voices and curse God and die.

33. And there shall be earthquakes also in divers places, and many desolations; yet men will harden their hearts against me, and they will take up the sword, one against another, and they will kill one another.

40. And they shall see signs and wonders, for they shall be shown forth in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath.

41. And they shall behold blood, and fire, and vapors of smoke.

42. And before the day of the Lord shall come, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon be turned into blood, and the stars fall from heaven.

48. And then shall the Lord set his foot upon this mount, and it shall cleave in twain, and the earth shall tremble, and reel to and fro, and the heavens also shall shake.

49. And the Lord shall utter his voice, and all the ends of the earth shall hear it; and the nations of the earth shall mourn, and they that have laughed shall see their folly.

50. And calamity shall cover the mocker, and the scorner shall be consumed; and they that have watched for iniquity shall be hewn down and cast into the fire.

63. Ye hear of wars in foreign lands; but, behold, I say unto you, they are nigh, even at your doors, and not many years hence ye shall hear of wars in your own lands.

68. And it shall come to pass among the wicked, that every man that will not take his sword against his neighbor must needs flee unto Zion for safety.

69. And there shall be gathered unto it out of every nation under heaven; and it shall be the only people that shall not be at war one with another.”

D & C 49:23. “Wherefore, be not deceived, but continue in steadfastness, looking forth for the heavens to be shaken, and the earth to tremble and to reel to and fro as a drunken man, and for the valleys to be exalted, and for the mountains to be made low, and for the rough places to become smooth—and all this when the angel shall sound his trumpet.”

D & C 63:32. “I, the Lord, am angry with the wicked; I am holding my Spirit from the inhabitants of the earth.

33. I have sworn in my wrath, and decreed wars upon the face of the earth, and the wicked shall slay the wicked, and fear shall come upon every man;”

D & C 64:24. “For after today cometh the burning - this is speaking after the manner of the Lord—for verily I say, tomorrow all the proud and they that do wickedly shall be as stubble; and I will burn them up, for I am the Lord of Hosts; and I will not spare any that remain in Babylon.”

D & C 84:114. “Nevertheless, let the bishop go unto the city of New York, also to the city of Albany, and also to the city of Boston, and warn the people of those cities with the sound of the gospel, with a loud voice, of the desolation and utter abolishment which await them if they do reject these things.

115. For if they do reject these things the hour of their judgment is nigh, and their house shall be left unto them desolate.

117. And verily I say unto you, the rest of my servants, go ye forth as your circumstances shall permit, in your several callings, unto the great and notable cities and villages, reproving the world in righteousness of all their unrighteous and ungodly deeds, setting forth clearly and understandingly the desolation of abomination in the last days.

118. For, with you saith the Lord Almighty, I will rend their kingdoms; I will not only shake the earth, but the starry heavens shall tremble.”

D & C 87:6. “And thus, with the sword and by bloodshed the inhabitants of the earth shall mourn; and with famine, and plague, and earthquake, and the thunder of heaven, and the fierce and vivid lightning also, shall the inhabitants of the earth be made to feel the wrath, and indignation, and chastening hand of an Almighty God, until the consumption decreed hath made a full end of all nations;”

D & C 88:87. “For not many days hence and the earth shall tremble and reel to and fro as a drunken man; and the sun shall hide his face, and shall refuse to give light; and the moon shall be bathed in blood; and the stars shall become exceedingly angry, and shall cast themselves down as a fig that falleth from off a fig-tree.

88. And after your testimony cometh wrath and indignation upon the people.

89. For after your testimony cometh the testimony of earthquakes, that shall cause groanings in the midst of her, and men shall fall upon the ground and shall not be able to stand.

90. And also cometh the testimony of the voice of thunderings, and the voice of lightnings, and the voice of tempests, and the voice of the waves of the sea heaving themselves beyond their bounds.”

D & C 101:11. “Mine indignation is soon to be poured out without measure upon all nations; and this will I do when the cup of their iniquity is full.

24. And every corruptible thing, both of man, or of the beasts of the field, or of the fowls of the heavens, or of the fish of the sea, that dwells upon all the face of the earth, shall be consumed;

25. And also that of element shall melt with fervent heat; and all things shall become new, that my knowledge and glory may dwell upon all the earth.

26. And in that day the enmity of man, and the enmity of beasts, yea, the enmity of all flesh, shall cease from before my face.”

D & C 123:9. “Therefore it is an imperative duty that we owe, not only to our own wives and children, but to the widows and fatherless, whose husbands and fathers have been murdered under its iron hand;

10. Which dark and blackening deeds are enough to make hell itself shudder, and to stand aghast and pale, and the hands of the very devil to tremble and palsy.”

Moses 7:61. “And the day shall come that the earth shall rest, but before that day the heavens shall be darkened, and a veil of darkness shall cover the earth; and the heavens shall shake, and also the earth; and great tribulations shall be among the children of men, but my people will I preserve;”

Joseph Smith, Mathew 1:28. “And they shall hear of wars, and rumors of wars.

29. Behold I speak for mine elect’s sake; for nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places.

30. And again, because iniquity shall abound, the love of men shall wax cold; but he that shall not be overcome, the same shall be saved.

31. And again, this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come, or the destruction of the wicked;

32. And again shall the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, be fulfilled.

33. And immediately after the tribulation of those days, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of heaven shall be shaken. Pestilence, hail, famine, and earthquake will sweep the wicked of this generation from off the face of the land, to open and prepare the way for the return of the lost tribes of Israel from the north country . . . therefore, “Fear God, and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is come.” Repent ye, repent ye, and embrace the everlasting covenant, and flee to Zion, before the overflowing scourge overtake you . . .”

A vision of the Prophet Joseph Smith according to the Journal of Discourses 2:146-147 in which “the night the visions of heaven were opened to him, in which he saw the American continent drenched in blood, and he saw nation rising against nation. He also saw the father shed the blood of the son, and the son shed the blood of the father; the mother put to death the daughter, and the daughter the mother; and natural affection forsook the hearts of the wicked; for he saw that the Spirit of God should be withdrawn from the inhabitants of the earth, in consequence of which there should be blood upon the face of the whole earth, except among the people of the Most High.” Another vision in another text continued “I prophesy, in the name of the Lord God of Israel, anguish and wrath and tribulation and the withdrawing of the Spirit of God from the earth await this generation, until they are visited with utter desolation.”

Lloyd could understand why America would have to be destroyed, not only from his first hand witness of their smug vanity and filthy lifestyle but also the grim history of their persecution and vicious murder of the vast number of Mormons in Illinois and Missouri. In fact the horrors committed by so-called Americans against the Mormons were so vile and evil that, according to D & C 123:10, even the Devil was traumatized: “which dark and blackening deeds are enough to make hell itself shudder, and to stand aghast and pale, and the hands of the very devil to tremble and palsy.”

Lloyd tried to understand which church was considered the ‘Great and Abominable Church’ and the ‘Church of the Devil.’ He guessed that it was likely the original so-called Christian church which had been adapted to Roman paganism and their Roman empire as noted in Acts 20:29. “For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock.” And again mentioned in 2 Thessalonians 2:3 “for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first.” So when Joseph Smith translated and offered the Book of Mormon, the reaction of the so-called Christians was described in 2nd Nephi 29:3 where it was predicted “many of the Gentiles shall say: A Bible! A Bible! We have got a Bible, and there cannot be any more Bible.” But he knew that the Bible, however it has been incorrectly passed down, was predicted to be of value as stated in Mormon 7: 8 “The record which shall come unto the Gentiles from the Jews, which record shall come from the Gentiles unto you.” Again 1 Nephi 13:23 mentions the “record of the Jews, which contains the covenants of the Lord, which he hath made unto the house of Israel; and it also containeth many of the prophecies of the holy prophets; and it is a record like unto the engravings which are upon the plates of brass, save there are not so many; nevertheless, they contain the covenants of the Lord, which he hath made unto the house of Israel; wherefore, they are of great worth unto the Gentiles.”

Then in 26-28, the Great and Abominable Church is defined in its role of changing the original truth of the gospel.

26 “And after they go forth by the hand of the twelve apostles of the Lamb, from the Jews unto the Gentiles, thou seest the formation of that great and abominable church, which is most abominable above all other churches; for behold, they have taken away from the gospel of the Lamb many parts which are plain and most precious; and also many covenants of the Lord have they taken away.

27 And all this have they done that they might pervert the right ways of the Lord, that they might blind the eyes and harden the hearts of the children of men.

28 Wherefore, thou seest that after the book hath gone forth through the hands of the great and abominable church, that there are many plain and precious things taken away from the book, which is the book of the Lamb of God.”

Lloyd was fairly sure that the Catholic Church, which was just a continuation of the Roman Empire with the Pope as the new Roman Emperor, was most likely the ‘great and abominable church.’ The world’s history was depicted in short in the visions of Nebuchadnezzar and Daniel matching the description in 1 Nephi 13:4 which states:

“And it came to pass that I saw among the nations of the Gentiles the formation of a great church.

5 And the angel said unto me: Behold the formation of a church which is most abominable above all other churches, which slayeth the saints of God, yea, and tortureth them and bindeth them down, and yoketh them with a yoke of iron, and bringeth them down into captivity.

6 And it came to pass that I beheld this great and abominable church; and I saw the devil that he was the founder of it.

7 And I also saw gold, and silver, and silks, and scarlets, and fine-twined linen, and all manner of precious clothing; and I saw many harlots.

8 And the angel spake unto me, saying: Behold the gold, and the silver, and the silks, and the scarlets, and the fine-twined linen, and the precious clothing, and the harlots, are the desires of this great and abominable church.

9 And also for the praise of the world do they destroy the saints of God, and bring them down into captivity.”

The harlots and scarlets, gold and silver were rampant in Paris and other Catholic capitals as were many murders of innocents during the Inquisition. Further descriptions of the great and abominable

church are found in 1 Nephi 14:3 “And that great pit, which hath been digged for them by that great and abominable church, which was founded by the devil and his children, that he might lead away the souls of men down to hell”

9 “And it came to pass that he said unto me: Look, and behold that great and abominable church, which is the mother of abominations, whose founder is the devil . . . that great church, which is the mother of abominations; and she is the whore of all the earth.

11 And it came to pass that I looked and beheld the whore of all the earth, and she sat upon many waters; and she had dominion over all the earth, among all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people.

2 Nephi 28:18 But behold, that great and abominable church, the whore of all the earth, must tumble to the earth, and great must be the fall thereof.

D & C 29:21 And the great and abominable church, which is the whore of all the earth, shall be cast down by devouring fire, according as it is spoken by the mouth of Ezekiel the prophet, who spoke of these things, which have not come to pass but surely must, as I live, for abominations shall not reign.

After four days of fasting, Lloyd was a bit weak and dizzy; but the scriptures he was reading had reassured him tremendously. He finally had a guarantee that America would pay for the many crimes against the Mormons not to mention the Indians, the Blacks, small ethnic countries and, of course, young teens like Lloyd whose brains are burned to a crisp by force in evil sanitariums. By the fifth day of fasting, Lloyd was really thirsty, but he tried to control himself and just took a nice bath to be around water. He was dreaming of all kinds of rich and delicious food items and tasty non-alcoholic drinks as he read scriptures and was trying to work out a set of linguistic transformation wheels by cutting out round papers and writing in a circle the letters that change to similar ones in related languages like: T > D > TH > S > Z > on one paper then J > G > K > KH > H > on another and B > P > F > V > W > on the third. Then he tried to figure out how the circles coincided with each other so a letter could jump from one circle to another and how different words in closely related Indo-European languages like German, Dutch, English and Scandinavian morphed from language to language. Then he tried to figure out how cognates in more distant Indo-European languages morphed. As the evening of the fifth day drew to a close, he was trying to find the relationship between languages of unrelated language systems like Indo-European, Semitic and Asian. Just about the time his head was swimming and he was became too dizzy to understand any more, he knew he just had to chew on a couple of ice chips from the kitchen freezer or he might dry up of thirst. He caved in and ate a bit of ice to carry him over to the sixth day of fasting. Then he offered a long prayer asking forgiveness for his weakness and also asking for understanding of language and how it altered over the years and how it all related.

Lloyd fell asleep with his letter wheels scattered on the small table near the sofa. In the wee hours of the morning, he was shocked awake by what he was sure had to be an authentic vision. He saw what appeared to be a glowing light around the prophet Mohammed standing about a foot off the ground in a floor length pure white robe with a green sash around his waist and a white turban with the tail hanging over his right shoulder. He had a brilliant white beard and was smiling kindly holding a golden sphere in his right outstretched hand. He announced with total confidence “language is a sphere.” Then he faded away leaving Lloyd to reflect on the message. Lloyd’s mind was enlightened and he understood that the letters he was listing in circles actually went in spheres, this way and that way inside a globe demonstrating that all language was related and, with the correct clear mental state, a person could understand and speak any language. It was an explanation that let him understand how the gift of tongues can work. Another thing the vision demonstrated was that Mohammad was a true prophet but to another group of the descendants of Abraham with a slightly different message. Mohammad had

reiterated the Law of Moses and God's commandments with the accompanying life style of the Old Testament as an alternative to the total corruption by so-called Christianity of the simple message of Jesus who, along with his mother, they had turned into idols to be worshiped just like comparable Roman pagan deities. Lloyd fell asleep peacefully with newfound insight and a testimony of the truth of Islam along with Mormonism, which he had been recently miraculously shown as God's most true and correctly complete religion. He contemplated scriptures in the Book of Mormon which strengthened his conviction of Mohammad's mission to reinforce the Law of Moses:

Helaman 15:5 "And I would that ye should behold that the more part of them are in the path of their duty, and they do walk circumspectly before God, and they do observe to keep his commandments and his statutes and his judgments according to the law of Moses.

6. Yea, I say unto you, that the more part of them are doing this, and they are striving with unwearied diligence that they may bring the remainder of their brethren to the knowledge of the truth;"

Lloyd also remembered other reference to the Law of Moses as a proper religious guideline in 2 Nephi 10 and Alma 30:3. Then Lloyd considered the passages in 2nd Nephi 29 which indicate that God sent scriptures to various peoples:

7. "Know ye not that there are more nations than one? Know ye not that I, the Lord your God, have created all men, and that I remember those who are upon the isles of the sea; and that I rule in the heavens above and in the earth beneath; and I bring forth my word unto the children of men, yea, even upon all the nations of the earth?

8. Wherefore murmur ye, because that ye shall receive more of my word? Know ye not that the testimony of two nations is a witness unto you that I am God, that I remember one nation like unto another? Wherefore, I speak the same words unto one nation like unto another. And when the two nations shall run together the testimony of the two nations shall run together also.

9. And I do this that I may prove unto many that I am the same yesterday, today, and forever; and that I speak forth my words according to mine own pleasure. And because that I have spoken one word ye need not suppose that I cannot speak another; for my work is not yet finished; neither shall it be until the end of man, neither from that time henceforth and forever.

10. Wherefore, because that ye have a Bible ye need not suppose that it contains all my words; neither need ye suppose that I have not caused more to be written.

11. For I command all men, both in the east and in the west, and in the north, and in the south, and in the islands of the sea, that they shall write the words which I speak unto them; for out of the books which shall be written I will judge the world, every man according to their works, according to that which is written.

12. For behold, I shall speak unto the Jews and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto the Nephites and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto the other tribes of the house of Israel, which I have led away, and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto all nations of the earth and they shall write it."

Finally it was Sunday and Lloyd was quite weak and almost choking of thirst. He had been suggesting to Anne what delightful dishes he was craving to come home to after church and she had several sumptuous items ready to cook up. He tediously put on his suit and then staggered down the stairs as Anne called out to him "do you want a ride? I can drive you there?" He called back "no I think I can make it." He stumbled along to Rue de Lota and slowly made his way one step at a time up the staircase to church. He felt deeply spiritual and understood everything more clearly than before. He even saw the potential good in some of the annoying little missionaries. After class, just before he was ready to return to the apartment, he mentioned to one of the French members who was highly

intelligent and had special insight, that he had been fasting a week and was anxious to gorge on a rich heavy meal. The member grabbed Lloyd by the arm and pulled him back into the classroom. He made Lloyd sit down and drew a sketch of the intestines and explained in French how during a fast, stuff collects on the walls. He warned that a person must break a fast with something very light such as fresh grape juice and wait a while. Then some fresh fruit can be eaten and a few hours later a light salad. Lloyd was very disappointed because he had been waiting a whole week to gorge on a major meal. But he felt that God was relaying this important information to him so that his fast would be more effective and breaking it less likely to produce negative results.

He thanked the member for his information and stumbled back to the apartment. When he entered, he smelled Anne's wonderful concoctions bubbling on the stove. He thanked her profusely for cooking such a wonderful meal but said he had to find some grapes and squeeze them into a cup to break his fast then an hour later only some fresh fruit. Fortunately Anne had some grapes in the fridge as well as some other fresh fruit. Anne whimpered "but Lloyd honey, I made you this monstrous feast that covers the whole table; don't you want any of it?" He said he would love all of it but had to break his fast right or maybe become ill. So, using a spoon to smash with, Lloyd tediously squeezed a cup of fresh grape juice, drank it then waited impatiently for about an hour then devoured various fresh fruits. He went to his sofa in the living room and read scriptures until dusk then put together a simple mostly green salad with only olive oil and a bit of lemon.

He went to bed and woke up the next morning feeling full of vigor and energy like he hadn't felt since junior high. He decided to start the day with fresh fruit and have a green salad for lunch. Of course for dinner he ended up stuffing himself with rich and tasty yet valueless treats. But he was beginning to understand that correct eating made sense; so he re-read the Word of Wisdom and realized that he had to eventually break his addiction to rich foods that taste good but have no real value. He studied that Word of Wisdom in Doctrine and Covenants section 89 seeking more advice and, of course, prayed for enlightenment. The text made perfect sense starting out:

1. "A Word of Wisdom, for the benefit of the council of high priests, assembled in Kirtland, and the church, and also the saints in Zion—

2. To be sent greeting; not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation and the word of wisdom, showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all saints in the last days—

3. Given for a principle with promise, adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all saints, who are or can be called saints.

4. Behold, verily, thus saith the Lord unto you: In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation—

5. That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in assembling yourselves together to offer up your sacraments before him.

6. And, behold, this should be wine, yea, pure wine of the grape of the vine, of your own make.

7. And, again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies.

8. And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill.

9. And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly.

10. And again, verily I say unto you, all wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature, and use of man—

11. Every herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof; all these to be used with prudence and thanksgiving.

12. Yea, flesh also of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly;

13. And it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used, only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine.

14. All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts, to be the staff of life, not only for man but for the beasts of the field, and the fowls of heaven, and all wild animals that run or creep on the earth;

15. And these hath God made for the use of man only in times of famine and excess of hunger.

16. All grain is good for the food of man; as also the fruit of the vine; that which yieldeth fruit, whether in the ground or above the ground—

17. Nevertheless, wheat for man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine, and for all beasts of the field, and barley for all useful animals, and for mild drinks, as also other grain.

18. And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones;

19. And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;

20. And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint.

21. And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen.”

It made perfect sense; but Lloyd had not ever heard any preaching about correct diet at the church meetings he attended in his youth. Maybe because it was beyond most people’s capabilities; so no one really talked about it. Lloyd was impressed by the promise of health and deep wisdom as well as safety from the hand of the destroying angel. As much as Lloyd had been hooked on sin, he was now completely nauseated by it. Although still far from purified, Lloyd could understand the words of Alma in 13: 12 “Now they, after being sanctified by the Holy Ghost, having their garments made white, being pure and spotless before God, could not look upon sin save it were with abhorrence.”

Lloyd felt it was time to make his final complete move from the hotel to the apartment in the 16th. So he drove over to the 6th, parked in front of the Saint André hotel and went in. He took his key then trudged up the stairs to his room and opened the door to find everything was as he had left it. He sadly wandered to the window and opened it gazing out over Rue Saint André as he had done so many times in the past. He remembered the day the huge mass of student demonstrators were parading down the street loudly chanting “*Paix en Algérie! Paix en Algérie!*” while gendarmes were beating some of the demonstrators bloody with their white nightsticks. Lloyd and some other hotel guests were leaning out their windows chanting with the demonstrators when a fellow in the window to the left of Lloyd gave the gendarmes the French insult by raising his right hand upward while slapping his left palm on his right arm opposite the elbow. One gendarme saw him and threatened waving his nightstick; then everyone leaning out the hotel windows fervently reiterated the same symbol of disrespect, one shouting “*sale flics!*” and another “*putain de poulet!*”

Lloyd also reflected fondly over the many days of practicing piano, then disappointedly thought back over the sorrowful nights of drunken stupor and the various girls who had stayed over. He began packing the last of his possessions and in a few trips he had loaded everything in the car. He stopped at the room of his Italian piano girl colleague to give her an Italian Book of Mormon. Finally he visited the office to bid farewell to his friend Claude and thank him for his wonderful friendship and help. He

also wanted to give Claude a French Book of Mormon and explain how valuable it had been to him. Claude was engrossed in a conversation on the phone. "*Aucune idée, je vais voir . . . le quoi? comment ça? . . . Sais pas . . . pas de question . . . tres occupé. . . serieusement; mais alors, tout ça . . . c'est pas vrai! C'est horrible, qu'est-ce qu'on peut faire . . . alors on va faire . . . je peux pas le supporter. Et en plus . . . mais enfin . . . c'est clair . . . aucun probleme; on y va . . . c'est bien, quoi?*" He Twisted his hand back and forth twice with the thumb outstretched saying "*mais ça alors, bah*" then sheepishly looked at Lloyd as if to say he would be off the phone in a second adding "*mais bien sur; à bien tôt.*"

Claude eagerly greeted Lloyd and they chatted a while then Lloyd gave him the book and a short explanation of what it was and how it had been discovered and translated by a young boy in New York over a century ago. Claude told Lloyd he had given Anne directions to his new country home a couple of hours outside of Paris where he would be moving soon before the Pied Noir owner was to take over the hotel. Claude noted that his son had died in the futile war in Algeria and that the dirty Pieds Noirs were responsible for all the troubles France was having because of the war there. Lloyd could feel the deep resentment Claude and many Parisians felt for Pieds Noirs and he could detect a deep disrespect Claude had towards the hotel owner for whom he had been slaving as manger for years while the Pied Noire remained in Algeria as part of the Imperialist society there. Lloyd promised he and Anne would visit Claude and his family in the country and gave him the typical French hug and kiss on both cheeks. As Lloyd was leaving Claude called him back "*il y a une fille qui t'a téléphone, une Sheila de Londres. Voici son numero.*" He handed Lloyd a paper with Sheila's number on it and Lloyd thanked him as he climbed into the Renault. He drove towards the 16th planning his visit to Sheila's hotel and how he would give her LDS literature along with his testimony. He knew she was expecting a wild sexual adventure but he was going to give her a message of eternal value instead.

Lloyd parked on Avenue Henri Martin and unloaded his things from the Renault into the apartment. Then he dialed the number for Sheila that Claude had given him. When she picked up the phone, she was very happy to hear his voice. He didn't say much, just asked where she was staying. Sheila mentioned that she had bought a friend from London to share a few nights with Lloyd. He set a time later that afternoon to meet her at her hotel and got the directions. It wasn't as far at the Latin Quarter; so Lloyd had plenty of time to go over the mission home and select certain church pamphlets and get two Books of Mormon for the girls who he knew needed them along with needing a better way of life. He drove over to the hotel and went to the room, which Sheila had indicated and knocked, on the door. She opened the door and threw her arms around him smothering him with kisses gasping "Lloyd where have you been, I need you!" He deftly dodged her affection but then her friend hugged him sensually as he politely drew back. Sheila started to remove her blouse but Lloyd protested instructing the girls "sit down both of you." Strongly quizzical glares on their faces indicated they had no idea what was happening. Then Lloyd whipped out two Books of Mormon kindly smiling as he handed them to the girls testifying that the book was true and that God had miraculously revised his life. As he told his conversion story, the girls who had come all the way from London for a raging sexual encounter, were utterly stunned staring incredulously. Lloyd would never forget their wide-eyed trauma, like deer frozen in headlights. After 15 minutes of vibrant preaching and enthusiastic testimony, Lloyd gave each girl an innocent hug remarking "this is real love, loving your souls and caring about your eternal welfares." The girls promised to read the books and he left promising them that if they prayed about it, God would answer them.

Then Lloyd decided to go back to the Latin Quarter to visit the Caméléon across from the hotel and share his newfound religious message. He entered the club as cool jazz was playing on the upstairs turntable. Lloyd went over to the bar and greeted his former Chinese boss who hardly recognized him.

He looked Lloyd over and asked “what happened to you, man, you don’t look the same at all?” A few of the regular customers who knew Lloyd agreed that he had drastically changed somehow. Lloyd laughed and then launched into his conversion story and a sermon encouraging everyone to turn from sin and seek spirituality. Of course, trying to discourage drinking in a bar wasn’t an easy task. Lloyd left French Books of Mormon and pamphlets with everyone who would accept them and then wandered the quarter towards others of his old jazz haunts like Caveau de la Huchette, Chat Qui Pêche and Aux Trois Mailletz there sharing a condensed version of his conversion and giving out LDS pamphlets to whoever remembered him and whoever would accept them.

That evening, Anne returned to the apartment after work smelling like a cigarette so Lloyd asked her if she had broken their pact. Head hanging down in shame, she admitted to just one little smoke. He immediately rummaged through her purse and found a half-smoked pack of those yucky sour Yankee coffin nails and grabbed one then stuffed it in her mouth reminding “we signed an agreement that anyone caught smoking would eat a cig.” She gagged and ran to the bathroom to throw up as Lloyd followed her affirming “that’s what cured me, eat one and you never will want another smoke.” After a while, she came back still nauseated and apologizing as Lloyd encouraged her “you can do it, you can quit forever; I did, so anyone can.” That night Lloyd was especially kind to Anne so she would know that he was only trying to help. Then before he went to sleep on the couch he was kneeling and praying asking “father please help me find a place where I can live alone and grow in the gospel.” As he finished his prayers, he stood up and noticed Anne who had entered the living room and was staring with sad puppy dog eyes. He rushed over to her and held her lovingly and said “Anne, honey, it’s nothing against you, I just have to be alone just now to work on perfecting my spirituality. You can understand that, you were a nun, right?” She sniffled and muttered “I just don’t want to lose you.” Lloyd assured that if they both worked really hard to become nearly perfect in this life, they would be together with other ‘good’ brothers and sisters in some part of heaven. Anne went to her room somewhat comforted as Lloyd sat on the couch for a moment when the phone rang. He picked up the receiver to hear Jef’s reassuring voice state “*eh, Lloyd, j’ai trouvé une chambre pour toi; c’est à Vitry, très propre et avec un compain a moi qui aime le jazz.*” Lloyd was so thankful that his dear friend Jef had found that one of his colleagues who had an apartment in which they wanted to sublet two rooms. He wrote down the information then fell to his knees again to thank the Lord for such an immediate response to prayer. He went into Anne’s room and told her about it again assuring that they were still best friends and would still go places together.

Chapter 27

On a New Path of Purity

New Pad on the Outskirts of Paris

Lloyd excitedly took the Metro to the central change station Chatelet where he found the line to Mairie d’Ivry. Blue signs with large white lettering on the white glazed tiled walls of the Metro stations announced strange new stations like Jussieu where Lloyd couldn’t resist softly singing “sweet Sue, Jussieu.” Then came Les Gobelins where he made freaky goblin faces at himself in the Metro car window. Finally they came to Place d’Italie which was a change point for the Porte Dauphine line he sometimes used when he lived with Anne over in the plush 16th. Tolbiac was followed by Maison Blanche where the line split to go either to Ivry or Villejuif. He wondered “why only Villejuif and no

Villeard? I mean shouldn't we be fair and have a station for Arabs as well as Jews? *Ah mais la guerre en Algérie, c'est a cause de ça peut-être?*" Thinking about the Algerian war, Lloyd softly chanted the favorite phrase from his old days at the Hotel Saint André "*paix en Algérie! paix en Algérie!*" Then he quickly caught himself and checked around to see if anyone noticed his political indiscretion. Finally the end station Mairie d'Ivry where, according to the new landlord's instructions, he exited onto Rue Robisperre, a street lined with trees and tall apartment buildings at first then dwindling to actual houses, a refreshing rarity for the Paris area. At the corner on the left near Rond Point Jaroslav Dombrowski was a nice park before the right turn onto Rue Amédée Huon where a few two story houses gave way to high rise apartments, inhuman but new and clean compared to the black-sooted walls of Paris buildings. He trudged past Rue de Frères Blais and Rue Marcel Lamant on the right before Huon changed its name to Gagnée where the modern high apartments continued to crassly contrast with the cheerful chirping and buzzing of birds.

Finally Rue de la Solidarité came up on the left and at the corner was number 48, a tall 10 story apartment building that was a bit ominous for a California boy who had lived most of his life in either nice sprawled out homes with yards or in small hotels overseas, maybe in his car for short periods, usually near some park. He went to the building and took the elevator to the floor where his new Dutch landlord Lambert Terbrack met him and showed him the room which was a clean nice space with two full window-doors out onto the small balcony decorated with low wrought iron fences. Lambert's wife was a painter and they dug some of the same jazz artists that Lloyd liked. Lloyd was happy to have such a nice apartment; but he now had to figure out how to find or build furniture since it was unfurnished. After Anne helped him move into the new place, he went back to the back to bring his car. Now he could visit the *quincaillier* or hardware store over on nearby Rue Stalingrad which was bustling with businesses. There he bought wood, glue, nails and eventually white paint to conjure up a chest of drawers, a table, bookcase, small armoire, chair, instrument table for his *santur* and Vietnamese *dan tranh* as well as a stool to sit while practicing. Lloyd's carpenter skills from years of making things back in the playhouse in Glendale and the strict training from Mr. Jardine at Flintridge Prep. came in handy as he spent the first week at his new place in the quiet outskirts of Paris busily building furniture. Finally he painted everything white to match the walls but mostly to represent his new direction of seeking spirituality after so many lost years of debauchery.

He read more church books including Widsow's Word of Wisdom which convinced him to drastically change his diet to a strict, mostly raw vegetarian fare which took a few months to completely adopt. He had to fight his gourmet and gourmand weakness, food type by food type; much harder than giving up drinking and smoking. Every little food habit and craving he had was related to some happy or, more correctly, less miserable, memory of breakfast, lunch or dinner with family or friends and had to be psychologically conquered beyond just being eliminated from his diet. When he was out shopping, he would gaze lustfully into the window at éclairs, croissants, parfaits, pies, cookies of a fancy pastry shop as his feet walked in by themselves. He heard his voice ordering a few items and saw himself paying for them without having any control. It took many bouts with gluttony before Lloyd would almost be cured of his poison food addiction. In fact it would take a couple of years before he was completely cured forever of any meats, sweets, burgers, hot dogs and other worthless items of self culinary self destruction. Serious fasting and praying helped in eventually winning the difficult struggle with his former self.

Mistaken Identity and Misplaced Affection

It was fast Sunday and Lloyd cheerfully woke after his usual fast that he started by not eating or drinking from Friday night until Sunday afternoon after church. He hopped the Metro over to the 16th and the Paris Branch on Rue Lota. The opening song was The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning, number 38 on page 62 of the French hymnal. It was a song that branch president Arragona knew that everyone, French members, missionaries and contacts, enjoyed due to its special power. Maybe the French members related to it because it started out a bit like the Marseillaise and carried a similar vigor and conviction. A sister missionary from Utah at the piano gazed patiently waiting to be cued; then President Arragona purposefully raised his hands, palms up, indicating everyone to stand. After having fasted for at least 24 hours, everyone had a burning spirit and the music burst forth beautifully. *“L’Esprit du Dieu Saint brû-le comme u-ne flam-me, Dé-jà pa-ra-it la gloi-re des der-niers jours.”* After the opening song, the congregation sat down and a sweet old French lady member offered the opening prayer. She started *“Seigneur, nous sommes réunis ici aujourd’hui pour le jour de jeûne, et nous demandons que ton esprit soit avec nous, etc. (Lord, we are gathered here today for the fast day and we ask that thy spirit be with us, etc.)”* After the opening prayer and the sacrament, it was time for testimonies and president Arragona began with a powerful and eloquent affirmation of the truth of the gospel. After a few of the members added their short confirmations of conviction, Lloyd stood and, in eloquent French and with a powerful passion, poured forth his feelings of gratitude to the Lord for saving him from a life of sin and for miraculously manipulating him to become a member of the Church through extraordinary events in his recent life and finally mission president Hinckley’s electric handshake.

After Lloyd sat down while the room had built up to a highly spiritually charged glow, a simple yet stunningly beautiful girl shyly rose as a column of light seemed to ascend upon her. Suddenly a smile crossed her face as she began to utter some of the most profound and eloquent wisdom Lloyd had ever heard. Her French was impeccable and she had none of the typical spoiled arrogant American trappings that all too often encumbered Yankee visitors or expatriates in Paris. After her inspiring and tender testimony, she timidly sat down and carefully eyed Lloyd from time to time while he couldn’t prevent his gaze from occasionally finding her. After the meeting, Lloyd stood in the line of friends and fans of the enchanting girl and finally met her. She said that she was originally from the East Coast but had lived a large part of her life in France. He found out her name was Martha Lee Green; that she had been married once and was engaged to a Catholic boy. When Lloyd asked her why she didn’t marry in the Church, she sighed that there were no eligible fellows in the Paris Branch except the immature missionaries and they couldn’t marry anyway. Lloyd became daring and blurted “then marry me; we are both educated, cultured, intellectual and we both have a testimony of the Church.” She laughed and admonished “I don’t even know you” to which Lloyd countered “then pray and get a revelation.” She looked suspicious as if Lloyd was crazy, which he was, but so what? He continued “so I’ll pray and you pray then when we meet again we can compare answers, OK?” She looked at him quizzically indicating her suspicion as to his mental stability. But out of respect for his sincerity and spirituality, she agreed to mention it in her prayers.

From the time of his complete conversion to Mormonism, actually converted beyond what anyone would expect, desire or even accept, he had cut off all affiliations with the other gender except a minimal friendship with his faithful past main flame Anne. Months went by as his socially drab existence remained bereft of any association with women which was truly tedious for a sensitive young man who had only recently been smothered by warm affection from numerous highly desirable young

ladies including some very stunning photo models. He could only think and hope that this recent encounter with Martha Lee might be his one chance to share life with a Church member which was expected and even required by the gospel. Of course his financial situation as a fallen former jazz star, even more unsure now that he had given up playing in bars and for drunks, could provide no basis for initiating any feasible family life. Also, his feelings of guilt for the years of debauchery, in spite of his exhibition of respect for the feelings of all females even during those dark days, left him with an anticipation of stern retribution for his transgressions. Thus he felt he could not maintain a legitimate expectation of being blessed with a mate who could assist him in his mission, a mission which had to exist otherwise he never would have been so rabidly wrenched from the clutches of evil and tossed into the Church.

As he contemplated his uncertain situation, one day during the next week after classes, he went out the door of the Langues O. at the end of Rue de Lille and turned left on Rue des Saints Perès then right on Quais Malaquais then continued wandering along the Seine on Quai de Conti to Pont Neuf which he had often traversed for after midnight dinners at Le Halles. Of course, as a basically strict raw food vegetarian, he had no more interest in any steak sandwich or onion soup probably loaded with meat stock. He just gazed at the beautiful multi-hued sky of the approaching dusk noticing a charmingly enamored young couple sweetly embracing on one of the stone benches embedded in the wall that curved out over the river to the right. He wondered if he would ever be able to embrace a woman again, even innocently; or would he be sentenced to be forever alone for his former sins. He contemplated the unevenly laid rectangular blocks on the walkway then gazed out at the sunset. He looked to the left at the people walking the opposite direction on the other side of the cars and, for a moment, he thought he saw Martha Lee approaching with her angelic smile and reassuring glow of celestial light. He almost shouted out to her; but as the young lady approached, he realized it was not really her but just someone similar, visually modified by his overly hopeful imagination. Of course, the romantic reputation of Pont Neuf had incited the imagination of yet one more lonely lovesick loser.

A few weeks later in church he was on the second row reading scriptures in French when he glanced up to notice a very *chic* dressed young woman in the front row near him. When she turned, he realized it was Martha Lee. She shot him an innocent flirtatious smile then ignored him until class. In class, Lloyd sat by her and occasionally they exchanged shy and sly glances. Then after church, he joined the typical long line of her fans and friends waiting his turn until he could finally speak to her. He asked “well sister Green, did you pray about us?” She nonchalantly giggled and mumbled “oh, I forgot.” He was deeply crushed but realized that he needed to accept the Lord’s will and try to stay humble and thankful. So he decided to go on a week long fast to ask for understanding and direction. After the first five days, he was starting to catch a cold. So he squeezed a little grapefruit juice in his mouth and the cold subsided so he could continue the fast. That Sunday, president Arragona who had heard of Lloyd’s studies of Persian music, had asked him to play *santur* in sacrament meeting. He felt unprepared although his teacher, Mr. Safvat, had authorized him to play the music he had been studying in an appropriate venue. He had decided to only perform for small audiences, but not in any bars or where drinking was present. The weeklong fast had driven Lloyd to a degree of spirituality beyond the norm, so his performance of the Segah mode was very enlightening. Everyone, even the childish missionaries, thanked him for the spiritual music that they felt enhanced the meeting. It may not have been the same as playing with Jef at famous venues like Salle Wagram, Théâtre de l’Étoile or Cité Universitaire in front of thousands of fervent fans shouting “*bis, bis!* (encore! encore!)” for his crazy solos; but it was for the Lord and apparently all that he would be allowed in his new roll as a Latter-day-Saint doing penitence for a wasted life. After church, as he was walking down the large

staircase, an attractive lady missionary with long hair and sincere eyes scampered past Lloyd up the staircase and he imagined he heard a voice say “your future wife will have something to do with her.” He couldn’t understand what it meant then. He asked one of the mission staff to find out who that sister was and learned that her name was Elaine McMeen, which didn’t explain anything so it remained a mystery for the time being.

It was over a week later and Monday when Lloyd had an hour between his morning and afternoon classes at the Langues O. to take the Metro over to the 16th where he walked to Rue Lota and the Church branch to pay some tithing and chat with the mission staff for a moment. When he got there, the subject of Sister Green came up and he finally got the whole story. She was going to be married to her French fiancée the next week in a Catholic ceremony. Lloyd finally realized that Martha Lee, even though she appeared to be a perfect in every way, speaking fluent French, having a strong testimony of the Gospel and being fun friendly and highly attractive, was not going to be the desperately sought after partner with whom he hoped to share his newly found spiritual quest. So Lloyd had really hit bottom. The guy whom girls came all the way from London to be with, the guy who was close friends with some of the top models and was adored by many female jazz fans all over France and a couple in Belgium, had now been flatly rejected by an American living in Paris. He glumly slithered down the stairs of the branch onto Rue Lota and dragged a ways to the Pompe Metro stop then slowly broken-heartedly trudged down into the Metro in a grief-stricken stupor. The black soot-stained buildings, the black street, the black sidewalk, the black Metro floor polluted by dark ugly globs of sickening gum, the black steps down to the boarding area, everything seemed to echo his aching hopelessness. Even the white glazed tiles on the curved walls starting at the floor behind the benches going over across the tracks to the other side didn’t seem white but dim and dreary and the rugged stones between the rail ties appeared cruel and cold. The ugly blobs of sickening trashy chewing gum that made filthy dirty black spots on the black floor also were more depressing than usual. He muttered to himself “why does anyone buy into our stupid Yankee garbage culture and our horrible habits?”

He boarded the Metro and the doors seemed to squeal shut in mechanical heartlessness. The train jumped into action swaying to and fro; then in the black tunnel a long harsh metallic screech followed by a momentary electrical blackout perfectly defined Lloyd’s painful ponderings of a drab future bereft of any companionship with anyone whose intelligence might blend with his scholastic and artistic goals. The thought of the silly gum-gobbling, goofy, world-worshipping phony females back in the States made him almost as nauseated as the nearly deadly cigarette he had swallowed whole that New Years eve at Anne’s. It seemed that he was doomed to gloom, to be stuck with some super shallow silly hick girl back in Utah who thinks that America is superior in every way to every other place in the world and that everyone should become little zombie clones of dumb and degrading American ‘culture.’ It made him shiver and cold chills attacked him as if he were viewing a terrifying black and white horror film. But that is what his future seemed to forebode. He got off the Metro near Saint-Germain des Prés to trudge off to Rue de Lille and continue a full day of hard study at l’École Nationale des Langues Orientales Vivantes.

As he struggled through his full schedule of classes, he wondered why God had gone to so much effort to violently wrench him from a sin-sunk miserable existence, then carved away all his evil practices, pounded him into an ascetic vegetarian monk, pushed him into terribly tedious language and linguistics classes with the top scholars in the country, guided him to the placid and beautiful garden of Eastern music to study with two of the world’s top instrumental masters, only to potentially eventually plop him at BYU among the obnoxious little eternally adolescent bratty boys like those snotty-nosed missionaries, there to probably marry a super-dumb materialistic Yankee twit like the ones he had

despised his whole life. It seemed he was suffering a major drop in status from being a highly acclaimed jazz soloist in the nationally noted Gilson band after having hung out with Bud Powel, Kenny Clark and many more respected European and American jazzmen to become a pukey little BYU freshman to suffer the degradation of starting all over at way below zero, eventually never to be of any real use to anyone. In spite of the stark reality of his plight, Lloyd felt great physically and spiritually; he was healthy, basically positive, hopeful, full of the Spirit and eager to bring the truth to everyone he came across. He wondered if he would ever succeed in anything since he had abandoned his only real skill, music, for God and the Gospel.

But what else could he do other than music except maybe use his language skills to serve the Lord. Little did he know that, even in his last decades of life, the Church would never acknowledge him as anything but a crazy pest who had for decades been trying in vain to share his vast knowledge about jazz, Eastern music, Eastern languages and Eastern culture, but always to no avail. Like all Americans, Mormons also thought Iran and the Middle East was not worth the slightest bit of attention and that only America was the authorized ruler of the world, the rest of which, especially the Islamic world, was just full of inferior imbeciles to be reoriented and turned into Yankee product-purchasing puppet zombie clones or tithe-paying church members. And the jazz clique that ruled at BYU would do all in their power to prevent Lloyd from ever teaching jazz in any form or having any serious involvement on campus no matter how much of a multi-instrumental genius he seemed to be. A person would really have to be possessed by a firmly fixed testimony to stay active for decades in a Church that had no interest in that person and apparently strongly resented his presence in their midst. The miraculous manner in which Lloyd had been violently wrenched from the hands of evil, as if by a conflagrative volcano that singed all his sins away, was a major event that could never be denied by him no matter how many disappointments he would eventually suffer in the uncivilized wasteland of Utah.

Languages, Linguistics and the Gift of Tongues

Still depressed, the next day Lloyd took the Metro to his classes at the *Langues Orientales*. From the apartment he walked to the Mairie d'Ivry Metro station then rode to Jussieu where he changed from the Ivry line to the Boulogne line and rode 5 stops to Mabillion and got off to walk to Saint-Germain des Près where he took Rue Saint-Benoit to Rue Jacob turning left until Rue de Saints Pères then right to the corner of Rue de Lille. He went from class to class enjoying the weekly experience of the various languages he was studying struggling through the difficult grammar and alphabets like Arabic, Armenian and Hindi, but with a joy of purpose. It was Tuesday and he started the day with Moroccan Arabic at 8 a.m. then Kurdish at 9 before rushing over to the Sorbonne College des Hautes Études where he had his class in *langue Avestique* (Avestan) with the world-renowned Indo-European and Indo-Iranian scholar Emile Benveniste from 10 till noon. After a quick lunch and intense studying, at 1 p.m. he had Ordu until 2 then Eastern Arabic until 4 after which he was in Literary Arabic until 6 ending with Ordu again till 7 when he rushed home to study a little and sleep before another full day. Most of the classes at Langues O. had grammatical instruction by a scholar, sometimes not a native, along with conversation by a native *répéteur* who would repeat phrases and encourage the students to speak. Occasionally Lloyd was the only student in the conversation sessions where he could really access his unusual linguistic gift.

One evening from 6 till 7, when the Armenian *répéteur* was working with him, Lloyd experienced the gift of tongues. The teacher posed a few simple questions like whether the book was red asking “*kirke garmir e?*” Lloyd answered to the negative “*voch baron, kirke garmir che.*” Then he was asked

how the teacher was “*ususicha inch bes e?*” to which Lloyd replied positively “*ususicha shad lav e.*” The questions became more and more complex with vocabulary and grammar that Lloyd had never learned and had no way of knowing. Miraculously Lloyd somehow kept on answering the intricate and tricky sentences conversing way beyond his knowledge totally stunning the teacher as well as himself. Finally the teacher dropped his book on the table with a thud and, glaring in unbelief then asked in French “*mais comment; c’est impossible?*” Lloyd also had no idea how he was able to discuss various topics using words and expressions that came to his lips miraculously; he realized that it was through spiritual means because it was impossible for him to be fluent in a language in which he was barely a beginner. He sunk into his chair, threw his hands up exclaiming “*ça doit être le don des langues; nous le croyons chez les Mormons.*” Then he went on to explain other gifts that Mormons believe in and have experienced from time to time such as healing, revelation and occasionally visions. The teacher was stunned and ready to learn more so Lloyd took him to the Paris branch where he found a Book of Mormon in Armenian which he gave to the teacher after quoting the challenge to pray about its authenticity as stated in Moroni 10:4, in Armenian, of course.

As for master linguist Professor Emil Benveniste, the first time Lloyd wandered into Benveniste’s class at the Sorbonne College des Hautes Études following the suggestion of his beloved Persian teacher Mehdi Hendessi, he timidly sat in the back. As he looked around recognizing his Persian, Kurdish and other teachers plus other noted language experts he knew, Professor Benveniste marched into the room as everyone jumped to their feet in respect. Lloyd quickly joined them being accustomed to the tradition of honoring teachers especially those of world import. The attendees awaited his signal then Benveniste glared around at everyone before motioning for everyone to sit down. He began with a problem to solve, which he wrote on the blackboard. He wrote three words in French, Italian and Spanish that were all derived from the same Latin root. Then he stretched up tall, even though he was short, puffed out his chest as he would often do, and snootily asked “*et quel est le phénomène qu’on peut remarquer ici?*” Silence reigned for a few minutes as he glanced from one scholar to the next, the Catholic priest, Lloyd’s teachers from Langues O. etc. until finally, silly fool that he was, Lloyd raised his hand. Benveniste glared out past the scholars at Lloyd sitting at the back and encouraged “*oui?*” Comparing the difference in the endings of the words, Lloyd blurted out what he thought was obvious “*le ‘e’ en Français égale le ‘a’ en Espagnole et Italien!*” Benveniste, happy and surprised at Lloyd’s awareness stated “*exactement; tous sont le même mot; mais en Français on prononce plus le ‘e’ qu’en Latin était un ‘a.’*”

All during the rest of his lecture, Benveniste stared at Lloyd in admiration from time to time. Then after class when everyone came up to thank him for his great lecture, Lloyd wandered up and Benveniste asked “Fulbright?” Lloyd nervously responded in his low class jazzman Parisian “*non, bah, j’étais là, pigez, alors je suis venu voir qu’est-ce qui-s-passe, quoi.*” Benveniste was a bit confused that Lloyd at first appeared brilliant but was trashy talking and acted so low-class. Still that initial experience engendered enough respect in Benveniste for the goofy Yankee ‘scholar’ that whenever Lloyd lingered after class to ask about certain pure Persian vocabulary items for terms in the Book of Mormon, Benveniste obliged sometimes with long explanations of the history of each word. Lloyd was eager to do some translating of Book of Mormon passages into Persian but he had received a revelation, at least he supposed so, that it had to be in completely pure Persian like Ferdosi without using one Arab word. He had been given the message from what he thought was the Spirit, that since the Book of Mormon was pre-Islamic and similar to the tales of Ferdosi’s Shah Name, it had to have a pre-Islamic tone. Also Islamic religious terms in Arabic had already been invested with certain meanings different than the Mormon philosophy. Terms like ‘baptism,’ ‘vision,’ ‘saint,’ ‘latter days,’

etc. had to be rendered with fresh new or rare vocabulary that had no previous connotations so those words could be given fresh meanings in line with LDS philosophy. Of course, he kept his crazy plan to translate Mormon scriptures to himself since his teachers might cringe at the thought and, of course, the shallow empty-headed missionaries at the LDS church branch would razz and despise him even more.

During his weekly visits to the College des Hautes Études for Benveniste's classes on Indo-European linguistics and Avestan Persian, Lloyd was often inspired by passages from the Avesta which had deeper meanings that corresponded with LDS thought. One passage that they were translating was the Haom Yasht praising the *haoma* plant from which an intoxicating drink could be made. The passage went "*staomi haoma gara paiti* (I praise the haoma upon the mountain), etc. Lloyd totally saw the whole scripture as containing deeper spiritual connotations. He understood *haoma* as the gospel and the spiritual joy it brings along with its power to eliminate evil. The high mountain where the plant grows was the Rocky Mountains and Utah; the white birds who spread the *haoma* seeds were the missionaries (the sincere ones, of course). Later in his study of Persian literature with Professor Hendsi at the Langues O., Lloyd learned that the same connotation of spiritual intoxication was a theme of the great Persian poets using wine to represent spiritual enlightenment. So when he realized the hopelessness of his spiritual crush on the French speaking American ex-patriot member of the Paris branch, Martha Lee, who was finally married and gone, he partially drowned his sorrow by writing his first poem in the intricate and difficult system Persian prosody in which lines of perfectly matching long and short syllables in complex metric patterns had to continue throughout as well as follow a rhyme pattern. He picked one of the most complex meters and, with Hendsi's help, was able to successfully compose four sets of four lines each in the A A B A rhyme scheme with interesting Old English type alliterations and assonances in the *saj'* style of pre-Islamic Arabic poetry. So he lost a chance at romance but gained a literary skill in spite of the pain of romantic failure.

Celestial Music of the East

Along with his heavy schedule of fulltime language classes every day but Sunday, he also had music classes at le Centre de Études de Musique Orientale. There he studied *santur* and *setar* with Persian music master Daryush Safvat, *zarb* with Mr. Shirirani and Vietnamese *dan tranh* (flat harp), *dan kim* (moon guitar) and drum beats with Vietnamese master Tran Van Khe. He also took Master Tran's ethnomusicology class covering music of China, Thailand, Cambodia and Laos plus Indonesia, Japan and Korea. He took Indian music theory from the director Madame Nelly Caron. Lloyd had found out about the Centre from a concert where Safvat was performing. A Persian friend of Lloyd's told him about the concert and he reluctantly went, curious yet partly afraid of finding out how much he was lacking in understanding of the Persian music system and how deficient in he was in *santur* skills. Lloyd was mesmerized by Safvat's beautiful sensitive *santur* and *setar* performance and was amazed by Shimirani's *zarb* virtuosity. After the concert, Lloyd timidly went to congratulate Safvat and Shimirani. The musicians were surprised at Lloyd's ability in Persian and, then when they found out he played *santur* and *zarb*, they invited him to come to the Center and officially study and Lloyd offered a hesitant agreement.

It took Lloyd a couple of weeks to get up the courage to go to the Center where he knew he would realize he didn't really know much about Persian music and would have to start all over. When he finally got up the courage to go, he located the Center and slowly trudged up the stairs to the room where he heard Persian *setar* music oozing out. He nervously and quietly wandered back and forth in

front of the classroom door afraid to go in then finally started towards the door to the stairs when Safvat came out of the classroom and wondered “*inja che kar mikonid, befarmoid kelas* (what are you doing here, come to class).” Lloyd was embarrassed at his timidity and quickly obeyed entering the room to meet a few students including French girl and a tall, skinny red-faced Canadian girl studying *setar*. Lloyd watched the lessons and learned the difficult technique of using the right hand index finger nail to pluck the strings back and forth. He also learned how to twang notes by slightly squeezing the playing string over a fret with the fingers of the left and also how to pluck the playing string with the smaller fingers of the left while holding the string down with the index of the left. After class, Safvat invited Lloyd to come to his hotel for private lessons since he was impressed with Lloyd’s basic musical talent and dedication.

So one day after class, Dr. Safvat invited Lloyd to bring his *santur* and follow him over to the hotel where he said he could retune the *santur* to the *dastgah* (modal system) the he was going to teach. Safvat led the way taking the Metro to Sèvres Babylone then changing to the Porte de la Chapelle line for Madeleine. They climbed up the Metro stairs to the Madeleine where the chiseled columns of what appeared to be a grim evil Greco-Roman pagan shrine, maybe to the abominable wretched mother goddess, the Astarte of the Bible who was the condemned consort of Baal. In ancient times, Astarte required all preteen girls to become prostitute slaves at her wicked shrines before being allowed to marry. So marrying a virgin in those days was impossible and illegal. As Safvat and Lloyd walked by the Madeleine, modern day versions of the ancient temple prostitutes accosted them in droves. “*Eh cherie*” one overly painted tart taunted Lloyd “*viens ‘vec moi!* (come with me!)” Another quipped “*seulement cinquante balles, coco!* (only 50 francs sweetie!)” Since Safvat lived in the neighborhood, a few of the girls respectfully greeted him with “*bonjour, ça va?*” He equally respectfully replied “*merci ma’moiselle, et vous?*” An older woman smiled “*une leçon de musique aujourd’hui?* (a music lesson today?)” Safvat, nodding towards Lloyd confirmed “*oui, lui il est très doué* (yes, he is very gifted.)” A less respectful late teens cutie whispered to Lloyd as he passed “*moi suis très doué aussi si’t veux* (I’m very gifted too if you want.)” Lloyd hastened his pace as Safvat chuckled noting in Farsi “*ba inha bayad mesle hazrat Isa ba ehteram raftar kard.*” Lloyd was surprised that Safvat would cite Jesus as an example of how to treat the girls with respect because at that time he hadn’t become aware that Moslems look to Jesus as their main prophet. Also Safvat, as Lloyd learned years later, was a member of a secret sacred metaphysical order which is more like the esoteric order Jesus formed with his apostles, just the opposite of the big bad grandiose Roman pagan-inspired Catholic church and its break-off groups.

They waded their way through the mire of incessantly inviting girls to Rue de Sèze then turned right on it past Rue Vignon to 6 Rue Gogot de Mauroy where Hotel des Capucines stood on the corner. It was a five and half story building with little wrought iron balconies under all the windows. They went in and Safvat greeted the front desk then they went up to what seemed was the top floor where he opened a tiny room with just a bed, a small table, two chairs and an armoire where he kept his instruments. They sat down and Safvat asked to see Lloyd’s *santur*. After wincing a bit at Lloyd’s bad attempt at tuning it, he divulged that he had to keep Lloyd’s *santur* a few weeks to really tune it up right. He asked if that would be a problem since he knew Lloyd had formerly taken it along to his occasional gigs at the Mars Club to fool around on in between or at the end of jazz sets. When Lloyd stated that he rarely went to the Mars Club anymore since becoming involved with the Mormon Church, Safvat was happy to know the *santur* would no longer be improperly used there as a gimmick. Safvat’s real purpose was to take away Lloyd’s *santur* for about two months until Lloyd had mastered the several difficult mallet exercises Safvat was to assign him and thus attain a skill with his hands that

years later Safvat could describe as about the best he had ever seen. Safvat explained to Lloyd that authentic Persian traditional music was sacred, passed down over centuries by holy men until more recent times when the courts and affiliated musicians became addicted to opium. Safvat was spiritually oriented and wouldn't play in public because he felt traditional music was too precious to be popularized. He only performed for small groups of serious highly spiritual and/or intellectual aficionados.

When master Safvat finally returned the *santur*, sometimes Lloyd would drive to le Centre d'Études de Musique Orientale burdened with both his *santur* and the *dan tranh* that Master Tran Van Khé had provided Lloyd for very reasonable price. Of course, as often happened in a city of one-way streets, one time Lloyd passed a very rare open parking spot near the school. He put the Renault in reverse and frantically backed up and miraculously swerved perfectly into the parking spot in one try. He sighed in relief but when he looked up he noticed a gendarme stepping out of his police car and approaching the Renault. Lloyd muttered "*merde alors, les flics. Les poulets; pourquoi ils ne restent pas dans la Maison de Pouletgars* (crap, the fuz, why don't they stay in the cop station)." Lloyd rolled down the window and, putting on his best happy personality admitted he was too eager to grab that spot and that he was sorry about backing up a whole block. The gendarme scoldingly nodded in agreement admonishing "*exactement, c'est défendu de reculer dans les rues de Paris.*" Lloyd again chastised himself "*à partir de maintenant je ne recule plus.*" The gendarme briefly pressed the thin visor of his cylindrical cap between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand adding a respectful nod before turning toward his car. Lloyd called out "*merci*" then unloaded his instrument cases and climbed the steps to the Centre for class.

Lloyd remembered how the highly efficient *gendarmes* always sternly kept traffic flying fast whether swirling madly around Place Concorde or rushing through various main intersections where the *flics*, often with machine guns menacingly dangling from straps on their shoulders, would yell out *vien vien vien vien!* or *vit, vit, vit, vit!* with their hands flapping downward belligerently beaconing the autos to hurry on. The cops would have all the cars turning left pull into the middle of the intersection lined up facing left ready to pounce the minute the light went yellow. Sometimes they could get seven small cars waiting at attention; then the cops would whip them all through the yellow light like drag racers then the cops would continue urging those with the green light to hurry through. Once Lloyd asked why the big rush; "*pourquoi?*" he innocently queried to be quickly told that it was necessary to get all cars in Paris moving quickly so all those behind them could move and thus clear the roads as fast as possible. It made sense and Lloyd wondered why the stupid hicks back in the States never caught on to the sensible French system of keeping traffic flowing.

Lloyd entered the room where Master Tran's students were practicing their *dan tranh*s. It was how Lloyd pictured heaven might be. Small, shy, quiet and sensitive, very attractive girls with very long, some floor length, black hair, were gently plinking beautiful soulful passages on their lovely long rounded flat harps. He felt he could remain there for ever as he occasionally glanced at one or another of the stunning Asian beauties in their flowing long silken traditional gowns. He timidly took his place in the corner as master Tran started rehearsing *Luu Thuy* or Running Water, a traditional piece that resembled its title. They all started out with a stroke running down all the notes from the top called 'Aaa' then starting on the 5th: *ho ho ho xu xang* (5 12 5 6 8), etc. Although Lloyd was a rabid individualist and usually didn't like to do anything in unison, he felt a warm and comforting feeling playing the same notes with the tender shy girls. After an hour of class and a short break, professor Tran had his ethnomusicology lecture. This time he began with sarcastic remarks about mention in a recent news article of the *péril jaune* or 'yellow peril' referring to the Chinese Communists and Asians

in general. He was preaching to the choir since everyone there including Lloyd was pro-Asian, although Lloyd was not pro-communist. But living on Rue de la Solidarité by Boulevard de Stalingrad in the communist quarter of Vitry-sur-Seine next to Tran Van Khe's residence in communist leaning Ivry-sur-Seine, he should have been a commie. The lesson was about the ancient music of the Cham people who Lloyd figured were like Cambodians, which was percussive music similar to neighboring Indonesia and how it compared to the ancient proto-Indonesian music. He covered many details about music and instruments of the area ten explained how Vietnamese music was like ancient Chinese music that moved south. But the surrounding more percussion-oriented music of Thailand, Cambodia and Laos retained more of the former substratum format.

After class, the students were surrounding one of the girls chatting in Vietnamese and giggling. Professor Trinh explained to Lloyd in French that she was getting married soon. Lloyd noticed that she carried her delicate instrument under her arm so he decided to be a proper old-time Mormon and make her a nice case for it out of very light plywood. That week he worked on it and then next class day indicated that he had a wedding present for her. She asked if Lloyd could drive her to her small apartment nearby where her fiancé was meeting her. So Lloyd drove her there and then pulled the freshly lacquered instrument case out of the back of the Renault. They went up to the apartment and Lloyd met the fiancé and wished them well. They asked why he had gone to such trouble to make her a case when he didn't even know her. Lloyd explained that the original Mormons believed in sharing and doing things for each other without expecting any remuneration. The young couple said that people couldn't really live that way because everyone still was obliged to make money. Lloyd responded "*quelqu'un doit commencer* (someone has to start)." Lloyd also used that philosophy in his driving. From an old late 1940s black and white documentary on driving his dad used at Glendale College called *Courtesy is Contagious*, Lloyd had learned how that principle can work. He started politely smiling and waving permission for people turn in front of him at intersections, to merge into his lane in front of him and to go first at intersections. After weeks of continual politeness in his quarter of Vitry, he noticed occasionally someone else would offer him the chance of going to first, completely contrary to the traditional Paris pushiness. It gave Lloyd hope that maybe the world could be slightly changed for the better little by little. But unfortunately, he later realized back in the States that big business and evil predatory corporations have a death grip on the whole world and no one can ever make any improvements until those mega monstrosities collapse or are torn down by a much-needed new people's revolution. But that doesn't seem likely or even possible.

One time when Lloyd was in the W.C. at the Sorbonne, he noticed a big Star of David drawn on the wall "and the words "*Vive Israel!*" written underneath. Although a great fan of his intelligent and talented Jewish friends, Lloyd was not at all a fan of the wholesale murder of thousands of Palestinians so Europe and America could set up an exclave in the Middle East for their own greedy corporate purposes. He hunted for the thickest darkest pen he had in his satchel and, after drawing a swastika inside the Star of David, he boldly wrote underneath in German "*Mein Führer, Mein Lehrer* (My Früher, My teacher). Lloyd strongly felt it is wrong to call a country 'Israel' when only one tribe was living there and, even then, almost all were just Asiatic Khazar converts to Judaism without a drop of Abraham's blood in their veins. The smart thing, he always asserted, would have been to make friends with the neighbors instead of treating them just like Hitler treated the Jews. And actually, according the Mormon Articles of Faith, Israel is supposed to be gathered on the American continent and Zion built in Missouri after the gentiles of Yankees are finally wiped off. According to scripture, in 3 Nephi 21: 23, referring to Mormons, who are decedents of Joseph "And they shall assist my people, the remnant of Jacob, and also as many of the house of Israel as shall come, that they may build a city, which shall

be called the New Jerusalem.” 3 Nephi 24: “And then shall they assist my people that they may be gathered in, who are scattered upon all the face of the land, in unto the New Jerusalem. 26 . . . Verily I say unto you, at that day shall the work of the Father commence among all the dispersed of my people, yea, even the tribes which have been lost, which the Father hath led away out of Jerusalem.”

As for where Zion would be and whom it is for, contrary to the theory that Jews should gather to Israel and Zion is just for them; Zion will actually be built on the American Continent where the Garden of Eden was and will be for all the tribes of Israel. Of course, the area must be swept clean of its inhabitants first. Ether 13:3 discusses New Jerusalem. “And that it was the place of the New Jerusalem, which should come down out of heaven, and the holy sanctuary of the Lord.” 4: “Behold, Ether saw the days of Christ, and he spake concerning a New Jerusalem upon this land.” 6: “And that a New Jerusalem should be built up upon this land, unto the remnant of the seed of Joseph.” This was one of Lloyd’s contentions; that the descendants of Joseph, who was the favored and most blessed son of Israel, which descendants included Lloyd and other Mormons, should be welcome in the true Jerusalem. But no such true Israelites or any descendants of Abraham are welcome in Israel at all. Yet the descendants of Joseph will be not merely welcome but in complete control in the New Jerusalem which will be the genuine gathering of Israel in Missouri including all the lost tribes who will come down from the north. Why Missouri? Because that is where the original Garden of Eden was before the land was divided (and separated by the Atlantic Ocean). In the Articles of Faith number 10 is states: “We believe in the literal gathering of Israel, and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion (the New Jerusalem) will be built upon the American continent . . .” So the phony counterfeit Khazar ‘Israel’ is just an evil scam by greedy genocidal egomaniacs, an obvious complete fraud engendered by the master deceiver Satan himself. This is confirmed in Revelation 2:9 which affirms: “I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. And in Revelation 3:9: “Behold, I will make them of the synagogue of Satan, which say they are Jews, and are not, but do lie.” The treachery of world politics and the conniving of the U.S. with the imitation Israel and other many selfish evil schemes against sincere and humble traditional peoples always disgusted Lloyd resulting in his long expatriate status.

Trading the Tattered Taunus for a Reliable Renault

After finding the Church, Lloyd’s determination to pay a full and even extra tithing awarded him many blessings and financial successes. He had been able to replace his old stolen Grundig tape recorded with a newer better model on a trip to Germany where he was also able to pick up the newest portable stereo Uher, which was a fantastic boon even though Lloyd’s jazz life was pretty much terminated in Paris and everywhere. Another result of his honest paying of tithing was a letter that came from his parents not long after he was activated in the Mormon Church. He was informed that, since he had reformed his life, they had ordered him a nice little French mini station wagon, a Renault 4L or *quatre L* as he would come to know it. Since the car would be ready for pick up in a week, they suggested he sell the German Ford Taunus and keep the money for whatever he wanted. Since Lloyd had become a fervent supporter of the Order of Enoch, which the Mormons had to abandon along with polygamy to avoid total destruction by the evil American government, he decided to give the car to the Church. But it wasn’t that easy because, if he gave it to the French mission, they would have to pay more customs duty than it was worth. Lloyd had been driving all over Europe with the oval *zolfrei* or ‘customs free’ plates; so someone other than a tourist would eventually have to pay the duty unless he gave it to the German mission. Thus, the only place he could give the car away would be the mission

home in Frankfurt. He cringed at the thought of having to be in Frankfurt where he had starved miserably for months. But now he was working for the Lord; so everything was and should be different.

He grabbed a few necessities, LDS books and pamphlets in German and some simple food items, put most of it in his grandpa's big engraved leather Mexican briefcase and drove off towards Frankfurt. When he arrived at the German border, he cheerfully greeted the older passport and customs men who felt that they should father him. When the customs men flipped through Lloyd's car papers and *zolfrei* book then asked "*wohin faren Sie?*" Lloyd answered that he was traveling to Frankfurk "*nach Frankfurt.*" Then they wondered about the car and Lloyd said he was giving it to a church. "*Ein Kirche?*" the more friendly customs man asked then, with a fatherly pat on the side of Lloyd's head, explained that no customs duty had ever been paid on the car which was only for tourist travel and the registration had expired. Lloyd's head sunk for a moment then the customs man chuckled "*macht nichts Knabe; ich verstehe das Sie sind ein gut Junge.*" After saying that it wasn't a problem and that he understood that Lloyd was a good boy, he stamped Lloyd's toll book and wished him a good trip to Frankfurt. Of course, Lloyd left a German Book of Mormon and a couple of German pamphlets with them before driving off. Lloyd found the Germans so nice and so different than when he was suffering in Frankfurt before; or was the change in Lloyd?

When he arrived in Frankfurt and found the Mission headquarters with the help of a map, he went inside, asked for the mission president then introduced himself as Brother Miller from Paris. Then, placing a set of keys on the table, he announced that he was there to donate his Ford Taunus van for the missionary work, noting the scripture about giving an old item away when receiving a new one. The mission president asked to be excused for a moment during which time he called the Paris mission home to inquire about brother Miller. The French mission president assured that "if brother Miller wants to give you a car, it is perfectly all right." In a few minutes the German mission president returned with a smile, shook Lloyd's hand and stated "you really impressed the French mission" then he promised "the Lord will bless for your generosity brother Miller, we thank you for your kindness." Lloyd picked up a few more German church materials and descended the stairs. He took the trolley to the dreaded *Bahnhof* to catch the *schnelzug* or express train back to Paris. He uncomfortably walked through the station into the waiting room trying not to remember the torments of living on scraps and sleeping there so many miserable nights. Once on the train, he felt relieved; as it pulled out of the station, he even thought he saw the pair of *polizei* who had so vigorously roused him night after night in those miserable days. If it was the same fellows, he felt sorry not to have been able to give them books and pamphlets and bring them to the knowledge of God. He could only pray for them and for all his other friends and acquaintances during his hard times in Germany years ago.

Back in Paris, Lloyd picked up his new Renault 4L which was a cute little green mini-station wagon that his parents had bought for a reasonable \$1,200. He was happy it wasn't a Deux Cheveaux which was a completely wimpy joke of a car or a Citroen, which some jesfully re-dubbed *Citron* (lemon) maybe partly because of its weird appearance. On the Renault 4L, the shift handle protruded out from below the dashboard and the gears were chosen by twisting the L shaped handle to one side or the other, up or down then pushing it forward into gear. Lloyd soon loved his new little *bagnole* and decided to become official and try out for a French driver's license not realizing that it was one of the most difficult documents for anyone to obtain. He already had acquired an official *permit de sejours* (Residence Permit) at his new Vitry address 48 Rue de la Solidarité, so he thought he should have a real driver's license instead of the international one he had been using for years. He went to the driver's license bureau and waited at the desk. The secretary was chatting on the phone. *C'est pas juste*

. . . *essaie!*” she babbled “. . . *L’habitude . . . pas un sou. Heureusement j’ai un copain avec une bagnole; mais il est un peu bizarre et trop bavard . . . Aucune idée, je vais voir . . . par ‘ci par là . . . pas grave; pas mauvais . . . Comment? Mais enfin, je le trouve moche. Quelle audace . . . effectivement, je peux pas, tant pis . . . on y vas? . . . Bientôt; je t’embrasse.*” She glanced up at Lloyd and asked if he was there for the driving test; he said he was and asked for a manual. She gave him one and said to wait a while until the examiner came back from a test he was administrating.

Lloyd breezed through the manual, which seemed to reflect the same type of information found in any driving manuals. Finally the examiner was ready for Lloyd whose driving skills, from having driven all over the U.S. and Europe including a year of left hand driving in Sweden, were excellent; so he passed with perfect marks. But when it came to the questions, the examiner spoke very fast and Lloyd missed two questions and therefore failed. He was totally devastated; how could he fail a driver’s license exam? On the weekend when he had only a few classes, he concentrated fully and memorized the whole driving manual in French pacing back and forth and reciting each section over and over again. One Sunday, he implored one of the kind older French sisters to help him for an hour or so after church explaining that, maybe he didn’t speak French like a Spanish cow but he read and wrote French like a Flemish cow “*peut-être je ne parle pas comme une vache espagnole, mais je lis et écris comme une vache Flamande.*” She agreed to help and asked him questions from the manual which he was able to answer perfectly. Lloyd continued to work on retaining all the information in the manual by reading and repeating on the Metro and any chance he could find between classes.

Once on the Metro, an older man asked “*permis de conduire?*” When he answered “*oui,*” the gentleman apprehensively twisted his right hand back and forth two turns exclaiming “*bah, ça alors, dit don’.*” Yes, Lloyd had found out how tough it was and this time he was determined to pass. So he returned to the bureau to try again, the same examiner quizzed him. Before the examiner had finished his first question, Lloyd quoted the pertinent section of the book to perfection. This continued for a few questions until the examiner stared in unbelief. He put his sheet down as Lloyd continued quoting the remainder of the book when the examiner stopped him. “*Ça suffit, vous savez même plus que moi.* (That’s enough; you know even more than me.)” Then he took Lloyd’s hand and shook it respectfully proudly presenting him with his red folded license adding “*c’est incroyable; vous avez bien mérité, même deux si c’était possible* (it’s unbelievable; you have well deserved it, even two if it were possible).” Lloyd’s French friends were amazed that he actually passed the test because it was difficult even for them.

Lloyd Joins the Cast of Promised Valley and Visits a Poison Pen Journalist

The call went out at the Paris Branch for volunteers to be in the Mormon pioneer pageant Promised Valley or *La Vallee Promise*. Of course Lloyd wouldn’t turn down a chance to serve the Church. He joined the cast and faithfully attended all the rehearsals balancing with his fully schedule of language and music classes. He was assigned to the choral group then it was decided he was to be an American Indian drummer/singer for a short dance number. This was an ideal featured role for Lloyd who was an expert musician and specialist in ethnic forms. The full three days of witnessing the Indian ceremonies in Gallup, New Mexico the two years Lloyd was at the Orme Ranch in Meyer Arizona came in handy as Lloyd did his best to represent his memory of the tradition. The dancer, Sister Vivianne Pouffier, was skilled in ballet and did a nice job creating a fantasy based on American Indian dance. Lloyd also put his whole heart into the chorus numbers “*Voici le Lieu* (This is the Place)” and “*Venez Venez* (Come Come Ye Saints). There was a special feeling felt by everyone, the

cast, the crew and the audience, are each performance when they heard the words “*ve - nez, ve - nez, sans crain - dre le de - voire, tra - vail - ler au pro - gres! Si le che - min à vos yeux pa - rait noir, le se - cours est tout près.* (Come come ye saints, no toil nor labor fear; but with joy went your way. Though hard to you this journey may appear, grace shall be as your day).”

For the last performance in another part of Paris for a mostly non-Mormon audience, Lloyd and Anne worked all afternoon to bake their attempt at the delicious Danish *wienerbrod*, a wonderful pastry that was one of the wonders of Copenhagen. In one of Lloyd’s sweet craving binges as he was struggling to break away from food that had no nutritional value, he hunted down the only chef in Paris who knew how to make the Danish delight. It was a North African chef who Lloyd befriended with his ability in Arabic and sympathy with the Algerians during their struggle for freedom. After a couple of days watching and taking detailed notes with drawings, Lloyd was able to fairly acceptably bake the treat after the long process of flattening out the dough with a rolling pin, spreading the filling over the large thin slab then folding it back and forth several times, rolling it out flat again then folding it again until the crust would be close to 100 layers. After the final show, Lloyd and Anne passed out their Danish pastry to all the cast and crew all of whom fully appreciated the treat.

About that time a negative insulting bitter anti-Mormon article came out in the French newspaper and everyone at the Paris Branch was talking about how horrible it was. Lloyd got a copy and was, like everyone else at the Branch, horrified that such lies could be printed against the Church, especially after how much he had benefited from the Gospel. Lloyd decided to do what he thought Jesus would do; so he found the address of the paper and went there to visit the writer. Armed with a Book of Mormon and other publications in French, Lloyd climbed the stairs at the newspaper to the writer’s room and knocked on the door. When the door opened, Lloyd’s innocent and kind smile set the friendly mood for the ensuing meeting. The writer invited him into his office and asked what Lloyd wanted. Lloyd started out introducing himself as the soloist in the Gilson band, which was an icebreaker since most all newsmen know of Gilson. Lloyd then thanked the writer for his article about the Mormons and the publicity it brought for the Church. The writer quizzically queried “*mais vous n’ete pas gene de l’article?* (didn’t the article bother you?)” Lloyd chuckled nonchalantly responding “*pas de tout?* (not at all).” He explained that, since he knew without a doubt that the Church was true from his miraculous conversion, nothing anyone said or did could affect his certainty. He cheerfully handed the writer the French Book of Mormon and other materials and said that since he was interested in the Mormons, these materials might be of use to him. The writer smiled and promised “*après de avoir lu le livre, peut-être une autre article* (after reading the book, maybe another article.)” After a firm friendly handshake and a friendly “*merci, au revoir,*” Lloyd left to return to his little green Renault and a treacherous trek through Paris traffic back to his apartment. The next few days, Lloyd went out with the youth missionary group of French young members to try to proselyte around Paris. In a letter Lloyd wrote home, he mentioned that some were interested; so they obtained addresses of a few contacts and Lloyd shared his vibrant testimony with a group of spectators.

Chapter 28

Spreading the Gospel in Europe

Trip to Stockholm to Work on a Major Film

A letter came from Lloyd's parents introducing another of their Hollywood friends, filmmaker George Seaton, who had directed various films including *Miracle on 34th Street* and *The Country Girl*. He was the original Lone Ranger who Lloyd knew and appreciated in his childhood. Seaton's next to final film was *Airport* in 1970 which was quite successful. Lloyd's parents wrote that their friend George was going to be finishing up the final days of shooting for his new film *Counterfeit Traitor* in Stockholm and would be happy to have Lloyd as a driver, linguist/translator and general assistant. Lloyd wrote back that he would be there, then eagerly planned for the two-week sojourn in Sweden with stops at his old haunts on the way where he planned to look up former acquaintances and share the gospel with them. Lloyd already knew about Seaton's three months of filming where Lloyd could have been working on the whole film; but his concerts with the Gilson band and other responsibilities prevented him from committing to being a full-time crewmember for such a long involvement. He had a week to get to Stockholm, so he spent a few days planning, gathering up church literature in several languages: French, German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, even Finnish. He planned to travel first to Geneva, up through Berne, Zurich, Frankfurt, Mainz and Hamburg then up on the land route through Schleswig Holstein and Jutland in Denmark to Sweden and finally Stockholm.

When Lloyd arrived in Geneva, he hunted down Hadi in a café sitting with some of his Persian friends. He greeted Hadi, handed him a Book of Mormon in French then launched into his conversion story encouraging them all to seek God. His old acquaintances couldn't believe what they were hearing when Hadi broke the spell of silence by noting "*akhe akhund shode, dige.*" A tentative titter of laughter rippled through the Persians quickly quelled by the somber nature of Lloyd's preaching. Yes Lloyd had "become a theologian" so more reason to believe him as a totally transformed person. Like Paul, in a short time Lloyd had gone from sinner to saint, or at least trying to be. He passed out LDS pamphlets in French then swept through Geneva seeking out former acquaintances, teachers and musicians to share church literature with. He went to Old Town to the Cave to stun the jazz fans with his Paris-acquired piano technique and to affirm the existence of God and share his miraculous story with everyone. He couldn't find Katia or his other temporary Swiss German love companion, so all he could do is pray for them and leave books for them with their colleagues before driving off northward. He drove to just before Lausanne then parked off the road to a good night's rest.

In the morning, he woke and went to open the back of the car to retrieve more church literature in German which he piled on the passenger seat along with the keys which were in his hand. He foolishly closed the door and locked himself out of the car. He stood for a moment in frustration; then he decided to use priesthood power to command the door to unlock. He did so but nothing happened so, to be sure it worked, he grabbed a stone from the roadside and smashed the small back side window, opened the door then brushed all the broken glass away. He decided that the Lord must have wanted him to stop in Lausanne to pass out literature; so he drove into town and found a glass place where they agreed to replace the window for about \$20. While the car was in the shop, he walked all over that part of town making friends when possible and handing out pamphlets whenever he could. When he returned to the glass shop. The car was ready, so he paid and handed out pamphlets to everyone there too. Lloyd felt it was just God's way of offering him an unforeseen afternoon of beneficial missionary

work. He continued on to Bern then Zurich where he visited with Church members. Wherever he encountered people, at gas stations, at borders, in shops, Lloyd enthusiastically preached the gospel in whatever language or dialect he dared try.

A Fresh Look at Germany

After crossing the border into Germany, Lloyd pulled over to sleep in the car again but was soon accosted by the good old *Polizei* who pulled up and strobed their flashlights about the inside of the car. Lloyd sat up, greeted them cheerfully and began preaching about how wonderful God was and soon had them perusing pamphlets he shared with them. His enthusiasm encouraged them to promise to visit the church branch in the nearest big town as they wished him a *gute Nacht* and drove on to other duties. In Frankfurt, Lloyd stopped at various old haunts including the *Bahnhof* where he offered pamphlets to a couple of derelicts and the *Waschfrau* taking coins at the men's restroom. Then he went to visit his old rooming house he had dubbed the *Shatzfinder* to preach to the girls there. After sharing his conversion story and inviting all the girls for a family prayer which he led, Heidi emerged from the corner of the room and sat near him. She broke down in tears and asked "*denkst du das Gott mich liebt?*" Lloyd guaranteed her that God loved her and that she could completely change her life just like Lloyd did. He gave her a warm hug and assured "*du kannst es tun* (you can do it)" then affirmed that he loved her, but spiritually, the only love that is of lasting value. He left books and pamphlets with Heidi and a few of the others who would accept them.

That evening, he went over to the Domicile du Jazz to share his conversion story with everyone there. He entered the familiar club when the band was on break and asked if he could sit-in on piano. The next set, he blew everyone's minds with his hard driving style, sophisticated chords and the unbelievable solo technique he had developed in Paris. After the set, he stood in the center of the raised bandstand under the arched indentation in the wall and in fairly fluent German thanks to the gift of tongues, he briefly told of his miraculous conversion and his abandonment of alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee and all animal products which resulted in his ability to play much better than when he was messed up at the Domicile years ago. A few who remembered him muttered in agreement. Then he handed out books and pamphlets to whoever would accept them. After Frankfurt, he sped off to Mainz to get there well before *Feierabend* so he could jam a set and preach to everyone. Some of his former friends were there along with manager Hermut and Marianne. Everyone was impressed by his technical skills and, after a set of powerful jamming, Lloyd turned to the audience and started his message "*liebe freunde, ich muss ihnen etwas wichtig sagen*" continuing with his important message about his miraculous conversion and strong testimony. He reminded everyone that he had suffered in the *Bahnhof* for months as a sinner; but now as a reformed man he was on the way to work on an important film in Stockholm. Many of his friends, including Hermut and Marianne came up after to get books and pamphlets almost depleting his supply.

Plattland and Jutlant

Lloyd continued northward and, after obtaining more church literature in Hamburg, continued through Schleswig Holstein where Plattdüütsch, a dialect something like Dutch, was common. On the road towards Flensburg, he picked up a pair of local hitchhikers and soon he began to understand Platt just by listening to the conversation they were continuing. The first asked "*Un wat segt he?*" His friend answered "*He snackt wieder un segt: du weest jo goarnix; du mokst jo ook doch wat du wullt. Un hebb*

ick segt he weet ne wat he moken schall so ick mütt di dat nu doch mol all vertelln.” The first nodded smiling. Lloyd tried his luck at Platt asking the time “*wat is de klock?*” It was one thirty and a perfect chance for a typical Platdütsch joke. One of the passengers stated “*De klock is half twee*” immediately answered by the other “*so paß up dat hett ne hel twee gaht.*” Lloyd quickly got the joke; “the clock is half two” or a half hour to two “so watch out that it doesn’t go completely in two” or that it doesn’t break all the way in half. The hitchhikers were fairly adequate in English, so Lloyd was able to share his whole sermon with them and offer them a German Book of Mormon and a couple of pamphlets. When they got out near Flensburg, the one put the Book of Mormon in the grass on a hill at the side of the highway. Lloyd looked worried so the boy assured “I’m going to put it in my pack.” His pack was really big and heavy; but Lloyd didn’t worry because if it stayed there in the grass, the Lord would guide someone to find it, read it and maybe believe.

After Flensburg was the Danish border and Lloyd tried his best to turn his Swedish into Danish which is quite a task since they are pronounced so differently. Some Swedes say Danish is like gargling stones and the Danes accuse Swedish of being just a song they’re singing. Lloyd left Danish LDS literature with the cheerful border personnel and continued on up through Jutland to the small picturesque town of Aabenraa pronounced ‘obenro.’ The next day was Sunday, so Lloyd scoured the city telephone book for the Mormon Church or *Jesu Kristi Kike af Sidste Dages Hellige*. Then he drove outside of town with a tomato, wholegrain crackers and an apple for a simple dinner and to sleep in the car. The next day he was up early and asked around until he found the Mormon meeting place in a tiny house that seated 10 at the most. The attendance was very light, just an old lady, Lloyd and two missionaries. The missionaries were fantastic, different from the often overly silly adolescent types. They led the singing, said the opening prayer, blessed the sacrament, passed it, gave the talks, taught a lesson and closed with prayer. Lloyd was asked to help out a little like help with the sacrament and give the opening prayer for class, which he gladly did in his fake Danish made by gurgling Swedish.

After church, Lloyd invited the senior companion to drive around in the Renault and visit inactive members and a few investigators. The missionaries had difficulty traveling because they were always on foot. Elder Sorensen was a very humble, kind and sensitive young man who was eager to do well working for the Lord. He didn’t have a camera, wasn’t on his mission to impress anyone back home, didn’t have a farewell and wasn’t interested in a welcome back reception. Everywhere they went, Lloyd, partly aided by a bit of the gift of tongues, shared his powerful testimony and conversion story, which strongly impressed everyone who heard him talk. He was finally able to express himself somewhat understandably as he told how when he went to church led by a strong influence, he felt a special power and he knew he had to become active. He testified that the gospel was true and it changed his life. He said “*Når jeg kom i kirken, jeg blev ramt af en helt speciel kraft og jeg havde nogen meget stærke oplevelser der ledte mig dertil. Jeg viste at jeg måtte blive aktiv i kirken og evangeliet har fuldstændigt ændret mit liv. Det har givet mig håb og glæde og en styrke der har gjort det mulighed for mig at have et bedere liv. Jeg vet at Jesu Kristi Kirke’s evangelium er sandt, og er den eneste måde at opnå sand lykke på.*” Half a dozen contacts including a colorful bearded old fisherman agreed to have the missionary discussions and the inactive members committed to return to activity. Back in Elder Sorensen’s tiny room, he showed Lloyd a photo of his fiancée who was attending BYU. He then broke into tears “you see brother Miller, here I am struggling to share the gospel and my girl is becoming a painted socialite.” He handed Lloyd the recent photos of his fiancée and said “see that big puffed up hairdo, tons of makeup, that low-cut dress and phony smile; it’s just not her!” Lloyd tried to offer words of comfort promising him that the Lord would bless him. Then they had a prayer and Lloyd left for Copenhagen promising that if he got to BYU before elder

Sorensen did, he would visit the fiancée and have a friendly chat about humility and spirituality in appearance, something Lloyd himself was quite adamant about. In Copenhagen, Lloyd went to Vingaarden where he played piano masterfully in a jam then passed out LDS literature and shared his religious convictions with anyone who would listen. He also left pamphlets in every shop he visited.

Working for George Seaton on Counterfeit Traitor in Stockholm

Finally, after a ride on the ferry from Helsingör Denmark to Hälsingborg Sweden and a long and peaceful drive through Skåne, Lloyd was in Stockholm where he found the hotel George Seaton and his crew were staying. He met George who was friendly and personable yet authoritative in a positive way. Lloyd was told about the film, a true story which starred William Holden as the counterfeit traitor named Eric Erickson, an American-born Swede who returned to live in Stockholm in 1924 and became an oil trader. Eventually he was blackmailed by allied intelligence to spy on the Germans and, in doing so, pretended to plan the establishment an oil refinery in Sweden to benefit the Germans. During 30 visits to Germany from 1939 and 1945, Erickson experienced various astounding adventures. In the picture Seaton took on the role of producer, director and writer. When the picture came out, viewers praised the well-written script, the beautiful filming and described Holden's performance as outstanding. Of course with the excellent French cameramen, the result was visual excellence. Lloyd became pals with those cameramen since he could speak fluent French and he provided them with transportation in his little Renault.

The first day Lloyd was on the job for George, he was assigned to drive the French cameramen to the shoot and to help set everything up. Lloyd's fluency in French and his ability in Swedish including basically knowing his way around Stockholm soon made him a valuable asset. The central point in Stockholm for the film was the Grand Hôtel on Södra Blasieholmshamnen in central Stockholm where some of the scenes were shot. The next day, the set was down by the water where piles of logs had been placed giving a definite World War II atmosphere. The scene was for near the beginning of the film and, just when the cameras and actors and background were positioned and they were ready to start filming, dark clouds crept in front of the sun and the filming was in danger of cancellation. Lloyd from his year residency in Stockholm, knew that it was just temporary and the sun would be back in the early afternoon. He walked over to where George was slouched over with his head down in discouragement. "Hey George" he said, the sun will be out around 2 p.m., so don't take everything down." George didn't really believe Lloyd's positive prediction but decided to send everyone for lunch until 2 p.m. just in case Lloyd was right. By 2 p.m., the sun was blazing forth with the clouds dispersed, George was energized and the day was a success. From then on, Lloyd was consulted by George who would ask "hey Lloyd, what time should we be set up to shoot tomorrow." Lloyd would meditate for a moment then would mention a time he felt the sun would be out and he was always right. It may not have been just his experience as a former Stockholm resident; but more likely it was inspiration due to his spiritual ascetic lifestyle.

Holdin' Holden from Hanging Around the Bar

One of Lloyd's prime assignments was trying to keep William Holden engaged in conversation and busy doing something so he wouldn't be bored and hang around the star's bar to over indulge. This was especially important on days when Holden was going to be on camera. If Bill couldn't do a scene really well due to alcohol, it could cost thousands of dollars in re-shooting. This task was perfect for

Lloyd who had experience trying to help friends withdraw from drug use and because Holden was a really nice person. Lloyd found ways to keep Holden involved and away from the bar while learning about his life and sharing ideas. For the final scene in the black sedan with Ulf Palme, Holden was sitting alone in the back seat waiting for the scene while swigging on a pint of booze. Lloyd came up to the car and, in a fakey Hollywood voice, bellowed through the window "O.K. Holden I've got ya covered!" Bill laughed and said "with what?" to which Lloyd replied "insurance." Bill became glum for a while maybe realizing that life is short or maybe his drinking had taken a toll already then he stashed the pint of under the back seat. Lloyd tried to keep cheery and positive the rest of the hour until Bill finally regained his usual good nature. It was time to shoot the scene which was the final scene of the picture when Eric was reunited with his Jewish friend who he had initially alienated by pretending to be pro-German but who finally realized that Eric was working under cover. The Jewish friend, Max, played by Swedish actor Ulf Palme, comes out of the back of the black sedan and they share an touching reunion before they climb back into the sedan which drives off as the film ends. During the shooting of this scene, Lloyd noticed some modern boats in the water off to the right so he ran back to report it to George who send Lloyd back fix the problem by piling more bushes and branches at an angle that would hide the speedboats. That afternoon, Lloyd worked hard to keep Holden from the bar but was not as successful as he had hoped to be. Generally, Lloyd was able to be friendly with Holden and thus keep him relatively sober for the two weeks of shooting.

Another time George was setting up the next scene in the hotel restaurant so he assigned Lloyd to enlist the assistance of a few Stockholm police officers to clear and then hold traffic at both ends of a long bridge for a scene shot after Holden had insulted his Jewish friend Max part way into the film. When the bridge was cleared and the background in place, Lloyd waited a few minutes for the sun to come out then he called "action" signaling the extras, bicycles, cars and Holden in his overcoat and dark hat to start his purposeful stride along the cobblestone walkway of the bridge. When Holden got about halfway across the bridge, Lloyd would call "cut." After three takes, the French cameramen were satisfied, so Lloyd gave each policeman a hundred crown note supplied by George then thanked them and everyone else as the traffic resumed. Among the crowd of local onlookers, Lloyd noticed his friend Tenor man Bengt Rosengren. He rushed out to where Bengt and his girlfriend were and shook his hand asking what was happening at Nalen. Bengt said he was playing there and invited Lloyd to stop in and jam. The crew had gathered up their things so Lloyd led them and Holden to the next shot which was restaurant scene where George was waiting. One shot where Holden appeared on a balcony for a moment required many takes to satisfy Seaton who was looking for a special depth in Holden's look and a special poise in his stance. After re-shooting it several times, the final artistic result was definitely worth the effort. Another scene where Lloyd was involved was when the real Eric Erickson had a brief cameo appearance walking across a quiet pleasant plaza, a shot which was successfully accomplished in just a few takes.

Wrap Party and Visits to Old Places and former Pals

When the shooting was completed and George was in high spirits, he had a big cast and crew party. At the party George told Lloyd "your dad told me to keep you out of trouble so have a shot of whisky and relax." Lloyd assured George that a few months ago he would have been able to drink Holden under the table; but now he had abandoned all his habits except playing music. So George grabbed his hand and led him over to the piano where Lloyd spiced up the party with some exciting jazz standards. At one point, one of George's assistants said "hey Lloyd play Back Home in Indiana,

that's where George is from." Lloyd tore into the tune as George and a few of the guests attempted, but didn't fully succeed in, singing the words. After an hour of entertaining on piano, George told Lloyd that he would use Lloyd's playing and musical skills in some future film. The next day, Lloyd stopped by the hotel to say goodbye to George and the others. George handed Lloyd an envelope and thanked him for all his help. Lloyd had made it understood that he was there because it was a good picture and that George was a friend of his dad's. As Lloyd drove away from the hotel towards Båtmanskrogen to see Inger, he opened the envelope and found two crisp one hundred dollar bills, twice what his dad had mentioned. Lloyd felt the whole experience was very valuable and worthwhile especially when he was eventually able to see the fully edited film in a theater.

With the film gig over, it was time to visit Lloyd's old friend Inger. He pulled up in front of Inger's place at no. 10 on Båtmanskrogen on the coast at Hägersten. He had been trying to call her for days but with no luck; either she was too busy to talk more than a few sentences or she made various excuses. Lloyd excitedly knocked on the door, not with expectations of some torrid hot romance, but with the hope of sharing the gospel with a friend and her daughters. Inger appeared at the door and nervously greeted him then whispered that she had a man living with her. Lloyd, glowing with gospel light, exuberated that he had a message for them all, that he had found God and true joy. Inger was impressed with Lloyd's sincerity and she noticed the major change in his character. So she invited him in, introduced him to the new live-in love interest and called the girls in to see their old friend. Soon everyone was a happy family with Lloyd demonstrating no silly jealousy or any adverse feelings from the time Inger took up with Lloyd's drummer Solano or from the present relationship. Lloyd's one pure purpose of sharing a religious message was completely obvious and everyone respected that and admired Lloyd's new lifestyle. No liquor, no tobacco, no meat, no coffee (a big shock for Swedes) and no lustful desires (even though Lloyd had to keep from noticing how attractive Helene and Vony were after long months of celibacy and not even a kiss from any female. Soon, Lloyd had talked Inger and her boyfriend into reading the Book of Mormon in Swedish on his Uher tape recorder. He just knew that at BYU they would be thrilled to get tapes of readings in various languages to help train missionaries. So after a few days of recording and Lloyd sleeping in the car in various nearby parking spots, the whole book was on tapes in Swedish. He was thrilled how quickly the taping went and then he gave a final sermon on the evils of booze and cigs but not saying much about illicit sex since he would have offended everyone there. He conducted a family prayer with them then thanked everyone for their kindness and left Stockholm realizing that he might never see the Afanasjews again.

On his way back to Paris, Lloyd stopped in Copenhagen, found helpful members at the Danish church branch there whom he convinced to read the Book of Mormon in Danish on tape. It took a few days but he felt it was worth it. Whether or not the tapes would be useful at BYU, Lloyd and the volunteers who he convinced to accomplish the task in various countries, all greatly benefited spiritually from the experience which was likely the real purpose of the project. So on the way back through Germany, again Lloyd found a German LDS family to do the readings in a few days. He purchased a few more reels of blank tape and decided to stop off in Holland and have the book recorded in Dutch by kind members. All the recordings took long tedious 18 hour days for three or four days; but the spirit of the project made it breeze along quickly and the readers felt exhilarated and never tired. When Lloyd was back in Paris he finally completed his project by convincing a few of the more enthusiastic members to record the book in French. So now he had French, German, Swedish, Danish and Dutch but not yet Norwegian, which he never did get more than part of the book recorded.

A Paris Apartment on the Seventh Floor

Back in Paris, Lloyd had a visit from his landlord Lambert who apologetically informed him that in a few days they were moving out of the apartment so Lloyd would have to move too. Lloyd had been out of town on the film shoot with Seaton, otherwise he would have had almost a month to find new lodging. He thanked Lambert for having been such a good friend and began to move his belongings into a storage place he found when he first came to Paris. He took all his white homemade furniture to the Paris Branch and donated it in case some poor person needed some simple furniture. He left the instruments he had been studying at the Center and only kept his note pads and books for his language classes. After he had removed all his belongings from the apartment and said goodbye to his friend Lambert and his wife, Lloyd drove over to the 16th and parked on Rue Lota near the Paris Branch where it was quiet and put on a sweater and an extra coat plus his overcoat then tucked his pant legs into his double pair of socks because of the bitterly damp mid winter cold. He couldn't sleep much that first night because he only had a small space in the front seat. The heavy cold fog and damp air cut through all his clothes and seemed to gouge into his bones like thousands of painful pins. He shivered all night long praying for the ability to endure until the morning. He had slept in the car in bitter cold Sweden but nothing was as miserable as the chilling dampness of Paris.

The next day, he drove in sleepless daze to a store and found a small kerosene heater, which he hoped, would keep him alive one more night which was Saturday until he could plead with the church staff for help in finding a room. That night he wrapped up in as many clothes as he could looking like a *clochard* in his lumpy worn-out overcoat. He put the little heater on the floor of the front seat and pumped it up then lit it. Every hour it would go out so he had to relight it and pump it into action. Finally about two in the morning, he got the heater working well enough so that the car was tolerably warm.

He was so exhausted that he fell asleep until almost dawn when a strange divine power jolted him into a semi-consciousness trance. He felt like he was in a coma and couldn't move. He prayed in his muddled mind for strength to somehow turn off the heater, which seemed to have poisoned him. He felt a force lift his numb arm and move it to the heater and turn it off before he fainted. About a half hour later, he was jolted again to a nearly dead state where he could only think a prayer again for help. This time the force moved his hand to the door handle to open it a crack so freezing cold but fresh air seeped in. Lloyd fell unconscious again. When the force woke him again, he prayed for strength to be able to get out of the car and the force pressed him against the car door so that it opened enough for the force to push his body out of the door where it fell into the street and rolled to the other side to thump against the curb where he gasped for air. Just then, a gang of moronic punk Mormon missionaries came around the corner shouting and cackling at each other in Utah English. Suddenly one of them saw Lloyd lying face down nearly unconscious against the curb on the other side of the street. One of the little brats screeched to his companion "hey elder, look at the drunken bumb out there in the street." They snickered as two grabbed their ever-present cameras to get pictures to send home or for their tourist scrapbook of their 'mission.' They shouted insults at Lloyd in English and French then started throwing things at him. He felt rocks hit him and a half broken brick nearly missed his head as the little creeps giggled and yelled insults. He was still paralyzed in a semi-coma so he couldn't move or speak. He only could pray in his mind "please God, don't let me die here yet" and then he became unconscious again. The missionaries somehow gave up their game and went inside the church where it was warm. A half hour or so later, Lloyd finally rolled up on the sidewalk and bit by bit was able to

slowly pull himself up using a tree and, after sitting in a limp lump for a while, he was able to stagger back to his car, open the windows and turn on the engine to warm up a bit before church.

Lloyd remembered the story of Joseph Smith in Ohio when he was viciously tarred and feathered and afterward Emma spent most of the night painfully pulling the tar off and cleaning him up. The next day he went to preach to a crowd of people, some of whom had been members of the mob who attacked him the night before. But in the case of Joseph Smith, it wasn't the church members, especially not the missionaries, who attacked him although he did have problems with contrary members opposing him in Kirtland. Lloyd decided that, no matter how cruel and ridiculous that one gang of bad missionaries was, he would volunteer to help them when they went around Paris trying to find people to listen to their message. Lloyd went to church that day after he had miraculously sprung back to life from nearly being poisoned to death by the heater and stoned by the so-called missionaries. He didn't say anything to the supercilious adolescent brats who had assailed and insulted him; they were too absorbed in their loud grade school giggling, their incessant goofing off and photo taking anyway. He did mention the incident to the mission secretary who was very apologetic and sympathetic, promising that they would find Lloyd a room right away. Then the secretary offered a wise observation "the Church must be true or the missionaries would have ruined it long ago." Lloyd's testimony could never be affected by those little twerps; he never would have joined if they had tried to convert him nor even listened to one dumb word they uttered. He was shocked into the Church by a series of miraculous events that could not be denied and that had nothing to do with proselyting. After church, President Arragona called Lloyd into a room and introduced him to his new landlady, *seur* Martine who was the concierge of an old building not far from the church where one tiny room was available. She cheerily took Lloyd's hand and invited him to see his new room cheerfully chiming "*vien, voyons le chambre.*"

They went to the Metro station and rode a few stations to the building. The room was an attic space on the seventh floor with a window opening through the slanted roof facing the street. It was a charming quaint little furnished room with a crooked sink and a beat-up bed but was just what Lloyd needed to spend his last few weeks in Paris before preparing to take his car and belongings on a boat back to the dreaded States. He gave sister Martine \$50 for his first month's rent and during the next week moved his belongings in. He immediately wrote to his folks with the good news that he had another apartment and gave them the address. He had just a little money left and decided to give it all to the Church as tithing the next Sunday leaving himself only his bowl of centime coins to buy what little food he could afford. He knew that the Lord promised that whoever paid an honest tithing would be taken care of. He wasn't a bit worried; after all he had lived on a dollar a month in the *Bahnhof* in Germany, so he at least had a room and a car even if he was broke and had no piano jobs pending. The following Monday, sister Martine came running up the stairs and knocked on his door calling out "*Frere Miller! Il y a une lettre pour vous*" He opened the door and thanked her. He opened the letter and found a money order for \$100 and a nice note from his parents saying the money was for his rent while he was still in Paris. That was an immediate response to tithing, the type that Lloyd had experienced in his childhood and the kind he would witness the rest of his life proving that the principal always worked. But he knew that it was not at all the reason to pay tithing; it had to be done because it was the right thing to do, not for the rewards.

Au Revoir Paris et la Patrie

Lloyd slowly prepared to finally leave Paris now that he had abandoned drinking, smoking, coffee, meat, fancy foods, intimate relationships with attractive girls, all the things that Paris is famous for. He felt a bit of remorse leaving the town where he had become temporarily famous as a jazz star and he was even more negative about having to return to the place where he had suffered so much maltreatment and cruelty during his youth. But now he was not so comfortable in Paris where everyone smoked almost everywhere and the girls dressed too trashily in those ugly micro-mini skirts and with their slutty deportment. Now he had become the grouch and grump he formerly resented. When some teenage weed fiend would light up just before leaving the Metro, instead of a cranky old lady shouting “*pas encore, m’sieur!* (not yet, mister!)” Lloyd would yell threatening with a clenched fist “*eh, p’tit salaud, pas ici!*” Now Lloyd had become the person he used to hate. When one of those mini skirted scum-babes purposely teasingly shook her goodies at him as she walked by, he would mutter, sometimes audibly, “*p’tite putain!* (little harlot!)” Yes, it was time for Lloyd to go to Zion, to Brigham Young University where he was sure all the girls wore long pioneer dresses, where humble, egoless and quiet, a place where all the young men were respectful and glowing with gospel light like some of the really sincere missionaries, maybe with black string ties and pioneer hats like the pictures of the original Mormons in the literature Lloyd had been reading.

His last Sunday in Paris was fast Sunday and Lloyd had gone his usual day and a half without eating or drinking and was filled with the spirit. The sacrament song was *I Know that My Redeemer Lives*, number 18 in the French songbook. Lloyd had learned all the LDS songs as well as many gospel concepts in French before he learned them in English. He was comfortable at church meetings in German, Swedish, Danish, Dutch or whatever; but he was worried that he would never really feel the spirit in English, a language in which he had experienced so much misery. Nothing would ever erase the injustice and torments of enforced shock and insulin treatments at Mount Airy; no miracle could ever blot that out except maybe witnessing the total destruction of the U.S. And he wondered if there could be any real spirituality in America where everything was based on money and grabbing for it however possible. For now, he enjoyed his last Sunday with the saints in Paris. Lloyd sung the bass line blending happily with the humble and simple French members. “*Je sais qu’il vit, mon Ré - demp - teur! Que ces mots ré - chauf - ent le Coeur! Il vit, Lui qui don - na Sa vie, Il vit, d’u - ne vie in - fi - nie.*” After taking the sacrament, it was time for testimonies. A few members stood and offered their feelings followed by branch president Arragona whose powerful delivery was always inspiring. Lloyd’s new landlady stood and shared her sincere emotions telling everyone she had a testimony of the Church and Joseph Smith and that she loved us all. She said she knew that God lives and that he loves us. “*J’ai un témoignage de cette église et de Joseph Smith et je vous aime tous. Aussi je sais que Dieu vit et qu’il nous aime.*” When she sat down, Lloyd was suddenly stirred to stand and briefly reiterate the epic of his conversion from drunken sinner to apprentice saint. He ended bidding everyone farewell because he was leaving Paris to an unknown fate back in Zion among an unfamiliar and potentially hostile people.

He sat down followed by one of the missionaries doing his best to conjure up a semblance of a testimony. Lloyd was meditating sorrowfully realizing that he was leaving his European home to return to the most evil empire in existence when his French Book of Mormon came open revealing the story of the reformer preacher Samuel the Lamanite who went up on the wall and cried repentance warning of impending destruction. In Héliaman 13:4: “*il monta sur la muraille, et étendit la main, et cria d’une voix forte, et prophétisa au peuple ce que le Seigneur lui mettait dans le cœur.*” The words

that the “Lord put in is heart” were about the destruction awaiting the people unless they repented. In verse 6: “*Oui, une grande destruction attend ce peuple, et elle s’abattra certainement sur ce peuple, et rien ne peut sauver ce peuple, si ce n’est le repentir.*” The message continues in 13 giving hope for those who would repent (if any) and noting that, if it weren’t for the just people in that great city, the Lord would send fire down and destroy it. “*Mais bénis sont ceux qui se repentiront, car je les épargnerai. Mais voici, s’il n’y avait pas les justes qui sont dans cette grand ville, voici, je ferais en sorte que le fue descende du ciel et la détruise.*” Lloyd sat for a moment absorbing the story of Samuel the Lamanite and how he was warning the evil Americans of those times to repent or perish just like they needed to be warned in the present day.

But Lloyd had never heard of anyone warning the evil modern Americans about their impending destruction because it was obvious that those conceited egocentric modern-day Yanks would never accept that they were anything but perfect and superior to everyone else in the world. They would never quit their sex, their whorey fashions, homophilia, drugs, booze, junk food, theft and deception by corporations and their myriads more sins. If no one else had the guts to warn those rotten Yankees, Lloyd felt he would have to do it when he got back there. But he knew everyone would laugh him off and no one in the whole continent would listen to one word. But he felt, as a person who had been near the bottom and had abandoned many of the sins that plague America, he might be able to provide living proof that repentance is a possibility. But knowing how those self-righteous Yankee egomaniacs are, Lloyd had little hope that he could ever really do anything there and he really never did accomplish anything. Only God could make that change by eventually smashing them to oblivion as He promised in so many scriptures.

After the meeting, there were many, sometimes tearful farewells from the sweet French members and even a few emotional farewells from some of the missionaries, yes even a couple of those little jerks who had tired to stone Lloyd when he was nearly unconscious in the street from kerosene poisoning. Those kids never knew it was Lloyd in the street in his old coat and he never mentioned it to them. One last handshake with President Arragona as Lloyd kept the tears back until he was finally walking out to the staircase where he offered his concierge a ride back to the apartment. He slowly packed his belongings, the few things he had left after giving many of his possessions to the Paris branch. He kept his instruments, his language and music books, tape recorders, tapes and a few clothes. The next day he packed the Renault for his final trip to Holland where he drove the car onto the boat and then found his small room for the weeklong voyage back to the States. Lloyd spent the days and nights at sea studying his language books and scriptures along with doing missionary work among the passengers and practicing various languages including less familiar Dutch. He also reviewed the taped readings of the Book of Mormon in various languages along with taped performances from his beloved music masters Daryush Safvat and Tran Van Khe. When Lloyd went on deck or to the food area, he couldn’t resist enjoying very fattening food items that were OK for a vegetarian. Since on the ocean in a boat, people feel lighter and aren’t aware of rapid weight gain, Lloyd added lots of pounds and, by the time they reached New York City, he was unpleasingly plump. But it didn’t last long since he ate lightly on the long drive from New York to Idaho.

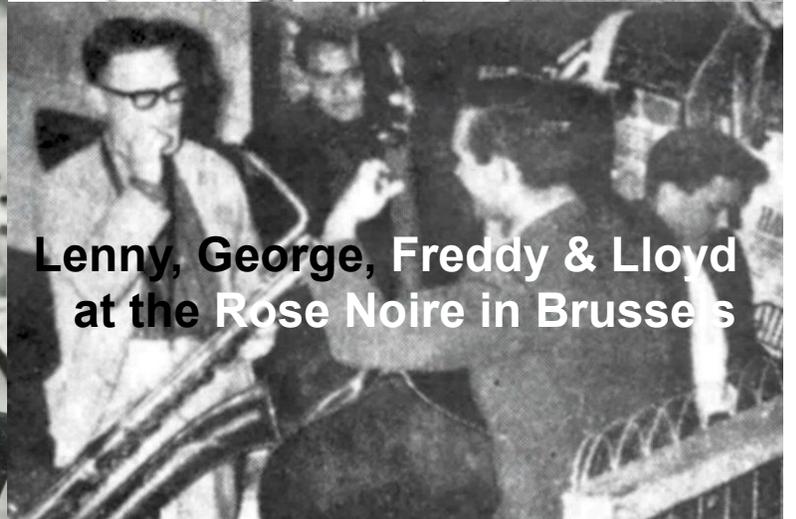
• Geroge Solano & Lloyd Miller in the Mainz jazz keller



Jean & Lloyd in Sweden



Miller at Comblain-la-Tour jazz festival



Lenny, George, Freddy & Lloyd at the Rose Noire in Brussels



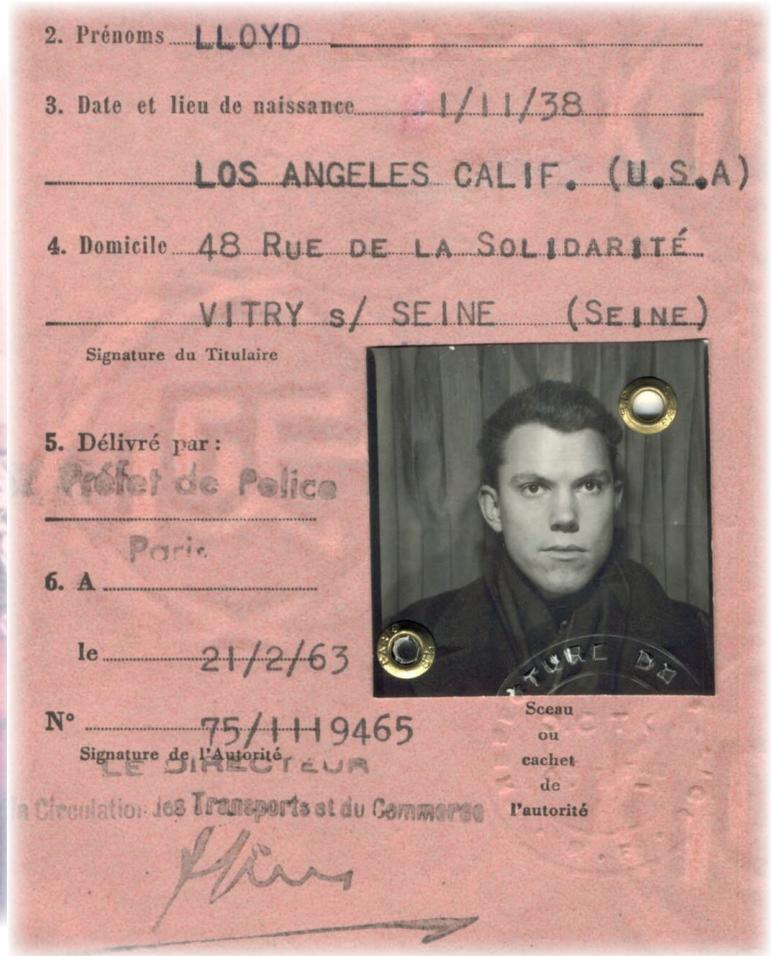
Lloyd Miller & Jef Gilson, Paris concert

spirit ja
jef gilson
septet avec lloyd miller



Gilson 10 in. LP, Lloyd Miller - balaphone

Sufi Saint & Swinger: photos for Section B, Europe, Chapters 24 - 28



Lloyd & Katia in Geneva in 1961 Lloyd's nearly unobtainable French license



Master Daryush Safvat & Nelly Caron Lloyd as drummer in *la Vallée Promise*

Chapter 29

Re-entry Crisis to Revisit Yankee Hell

The boat pulled into New York and soon Lloyd was driving his poor little Renault into the worst filthy frightening hellhole he had ever seen. Calcutta, Bombay, Karachi, Rome, no place was anywhere near as ugly and evil as New York. It wasn't just the clustering together of the dregs of humanity, but the mean hardened vicious attitude of everyone. Maybe because it was founded by Dutch profiteers and later infiltrated by the worst of the Khazar Illuminati opportunists. People who seemed to be materialistically oriented and insecure, thus needing to be clustered with others like them seemed to have congregated there. A dreary spiritual darkness grimly hung over the whole city clearly marking it for total destruction in accordance with several Mormon prophecies. One forecast is that it would be destroyed by an earthquake; another that everyone would be dying of disease and choking of thirst; then another that a few of the buildings would remain but no one would be alive to inhabit them and yet another that people would pass by and wonder what happened to the devastated dump and the answer would be that sin destroyed it. Lloyd felt nauseated, almost cluster phobic and panicky until he was finally able to reach the other side of that cesspool and be freely speeding northward towards Palmyra.

There he visited the legendary town center where four churches of different denominations faced each other glaring in challenging antagonism. It was no wonder that 14 year old Joseph Smith wondered which church to join and finally made it a matter of prayer to find out and as a result was told not to join any and eventually was induced to restore the original religion Jesus that had been corrupted and lost. After Palmyra, Lloyd drove up to Sharon, Vermont to visit the Joseph Smith birth home where Lloyd found himself thinking "lucky Joseph and his family, all they had to do was fun farming." Then he caught himself remembering that in Rexburg his cousins Terry and Howard could be shackled with chores from dawn to dusk and sometimes beyond 6 days a week on their tiny farm. Lloyd quickly apologized "sorry brother Joseph."

A Pleasant Visit with a Peaceful Amish Preacher

Lloyd continued on the Mormon Trail west, but was sidetracked to visit Amish country in Ohio. From Canton, Lloyd was advised to continue south and go west towards Sugar Creek near Holmes County to find the Amish. When he approached Sugar Creek, he was advised to seek the local preacher Enos Miller and was given instructions to Miller's place. He drove up towards the simple log farmhouse and was greeted by a lady in a refreshing long pioneer or old German dress from whom he asked if Enos Miller lived there. She pointed to a clump of trees at the roadside saying "there he comes now." Lloyd looked and over and saw a charming horse-drawn wagon coming down the road. It was raining and Enos was eager to get his horse and wagon into the shed. Lloyd rushed to help him, enjoying a chance to experience traditional life the way it should have remained. While assisting with the shed door and unhooking the horse, he introduced himself as Lloyd Miller, maybe a distant relative, and said that he was a strong supporter of the Amish lifestyle and was a fervent believer in God. Enos loaned Lloyd a clear plastic raincoat which he later tried to send back from Utah but it was returned for lack of an exact address. Lloyd stayed a couple of days in Amish country and was invited a few times by Enos and his wife for a simple dinner. Lloyd explained his weird diet and they kindly

offered him some nice cooked vegetables. Lloyd didn't burden them by staying in the cabin since his car was all set up to sleep in. Before leaving, Lloyd asked Enos to preach a sermon and talk a bit in his German dialect on the new Uher tape recorder. Lloyd apologized for using a stupid electronic gadget to help him learn Pensylvyinee Daytch. Enos was forgiving and accepting, agreeing to a short recording session even if it involved modern electronics.

He began preaching "*es iss shreklik fer en man te shterbe in siyn sinda. Ik globa God-es veg fer leva iss de shayn veg fer leva un fer de freeda God-es; siy veg fer leva iss de gud veg fer leva.* (It is dreadful for a man to die in his sins. I believe God's way for life is the beautiful way for life and for God's peace; His way for life is the good way for life.)" He went on "*Leeve friynd, dee tiyd is kurts; vakha, shteydit un beydit* (Dear friend, the time is short; watch, wait and pray)." Enos told about other Amish orders living nearby noting that some of them used modern inventions but not radios or television. He said "*see brauke dee automobiles, tractors, electricity, telephones, aber kay radios oder kay TV.*" His group did read a small Amish paper printed in Sugar Creek called the Budget, which was composed of articles from all over the country. According to Enos "*dee tiyding vo hays de Budget, iss gedrukt in Sugar Creek un iss relatively klay; alles ufmarkt von articles von all over de United States.*" Lloyd asked about their organization and was told "*vee, unser Amisher liyt* (we, our Amish people)" he explained, were divided into a district group or "*gegend*" led by a bishop with two *mit dieners* or fellow servants.

Lloyd noticed that is was similar to the Mormon local community led by a bishop and two councilors. When Lloyd mentioned that he was a Mormon and his personal belief supported the Amish lifestyle of turning away from almost everything contemporary that has been forced on the world as a result of the industrial revolution, the petroleum conspiracy and the plague of electromania. Lloyd affirmed that he would be happy if all cars, radio, TV and especially the ugly pop and junk music records, would disappear along with all the junk food and half naked non-clothing. When Enos found out Lloyd was a Mormon, he said that the Amish in Ohio remember how the Mormons were driven from New York and ended up Kirtland not far north of there and how they shared similar concepts of life and some religious concepts as well. Then Enos asked Lloyd, because he knew some German, about a certain Biblical phrase in German. He wondered what Lloyd thought the translation would be for *durch Kristus*; would it be 'through Christ' or 'by Christ.' Lloyd suggested it could be 'by way of' which includes 'by' and is something like 'through.' Then Lloyd challenged Enos to a prayer together to find out which of their churches was right; Enos agreed and they knelt down. Lloyd started by asking "Lord let us know which of our religions is right" and Enos asked "if either of us is wrong, let us know." Lloyd found out later that neither was wrong because, although the LDS Church may have the authority and a more complete collection of truths, the Amish definitely have the correct lifestyle which the Mormons will have to re-adopt in the future if they don't want to be burned with the wicked at the second coming of Jesus. Lloyd eventually realized that it might be difficult, maybe impossible, for a bunch of money-loving, sports-worshipping, fashion freak, jeans-addict, Coke and Pepsi-slurping, burger gulping, gum-gobbling, smug, arrogant, mod-odd Mormons to survive the coming plagues and conflagration unless they drop all their mania for the mundane and abandon their role as product-purchasing puppets of the big companies. Mormons had been warned over and over again not to become like the rest of the evil nation around them; but they seemed to be just like everyone else, although Lloyd hoped that the ones at BYU might be like the historical old photos and thus very much like the Amish.

Following the Wagon Trails Westward

Lloyd set off driving northward towards Kirtland, stopping a couple of times to buy little maple candies even though he knew that concentrated sugar, no matter how harmless the source, wasn't a nourishing food item. In Kirtland, Lloyd visited the temple and had a lively yet respectful discussion with the Reorganized LDS representatives who were in charge. The main contention was the issue of plural marriage, which Lloyd fully supported but would never want to actually participate in since he couldn't even keep one wife alive as a starving musician. He avoided actually arguing and emphasized points of agreement and maintained his usual cheerful and accepting attitude. He became so friendly with the folks there that they offered him tea or coffee. He wondered about the Word of Wisdom; but they dismissed it as a Utah Mormon exaggeration. He politely declined the hot drinks and thanked them, keeping the conversation happy and friendly. Continuing on along the Mormon Trail, he next visited Jackson County and Adam Ondi Ahman which was believed to be the location of the Garden of Eden before the land was divided creating the obvious coastlines from Nova Scotia to Brazil and from Norway to South Africa that could almost fit back together. After the big split, when Noah's Ark was obviously whisked eastward ending up near Mount Ararat, place names from the old world were affixed to places in the Middle East so the original names of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, Tigris and Euphrates, were transferred to two big similar rivers in Mesopotamia. Other names were also likely transferred, so the theory goes. When Lloyd reached the former Garden of Eden, it was late in the day and as he left the area, he paused near a farmhouse where a friendly family was relaxing in the front yard. He chatted with them for a while then offered them a copy of the Book of Mormon, which they happily accepted demonstrating that things had really changed since the Mormons were massacred out of Jackson County in the 1800s. Of course it doesn't change the prophecies which promise that the states of Missouri and Illinois will be a total wasteland with no living creature in them. When the Mormons return to Jackson County there won't even be a yellow dog left alive to greet them.

Next, Lloyd drove off to Illinois and for one whole day was sort of racing another driver on the freeway. Since Lloyd's car was very weak, he had to slow down for all the hills. The contending car, also going exactly the speed limit, kept passing Lloyd on the hills; but Lloyd sped up a bit and passed them back on the down hill slopes. This went on until the other car waved a goodbye as the driver's wife was laughing when they turned off for dinner and also to end the crazy involuntary competition. In Illinois, Lloyd visited what was left of Nauvoo where a few people were still mean and nasty when he mentioned the word Mormon. He went to see the Nauvoo Temple and again shared lively discussions with the Reorganized Church people. When he used to travel around Illinois with brother Sarver during his days at Todd School, he had met various groups including several Reorganized Church branches; so he was familiar with their beliefs. For Lloyd, it wasn't important to try to make people believe what he did; instead he enjoyed discussing various concepts and sometimes preferred the roll of student rather than preacher. Since he wasn't fast talked into joining the Mormon Church but was slammed awake by a couple of undeniable miracles, he was completely confident in his convictions and thus could accept other people's ideas without being threatened or having the need to try to 'convert' them. He believed that everyone is still learning and far from the total truth; so no one should be scolded or disrespected for their temporary position on the path of life. After all, just a few months ago, he had been at the very bottom of the gutter.

Lloyd visited Cartage Jail where Joseph Smith was assassinated and finally Todd School up in Woodstock which was fairly abandoned. He hunted down the old headmaster Skipper who was living

in a small house off campus and was thrilled to see a former student. Lloyd gave Skipper copies of a few of the highly rhythmic and rhyming poems he had conjured up in Paris and told Skipper it was his weekly poetry readings that were such an inspiration. He asked what had happened to Todd and Skipper intimated that there was an incident. Lloyd realized that it must have been his prank and the police involvement that could have shut down that great school. Lloyd pretended he didn't know anything and then told Skipper about Mormonism giving him the literature and a strong recommendation to seriously consider it all. Skipper promised that he would read everything and then blurted "maybe I'll become a Mormon." Lloyd then hunted down his old music teacher's wife at the city library where she worked and gave her church literature to share with Mr. Henderson.

After further visits to various spots along the Mormon trail, Lloyd was finally in Salt Lake where he spent a whole day on Temple Square and visiting other nearby Mormon cites of interest. He then turned north towards Rexburg, Idaho where he was longing to stun and astound everyone who remembered him as a wild drunken trouble-making pest by vigorously preaching to them about being more fervent in their Mormon beliefs. All across America, Lloyd had noticed that the sky seemed bigger and the trees and leaves more glowing than in Europe and the air fresher in the countryside, although Switzerland definitely hard to beat for pleasant pastorality, fresh air and, most of all, charming traditional people. The Yankees didn't seem to be as mean and nasty as he remembered them from his early days; but he felt very uncomfortable with the arrogance, the low-class sloppiness and slovenliness along with the obvious money-hungry attitude everywhere. In Europe, there was more of a simplicity and humility. The comradery and helpfulness Lloyd had witnessed in the Middle East was totally lacking in America, except a little bit among the drunks in bars or the obnoxious macho maniacs at sports events. And even then it seemed that when the chips were down everyone would turn their back on you. Already Lloyd was hoping for a chance to get back to civilization like he found in Europe; but he hoped that at BYU everyone would be true saints and he would finally find Zion.

Lloyd set out northward towards Idaho late in the afternoon going through Logan and a beautiful canyon then Pocatello. It was late when he got to Pokey and he was fairly drowsy but pressed on so he could reach Rexburg for a good night's sleep in a real bed. He was nodding off and trying to stay awake and accidentally took the wrong road out of Idaho Falls. After the hundreds to drives back and forth between there and Rexburg back in the 1950s, it was really silly to have made such a stupid mistake. After a long drive on a quiet road, when he passed Roberts he wondered what was happening. Then when he came to cross road going to Mud Lake to the left and Rexburg to the right, he knew he had made a mistake so he turned right still trying to keep awake for the last few miles. As he was speeding along he noticed a tiny red glow in the middle of the road so he squealed to a halt and got out of the car, leaving it running with the headlights on. He approached the mysterious little glow until he came to a tiny mouse with terrified red eyes glaring into the headlights frozen in fear. Lloyd slowly reached for the poor little creature's tale and gently lifted it, then carried it to the roadside past the barrow pit to protective grass and nearby sagebrush. He set his new little friend down gently as it continually remained frozen in fear. Lloyd gently stroked the little mouse's back speaking sweetly in a high voice reassuring that everything was all right. Finally he let go of the tiny animal's tail and backed away reassuring that everything was fine. He climbed back into the car and slowly drove off as the mouse finally unfroze and scampered into the brush. Lloyd was now awake enough to make it to Rexburg hoping his mouse friend was safe and happy. In Rexburg his sweet grandma was happy to see him and had the usual toast and cookies waiting for him on his bed. He hadn't explained his new strict regime; so he later placed the plate in the fridge downstairs and found a couple of carrots.

The next day, Lloyd hunted down as many old friends and acquaintances as he could find to tell them how he had abandoned his sinful and destructive lifestyle and was now a fully active Mormon. He hooked up his tape recorders and worked on editing the hours of tapes of the Book of Mormon in the six European languages he had convinced various members to record. He followed the foreign texts tediously correcting errors on the tape and even occasionally creating missing words by using bits of sound from other recorded texts. Among the people he visited was his cousin Terry, various schoolmates, his former bandleader Hal Barton and finally Jode Sommer, Deanna's father. He spent a lot of time with Jode and his wife encouraging them to be fully dedicated to religion the same way that Jode had encouraged Lloyd during his bad days at Madison High. Finally he convinced Jode to take him to see Deanna way up north in some small community where she was living happily with her husband. Lloyd mainly wanted to let Deanna know that her kindness to him when he was really down and especially when he had lost all his memory had eventually resulted in him finally becoming an acceptable and useful person. They all had a nice chat and Lloyd was happy to undo one more bad impression he had formerly made in Rexburg. He was sad that, among all the people we visited, Marvin the cop was not available. Lloyd heard that he was a state patrolman in Idaho Falls or something; but Lloyd never had a chance to let him know about the miraculous conversion. Lloyd was being too good to be cited for speeding by Marvin in case he was on duty when Lloyd was driving through IF. One Sunday, Lloyd gave his testimony in his ward in Rexburg and told almost every detail of his sinful life, shocking everyone and embarrassing the whole congregation into cringing. Of course he didn't mention the Rexburg robbery, although several people had a suspicion he may have been the culprit. But it didn't matter now that he was a fire and brimstone preacher, something like Enos Miller in Ohio, except in English rather than Pensylviynee Diytch; even though Lloyd could preach in several languages if necessary.

As for Lloyd's cute little Renault 4L with the funny push-pull shift, he eventually was able to sell it to a car lot who owed Gramp a favor and then Gramp bought him an old but good car from his secretary Rhea so Lloyd would have something to drive to BYU and to use his during his years there. Meanwhile, since Lloyd's transcripts from Madison High were really bad with lots of C- and a few D-grades and only a couple of B grades mostly in band, it was doubtful that Lloyd would even be accepted at BYU even in 1963 when the policy was to accept almost any good church member who had any possibility. As always, Lloyd's dad wrote a nice letter to Brother Orrin Jackson at the BYU Admissions Office praising Lloyd's exceptional skills and accomplishments in Iran and Europe, his language expertise and studies at University of Geneva and *Langues Orientales* also mentioning his recent fervent missionary work in Europe. His dad noted that, although Lloyd's high school records demonstrated just above a C average, according to the letter "he has tremendous ability which evidently was not challenged while in high school." Whether Brother Jackson had been referred to Lloyd's dad by a mutual Lions Club friend or was inspired to act positively on the letter, Lloyd was allowed to be admitted to the Y which thrilled him immensely because he didn't want to go to school anywhere else. A later letter in 1972 from then BYU president Ernest Wilkinson to Lloyd's dad mentioning mutual friend Edna Crowley who was a neighbor of the Callisters and a member of the Glendale West Ward who had driven Ernie to Laguna Beach in search of Lloyd's parents after they sold their house there, demonstrated that Lloyd's dad had other connections as well. As a golf partner with Richard Nixon's brother and having several important friends in the Southern California Blue Book, Lloyd's dad was able to access valuable opportunities for Lloyd over the years like setting him up to work with TV producer Peer Oppenheimer, fashion diva Helga Oppenheimer and producer George Seaton in Europe.

Chapter 30.

Oriental Jazz and Asian Studies at BYU

Where are the Mormons? What Happened to The Saints?

Finally it was fall and time for Lloyd to leave Rexburg and drive to Provo, Utah to start out as a freshman. After studying with the top world scholars in Geneva, at *Langues Orientales* and at the Sorbonne, along with music masters at the Center for Study of Oriental Music in Paris, it was a real insult to have to start out as a little freshman. It was nerve-wracking to be in classes with little kids that Lloyd viewed as the same namby-pamby silly adolescents who plagued Europe as the obnoxious ethnocentric missionaries who Lloyd had to endure when he lived there. He cringed at the thought of having to be with those little brats, but realized that humility was important and so he was ready, or so he thought, to face the misery. When he arrived on campus, he was so excited to find what he hoped was a perfect world, gentle kind and sweet humble girls in long pioneer dresses and a few highly advanced spiritual giants among the young men. His first walk across campus was like jumping from a Finnish sauna into an outdoor ice cold freezing lake. Not only were there no sweet humble quiet girls in long dresses, but instead he was emotionally assaulted by a plethora of what appeared to Lloyd as sleazy slutty looking senseless slobs strutting about in mini skirts more revealing than the prostitutes around the Madeleine or the pigs in Pigalle in Paris. Then there were the horrid hideously glued-up high hairdos not to mention and incessant nauseating gnawing and chomping on disgusting gum. Lloyd perceived them as loud-mouthed, cheap, haughty and naughty little twits that slinked around blurting out stupidities like “ooooo, are you going to the dance tonight” and “oooooo, I have a date tonight, with a returned missionary.” Or worse “oooooo, he’s so neat, he kissed me on the first date” and “oooooooooo, I got him on the sofa of my dorm on the second date and we made out a lot.” Lloyd had noticed evil in the eyes of some of the trashy sexpot babes in Paris; but for him this was far worse and he almost had an anxiety attack and had to sit down somewhere. He had left the kingdom of the Devil where the church of the devil reigned to descend into what appeared as Dante’s inferno instead of the happy heaven he had hoped for.

He gasped for breath and then tried to walk over to the library again being pummeled by the blatant boisterous prattle of adolescent idiocy coming from the same silly missionary type bratty boys and wannabe haughty sex queens at every turn; but at the Y, the little brats often wore the most ridiculous goofy knee length Bermuda shorts that made them look like total idiots. The imbecilic ‘conversations’ were riddled with disguised profanities and cover-up expletives like ‘Jeez!’ ‘Gol!’ ‘shoot!’ ‘fudge!’ ‘scrud!’ and other stupidities were shouted at the top of their lungs or muttered with the same spirit as the profanities or filth they were camouflaging. He couldn’t believe it; what happened to the Mormons, where did they go and what were these apparent invaders from the depths of Hades. At least the worst of the social refuse in Paris had some type of humanity and humility. In the lobby of the library he caught his breath and tried to understand what was going on. As someone who had come from serious alcoholism, chain smoking and a life of sexual promiscuity, he was sympathetic to the shackles of sin and enthused about helping others to be freed from evil. But this wasn’t even full out sin but a parody of it. He wondered “how could anyone even explain to these supercilious sickos that they were worse off than sinners because they had no major infractions to repent of, so they would never understand how horrible they were acting.” And if Lloyd tried to explain how dumb and sinful everything was at the Y, they would just laugh him off as a crazy and

resent him. But since Lloyd couldn't ignore the sludge all around him, he began preaching anyway, shouting down groups of boisterous kids, occasionally making an impression due to his powerful personality and his burning glow of righteous indignation. But more often he just made everyone mad; so he eventually had to give up.

Lloyd continued his first weeks at the Y in semi-silent rage over the universal appearance of sin and sexual promiscuity without any real illicit activity except for the rumors of unwanted pregnancies, numbered way beyond reality by some of the ex-Mormon anti-Mormons in town. The Interpreter's School at University of Geneva may have been called '*bureau de mariage*' or a dating bureau; but nothing was more of a silly matchmaking machine than the Y; but why? Lloyd wondered if his mission was to try to clean up the mess on campus; but who would believe him and who would listen to him he wondered, since they felt they were all saved in the Celestial Kingdom just for being born and having attended church all of their lives. Should he stand in a prominent place like Samuel the Lamanite and try to explain the overwhelming appearance of evil on campus and the haughty stiff-necked attitude of most the students, or would he be arrested and kicked off campus? Eventually Lloyd decided to just wade through the sludge and try to understand why. He thought that here they had been given everything, the restored full gospel, nice cars, nice clothes, loving families (too loving because everyone seemed to be over-spoiled), no political riots or physical dangers, no war, no problems at all except for their own egomania. How could they have become so messed up? Was it because they were pampered and spoiled by their parents into obnoxiousness by having been told how saved, how special, how superior, how brilliant and better than everyone else they all are? They should live under a bridge on the Seine with the *clochards* for a few months, he surmised, or live in a car like Lloyd had to for years, or starve on the streets of Beirut like the Palestinian refugees; then they might become real people instead of empty plastic inhuman husks.

As Lloyd sadly shuffled from class to class devastated that there were seemingly no young Mormons left in the world. He prayed continually for understanding because he was so confused, this was supposed to be Zion, the true church and the righteous people; but they were more lost than beggars under a bridge in Paris, more lost partly because they were just zombie followers of worthless American 'culture' and because they thought they were so saved and perfect. At least Paris beggars knew they needed help; from Lloyd's perspective, these little twerps thought they were already gods and would listen to no one not even the church leaders when they subtly tried to get the message to them that they needed to be humble and open to continual self-improvement. Lloyd's prayers were eventually answered when he met a gentle humble couple among the student body. One was a fun and sweet Dutch girl named Edie who soon was assigned the Dutch endearment title of Etje and her boyfriend Stan who was called Stantje. They immediately became friends with Lloyd or Lloydje and he taught them to play percussion and were included on the few little performances Lloyd would do around campus.

Here and there Lloyd discovered a few more sincere real people usually from foreign backgrounds or from other states and he began to have a glimmer of hope of Mormonism's future. But the main problem he witnessed was that, to ever really be the 'true church' Mormons would have to eventually completely separate themselves from any and all aspects of the American cultural cesspool to be able to become a church again like they were in the days of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff. The difference between John Taylor, as a powerful vibrant missionary, compared to the little pansy wimps Lloyd had to endure in Paris was just laughable. However, when Lloyd eventually discovered the French speaking returned missionary ward on campus, he found them to be a lot more grown up and serious than the ones he had met in the field. At the French speaking ward he

felt more at home singing the songs and speaking French because he wasn't raised a Mormon but learned everything he know about it in Paris. Later he began visiting the Spanish-speaking ward in Provo where the spirit seemed stronger and the people more sincere than on the Y campus.

Music at the Y

As for music, Lloyd had sworn off jazz or performing at all except for an occasional demonstration of *santur*, *zarb* or some other Eastern instrument. He felt that his life as a jazzman in Europe was too fraught with abuse of alcohol, occasional drugs and tobacco along with illicit sexual encounters for him to feel right about continuing in jazz no matter how much of a musical genius he had been portrayed as in the media and on an album cover. He felt he would give up performing music for God; but God never really required that of him. Lloyd had given to BYU library, his invaluable collection of rare records of world music. These included very rare 78s of Vietnamese classical music, many rare LPs from *Boite a Musique* and other valuable LPs including the best of traditional jazz by Bunk Johnson and George Lewis as well as cool jazz LPs by Miles Davis, Horace Silver and many more. The third generation Armenian intellectual who was usually at the library front desk was thrilled to get them; but a few weeks later regretfully informed Lloyd that they just threw them away or gave them away because they had no need to such odd music. Both he and Lloyd were devastated, but couldn't do anything about it. Lloyd had also visited the music department several times where he was sloughed off as a weirdo; there again no one had the slightest interest in Persian, Vietnamese or any music other than Western classical and a little bit of big band jazz. The department discouraged him from ever trying to teach world music or jazz at the Y. But they said that if he got an M.A., he might be able to teach one class part time if the interest ever developed. But they warned that he would have to round up students himself and the class would never count toward any degree.

Lloyd eventually discovered the Programs Bureau where Janie Thompson had developed performing groups, mostly shallow and commercialized, but still a valiant effort. Her assistant Norm Nielsen took a liking to Lloyd and decided to have him demonstrate his *santur* expertise at an upcoming concert they were producing. When it came time for Lloyd to play his well-rehearsed nearly perfect Segah mode that he learned from Dr. Safvat, he completely astounded the field house full of several thousand students with his fast flying mallets and sensitive interpretation. During the exciting fast 6/8 *Chahar Mezrab* section, Norm who was sitting at the corner of the stage stood and started a thunder of applause that seemed to shake the very walls of the field house. After the show, Norm came up and shook Lloyd's hand informing him that Janie wanted him to join their company and tour schools. Lloyd was excited and understood that the Lord had something for him to do in music even if he was ready to abandon it to serve the Lord in some other manner. If the Lord wanted Lloyd to serve as a performer, an example of how being or trying to be pure in thought, word, deed and diet could be part of being a musician, then he was ready to accept that as a potential calling. He had hoped that his calling would eventually be straightening out the whole world by convincing everyone to turn away from all silly detrimental products so widely promoted in all modes of media.

For the Programs Board tour, Janie asked Lloyd if he could throw in a few phrases of some silly pop tune in the middle of playing his classical Persian mode on *santur*. He wanted to scream and shout that no one should ever be playing that pop slop much les polluting real music with it. But he took a breath and quoted a few names of the micro-melodies or *gushe* of the modal systems, names such as Christian, Nestorian, Zoroastrian, Regal, Frankish Tromp, Heroic, Supreme Spirit, Spirit-increasing, etc. He humbly smiled and seriously stated "this music is based on spirituality and holiness and can not

be mixed with the mundane.” This was a conviction Lloyd firmly held throughout his life even when he did finally put Eastern music and jazz side by side without sacrificing anything from either. Months later, one of Janie’s more schmaltzy shows that had apparently disrespectful mockery of praying and being good as a sort of BYU afterthought, was scathed in the Daily Universe for lack of decorum and demonstrating disrespect for sacred things. Poor Janie was just trying to represent BYU campus life; but Lloyd thought that probably a little more taste could have improved the presentation. Lloyd had hoped to improve, maybe save, the world by replacing slimy and stupid pop music with intellectual jazz and spiritual world traditional music and by replacing wormy poison putrefied meat products and other worthless so-called drink and ‘food’ concoctions with wonderful fresh vegetables, fruits and their juices. Of course, he never realized even later in his old age, that this was a total impossibility and that the world would just get worse and worse until it would have to be totally burned to a crisp leaving only a handful of people to meet the Savior when he returns. What a shame for the few crazies like Lloyd who thought they could actually do something about the hopeless world situation; they waste their whole lives trying to make a difference and just end up as sad bitter failures.

One day when Lloyd walked into the BYU Bookstore, he noticed a record album displayed in several places with what he determined were four stupid slimy little freaks with dumb looking mopy hair pictured on the cover. He felt they just oozed with creepiness and had evil eyes, like they were possessed by devils not to mention grubby girly straggly hairdos and really dumb so-called clothes. The title on the album mentioned Beatles and Lloyd smirked “yea, really, these idiots look like disgusting bugs.” Later he finally heard the so-called ‘music’ the perceived little pukers put out and he was totally nauseated. Lloyd found it was loud, stupid, silly, jumpy and, worst of all, completely musically incorrect with absolutely wrong changes and very dumb non-melody lines. No one could know at that point what horrors lay ahead for real musicians in the future, how this horrid fraud band would become a musical leprosy that would eventually eat away jazz, blues, folk and any other legitimate musical tradition wiping out almost every vestige of musical sanity and snuffing out any opportunity which emerging jazzmen like Lloyd might have had to succeed in their work. Although Lloyd had sworn off playing because he felt God had some important mission for him, he resented seeing the four evil imposters glorified at the Y Bookstore when, to him, they were obviously apostles of Satan promoting a very evil type of noise that could be spread like a plague.

Silly Kiddy Classes and a Worldclass Scholar

Mostly classes at the Y were as silly as the students and nothing like the highly intellectual offerings back in Paris at the Sorbonne or *Langues Orientales* or even at University of Geneva. At the Y, students were treated like the little babies being forced to do two hours of homework for every hour of class credit. Lloyd later learned from a school official that the purpose was to keep the kids out of trouble by working them to death. The assignments were wasteful busy work and more like painful punishment than any learning experience. Lloyd swore that if he ever taught a university class, he would never assign homework but instead just gently share information by psychic implantation so students could learn by osmosis like in Europe. He suffered miserably from the dumb assignments and longed for the brilliant deeply instructive lectures by professor Benveniste at the College de France. For the second quarter that Lloyd was at the Y, he decided to defy his advisor and to seek out classes that represented real scholarship. Instead of the basic required religion classes, he discovered a superb world-class scholar, Dr. Hugh Nibley, who was teaching Book of Mormon for Islamic students. The class was superb just like the best lectures he had attended in Europe. Nibley was a genius and

someone Lloyd could look up to and continually learn from. He took Nibley's class over and over each time learning more about all the Semitic terms and Middle Eastern lifestyle in the Book of Mormon, things Joseph Smith or anyone else could never have made up. He learned details about the ancient cultural and philosophical concepts of the Israelites and Babylonians brought over to the New World in the two major excursions from the Middle East.

Nibley would read a line from the Book of Mormon then discuss how it was similar to something in the Quran or in Egyptian texts which he could read fluently in the original. He explained how the Book of Mormon name Zarahemla was just the Semitic term *zara'* (harvest) and *hamla* or (bearing) and was Semitic for Bountiful. The compass called Liahona was just *lia* (to) plus *hona* (here). So it was the thing that brings you here in other words a compass. The fertile place by the Red Sea which Lehi's family called Shazer is likely *shajar* meaning 'tree,' a rare item in the barren desert except in the Qara mountains near the Red Sea. Then the central star of our universe called Kolob is obviously Semitic *qalb* meaning 'heart.' Dr. Nibley divulged other details like, for the Egyptian name Nephi, the 'p' and 'h' are pronounced separately or else Joseph Smith would have used an 'f' instead of the two separate letters he saw through the seer stones. And how the two brothers Laman and Lemuel were typical of the Middle Eastern tradition of using similar echoing names for children near in age. Lloyd had seen examples of that tradition in Iran where two sisters would be named Shireen and Simeen or two brothers would be Hassan and Hossein. Lloyd felt that everything Nibley said in his lectures was so true and so valuable. So when the Arabs and Persians sitting at the back of the room would disrespectfully chatter among themselves, because they really couldn't appreciate the specialized scholarly English that Nibley rapidly spouted, Lloyd would often screech out "*khafe sho!* (shut up!)" in Persian or *uskut!* (quiet!)" in Arabic. Then he would explain how vital the information was and, when necessary, translate a few concepts for the dumbfounded Moslems. Lloyd became one of Nibley's main disciples and even drove him down to Glendale, California where they both visited relatives. Lloyd drove him by Nibley Park near Rossmoyne and Dr. Nibley admitted that the park and another Nibley Park in Salt Lake were both set up by his family. During the week they were together, Lloyd learned volumes of information about the Middle Eastern, Semitic and ancient Egyptian influence and references in Mormon scripture.

To resolve the required baby work in his languages classes, Lloyd decided to sign up for the highest level courses he could find listed under French and German which were: Romance dialects taught by J Ruben Clark Jr. and Germanic dialects, both 700 level courses that only graduate students, usually teaching assistants, could barely comprehend. Although an insignificant freshman, Lloyd was the best student in both those classes from his advanced studies in Europe. He loved learning the subtle differences in Swiss dialects and comparing them with High German and also Platt German which was somewhere between German and Dutch. Lloyd was right at home and felt like he was back in Europe. Brother Clark was inspiring and Lloyd signed up for Old French with him as well. In the linguistic class, brother Clark gave an assignment to everyone to try to find out who Clothawegu was. After a week of effort, no one was able to find the answer until Brother Clark explained that it was Clovis.

Since there was no Swedish taught at the Y, Lloyd signed up for an informal class in Norwegian, which he enjoyed and also augmented his grade point average, which had started out miserably. The first quarter, Lloyd got mostly Cs with a few Bs. He did most miserably the required PE classes because he had always despised sports as a tool of the Devil and a government diversion to keep people dumb and busy. Every quarter, Lloyd went through torment trying to find something in PE he could stand. He tried volleyball and other nonviolent courses; but in PE, he couldn't sneak into the highest-level classes to get A grades because he would never make it there and he hated sports any way

and could never excel in PE. He felt that a bunch of guys together on a team would be horrible for him since he basically hated almost all men and couldn't imagine having to touch the creeps in wrestling or football. He tried golf and wasn't any good at it; but at least he didn't have to pretend to be macho. Finally he found archery that at least had some survival value. And then finally he discovered an actual survival class where he learned how to live on strange plants in the desert and mountains and how to build a fire with nothing and to improvise a living area.

As for music study, Lloyd stunned everyone in the jazz studies division of the music department; but they were not interested in his Eastern music expertise or in him being a jazz major or even minor because of his unconventional unorthodox ways. Since there were several jazz studies classes at the Y, Lloyd decided that maybe God would not be too upset if he affiliated with good Mormon musicians who played jazz but lived by Church standards. Maybe it would be acceptable for Lloyd to return to playing jazz for the few more years that jazz might survive before being blasted to oblivion by the obnoxious and obscene raunchy rock invasion.

An Attractive Teacher and Uncouth Guth

His other worst nightmare was freshman English which he was doomed to fail just like he had done all through his life; so his first semester he did miserably. When asked to write a report, he would describe adventures in the Middle East or Europe and the mean TA, who was younger than him, gave him and E every time with remarks on the paper like "I can't grade a short story" or "this isn't a poetry writing class" and "I don't care how English came from Saxon, French and Scandinavian, just spell correctly." Lloyd could never get English spelling right after having lived in Europe; he had seen house spelled 'haus' hundreds of times Germany and 'hus' in Sweden hundreds of times; so how could his brain, which was half burned out in the Denver nut house, keep it all straight. After constantly seeing many French words with 'e' at the end like *develope* and *classe*, he never got those spellings right and he just couldn't give up his French spellings of words like *musique* and *couleur*. When a person sees certain spellings on signs, in books, documents and newspapers day and night for three years, the influence is permanent.

Lloyd finally found an answer to his English problem; he had been advised that for his second attempt to pass to English, he should go to sister Marilyn McMeen who was very nice, a writer and a poet. So he went to the class and was impressed by the fun, high energy and pretty young girl who was the teacher. In fact, he was so attracted to her intelligence and upbeat personality, that he began to hang around with her every chance he got. Thanks to Marilyn, Lloyd was able to understand some of the gibberish in the class handbook by, as Lloyd termed him, 'uncouth Guth.' He learned what a comma splice was, but he didn't always implement that valuable discovery. He learned the tedious regulatory straightjacket methodology for footnoting research papers or books. He was taught how to use note cards for writing research information discovered from books in the library. These skills served him well the rest of his life especially in writing his MA thesis, his PhD dissertation and several books on music and culture. Those skills also helped him in preparing legal papers to defend himself against a wrongful conviction and eventually being able to have it overturned. Lloyd hung around Marilyn much more than a student really should; they went places together, they had lengthy discussions about life and he met her family. When he met her sister Elaine, Lloyd was stunned because he remembered that she was the lady missionary in Paris that he had an inspiration about when a still small voice said that she had something to do with his future wife.

After Lloyd just barely passed freshman English, he and Marilyn became more deeply committed friends and eventually they recorded an album of Eastern music together with Marilyn on flute and Lloyd on several Eastern instruments. When Lloyd learned that Marilyn had also spent a short time in a mental institution in Colorado due to some minor problem, something to do with water on the brain, he was completely convinced that spiritually she would be a perfect wife. He knew she was intelligent and wise so, just like happened to him, she must have been wrongfully put into that hospital for being too brilliant. So because they had so many common traits and experiences, and were both a little crazy (artistic genius crazy), Lloyd decided to convince her that they should get married. One reason was that, when he was converted in Paris, all the missionaries and church officials instructed Lloyd that he had to go to the Y to get married. Back then Lloyd had been praying to find the perfect wife, someone who was intelligent, played music, spoke Persian and European languages, was a vegetarian and health food promoter. Marilyn played flute, piano and had learned a little on a couple of Eastern instruments from Lloyd; she was intelligent and, after reading professor Ehret's *Mucusless Diet Healing System*, adopted a vegetarian diet because of Lloyd's insistence that it was better for her. But she didn't know any European languages and hadn't picked up Persian.

When Lloyd had prayed for a wife with various vast and exacting qualifications, he didn't realize that it would be nearly impossible for one person to be everything. But later in life he realized that we must be careful what we ask for because it may actually happen. Since no one person could be everything Lloyd thought they would have to be, he ended up being married a few times, which was very traumatic but very educational. His sequence of various wives added together had all the qualifications he prayed for and more; but it was a sad series of broken marriages before his prayer was answered. It showed him that usually it is best to only give thanks in prayers and to completely trust God in planning the future and to just stay out of trying to advise God.

Lloyd later realized that he had been a real jerk in general at the Y and more so by stampeding Marilyn into marriage. Her mother tried to explain to Lloyd that Marilyn wasn't really aware of what was happening in their relationship and, unbeknownst to him, Lloyd had no clue what was happening either. He thought he could just have faith, get married, hurry up and have a family and God would get him a job teaching at the Y. Oh ye of futile faith. That hope for success in his field of expertise, even after a PhD and more experience and knowledge than anyone should ever require, almost as much as Nibley or Palmer, nothing could ever make his goal to be a professor become a reality, not with all the faith in the world. It seems he could move the whole Wasatch Mountain Range before he would ever be able to become a professor at the Y or the U or even at Timbuktu U if there were such a school.

But Lloyd was a new convert with a burning conviction that he knew best in everything and that he shouldn't listen to any advice from any living person. His parents had taught him by their sneaky control mania not to trust anyone; so he would always do the opposite of what everyone advised. Thus right or wrong, Lloyd decided he and Marilyn should be married and have a family and then he would become mission president of the Middle Eastern mission and convert millions of happy Persians, Arabs, Turks, Armenians, Kurds, Afghans, Pakistanis, etc. Little did Lloyd know that God didn't want to have those people leave the correct path of Islam that God had sent Mohammed to reveal to part of the world who at the time were lost in the grim clutches of pagan error. Lloyd later realized that Moslems were supposed to continue as the only people who actually lived the rules of their religion until Jesus returns to give them and everyone further information. Islam was there to chastise the evil Church of the Devil in the form of so called Christianity that had morphed into a continuation of Roman paganism. But Lloyd had to learn by experience that his enthusiasm was not always beneficial, would not always generate positive outcomes and could even be contrary to the will of the Lord.

So he continually cajoled Marilyn into agreeing that they get married, more like a rabid missionary than by way of romance and sweetness. She was the only really brilliant young lady at the Y who Lloyd had encountered and the only one who seemed to maybe be able to share Lloyd's mission in life, whatever that was and if ever that were to be. He had always been with a female companion over that past several years and was going crazy alone. Marilyn eventually agreed to the idea and so Lloyd's mother came to the Y to meet her and, partly to Lloyd's joy and partly to his chagrin, the two immediately hit it off. Lloyd's mom had written a book on the family living in Iran and had been invited back by the Shah to receive a medal of honor for the book as the first correct and positive representation of Iran by a foreign writer. In fact, Marilyn and Lloyd's mom became too close for his liking because he suspected his parents of always trying to direct his life and control him by recruiting his close associates.

In spite of these suspicions and strong hesitation by Marilyn's parents, the marriage went forward. Lloyd insisted on no wedding rings because he felt that was too worldly and no reception or party because that was too socialite and silly. He wanted it to be serious not giddy and social. They planned to go to the Salt Lake Temple early in the morning. Unfortunately, the night before the ceremony, Lloyd was harassed by the stupid bratty jerky bums; yes BYU students, who lived in the apartment above him. Every night the idiots insisted on tromping around, yelling and carrying on like little babies until way past midnight. So this time Lloyd calmly and politely knocked on their door and asked that, since it was his last night there, if this one night he could be allowed to get some sleep because the next day he had to leave early for Salt Lake Temple to be married. They agreed to calm down a bit but then the next morning he found his car completely vandalized with tin cans and bottles tied to the back bumper, spray paint all over with stupid phrases like 'just married,' 'hope she's a virgin,' 'don't break the bed' and other childish insulting dicta. Lloyd had never experienced so much trouble from obnoxious juvenile egomaniac imbeciles in his life before coming to 'Zion.' If anyone on earth needed to be destroyed by the wrath of God, he thought, it should be these creepy little loud-mouthed adolescent conceited counterfeit 'Mormons.' Eventually Lloyd learned that the problem was due to LDS parents who had spoiled their punk kids so badly that they became completely unruly and undisciplinable. The permissive parents imagined that if they sent their worthless brats to the Y, they would be cured. The truth is that their no-good jerk kids would just drag everyone else down without improving one tiny bit. Parents also would send their kids to the Y to marry other 'Mormons.' But from Lloyd's perspective, the girls tended to become like really cheap sluts trying with every trick of Satan to seduce (but not all the way without a ring and ceremony) anyone they could in order to get married so their parents wouldn't think they were failures.

The whole thing seemed to Lloyd like a miserable nightmare making serious study or serious spirituality nearly impossible. Lloyd knew that at least there were supposed to be dress standards at the Y. But the girls seemed to viciously defy them and showed as much skin or bulged out of their tight clothes as much as humanly possible. Lloyd had no idea that, decades later, the women would become even more trashy, grubby, and dirty looking by pouring themselves into grungy, raggedy torn, faded, ugly, sloppy and tighter than bearable, jeans. Lloyd always associated jeans with human garbage because they seemed only good for shoveling horse manure or maybe for low class rodeo hookers. Lloyd had thrown away his stupid jeans when he turned fifteen realizing that they were uncomfortable, hideous and one of the worst plots by the 'evil designing' big corporations to enslave the world to their most disgusting product. It seemed that every few years, the secret puppeteers of the world come up with some new hideous fad just to see if their zombie slave puppets will obediently immediately adopt

it. But the dirty raggedy jean thing was an enforced disgusting fad that drug on for far too many for miserable decades.

As a wedding present, Lloyd's gramp had arranged for Mary to donate her nice trailer that was formerly parked at Mack's Inn in Idaho for occasional vacationing. For their honeymoon, Lloyd and Marilyn went to a small cabin in Sun Valley, Idaho where they spent almost a week working 18 hours a day to prepare flannel board cuttings to accompany Lloyd's new Islamic-oriented mission plan. Also Lloyd tried to give Marilyn intensive instruction in Persian, Kurdish, Arabic and Turkish. She seemed to be able to parrot back a bit of Persian; but it didn't permanently stay in her mind. On the way to and from Sun Valley, Lloyd continually drilled Marilyn on Persian grammar and vocabulary until she was completely dizzy.

On the drive back, somehow the car mysteriously stuttered and stopped running. Lloyd was able to coast into a gas station where the friendly attendant worked on the car for an hour and finally gave up. Then Lloyd tried starting it once more and miraculously it ran perfectly. They gave the attendant \$10, thanked him and drove on their way to south. Just a mile from the station, they witnessed the aftermath of the most horrible bloody accident imaginable. They slowly passed a car that had been smashed by a truck and was mangled beyond belief. Lloyd and Marilyn stared at each other sharing the inspired understanding that, were it not for their mechanical trouble, that car could have been them. They shuddered seeing what was left of the victims of the tragedy being loaded into an ambulance.

On the drive back, Lloyd worked to help Marilyn realize that all the social whirling dictated by American society, and unfortunately blatantly manifest at the Y, was not necessary to develop self-confidence. He worked to convince her that simplicity and inner beauty are the most valuable character traits; so long silken straight hair was much more beautiful than glued-up blobby cow paddy hairdos like the horrid Beehive. He talked her into throwing away her gaggy mini skirts because they showed a person's bony, knobby knees in an unbecoming manner. Back at the Y, Marilyn eventually adopted beautiful floor length skirts or long dresses and looked very beautiful with straight hair and in long gowns. Lloyd would take her and Edie, who also wore modest long dresses, to discussions on religion or other public occasions where he could point them out as examples of real Mormon values. He continually railed against what he viewed as semi-pornographic women's attire and tried to convince everyone to return to true modesty, which unfortunately, no one ever listened to. As a married couple, even though they were a bit unusual, if not delightfully daft, Lloyd and Marilyn somehow gained the respect of the BYU community and were soon active in missionary work on campus although a few friends kidded that Lloyd had married his freshman English teacher so he could finally pass the class.

Asian Studies and a Stake Mission

Lloyd had met another wonderful teacher when seeking another good religion class to supplement Nibley's fantastic informative classes. He discovered a world religion class taught by brilliant and open-minded scholar Dr. Spencer Palmer. The first day of class, Lloyd became a permanent devotee. When he wasn't following Nibley around, he was hanging out with Palmer enriching his already deep knowledge of Eastern culture. Palmer's class was a positive presentation of Eastern religions as if they were all basically true relying on the statement in the Book of Mormon "Wherefore, I speak the same words unto one nation like unto another . . . and I shall also speak unto all nations of the earth and they shall write it." Lloyd had always believed that concept and Dr. Palmer had done the deep research on various Eastern religions and found that they were basically true, even though on some subjects, they appeared not to be as fully informed as the restored gospel espoused by

Mormonism. So his philosophy was not that Mormons needed to ‘convert’ people away from their basic truths; but that the mission of Mormons should be to just add a little more information to that which is already there. He had a chart with God at the top and lines going down to the major religious founders like Mohammad, Zoroaster, Buddha, Lao Tse, Confucius, etc., indicating that God had inspired all of them with information and principles that were specific to the people they led within the cultural context of a certain time and place. Thus by gathering all the truths from world religions and matching them with truths revealed in Mormonism, a richer and deeper understanding of the whole truth could be discovered. Palmer even accepted the fact that Mormonism could learn from other religions, for instance, about how to live some of their common principles more correctly. Lloyd was totally in agreement on the fact that the Word of Wisdom, modesty, humility and respect were in dire need of improvement in the Mormon Church and the dietary codes of Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, Islam and even Judaism could be cited for inspiration. As for dress standards, Islam and other traditional Eastern religions were a great source for discovering what God really means by ‘modesty,’ something it seemed that Mormon girls would never understand until all the ugly blatant bare skin is eventually burned by eventual amplified radiation from the sun or atomic fallout. Even then, it seems those silly sleazes will cling to their mini skirts, halter-tops, hot pants and blatantly bearing their ugly tummies even if it would mean certain immediate death.

Dr. Palmer had been set apart to administrate missionary efforts to BYU students from Eastern countries and Lloyd was chosen along with an Iranian Armenian convert to be companions in teaching Moslem students. For this stake mission call, Lloyd was encouraged to develop a mission plan that would use quotes from the Quran and Islamic principles rather than the Christian-oriented plan that was being used (or abused) all over the world. Lloyd was ecstatic because he just despised that horrible boring memorized mess that the stupid little missionaries would drone on with no feeling eventually tricking unwitting contacts into baptism often followed by eventual apostasy. Lloyd never really felt that potential new converts should be fast-talked into joining the Church until all the phonies already in the Church were straightened out or cleaned out. But that would be nearly impossible, because the Church and its members had been forced to be pawns of shallow and evil Yankee ‘culture’ wherein no one could dare to oppose the big corporations and refuse their worthless and often deadly products.

Lloyd felt that the value of Mormonism’s message was mostly centered around Lehi leaving wicked Jerusalem and sailing a boat to Central America and the Jaredites voyaging on eight boats and arriving in Central America after abandoning wicked Babylon ruled by the harlot mother goddess Semiramis with her child prostitute cult and her illicit husband Nimrod with his stupid Tower of Babel. Lloyd was convinced that the restored truths found in LDS scriptures served to clarify how Jesus really wanted his religion to be even if the Mormons themselves couldn’t really implement that dream. So Lloyd was completely convinced that Moslems should know about Mormonism as another witness to truths which Islam espoused; but they shouldn’t be dumped in the waters of baptism and ‘converted’ out of their correct inherited path. Actually he felt that it would be a big step backward towards sin for Moslem women to abandon their humble sincere modest sweetness to become rowdy brash obnoxious purveyors of feminazi hatred, flashing skin in mini-bikinis, teasing men by exaggerating their sexual extremities and making out like minks all over BYU campus, dancing the Twist or the Frug, slopping down huge amounts of wormy pork, ham and bacon while guzzling venomous Coke and Pepsi and becoming more stupid than Valley gals. So Lloyd’s prime purpose in teaching about Mormonism to Islamic students was to reaffirm the truths of Islam especially the many truths shared in common with Mormon philosophy.

Thus Lloyd embarked on the vast project of photocopying the whole Quran in English, gluing various passages on note cards and then organizing all the cards according to subject. Then he picked the strongest quotes in the Quran that agreed with Mormonism and organized them into chapters by subject. With advice from Dr. Palmer and his immediate supervisor in the missionary work, he began with Abraham and traced religious lines like Judaism, Christianity and Islam from there with reference to Zoroastrianism as another true religion revealed by God to ancient non-Semitic peoples. Then he cited comparisons of various common beliefs and practices setting forth some of the same postulations in the standard mission plan but without the droning memorized boring phraseology. Then Lloyd sought out some of the Bible quotes used in the standard mission plan and found them in Arabic, Persian, Turkish and Urdu and glued them into place in his rough draft and presented it to Dr. Palmer who was president of this small stake mission on campus. Everyone was amazed at how close Islam was to Mormonism in many ways and thus Lloyd's plan was approved by Dr. Palmer. Lloyd cleaned it up and made a few copies to share with students. Eventually the research project became a book that Lloyd published under the title *Mormonism and Islam* which flew off the shelves of the BYU Bookstore and a store in Salt Lake depleting the whole stock of a few hundred in just a few days.

Marilyn was called to be part of the missionary effort and the couple were assigned to teach information from the Mormonism and Islam research project in a campus ward where it was hoped that Iranian, Arab and other Islamic students would attend. What actually happened was that, although Islamic students might have been interested in the concept and were thankful that someone at BYU appreciated their religion and honored their lifestyle, they were not interested in becoming very involved with the Church to the extent of going to Sunday meetings. Instead, members of the campus ward and other wards began to flock to the class until it was necessary to find a very large room to accommodate all the enthusiasts. When finally the bishop and his councilors started coming to the class and all the other classes were empty so that those other teachers were even coming to Lloyd's exciting and informative lectures on Islam, campus church authorities decided that the class had to be cancelled to be fair to the other subjects that were supposed to be discussed.

Lloyd and Marilyn continued to try to share their valuable information with the small Islamic student community making solid friends with many Persians, Arabs and Pakistanis but not converting anyone. President Palmer was very happy with the experiment and was convinced that someday the method developed by Lloyd under Palmer's influence would be the proper way to present the Gospel to the Islamic world, more as information but not necessarily for conversion. Lloyd always felt that the instruction was to 'warn' and inform not to force people to become members just to build statistics. Many people are better off and can serve the Lord better remaining in their inherited paths, those who are not part of the pagan corruption incorrectly dubbed 'Christianity.' Dr. Palmer eventually published his own book called *Mormons and Moslems* using some of the information compiled by Lloyd but presenting it in a different manner. Lloyd was never released from his stake missionary calling, so he surmised that he was still officially on a mission to Islamic peoples for the remainder of his life, not a baptizing calling, but an informational mission, which is the only kind that would ever or should ever exist in the Middle East. Aside from working with Middle Eastern students, Lloyd's hard work on behalf of international students and on the International Night at the Y earned him a plaque for service to international students, which he cherished as one other intense effort that he had been appreciated for.

Meanwhile, Lloyd and Marilyn continued playing Middle Eastern and Far Eastern music on the Programs Bureau tours to schools around Provo and they worked to get a class in Arabic started at the Y. They created a large sign that read "chance to learn Arabic" and passed out hundreds of homemade

fliers until they rounded up about a dozen potential students for the class. The teacher was a nice looking friendly Palestinian boy named Amer Salti who eventually founded an Arab student club. At the first meeting, one of the members asked “what are we going to do about the dues?” Since the student had a British accent, everyone thought she said Jews not dues. Lloyd piped up, the nice ones we can make leaders and the Hitler types should just be dumped in the Mediterranean.” A titter of laughter went through the group as the student emphasized “I mean dues, how much should they be and how will we pay them.” Eventually an official class in Arabic was established at the Y; but Lloyd and Marilyn could never initiate a language class for Persian there.

Lloyd’s struggle to inform the Y campus and the Church about the beauties of Middle Eastern culture and arts and his struggle to find any opportunities in jazz performing was so discouraging that he wondered what he was doing in the Church. He knew that the gospel was true and he had been converted to it by miracles rather than missionaries; as his beloved band leader Jef Gilson put it describing the missionaries “*pas par deux idiots* (not by two idiots).” So no matter how much they persecuted Lloyd at the Y for stating frankly the need for improvements, he wouldn’t think of leaving the Church because he knew his main mission in life was to help clean up the mess in the Church even if it seemed impossible to do and was strongly opposed by nearly everyone. He knew the leaders were righteous and inspired; but the general juvenile contingency was in dire need of a good spanking, a few hard slaps or maybe a solid Old Testament whipping, or better yet, 40 years wandering in the Arizona desert suffering hardships and just living on grass like Nebuchadnezzar, or on grass dew like the people of Moses, if that is what manna was supposed to be. He also became very discouraged at the poverty in which he and Marilyn were struggling and began to doubt that God was even at all interested in their plight

He continued to endure the chill of the cold shoulder from the Music Department and recently the Language Department, which had been infiltrated by one of those stupid neo-linguist phonies that Professor J. Ruben Clark Jr. indicated, was an intellectual imbecile. The whole historical and comparative linguistic field of authentic scholarship as instigated by Lloyd’s beloved professor Benveniste in Paris was disappearing at the Y. No one in music had any use for Lloyd’s expertise in Eastern music or jazz and he was being brushed aside by everyone except his gurus Nibley and Palmer. It appeared that he wouldn’t be able to pursue a graduate degree at the Y since there were no classes in Middle Eastern languages. He was able to tell his friends, what few he had, that he had been called to be a missionary to the most evil place on earth. When anyone asked where that was, he would answer “BYU of course.” It was a good joke but no one really understood how true that was.

Despised as a Food Faddist freak

Lloyd had also been constantly harassed and insulted, accused of being an apostate, a servant of the Devil and an anti-Mormon, etc., etc. because of his vegetarian diet. Almost everyone despised him for favoring what was considered food faddism, quackery and Satan’s philosophy of following what the LDS Word of Wisdom actually says. The only part of the Word of Wisdom that was accepted by Mormons was that alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee were bad. Any of the things that were indicated as good like fruits, vegetables and grain and no, or nearly no, meat was considered blasphemy even though it is written in black and white in a document that the Church supposedly firmly supported, Section 89 of the Doctrine and Covenants where the Word of Wisdom is found.

In the required health classes, the teachers were rabidly hateful against anyone daring to suggest that white sugar, white bread, overuse of salt and devouring dead bodies was unhealthy and they had a

whole series of insulting names for anyone who didn't eat three meals a day consisting of platefuls of fried greasy slabs of animal corpses. Nothing or no one in the world was going to tell Lloyd that there was anything evil about the diet that God revealed to him after he had prayed fervently in Paris for days and days to find a solution for his stomach troubles that resulted from years of alcohol abuse. He cringed and gritted his teeth in every health class where the teachers mostly railed against food faddists and evil vegetarians like they were the worst scum that the Devil had ever created.

What it demonstrated to Lloyd was that the big companies, maybe U and I Sugar and other insidious greedy conspiracies were controlling the Church and forcing their hatred against healthy living on Church members when such a philosophy was completely contrary to the scriptures supposedly espoused by the Church. If something could have destroyed Lloyd's testimony of the Gospel, that would have really done it. But rather than drop out of the Church, he knew he had to stay in it and fight against the lies and falsehoods that were being forced into the Church by 'evil designing men' because of financial greed. He knew that Brigham Young warned against Mormons eventually becoming wealthy and going straight to hell. He also was well aware of Brigham Young's statement that the day would come when you "couldn't tell a black leg from a saint." And Lloyd's nightmare of persecution and ridicule at BYU demonstrated that brother Brigham's words had come true. If Brigham Young's statue could come to life, he would lift his cane and, in a violent rage, would angrily start whacking the obscenely dressed bimbos with huge beehive hairdos and the little punk spoiled boys in their ridiculous fruity Bermuda shorts.

None of the original founders of Mormonism would stand for the grotesque mess that seethed all over BYU campus in the mid 60s and Lloyd couldn't stand it either; but he was helpless to do anything. In his health classes, he had to shut up and answer the test questions incorrectly to even get a C-. After he had barely passed one class, he visited the teacher and kindly and politely bore his testimony of how God directed him to a mostly raw fruit and vegetable diet as a result of fervent and constant prayer. It was the same spirit that guided Lloyd into the Church and he knew that it was from God. He apologized for being a 'satanic' 'food faddist' and a diabolic 'quack;' but he knew God had led him to that path and challenged the teacher to pray about it. The teacher was stunned and embarrassed not knowing how to respond since his whole field of study had condemned people like Lloyd as the worst possible evil, even worse than Communism. They parted friends but the grim cloud of prejudice and abhorrence still hung over him every day. Even Church authorities on campus like Marilyn's bishop intimated that Lloyd was becoming an apostate or was influenced by the Devil because he wouldn't eat meat three times a day. Several people threatened that he would surely die in a few months if he didn't start eating huge slabs of decaying flesh three times a day. Humorously enough, all those hate-mongers were likely dead when Lloyd was still in perfect health in his 70s, appearing and acting and feeling almost the same as he did when he was an undergraduate at the Y.

When Lloyd was taking one of the anti-health hate classes, the teacher related a purportedly true stupid story of how a girl went into a health food store, bought a can of concentrated carrot juice, drank it and keeled over dead. That same lying health teacher probably died before the year 2,000 of pork poisoning, cholesterol, salt, sugar, McDonalds, Coke, Pepsi or cancer from all the above, otherwise they would have died of a heart attack after being horrified to eventually see wheat grass juice actually being sold on the Y campus in the Wilk decades later. It is almost certain that most of the hate mongers who threatened that Lloyd would be dead in a few weeks if he didn't start eating masses of meat were definitely dead by the year 2,000. And who knows how many of his enemies that said he was an apostate are still active in the Church while Lloyd still hung on patiently waiting for the Church to be

eventually set in order while he continued trying to offer his observations on the problems even though no one wanted to hear anything he said.

So when he went to the campus bookstore to buy the required so-called 'health' text for the bogus hate class, he was dumbfounded to discover a beautiful little book called *Walking in Obedience*. He perused the text and was delighted to find that it told the real truth about diet and the Word of Wisdom, actually advocating a vegetarian or near vegetarian diet. He looked around waiting for the campus security to arrest him for looking at such a book or for a gang of thugs to burst into the bookstore and wrench it from his clutches and confiscate all the others on the shelf for immediate burning. But no one knew about it yet, so he looked into his wallet and calculated his meager finances so he could buy a few copies of the wonderful book. He sheepishly paid hoping that no one would catch him and confiscate the rare precious texts. He rushed to the trailer and showed Marilyn his discovery. She was thrilled and told him that he should get a few more so they could share them with their friends and a few of their harshest critics. They both scrounged around the trailer, in their coin bowls and wherever they could find a few more dollars so Lloyd could rush back to campus to buy more of the books. A few days later, Lloyd had scrounged up a few more dollars and rushed into the bookstore to buy more, but he found that they were completely gone. He knew no one had bought them up; so he timidly asked the manager and learned that they had been removed from the campus because the health department had banned them. Of course, it was obvious that no dietary truth could ever be allowed on the BYU campus, it might corrupt potential customers of the poison non-food junk that the big companies were foisting on the whole nation. The big corporations, the 'evil designing men' described in the Word of Wisdom, had all power over the Y campus, even over the Church as a whole, and eventually those 'evil designing men' were able to force the Y into sponsoring Coke on campus after years of it having been banned because of the caffeine and because it started out as an obvious deadly poison concoction of tar, sugar water, paint and cocaine, thus the name Coca-Cola.

It seemed that the Mormon Church was suffering the same fate as the Catholics who adopted paganism and Roman power mania shortly after they crucified Jesus. Similarly at BYU, the world was seeping in and taking over almost everything but the most basic religious doctrines. Evolution was accepted by some factions on campus, many accepted that the Indians came from Mongolia not Lehi's family, half the campus voted for Johnson and hated Goldwater insisting "bury Goldwater," almost everyone on campus was completely convinced that any vegetarian was an apostate and should be immediately excommunicated and driven from campus if not assassinated. And all this in the face of the enlightened book entitled *The Word of Wisdom* authored by vegetarian apostle John A. Widtsoe and a similar pamphlet by Apostle Mark E. Peterson who condemned putrefaction of meat in the intestines and encouraged healthy diet. Strangely, with the all the wholesale spite for vegetarian or health minded individuals at BYU, it seems odd that they would eventually name a building after vegetarian Apostle Widtsoe. Weren't all vegetarians apostates and weren't they all supposed to be excommunicated or executed if that were possible?

Lloyd had never felt so alone and despised not even in Germany or anywhere he had been in the world. He felt that he had been blessed to be able to experience in some tiny degree how Joseph Smith must have felt having almost everyone against him everywhere even in the Church. Then it didn't help that Lloyd was so vociferous about his resentment of the campus being littered by what he described as dirty little sextop sleazebag 'babes' depicted in a little poem he sent to the Daily Universe and which was read by several thousand students. The poem expressed his distain for the slimy look almost all the girls imagined they absolutely had to adopt:

SLIMEDERELLA

Oh mirror there upon the wall,
you like my hair greased up so tall?
A little blue around the eyes;
spray on more glue, it catches flies.
The fellows think I'm right in style;
they like the stink, the pasty smile.
I'll slop more slime upon my mug,
more greasy grime, how sickening, ugh!
My lips so red they blind yer eyes;
I'll knock 'em dead, those dumbbell guys.
More stinky stench from phony France,
a Paris trench . . . the Seine by chance.
Those shoes I hate, my feet get sore;
but I'm too great to touch the floor.
I have to try with all these tricks
to catch a guy, those stupid hicks.
They spend their dough to please my quirks
and never know I hate the jerks.
The sludge, the smell, o what a mess;
I hate as well myself I guess.
Alas I dread the truth to be:
no man would wed a slob like me.

Because of his outrageousness and total honesty, Lloyd was invited, or more correctly barely allowed to read his social comment rhymes at various gatherings around the Y campus. Another set of verses that describe the horrible disgusting big bully corporation inflicted filthy habit by which almost everyone in America had become mind-controlled zombies, was chewing gum. Lloyd lambasted this nauseating food mafia enforced addiction with its ghastly bubble popping and deafening cracking accompanied by putrid spraying of germy spit all over everyone in the vicinity in the following verses which was purposely intended to offend the retarded guilty girls:

GUEY GLUEY CHEWING GUM

Some people spend their dough for smokes,
I spend for just as big a hoax;
no matter how you beg and coax,
I'll never quit my grubby gum.
Whenever I go on a date
they are in for an awful fate'
and soon, I'm sure, will learn to hate
my greasy gooey gluey gum.
I chew so hard my fillings show,
no one could miss their silver glow

and sickening shifting to-and-fro
of icky sticky gicky gum.
How can they say that I am dumb
and that I come right from a slum
just 'cuz my mouth is full of scum,
my sloppy slimy grimy gum.

But the verses that became the big hit all over campus were about the evils of smoking, something that everyone at the Y could agree with because it couldn't be a description of their shortcomings and social failings. Lloyd knew very well how hard it could be to quit smoking because he tried it over and over starting in Sweden in 1960 finally conquering the addiction later in Paris with divine assistance. This was his most popular set of verses:

THIS ONE'S MY LAST

Well, thanks J.B., you smoke my kind.
I quit, you see; but never mind.
Just one more then I'll have the guts
To quit again; no I'm not nuts.
Why, you know me, the 'Iron Man;'
just wait and see. I know I can.
I quit last year ten times or more;
I have no fear, I've quit before.
It's sure that I'm an expert now;
I learn each time a new way how.
I'm telling you to quit's an art
'cause all I do is quit and start.
Or course it's right all that I've said,
I quit each night to go to bed.
So thanks J.B. for that last one;
It's half past three, I have to run.
I've got the will, this time I'll win;
I've quit until . . . I start again.

Marilyn was also a poet but more esoteric, writing in the weirdo modern format that Lloyd and most of the public had difficulty in fathoming. Lloyd was bitterly opposed to all mod-odd innovations in the arts and other subjects. He hated so-called modern 'art,' the grotesque variety of modern dance, modern classical 'music' with all its cacophonous ugliness, anything that contemporary counterfeit wannabe artists would latch on to so they could pretend they had a bit of talent when they were really just awful. By hiding in the mod-odd fraud, phony non-artists could deceive everyone into thinking their lack of any skills was just their form of 'personal expression.' The worst case of this trick of scamming the public was by fake pop and rock and roll 'artists' who couldn't even play a C scale and didn't know more than two or maybe three chords. Lloyd cited the Beatles as a perfect example of 'music' fraud that deceived the whole world eventually spelling the end of any intelligence in music for decades and permanently damaging the world's tastes which could never be healed. But, although

Marilyn dabbled in weird unstructured modern poetry, she was definitely a legitimate and skilled writer and later authored valuable historical novels.

A Vengeful Poly Plants Poison Ivy

Lloyd's crass and offensive manner of informing some of the more trashy girls on the Y campus of their shortcomings (short skirts, short hair, slutty attitude, ghastly gum, etc.) one time got him into real trouble. He once told a girl, who he decided was a trollopy type, that she looked like a whore with her super-tight micro-mini skirt and overdone makeup. He emphatically stated that she couldn't be a Mormon looking like a harlot and shouldn't pretend to be LDS. When the poor girl related the incident to her big bad Tongan boyfriend, a tough guard on the BYU football team, he started mouthing off in the locker room how he was going to smash that hot shot \$%#@ Lloyd to bits. One of the teammates, who was a peaceful mellow fellow, overheard it and quickly reported it to the school authorities.

The afternoon that the big old Tongan finally hunted down the Miller trailer; luckily Lloyd had been invited for a chat with one of the university officials in the administration building. During the conversation, the phone rang and the official was informed by campus security that the rowdy Tongan had left the trailer. The friendly official quickly ended the conversation and thanked Lloyd for the visit. Marilyn later informed Lloyd that a mean-looking scary Poly guy had angrily banged on the door and was looking for Lloyd because he had insulted his girl. Marilyn sighed and sympathized noting "oh he always goes around preaching to everyone and he can sometimes be really insulting." Later the Tongan must have planted poison ivy in the little garden Marilyn was tending near the trailer because she got a bad case of it.

When Marilyn and Lloyd were at an Asian arts camp in Idyllwild, California learning to paint in the ancient Chinese style watercolor from Emil Shaw, a descendant of the famous Southern Sung master Hsia Kuei, at the end of the camp the poison ivy rash slowly appeared. Lloyd and Marilyn had become quite adept at the Southern Sung style starting with a bob of water on the paper then dobbing black ink on the blob with a paintbrush in various ways to create the far away mountains and the horizontal white stretch of mist in the foreground. Marilyn became concerned when her rash was worsening; so Lloyd thought back of his days at Dr. Pottinger's health camp in nearby Monrovia. The camp ended and they rushed to Monrovia where Lloyd looked up Dr. Pottinger who was luckily still a practicing health minded natural physician. The good doctor remembered Lloyd who had been sent to his stringent camp as a youth where the young boys had to do dozens of set ups, push ups and other strenuous exercises at the crack of dawn every day before they were allowed to eat their plain mush with a few nuts and raisins in it. It was like a military camp, unpleasant but beneficial.

Dr. Pottinger immediately recognized Marilyn's rash as the result of poison ivy and wondered where she had any contact with it. They imagined that somewhere in the mountains she might have touched it; but later Marilyn discovered it was growing in her little garden at the side of the trailer; so she and Lloyd realized it must have been the vengeful Poly. The doctor had the perfect natural cure; he gave her a mild injection of poison ivy which almost immediately solved the problem without needing any uncomfortable topical products. The visit was only a few dollars and Lloyd was very pleased that one of the only natural doctors he had ever known was right there when needed.

Lloyd and Marilyn returned to Idyllwild while she recuperated for a couple of days during which Lloyd took private music lessons from the Chinese art teacher who was a master ancient *chin* as well as the *cheng* or flat harp similar to the Vietnamese *dan tranh* Lloyd had studied in Paris. At the camp, they had also learned about Japanese Haiku poetry and everyone was challenged to try their hand at

writing in that format. Of course goofy Lloyd created a Haiku just using the syllables 'hi' and 'ku.' It went something like "hi cuckoo, coo high, high cuckoo; coo a high coo, high cuckoo, coo high," etc. Marilyn composed an excellent verse because she was an official graduate candidate in English as an English teacher and a poetess as well.

The New Marriage Begins to Crumble and a Canadian Sojourn

Back in the trailer, the months wore on and something strange was happening. A wall seemed to be growing between Lloyd and Marilyn with her acting strange and distant. Finally Lloyd insisted they have a prayer together to discover the reason. After the prayer, Marilyn broke into tears and confessed she had been keeping something from Lloyd and felt terrible about it. Lloyd's parents had continually harassed the couple about never having children because Lloyd was likely not be able to ever find a real job due to his having had his brain partly burned away from shock treatments at Mount Airy Sanitarium in Colorado. To make absolutely sure that they would never have any children, Lloyd's mother had a grim talk with Marilyn and forced her through financial pressures and sweet talk to accept a diaphragm that Lloyd's mom had brought from California. But Marilyn just took it and hid it somewhere because she never would use a thing like that. Lloyd and Marilyn, under Lloyd's influence, had sort of decided to mostly keep sex out of their relationship except for children. So they rarely got physical and were proud to be living a spiritually advanced almost celibate, companionship. In following the admonition of the Church, Lloyd wanted to be a good member and to have children soon, even though he couldn't and wouldn't be able to support them. He always resented his parents bribing, threatening and cajoling his friends to be their spies or to try to force Lloyd to do their will. So when he found out that Marilyn had ganged up with his mother, that was the beginning of the end of the marriage. Lloyd knew that Marilyn and his mom had become really close and that Marilyn was easily influenced by his mom; so every thing that happened, every thing Marilyn said or did was suspect as a plot by Lloyd's parents. Lloyd's pernicious paranoia drove him into a state of near insanity suspecting every little thing as a continuation of his parents' non-stop plotting to remake him as a puppet of their mediocre social climbing.

One day Lloyd's bishop called him in and said "Lloyd, I can't tell you not to pay tithing; but I am obliged to say that your family don't think you should pay it on the small amount they send you to use for your education." Of course, if his parents were against tithing, Lloyd would surely pay even more than ten percent just to spite them for their hypocrisy. His schoolwork suffered, he felt very alone, which he already felt because everyone at the Y hated 'food faddists' and had no interest in anything Lloyd valued. He had no hope of doing graduate work at the Y and with only a couple of real friends there; he just didn't know where to turn. Now his best friend and closest associate, Marilyn, was a potential spy for his parents and Lloyd wished he could be back in Europe where no one snooped on his private life nor tried to trick him into being the opposite of what he was, whatever that might be. Lloyd decided that he and Marilyn should have a baby to show his parents that they had no power to dictate his every move.

So the insecure and mentally imperfect couple worked on a pregnancy for a while then gave up because Lloyd was too confused and depressed to know what he should do in life. He just knew that the Lord would provide and that he would be teaching at the Y or be hired to do Persian translating or something. He had total faith because the Lord had wrenched him from the gutter in Paris and cast him into the Church with the vigor of Hercules; so of course the Lord could cause a minor miracle of inspiring some Church official to discover Lloyd's special skills and invite him into the Lord's service

in an employee capacity. But no amount of faith, or no amount of hope and effort could do anything for Lloyd then or even towards the end of his life. The Church had absolutely no interest in anything about him or could care less if he starved to death in the street. But this never diminished Lloyd's testimony of the Gospel or for LDS officials. He always knew, from the time he was converted by direct divine intervention, that the Church would have to undergo a rabid revision before any real spirituality like in the days of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and John Taylor could ever return. But just one tiny mini miracle so Lloyd could somehow gain a modest income from his many skills should not have been too much to ask, or would it? Unfortunately a mini miracle never happened and Lloyd continually sunk lower and lower on the financial ladder that he had not even begun to climb.

The couple's financial situation was disintegrating because he was defying his parents and he was trying to get along without much of their assistance, which always came with strings (or more like a hangman's noose) attached. The mission to Middle Eastern students and the Islamic gospel class in their ward had evaporated and Lloyd's usefulness on campus was questionable. All too often, Lloyd and Marilyn would have to put pennies and nickels together to be able to buy fresh fruit and vegetables on special at Ream's market and Lloyd felt his whole life or reason to be alive was fading away. Once in a while bassist Grady Edenfield would call Lloyd to play a dance band job on piano for \$12 or \$15 which helped keep the couple barely alive. Marilyn had become somewhat rebellious about her former habit of wearing makeup and using fingernail polish and once an argument devolved into a shouting match where a bottle of Vaseline was thrown, chipping poor Marilyn's tooth. Another time when they were arguing over Marilyn's mother's extensive involvement in their marriage, which Lloyd felt was excessive, Marilyn became irate at Lloyd's bullheaded stupidity and caustic tongue and she sunk her fingernails into his cheek leaving a permanent scar which he later treasured because it showed she cared. Her mother chastised her for becoming violent; but the bad feeling, in combination with other similar negative memories, lingered within the walls of the trailer as things became more tense and less hopeful. Marilyn realized that Lloyd was really hard to live with and he was afraid that she was snitching to his parents ever day; so the original happy giddy joy and deep friendship was dangerously waning. Marilyn's friends were suggesting that she might have to leave him and he was suggesting that she stop seeing those treacherous 'friends.' She would occasionally sneak out and eat something they had agreed wouldn't be part of their diet such as fried fish or some other similar junk food item.

To try to help Marilyn break from the chains of Yankee society and to gain some depth plus learn French, Lloyd decided that she should spend time in Quebec since a trip to Paris would be too expensive and too far away. So after a few discussions about the idea, Marilyn thought it would be a beneficial experience; so off they went in the little black Chevy, visiting Mormon temples wherever they found one, first stopping off near Denver to visit Marilyn's birth home. They visited Nauvoo and Carthage; Lloyd showed her Todd School in Woodstock then he looked up Jean's address in Oak Park outside of Chicago and stopped by. Lloyd was shocked to find Jean living there and talking the same jazz slang they had shared years ago as if they had never been apart. Marilyn was a bit weirded out meeting Lloyd's ex, especially since Jean was so bizarre. She could see how that marriage didn't last long and tried to be friendly. Then Jean's fiancé came over because they were getting married the next day. Lloyd and Marilyn were kind and caring wishing them lots of luck and Lloyd explained how he found Mormonism which helped him abandon his harmful habits.

Eventually Lloyd and Marilyn reached Montreal and then they went all the way to Quebec City unsuccessfully searching for a Mormon Church branch there. Eventually they located a branch back in Montreal and found a couple that were willing to have Marilyn stay with them for a few weeks. Lloyd gave them some funds to cover some of the expenses. But since the couple was American, it wasn't

quite as helpful for Marilyn's hoped for intensive French experience of being totally immersed in the language. Also, the crazy dialect spoken in French Canada was almost as removed from Parisian French as Pensylvayne Daich is removed from Vienese German. When Lloyd was sure that Marilyn would be OK there, he drove back to Provo traveling through Canada to Idaho then down through Rexburg where he visited his grandparents then to Salt Lake and finally the trailer in Provo.

While Marilyn was on her French intensive residency, Lloyd decided to work on becoming more spiritual. He attended a Church general conference in the famed tabernacle and sat right in the middle of the balcony. During the financial report, everyone was bored to death and some seemed to be dazed or dozing off, bored to slumber hearing all details about the Church income. Finally president McKay finished the report and, with an impish glint in his eye and a fun loving smile stated "and now we will sing We Thank Thee O God for a Prophet." The whole tabernacle immediately came alive with laughter at the clever pun, then everyone vigorously sang with the renowned Tabernacle Choir. It was a great feeling to be among so many saints and for Lloyd it was nice to be away from the improperly attired BYU coeds and their shallow kiddy cohorts. Then at the end of the conference, when it came time for president McKay to give his final discourse, he rose feebly and his two counselors rushed to each side to help him towards the podium. He angrily waved them aside and sternly quipped "I can do it" as they quickly returned to their seats. For Lloyd, this was proof that President McKay really was a prophet because he had spunk and a lively temper when needed, just like the prophets of old. Although Lloyd always saw things differently than everyone else, the conference experience was very beneficial to his testimony. During the break between sessions, Lloyd wandered around Temple Square where families and couples or friends were sitting and chatting quietly or sharing a simple repast all dressed elegantly like Lloyd thought real Mormons should dress all the time. It gave him hope that possibly the Church could be more spiritual than mundane; at least two times a year, a more spiritual tone could be enjoyed by those who feel oppressed by the encroachment of the monster of modern materialism.

Also during Marilyn's absence, he was able to read from his collection of alternative spiritual books, one of which was titled *He Walked the Americas* written by a non-Mormon. The book shared a collection of many legends about a pre-Columbian white-robed prophet with reddish hair and sea-colored eyes who strongly resembled Jesus and had visited various Native Americans. Legends of many tribes and peoples from all over the American continent offered proof that Jesus really did visit America after his resurrection as claimed in the Book of Mormon. Stories from Oraibi, the Dakota Sioux, Cheyenne, Pawnee, Choktaw, Cherokee, Chickasaw, Creek, Chinooks, Chippewa, Shawnee, Algonquin, Senecas, Zuni, Dene, Seri, Puans, Papago, Yaqui, Toltecs, Mayans, Polynesians and others demonstrated this fact. The white-robed prophet was attributed with healing, raising the dead and teaching love for others whether friend or foe. He was known by various names including Tla-acoma, Tacoma, Acoma, Wacoma, Tlazoma, Azoma, Mahntazoma, Wakea, Esecotl, Kate-Zahl, Quetzal Coatl, Teo-wahkan, and interestingly, Chee-Zoos.

Lloyd actually needed no proof of the truth of the Book of Mormon and its similar reports of Jesus visiting America. Lloyd's familiarity with Semitic languages and the several examples of nearly unknown Semitic names in the Book of Mormon would be sufficient to convince him even if he had not been converted by an undeniable personal miracle. He became aware of the Los Lunas, New Mexico stone where the Ten Commandments were engraved using an ancient Semitic alphabet. He also became aware of the stone engraving from southeast Colorado where they discovered ancient Semitic letters exactly like those found on the Arabian Peninsula. There are so many physical proofs of Mormon claims that America was inhabited by peoples from the ancient Middle East; but Lloyd needed none of those although he was always happy to learn of them. He decided to write a letter to

the author of the inspiring book who was living in New Mexico to thank him for his research. Lloyd included a Book of Mormon that he suggested would be one more document proving Jesus had been on this continent. The author wrote back thanking Lloyd for the Book of Mormon, which he promised to read. That proved that his research was completely independent of any Mormon influence. Lloyd also read some other of his unusual books which are not exactly approved by the Church but which would not distract him since he was not influenced by anything but his own inner understanding which, although often not at all in agreement with the general opinion of the masses, was what he knew to be true no matter what.

A European Intellectual Enters the Scene

Marilyn returned from Canada and afterwards Lloyd met a few new people at BYU who slightly ameliorated his depression to a slightly more positive outlook. He finally found a live solution to his longing for his former successful and happy, although sin-ridden, life in Paris without the sin of course, with those huge successful concerts and tours in the Jef Gilson band including the camaraderie with the band members and with everyone around the Latin Quarter near the Hotel Saint André. One day when he was hanging around the Language Department office, he noticed a provocatively dressed yet interesting mysterious young lady chatting flauntingly in French. She had some of the negative characteristics of the teenage show-off sex queens in Paris, but offset by charm and disguised innocence. As always, Lloyd felt it his duty to criticize her short skirt and highly piled hairdo, so he muttered something about it in French but not quite as insultingly as usual. She haughtily countered that it was none of his business and then asked where he learned to speak with such fluency. He told her about his years in Paris and his concerts with Gilson. She mentioned that her dad was a big impresario in Belgium and booked famous artists to perform at major venues. Lloyd warmed up to the strange girl and asked more about her and learned that she was Dutch of Portuguese Sephardic Jewish royalty and Indonesian background and was living in Belgium before the family was converted to Mormonism. She could speak fluent French, Dutch, English and some German. Lloyd was blown away that there was someone like him with a diverse European experience and a connection with the performing arts. He also learned that she was a jazz fan and knew about Miles and other important jazz greats.

This new exciting friend named Jona (pronounced Yona) Pimentel was a refreshing encounter in the wasteland of spoiled adolescents at the Y and Lloyd found out that they were both signed up for a couple of French classes together one being History of the French Language. Wow, Lloyd was ecstatic and rushed home to inform Marilyn that he had discovered one more of the handful of human beings among the shallow children on campus. Marilyn was mildly interested but a little apprehensive because Jona was a girl and possibly a potential threat. Lloyd didn't perceive her as a girl and didn't like her showy appearance; but rather he perceived her as a European language expert with a potentially helpful father.

Lloyd spent many hours chatting with his new friend after classes and in between classes. She explained that her father was a close affiliate with an important New York agent Jay Hoffman who had originally brought the dance company of Uday Shankar to America and then was also the agent who brought Ravi Shankar and his virtuoso musicians to America. Lloyd was astounded that he had finally come into contact with someone who was indirectly in touch with the big time in the ethnic music field. Jona finally changed the spelling of her name to Yona since no one was familiar with the Dutch pronunciation. When Lloyd found out that Yona was a strict vegetarian, although following the

Ohshawa macrobiotic system where everything was supposed to be cooked, he was totally convinced that she had to be part of his inner circle of best friends. He introduced her to Edie so the two sophisticated and intelligent young women could share ideas in Dutch.

Finally Marilyn met Yona and they appeared to have a lot of common interests and definitely were in the higher intelligence bracket. The three visited the Provo health food store and attended a few campus events together and were becoming like a family. But then Marilyn found that she was finally pregnant and her whole worldview changed. She lost interest in the things that were so important to Lloyd due to her pending serious responsibility of becoming a mother amplified by the common characteristic she shared with Lloyd of exaggerating things beyond reality. She was so worried about the future of the baby and about Lloyd's inability to focus on being a father that it became difficult for Lloyd to become part of the whole parenting possibility. It wasn't Marilyn's fault at all, just a situation that frightened and alienated Lloyd. In fact, Lloyd had such a disappointing childhood and had been so turned off to having children by his parents' insisting they never have any, that he became panicked and withdrew into an emotional shell. He was devastated that Marilyn had been obliged to set aside interest in studying Middle Eastern languages at the U of U with Lloyd and had decided she needed to remain in Provo where her parents could help her with the baby. This would mean that Lloyd would have to try to work a menial manual labor job in Provo around the adolescent artificial Mormon kids at the Y and give up any graduate degree or anything to do with music. It was so depressing to Lloyd that his big hope would be maybe becoming a janitor at the Y (if he were lucky), that he became almost suicidal.

He was totally lost and leaned heavily on his few friends, mainly Yona, Stan, Edie and his mentors Palmer and Nibley, both of whom were too involved in scholastics to give him as much time as they would have liked. Yona was also deeply depressed over the break up of her parents and so she and Lloyd spent many hours commiserating over their individual problems. Yona tried to convince Lloyd that he could become a good father even if he had been turned off from the whole family thing due to a miserable childhood. He tried to convince her that her parents could maybe get back together someday and to be hopeful about it. Lloyd had tried to do everything right, to go to the Y, to get married there then have a family and finally be hired to teach Eastern music and/or jazz. Without the last part, none of the other things meant anything but a nightmare. Without a solid good-paying teaching position somewhere so he could afford to have a family, his life was finished before it had even begun. With no chance for a graduate degree and no possible job so as to join the ranks of his beloved mentors Nibley, Palmer and J. Ruben Clark Junior, he was finished. The Y let him know that without a PhD, he could forget about ever teaching there; but if he got the advanced degree, they would be happy to have him teach. Too bad the officials who promised that eventually disappeared or died; so even years later with a PhD and further honors, Lloyd never got a professorship at the Y and never would unless Jesus were to appear in person and command it. But with Lloyd's luck, even then he would still be shunned.

Oriental Jazz and Lloyd's Rise to Fame

One day Lloyd was alone in the trailer and knelt sadly and, in a desperate prayer, warned the Lord that he was losing all hope, although never losing his belief, and that if something positive didn't happen soon, he might become even more of a disappointment than he already was. When he rose from praying, the phone rang and Grady had another dance job for \$15 which was merely slightly encouraging. As for jazz performance opportunities, he had heard about the Intermountain Collegiate Jazz Festival and how a BYU jazz pianist named Preston along with a charming sweet vocalist Cheryl

had won the year before. Lloyd wondered if he should enter a group; but he didn't have a group. He heard that last year's winning pianist Preston had formed a trio and was intending to enter again. Although Lloyd was quite a strong pianist with years of experience and successes throughout Europe, he decided that two pianists from the same university bitterly battling it out would be counterproductive. He found out where the pianist was practicing and decided to meet him and suggest collaborating. He went to the music department band room and there he met the nicest guy he had ever known in the jazz field. The pianist named Preston Kies, ironically dubbed Pres Keys, was so humble and mellow that Lloyd just knew they would be a great team.

He suggested to Pres that, rather than two pretty good pianists fighting each other, they should join forces and maybe beat the U of U and everyone else. Pres wondered how they could collaborate and Lloyd, drawing on his experience with the Jef Gilson combo, suggested that he play other instruments while Pres would handle the piano. Then he suggested that the other instruments could be cornet, clarinet, hand drum and two Middle Eastern instruments, the Persian *santur*, a hammered dulcimer which was the ancestor of the piano and the *oud* which was the ancestor of the lute and guitar. Lloyd added that he could also play Vietnamese flat harp or *dan tranh*. Pres liked Lloyd's enthusiasm and good nature, so he agreed to get together the next week for a trial run of the potential band. At the next rehearsal, Lloyd met the bassist and drummer who were also humble and mellow along with being virtuosi on their instruments. This was much more serious than Lloyd's short-lived stint as pianist for the Y jazz band called the Transatlantics Jazz Octet.

The next week, Lloyd brought his instruments and scores he had been writing for just such a potential group with the exacting piano parts. He was a bit hesitant about Pres being able or willing to read the difficult piano music; but was pleasantly surprised to find that Pres was not only a highly skilled improviser in the vein of Bill Evans but was also a perfect sight reader and could interpret the notes with some of his own feeling. They worked through tricky arrangements of a Persian folk tune *Gol-e Gandom* for which Lloyd played an extensive introductory solo using the Segah mode that he had learned in Paris from his master Daryush Safvat. Then the melody came in with Pres joining him in rendering the theme. Pres took a great solo passing the spotlight to Lloyd who played a Persian modal improvisation without paying any attention to the jazz chords and beats then finally ending with the melody in unison. They also worked on a Turkish inspired creation that Lloyd dubbed *Güzel Gözler* where he did a substantial Turko-Arab *oud* introduction before the combo came in with a Miles Davis type modal white-note single chord background on piano. Lloyd quickly switched to clarinet and wailed out a simple modal Coletranesque solo until the rhythm changed to a Turkish repetitive refrain with the drummer Dick Beeson changing to *dumbek* struck with a jingling tambourine in one hand, a little trick Lloyd had invented. After the Turkish rhythm was set, Lloyd came in with a very convincing Turkish clarinet *taksim* before everyone returned to the Miles/Coletrane modality ending in a Turko-Arab tag with Lloyd on *oud* in unison with Pres.

Two other compositions they worked up included a Vietnamese blues blend called Hue Wail; since the Nam mode of Hue is in a very bluesy scale. Lloyd set the mood with a *dan tranh* (flat harp) improvisation in the Nam mode before the bass and others came in to divulge a blues theme. Lloyd improvised over the blues backup using twangs and fast vibratos from the Vietnamese tradition in a convincing blues manner before Pres took over with an excellent cool jazz blues improvisation. The other piece was a Javanese-based Sundanese creation inspired by Lloyd's new solid true friend Yona who was part Indonesian. The piano started out playing repetitive motifs typical of the flat harp or *kajapi* with the bass quoting the lower *kajapi* notes and drums furnishing alternating cymbal patterns and tom tom accents as would be played by the Javanese barrel drum or *kendang*. So Pres Keys'

Contemporary Jazz Quartet featuring Lloyd Miller entered the Intermountain Collegiate Jazz Festival that was held in Salt Lake City and they completely dumbfounded the judges with their strange but pleasing music, so much so that they awarded Lloyd the 1967 Best Arranger-Composer trophy. As a result, the group was invited to perform for the BYU music department where some of the professors who didn't know what to think of Lloyd realized that, however unusual he may have been, his musical talents could not be denied. The band was also invited to perform on a KBYU TV special of which Lloyd was able, through much difficulty, to obtain a kinescope that he eventually took with him to Iran where it was broadcast on National Iranian Radio and Television various times and was highly acclaimed.

The Marriage Dissolves

Meanwhile Marilyn was emotionally abandoned because Lloyd was too involved with his success in music and new jazz pals, including his Belgium female friend Yona. Lloyd was drifting into a dream world and didn't realize that Yona and Pres were replacing Marilyn who he mistakenly imagined had become a spy for the Miller parents and thus some kind of enemy who was fighting against Lloyd's weird ideas and music mania. He felt that Marilyn and her mom along with his parents were all out to get him. His irrational paranoia had taken over and he didn't sympathize with the lonely situation Marilyn was enduring. She began to feel threatened by Yona and, the more she suspected some romance was afoot, the more Lloyd perceived a cold shoulder from Marilyn. She and her parents were so involved with the new problem of an impending baby that Lloyd clung to Pres and Yona for friendship. Finally Yona became his only real confidant and advisor while she tried to be neutral in advising him on his disintegrating marriage and kept somewhat distant. Even though Yona was attractive, warm and friendly as well as intellectual and possessing all the good qualities of a European woman, Lloyd was so immersed in his exaggerated spirituality and supposed mission to clean up the Y campus and to enlighten Middle Eastern natives, that he didn't really think of Yona in a romantic way. But Marilyn noticed the possibility and it added to her isolated feeling and her own paranoia about becoming a mother which role had become her main emphasis somewhat excluding everything else. Finally she decided to move back with her parents so she could concentrate on preparing for the baby without Lloyd's craziness and arguing with him.

Lloyd was devastated that she had left him even though the dumb jerk should have known it was inevitable since he was not at all into children even if he insisted that they have one. He should have realized that his parents were right that, maybe due to his mixed-up childhood, the brain toasting trauma in the nut house and his resultant inability to do anything but music, added to his mental instability from birth that resulted in that nut house sentence, and for other reasons, he should not have had the arrogance to suppose he could raise a child. He should not have involved poor Marilyn who was a saint and didn't deserve to be emotionally abandoned by Lloyd over the baby issue. As things got worse, Yona felt obligated as Lloyd's only close friend, to comfort him more and more. They had a few hugs and were becoming like sweethearts although they made a special effort to keep the relationship platonic. Lloyd leaned on Yona way too much and, silly emotional weakling that he was, he began to unwittingly develop a crush on her. She initially wasn't really his type; she was too outwardly self sufficient, too into the latest European fashions which involved appearing sexy, too hung up on her parents and not interested in Middle Eastern culture or in ever playing an instrument. Also she seemed to lecture him too much as if she were the guru. But she had a warm heart and more

life experience than most Y students; plus she had suffered her own humbling trauma over her parents breaking up.

Finally things got worse and Marilyn decided to move to back to Longmont, her native small town in Colorado, so she could totally concentrate on the arrival of her baby. At one point she sort of indicated that Lloyd should marry Yona because the tradition of having a second wife was in the Mormon pioneer heritage although totally banned since the U.S. government made a law against it. Lloyd and Marilyn were both atypical, living in the past or in their own world. It seemed that they had been spirit twins because they shared so many traits both positive and not so positive. But since you don't marry your twin sister unless you are an ancient Hawaiian, they should have realized that, no matter how good a team they were as friends, in marriage someone has to be stable and sensible. And they couldn't be Hawaiians anyway because they were both way too thin.

So now that he was flung into Yona's caring arms, Lloyd didn't know what to do except work on keeping that friendship platonic and intellectual. After Yona realized that Marilyn was sort of tired of Lloyd's paranoia about her ganging up with parents against him and just wanted to have the baby in peace and to get away from Lloyd, Yona wondered what would be the future for Lloyd. One day she asked Lloyd "how would you like to travel around the world playing jazz and Oriental music and helping people?" He smiled and said that had been his dream since joining the Church. Then she suggested that her dad and his associate Jay Hoffman might be able to help that happen. Lloyd wondered if maybe Marilyn was right thinking that he wasn't able to be a father and he should marry Yona to just be a wandering musician. Finally Lloyd was ready for graduation having learned much from a few fantastic mentors and a lot more from life which had taught him that he wasn't yet the holy saint he had been trying to be and that he might never become such. He realized that for all his criticism of the trashy appearance and behavior of the immature kids on the Y campus, he should have been an older kind guide by mostly sharing his conversion story and an occasional harmless suggestion about not worshipping unbecoming fashions. Even though his wild-eyed preaching may have influenced a few, a more positive approach might have been more successful; at least he would have been less resentful.

One day he was sadly shuffling from the library to Wilk when he looked up to witness the girl he had scolded for "looking like a whore," as he had so unkindly phrased it. They approached each other and smiled then hugged as he choked back tears apologizing for his unfriendly remarks. She answered that he was right and that eventually she realized for her own reasons that modesty was important. She was wearing a beautiful granny dress without the big old beehive hairdo. Lloyd felt like a jerk that he had impolitely reprimanded the poor kid who now had become an angelic saint while Lloyd had proven to be a lousy husband and a terrified non-father coward. As they went their separate ways, he realized that everyone has their own pace of moving forward and, although he had miraculously jumped from the dregs of sin to simulated saintliness, the real voyage would take much longer than he ever imagined; in fact it would never end.

Chapter 31

Middle East Studies & Jazz Trophies at U of U

From Blue to Red, Moving from the Y to the U

The dreaded moment finally arrived when Lloyd had to leave the Y, abandoning his beloved mentors, his handful of friends and leaving his broken marriage to move to the terrifying University of Utah where they smoked and sometimes drank booze in class and where they resented Mormons and all religion in general. He was fearful of having to face frantic feminazi freaks, commie coddling leftwing liberals, drunks and drugged-up dregs along with girls who actually were perniciously promiscuous not just pretend sex kittens like at the Y. He had registered for a Persian language class by correspondence from the U in 1965; he had visited the Middle East Center there and was excited about their excellent study program; but he was very depressed that he had failed in marriage and that his dream of studying Middle Eastern culture and languages with Marilyn had vanished.

He was also apprehensive about associating with rabid anti-Mormons all day and having to choke on smoke while avoiding dangerous babes on the prowl. But he wouldn't have to worry about being totally alone, because his new friend Yona had also transferred to the U for her graduate work since there wasn't a graduate program in French at the Y. Meanwhile, Marilyn had realized that Lloyd would be pretty worthless as a father and she had come to terms with the fact that a divorce might be necessary. Although Marilyn suffered from the whole trauma, she was later blessed by encountering a wise and kind widower who was a successful realtor with kids of his own. He was a great father and a stable good person, exactly what Marilyn deserved especially after the misery of trying to deal with an anti-social financially challenged jazzman goofball. Bill was much better father for Marilyn's daughter than inept Lloyd. Lloyd, however, was quite a positive addition to the Middle East Center at the U of U where his linguistic skills and vast information about the Middle East, its culture and languages, finally found a forum. Eventually the sad divorce became a reality when Lloyd's grandfather sent papers to Marilyn and she purposely didn't respond which made it official without a hearing or any other problems. The trailer had to be sold since Marilyn was not coming back. Lloyd's parents helped with a reasonable financial settlement; but the pain for both parties took a while to subside. Lloyd kept wishing that maybe Marilyn could have moved to Salt Lake but that was really not feasible.

Lloyd found an apartment near the U and, although at times he had to struggle to survive, thanks to his parents and grandfather, he was able to barely subsist. The Middle East Center director, Dr. Khosrow Mostofi, immediately took a liking to Lloyd and set up a program for him to be the first recipient of a Masters degree in Persian. But since the Center had been created by one of the Arabic language instructors, a kind old Egyptian gentleman, Dr. Aziz Atiya, the other Arabic professor, Dr. Hanna, was apprehensive about having Persian become too important at the U. He was also suspicious about Lloyd as a student because of his unusual way of viewing and doing everything. So Dr. Hanna invited Lloyd to take Arabic then flattered him along telling him he didn't have to do anything in the class since he was so smart. Then at the end of the class, he gave an impossibly difficult exam all in Arabic and, of course, Lloyd failed the class along with several other Persian and Turkish studies students. Dr. Hanna rushed into Dr. Mostofi's office and gloated over Lloyd's miserable exam waiving it at Dr. Mostofi challenging that Lloyd should be dismissed from the program.

Mostofi was upset and scolded Lloyd, putting him under scholastic surveillance. Lloyd's school record was so tainted that it took years to undo if it ever really was undone. So the dirty trick Hanna

pulled was designed to completely annihilate Lloyd at the U and to prevent him from ever completing his MA in Persian, thus a victory for the Arabs which held Lloyd in limbo for almost 30 years before he was finally awarded a PhD. Hanna appeared to be the type of Egyptian that was easy to hate because he was sneaky and mean, clinging to the evils of Westernization while demeaning Middle Eastern traditions. Poor Lloyd, even though he was a goof-up and did things the wrong way (according to society); he didn't deserve to be continually assassinated. So with Mostofi becoming unenthused and the Arab department a thorn in his side, Lloyd had a struggle to survive at the U. Thankfully, his Persian language teacher, Dr. Mahmudi was a kind old gentleman who helped Lloyd along and reported positively on his language skills to Mostofi.

Teaching Eastern Music and Playing Jazz at the U of U

After the first harsh year, Lloyd was able to convince the head of the Music Department, Dr. Stohl, and Mostofi at Middle East Studies that they could set up a rotating class in Persian, Turko-Arab and Afghan music. Lloyd would teach a little about the theory of the music and about the instruments within a cultural context and then organize performing groups. He had a large collection of instruments from his travels and, now with a reasonable size apartment, he was continually collecting more. The class was initiated and Lloyd began to round up students from all over campus with persistent fliers and even ads in the Daily Chronicle. Soon he had some 15 students for the first quarter which was the class on Persian music. He quickly trained the students to play quite well and they soon had three pieces ready to perform in public. At a Middle East Center event, Lloyd had his class performed, which amazed and delighted Dr. Mostofi. Even Lloyd's enemy Dr. Hanna was pleased and afterward asked if Lloyd was going to train an Arab group to which Lloyd replied the next quarter would be Arab and Turkish music. Again, as always during his life, through music Lloyd was able to turn one more bully and enemy into a friend, or at least a less belligerent enemy.

His classes grew and grew with Lloyd desperately driving to California to hunt down instruments in various stores and from various individuals that he could buy at reasonable prices for the class. He visited UCLA to investigate their ethnomusicology program in hopes of maybe working on a graduate degree there; but was disappointed to find that a complete background in Western music was necessary to even be accepted in the program. Lloyd had absolutely no interest in Western anything especially music. So he gave up on UCLA, but did have a pleasant encounter with Thai music expert Dr. Morton and others. Lloyd spent a few rehearsals playing *gender* in the Balinese *gamelan* where he was not able to learn the tricky technique of grabbing the metal bars after striking them to limit the ringing, at least not quickly enough for the more seasoned students who kept sternly glaring at Lloyd. In the Los Angeles area, he was able to round up a few instruments for his classes as well as a series of photos of instruments at UCLA later to be published in a book he wrote on instruments of the East.

As for instruments for his class, Lloyd also visited the BYU wood shop where he had made several instruments while in his BYU Asian Studies program, there to make much-needed instruments for the classes. The class that became the most popular was the class on music of Afghanistan and India. India because of the Indian cultural explosion during the hippie era of the late 60s. Lloyd was tired of the constant smoking and choking associated with the inside classes, so during warmer weather, he held his class outside on the big grass plot in front of the Music Department. People would walk by and sit for a while to listen and many were recruited for future classes. When he finally had over 30 students for a Chinese/Far East instrumental class, he had to drive the off to China Town in Frisco to hunt down a couple of dozen instruments like *pi pa*, *cheng*, *er hu*, *yang chin*, *ti*, etc. Then

each class day, he was obliged to stuff them in his trunk and wedge them all over the back and front seats and floor of the car, until he could hardly squeeze in himself, then haul them off to class. Eventually he would be obliged to lend a few to students, sell a few and keep a few in the glass display case near the front door of the Music Department.

During the 60s at the U when the hippie thing was really big, Lloyd was aware of classes where the professors would pass a pocket flask of hard liquor among the students and, in one case, even joints were passed around. It was a cultural shock and very unsettling for Lloyd after his conversion and major lifestyle change and his years at the Y where at least tobacco and liquor were banned even if sexual showiness wasn't. At the U, there were even rare reports of sex in the classrooms of very liberal or anti-moral teachers. Lloyd did his best to work around the rampant sin and degradation, which he found was the rule in most American universities during those times. The whole hippie cult of drugs, sex and obnoxious non-music noise which he felt was initiated by the satanic scum rat Beatles, was taking over the whole country and it was a struggle for Lloyd to even express his opposition to all of it. However, the whole weirdness with returning hippies and druggies who had wandered the hash route through Afghanistan and India to Katmandu, added a few extra students into Lloyd's Afghan/Indian music class all wanting to play *sitar*. He had rounded up a half dozen sitars from vendors in northern and southern California; but he had to sell a couple to students since they insisted and because he couldn't haul and fund all the instruments for the class on his meager teaching wages. Lloyd was teaching through a work-study grant, which was a minimum hourly wage and not really much to speak of.

Lloyd really despised the whole garbage 'culture' engendered by the bastard Beatles and their later evil cacophonous musical retard spawns. He loathed the noise, the drugs and the rampant sex. Once a semi-religious friend asked Lloyd "so if you are really religious and believe in love and fairness like Jesus exemplified, just try and see if there is anything good you can find about those whom you really resent." Lloyd thought for a moment then ventured "OK, I guess we could be thankful for the Devil because he keeps us on our toes and lets us know our shortcomings. And I guess he is necessary because without bad we can't know and appreciate good plus he does his job really well and never lets up for a second. We could learn about dedication for him." The friend then asked "how about humans you can't stand?" Lloyd thought for a moment then offered "you mean like the four main apostles of the Devil, the filthy scum bum Beatles? Well, that's a bit harder because they have done more damage to the world than all the mass-murdering tyrants in history put together. Those tyrants only murdered millions, maybe billions, of innocent people; the Beatles have caused a complete global musical and cultural genocide by totally destroying whole musical cultures passed down over the millennia having emanated from a divine source. To me what they have done by destroying the whole world's music forever is worse than anything the Devil could have done; anyway, if it was the Devil's doing, he did it through the Beatles. I can't think of anything good to say about those skuzzy creeps." His friend encouraged "just try really hard to find one little thing" Lloyd wracked his brain and finally came up with "well maybe using, or should I say abusing, the Indian *sarangi* on their stupid Lonely Hearts Club album, the one where their homosexual Satanist guru Allister Crowley is pictured because he actually is Sergeant Pepper. Then maybe using, again abusing, an Indian *sitar*, played badly, on their dumb Norwegian Wood tune. Still, misusing and blaspheming sacred traditional music when they are promoting the worst immorality, obscenity and filth ever known to mankind, is more of a bad thing than good. And all of their so-called compositions are stupid non-musical nonsensical trash with no logic in the chord changes; it represents total musical imbecility.

No, I guess the Beatles are worse than the Devil and I am sure that they will probably teach him a few things when they end up at his side for eternity. They have deceived almost the whole world with their fake non-music noise and they have morally destroyed a whole generation that will never be repaired and thus will have to be burned off the earth in the final soon-to-occur holocaust promised by all religions. Well, OK, maybe they are doing the Lord's will by trashing to world so it can finally be burned." His friend responded "O.K., you tried, but if you just can't see anything good about them, what can you do." Lloyd knew after that conversation that it was up to him to work every waking hour the rest of his life to try to salvage what little was left of jazz and ethnic music all of which had been poisoned by the whole rock horror holocaust and which was fast fading into the abyss of oblivion.

Some very valuable students came to Lloyd's classes and continued to reregister every semester. They were jazz saxophonist Mike Johnson, drummer Ken Breinholt and a nice helpful couple, Paul and Margaret Smith, all of whom became quite skilled. Margaret was good on *santur*, Paul played *oud*, Mike played *sitar* among other instruments while Ken became a *tabla* and *zarb* enthusiast. Lloyd and his students, either the whole class or a selected cadre of experts, played several concerts on campus or around Salt Lake. Lloyd and Marilyn had played a few concerts on the Y campus and produced Lloyd's second LP album called Near and Far East with Y students from the appropriate countries, his first having been the 10 inch LP with Jef Gilson. The Near and Far East LP included an Iranian *tar* player from Shiraz, Manuchehr Paydar, Vietnamese vocalist Tu Trinh Dam, Thai vocalist Dusdi Siwicharn and Marilyn on flute. Although the LP was a fairly accurate representation of most of the cultures represented, obviously it was not a big seller especially at the Y. Lloyd had found a company in Phoenix called Wakefield who were willing to make 300 LPs for only \$300. He sold of few for \$5 each or less; but mostly gave them away.

As for jazz, Lloyd found a few opportunities in Salt Lake, the best place to jam being the Quarter Note at about 9th South and State Street. The place was formerly known as the Latin Quarter and most of Utah's skilled jazz players congregated there to jam. Occasionally Lloyd was actually hired to play solo piano when no one was jamming and to be the main backup for the jam. The wage was not anything to brag about, but it helped. One night when the place was packed with fans and musicians, a new sax man came in and took out his alto. He introduced himself as Joe Muscolino and asked if he could jam a tune. Lloyd indicated of course and kicked off a blues in F. The alto man blew some really strange notes and 'changes.' Lloyd tried to work with it and make him sound good; but sometimes it just didn't happen. One by one, the musicians packed up and left since it was late and Joe had sort of dowsed the session by playing way too amateurishly. It was time for a break and Lloyd invited Joe to run a few changes with him. After a half hour of working on a few typical jazz tunes, Joe began to show some nice ideas although nothing really hip. The next few days, Joe would occasionally drop by the club and Lloyd worked with him during breaks and tried to follow his patterns during jams. After a while, Joe became involved in other activities and he didn't show up much at the jam sessions. Decades later, he became one of the most sought-after bandleaders in the Salt Lake Area. He had discovered the best musicians in the Valley and always booked top players on his gigs using tasteful arrangements. So Joe went from a pain in the neck of the jazz community to being a positive force providing welcome work for deserving players. He never became an instrumental virtuoso; but his band played a lot of gigs although they took opportunities from Lloyd who decades later developed exceptional arrangements and also used virtuoso players for his performance. In spite of the hardships of disseminating LPs, Lloyd produced another one called The Middle East and eventually one more called Impressions of Afghanistan including some U of U student talent for both. Of course those LPs were also very slow movers and boxes of them languished for decades gathering dust.

In the 1960s, Lloyd was also able to become friends with the U of U jazz studies director, Bill Fowler, who eventually added Lloyd to his Young Audiences concerts in elementary schools where he discussed music and had musicians demonstrate. Lloyd hauled around a plethora of Eastern instruments like the Japanese *shamisen*, the Chinese *pipa*, Vietnamese *dan tranh*, occasionally the heavy Thai *ranad*, the Persian *santur*, Turkish *saz* and Arab *oud* to demonstrate to the kids. He was very successful on the Young Audiences series and later, when Dr. Fowler wasn't able to continue his participation due to teaching and administration responsibilities, Lloyd was asked to continue the series for which he used his friends Mike Johnson, Ken Breinholt, and sometimes Yona, who by this time had become his fiancée since she had been such a helpful supporter. Dr. Fowler was just great in assisting Lloyd find a few jazz gigs.

Billed to Blow at Bilzen Jazz Fest

Yona and her father were also very helpful to Lloyd's jazz efforts. Her dad used his booking expertise and connections in Belgium to arrange for Lloyd to play with a jazz combo at the famous Bilzen jazz festival in 1967. He would be playing with his old friend, fabulous bassist Freddy Deronde and a very cool drummer called Vivi Mardens. They were to play Lloyd's Eastern jazz music and also to serve as backup trio for Zoot Sims and Al Kohn as well as jazz fiddle player Stuff Smith. At the mini rehearsal with Sims and Kohn, Lloyd had a little trouble with the changes for the tunes, one being Red Door. They weren't difficult; they just didn't follow a logical pattern like Autumn Leaves, Summertime or Lover Man, tunes that Lloyd easily related to. The trio sounded pretty good with Zoot and Al, but weren't that as successful with Stuff Smith. For that performance, a review in one Flemish paper called the trio 'the rickety rhythm section or "*de gebrekkige ritmesectie van Lloyd Miller.*" It was true that Lloyd and his cool jazz rhythm section were not able to access the sound that Stuff really needed; it wasn't cool jazz, not exactly swing and not at all New Orleans or Dixieland which Lloyd would have been comfortable with. But Stuff was a nice guy and the trio tried their best to back him up even if they ended up sounding 'rickety.' But another article cited Lloyd as "*de enige originele vedette van het festival* (the only original star of the festival)" referring to his Oriental Jazz innovations. It was during Lloyd and Yona's visit to Belgium for the Bilzen festival and other gigs that Yona's intellectual and artistically savvy mom, Maria, encouraged using the term 'Oriental Jazz' to describe what Lloyd had been doing since 1960. He had used the name here and there, but Maria helped him decide to use it exclusively from then on. Others have appropriated the term Oriental Jazz; but no one else has really represented that title correctly or like Lloyd meant it when he first adopted the description of his music.

Due to the expert and excellent promotion skills of Yona's dad, Joseph, all the media at Bilzen wrote abundant positive previews and reviews about Lloyd's work. He had a minor problem getting the bass and drums into the whole East-West non-blend but placing side-by-side concept. At one point drummer Vivi said "*je sent que je suis completement seperé de vous autres* (I feel I am totally separated from you others)" when trying to back up the *santur* or Lloyd's Turkish clarinet. That was the point; nothing was mixed or blended but just coexisting. They did get the tunes together and everyone wrote that, with Lloyd's Oriental Jazz combo, the festival really started. Under the title "*le Festival Demarre* (the Festival Begins)" one writer described Lloyd's performance as "*une série d'arrangements remarquables, influence par le musique orientale, magistralement interpreté par le trio, brisérent le glace* (a series of remarkable arrangements, influenced by Eastern music, masterfully interpreted by the trio, braking the ice)." For his work with Sims and Kohn, Lloyd was described as "*l'excellent Lloyd Miller.*" One Flemish writer noted of Lloyd's jazz piano, that he played in "*een*

echte 'funky' stijl (a real funky style)” while another writer noted that his piano bore “*sterke reminiscenties med Errol Garner* (strong reminiscence of Errol Garner).” Actually Lloyd would have described his work more like Horace Silver with some hard honkin’ boogie and hard blues influence. Other jazz names at the festival included Dakota Staton, Stella Banks, Peter Trunk, Dave Pike and the Dutch College Swing Band. The festival impromptu jam sessions were fantastic just like at Comblain years before with Peter Trunks’ solid and crazy bass soloing, Zoot and Al with their treasury of standard jazz phrases and themes. Lloyd felt he was home again and appreciated by cool and cognizant sophisticates.

At one of the live radio interviews, Lloyd was asked if he was in Belgium because of what was called “the Negro problem.” He turned to Dakota Staton who was waiting to be interviewed next and retorted “what ‘Negro’ problem? How about the language riots here in Belgium? The only problem I might have about ‘Negros’ is that they are not given the proper respect for bringing most of the roots of jazz to America and working hard to built up the country while teaching us hard-hearted whites how to have a little soul.” He nodded to Dakota asking “right, sister? Honkies ain’t got much soul and they don’t really swing. I’m tryin’ and maybe I’ll be cool someday.” She chuckled over Lloyd’s attempt at a ‘Negro’ accent. Then the announcer again asked “so it wasn’t the Negro problem?” Lloyd quipped “what ‘Negro’ problem, I never had one and where I live we don’t know anything about it if it even does exist.” He then delineated the contribution of African culture to jazz until the announcer politely thanked him and asked for a brief description of Oriental Jazz. Lloyd gave a short description in fluent French then tried to say a bit about it in Dutch to be fair and equal at a time when people were almost killing each other over which language was most important in Belgium. Lloyd liked both languages, but had a lot of work to do on his Dutch. He got a lot of help just listening to Yona chatter with her parents and people everywhere they went. Belgium Flemish was different than standard Dutch in that it was mumbled and gruffly grumbled apparently eating up parts of words.

Yona and Lloyd had been staying at the Pimentels’ fancy seaside home in the resort town of Knokke-le-Zoute way up the coast in the Flemish speaking part of northern Belgium. One day a Flemish worker with an obvious lack of much schooling came to the house and muttered something about *aardgas* (natural gas) which Yona couldn’t understand at all. It took Lloyd’s imagination and linguistic intuition to figure out what he was asking about. Lloyd would tell Yona what he thought the man was muttering and she would answer him in her high class Amsterdam Dutch. Somehow they figured it all out and left the place for a while so they would be safe from breathing gas while the man worked on the pipes. Later that day Yona was sitting sorrowfully at the table and her mom came in asking “*Jonaka lieverdje, wat is het meisje* (Yona sweetie, what’s wrong girl?)” Yona was still not happy that her parents weren’t all the way back together living in the same place. Lloyd butted in and tried to explain it in his feeble Dutch. Then Maria became distraught and nervous exclaiming “*maar det oude rotzak Jop, ik kan het niet tegen* (but that old rot sack Joe, I can’t take it)” referring to her ex having his secretary still living with him in the apartment in Brussels. Yona countered with the fact that Maria was still involved with her painting-vending partner Humphrey or Humpf. Yona then added that she was unhappy they couldn’t drop their outside romantic interests and patch up the marriage. She added “*ik ook, ik kan het niet tegen* (I can’t take it either)” referring to the broken marriage. Silence reigned for a while then silly Lloyd offered to help them patch it up as if he could do anything. But eventually, somehow, everyone’s desire to fix the problem finally resulted in the family getting back together. But not before Maria and Humpf had a week long blitz to sell hideous ugly paintings by some wacked-out sicko modern ‘artist’ named Servranx who had a fetish for creepy slimy snakes that slithered all over his canvases in gruesome gaudy colors. Later that evening, a poor little baby bird fell from a tree and Lloyd and Yona did everything in their power to

save it by feeding it through an eye dropper and trying to keep it warm. Finally the little thing died leaving both Lloyd and Yona holding each other in tears as if they had lost a child. Maria put her arm around Yona comforting “*maak je geen zorgen, Posje* (don’t worry, Kitten)” then made a nice dinner for them.

Could Not Tie the Knot; so Married by Mail

Since Lloyd and Yona were certain that Marilyn was not interested in trying to resurrect a dead marriage, they decided they should go ahead and tie the knot. But soon they found that the impossible red tape and regulations were worse than in Switzerland where Lloyd and Jean had to suffer through numerous impediments to finally get married. Lloyd had written to his grandpa describing the problems: something like Protestants couldn’t marry Catholics or Jews or whatever, or nationals couldn’t marry foreigners and Mormons were not even recognized as being human. Then they got a letter from gramp saying that on their last visit to Idaho before the trip to Belgium they had indicated that they were married to someone in his office to avoid a misunderstanding. He said that, according to an old Idaho law, if a couple holds themselves out to be married, then they are officially married without needing an actual ceremony or anything. Lloyd and Yona had been careful not to become very physically involved so as to adhere to their moral standards; but they were having a problem sharing a room without appearing to be living together. The news was a big relief because now they could tell everyone they were married and avoid any rumors. They were glad they didn’t have to try to travel to Gretna Green in Scotland or some other such crazy place to be able to tie the knot. In the letter, Lloyd’s grandpa promised a real wedding reception in Rexburg with relatives and friends when they got back from Europe.

Meanwhile, Lloyd played a few gigs and jams with his old pals Freddie Deronde, Jaques Belzer and Benoit Quersin, all of whom he shared his conversion story with. A jazz gig that Yona’s dad arranged for Lloyd and his combo was at the Blue Note in Oostende where Lloyd was a huge success like the good old days at the Rose Noire. Yona’s dad, Jop as they called him, also tried to insert Lloyd’s musical skills into a modern dance creation against drugs by ballet choreographer Lydia Chagoll. Lloyd was asked to play some jazzy piano here and there, but he couldn’t really get the gist of it. It was as frustrating as the time Jef Gilson was trying to create music to a hideous ‘dance’ piece by some evil dreadfully devil-possessed homo freak in Paris that also didn’t work out. The way Miles Davis played the background music to the 1958 French film *Ascenseur pour L’échafaud* (Elevator to the Gallows) was a perfect example of hauntingly cool sensitive film music. But trying to force special jazz improv to backup some very odd dance creations, just didn’t work. Even Miles probably couldn’t have come up with something for Lydia’s choreography. But her regular cutesy corny schmaltzy pianist seemed to be able to when he finally came near the end to save the day; so Lloyd was off the hook.

After planning with Yona’s dad for future performance possibilities, enjoying a vacation and meeting relatives, it was time to return to Salt Lake. Yona’s dad promised that he would turn Lloyd over to his colleague, major impresario Jay Hoffman in New York, to arrange bookings in the States. It was looking like Lloyd’s life might take a turn for the better after the unfortunate experience of trying to fit in at the Y and failing in many ways. The newly weds took the long flight back to Utah to recuperate and return to their school activities. They did have the wedding reception in Rexburg and gramp went all out to make it nice. His law partner, Mary, and everyone who met Yona, all remarked how much she reminded them of Deanna, Lloyd’s first unrequited romantic interest at Madison High. Maybe it was some kind of *déjà vu* or *déjà voulu* or some other mysterious phenomenon. Lloyd’s grandma and grandpa had

always been wonderful which partly made up for his not having had a normal childhood with attentive, or at least interested, parents instead of people who were trying every scheme to stop him from being a musician and to remake him as a phony social climber and money grubbing 'success.'

Failed but Later Famed Oriental Jazz and U of U Jazz LPs

After the reception in Rexburg, Lloyd convinced his grandpa that if he could release the music from his TV tapings plus some multi-track tapings done by Jef Gilson in Paris in 1960 and a couple of other items under the title Oriental Jazz, the album would be a big success. Gramp agreed to 'loan' him the \$300 to do the pressing; so he began working on editing the tracks and laying out the jacket for which he used a photo of Yona. He could have pressed 500 for \$500 for the first run, but he was too timid to ask his gramp for that much money. Soon the LP was released and Lloyd drove to Phoenix to haul back the boxes of records all nicely shrink-wrapped. Although he had a few fans at the U, he couldn't sell as many as he had hoped. He tried putting them in the U of U and even BYU bookstores as well as a few record outlets in Salt Lake. He took them to conferences, gigs and everywhere. His friends would see him coming and mutter or think "here he comes again, Lloyd and his goofy LPs." He managed to get rid of about 100 the first few months but he had to give a lot of them away and sometimes he had to take friends to dinner or do them a favor to get them to buy an LP for one dollar or take one for free. He even put some on consignment in various stores in the L.A area and the Bay area costing him more in gas than he could ever earn from the sales. He rarely returned to the stores and when he did only one or two had sold giving him a profit of maybe \$3 each. He never would have dreamed that in the 2000s that Oriental Jazz LP would sell on ebay for over \$600 in some cases after he had gotten rid of almost all the ones he had left and so he had to pressure friends and family to get back the ones he had forced on them in the 60s. Too bad he didn't ask his gramp for \$500 so he could have pressed 500 in the first run; but then he would have just had more to give away or pay people to take off his hands.

Lloyd had become close friends with U of U Jazz Ensemble director Loel Hepworth who was a wonderful sax player and also skilled on clarinet. Lloyd wrote a few big band arrangements in the Oriental Jazz format. One was the piece Yona with a Sundanese Indonesian introduction for flute, vibes and rhythm section called *Njonja Mirah* which amazingly represented Sundanese *suling* (flute) and *katjapi* (flat harp) music with appropriate percussion. He also arranged his Turkish jazz creation *Güzel Gözler* (he entitled Amber Eyes in English) for stage band. One day he was invited by Loel to bring his clarinet to stage band practice and try his two charts along with another one called 60 years of jazz which musically traced jazz history from Bunk Johnson to Bebop Dixieland. The jazz history chart included intricately transcribed performances by Bunk Johnson, King Oliver and other landmark jazz bands. The U of U stage band was an all-star combination of Utah jazz greats or those who were later to become famous in the state. These skilled instrumentalists included Greek sax and clarinet man Jerry Floor who became a key figure in Salt Lake's jazz scene; Ray Smith who later became director of jazz at BYU; drummer Don Main who became percussionist with Utah Symphony, trumpet man Clint Frohm who became a leader in music education in Salt Lake schools and Merrill Smith whose piano expertise was continually sought after for decades to come. Lloyd recorded the session and also an after session with a quintet playing more of Lloyd's tasteful jazz scores. For the quintet, Loel himself played tenor and Lloyd was on piano. The recordings turned out very well; so Lloyd decided he would make an LP called Jazz at the U of U adding a few recordings with a quartet featuring Mike Johnson on saxes and Ken Breinholt on drums, both continuing students in Lloyd's Eastern music classes. Finally after the same hard work editing and laying out the cover, Lloyd had 500 of the LP pressed by

Wakefield. He used a red cover representing the U of U colors Red and White and he titled it Jazz at the U of U. He had a little more interest in this LP because several of the artists had friends and family who wanted a copy. But again, Lloyd had to give away dozens at first then later hundreds to get them out of the apartment, another failure even though the music on all his LPs was really good according to anyone who actually listened to it.

Close but no Segah, Perfidious Promises by Recalcitrant Record Labels

Always in a semi-disheartened state over his failing efforts to promote his music, Lloyd boldly continued to push his product knowing that it was valuable, very high quality and a necessary alternative to the totally worthless and evil sludge of rock and pop. One day, he sent off his jazz LPs to Atlantic Records director Nesuhi Ertegun who was Middle Eastern and would surely appreciate the value of the Oriental Jazz LP with the Segah *santur* intro and the Persian folk melody Gol-e Gandom. Well Lloyd was right, Mr. Ertegun seemed to love it, but not enough to release it on Atlantic. Lloyd later heard what happened: Mr. Ertegun was preparing to leave for the Airport in New York when he put on the Oriental Jazz and Jazz at the U of U LPs just to see what kind of stupidity some crazed musician had sent him. After the first minute, he called and cancelled his flight and carefully listened to the LPs in amazement, not believing anyone could come up with such a fresh way of placing Eastern music and jazz together without altering either. In any case, Mr. Ertegun must have felt it was not marketable; so he sent off a rejection letter including the following words. "Thank you for your letter of April 23rd, and for the two LPs you enclosed. I enjoyed listening to the material you sent us, especially since my own background includes Near Eastern music. It was not very clear to me whether you were interested in having these recordings released on Atlantic, or whether it was your intention to make us familiar with your musical accomplishments. If you were thinking of interesting Atlantic in the possible release of these recordings, I regret to inform you that we will not be in a position to do so, as our schedule of releases is already set for the coming months. With best wishes and regards, Cordially Nesuhi Ertegun."

Another disappointing encounter was with World Pacific Records. At first Lloyd received a letter from World Pacific manager Richard Bock that stated the following. "I am currently organizing an extensive Asian product for our September release and I would like to discuss with you the possibility of including some of your recordings in this series. Please write or call me at your earliest convenience. Best wishes, Richard Bock General Manager/Vice President World Pacific Records." Needless to say, that invitation never came to fruition. Another false alarm was from Commodore Records in Texas who wrote the following. "Dear Mr. Miller, one of our talent scouts suggested to us that we might be interested in signing you to a recording contract. If interested send us full information on yourself together with audition tape and 8 x10 glossys. Sincerely Yours, Phil Bernard, President Commodore Records." Even Jay Hoffman, with all his connections and influence as major agent in New York, couldn't get a record company to actually release Lloyd's music. In a letter in 1968, Jay wrote as follows. "Dear Lloyd, I haven't gone quiet without reason. RCA is seriously considering the Lloyd Miller Group - - so we'll see soon. Here's the Festival Souvenir Book. Best, Jay K. Hoffman." Lloyd appreciated a copy of the Philadelphia Folk Festival book, which contained his long article on the musical heritage from the East in jazz and Occidental music.

So these and other potential recording possibilities came and went unfulfilled adding to the many disappointments Lloyd underwent and would continue to suffer all through his life as a musician with a mission that would never have any real effect on the world. Still, 1968-69 was a busy year for Lloyd

musically. He decided to reenter the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival with his new Oriental Jazz Quartet consisting of musicians from the U of U. Dr. Fowler was supportive as usual and Loel encouraged the rhythm section of the jazz ensemble to be in Lloyd's combo. Lloyd rehearsed his main pieces, which were Gol-e Gandom on which he played *santur*, Amber Eyes where he played *oud* and clarinet, Hue Wail on which he played *dan tranh*. He had also discovered his genius at scat singing one night during a break when he was playing with his jazz combo and the famous Sojourner club up on Highland Drive in Salt Lake. He had gone outside the club for his usual breathing break away from the choking smoke. Suddenly he began scatting a solo on the changes to Indiana and was taken over by some mysterious force. His ideas became more intricate and wilder as he discovered ways to create crazy runs and furious phrases. This newly discovered scat expertise, likely another consequence of the brain burning at Mount Airy, catapulted Lloyd into the limelight as winner of the best vocalist trophy at the 1969 Intercollegiate Jazz Festival with a free trip to St. Louis to compete in the national finals.

Meet Me in St. Louis, But it Ain't no Fair; It's the St. Louis Blues

A special to the May 25, 1969 New York Times by world-renowned jazz critic and author John S. Wilson described Miller's performance at the Saint Louis finals as follows. "Most of the small groups at this festival and Notre Dame followed the routine patterns of most contemporary small groups. One startling exception was a provocative mixture of musical styles and instruments associated with the Middle East, with Europe and with the United States by Lloyd Miller who led a quartet from the University of Utah. Mr. Miller, who lived in the Middle East for six years, surrounded himself with an exotic group of instruments - - a santur, or dulcimer (a triangular string instrument struck with mallets) a dilruba (which looked like a fence post and was played with a bow), an oud (a mandolinlike instrument played with a quill) and a tabla (two small drums). He also played clarinet and piano and sang in Persian, English, French and pure bop scat. Accompanied by piano, string bass and drums, Mr. Miller moved with fascinating facility through two original compositions and his own arrangement of "Autumn Leaves." In each selection, there was a constant shifting from East to West that heightened the effectiveness of both elements. A jazz clarinet solo suddenly turned Turkish. The keening wail of Arabo-Turkish vocalizing, accompanied by an oud, gave way to jazz scat singing while the oud played on. A distinctly Eastern chant over the beat of a tabla evolved very logically into a strong, shouted blues. Mr. Miller showed that his unique approach to mixed music was not limited to crossing the East and the West because he applied the same methods to "Autumn Leaves," playing the piano, singing in French and in be-bop, and projecting the same sense of exciting discovery that came from his more exotic material. But, despite his ingenuity, versatility and skill, Mr. Miller was not chosen among the winners." Lloyd learned of this exceptional article when Dr. Fowler walked up to him the day he returned from St. Louis and handed it to him with a big congratulation for his excellent work, adding "you will never get another article like that." Dr. Fowler was so right because the possibility that a great jazz writer like John S. Wilson would review another one of Lloyd's concerts somewhere would be nearly impossible. Along with submitting articles to the New York Times for four decades, Mr. Wilson was also often heard on the radio commenting on jazz.

So what happened to Lloyd in St. Louis and why did the judges totally ignore him? One of his mistakes may have been that the first day of the event he noticed the judges eating lunch at a common table and he couldn't resist sitting and chatting with them. With his years as a jazz figure all over Europe and before that in the L.A. jazz scene, he easily fit into the judges' discussions and could add enriching musical comments. He often joined the judges at their table for discussion because, as an

older student, he had little to say to any of the college kids at the festival. So after becoming a friend of the judges, when they saw him leading a group, a couple were miffed and thought he had been buttering them up to eventually win a trophy. That was not at all Lloyd's intention, nor did it even cross his mind. He was totally confident about his abilities and naturally felt he fit in with the big time jazz experts, and so did they at first. Then two of the judges, Oliver Nelson and Clark Terry were looking for things to correct in Lloyd's performance. One thing that the judges were able to conjure up as the weak criticism was that he played too many instruments; so logically how could he play them all well although he did as was stated by everyone else at the festival, many of whom thought Lloyd was a multi-instrumental genius. The other point was: why did he have a group if he didn't let them do anything? Well, he had chosen the vocal category because there was no category for Oriental Jazz or multi-instrumental maniacs; so since he was supposed to be a vocalist and he couldn't spend the precious few minutes of the performance on a bass solo or something. Also his band members were good but not world-class virtuosi on their instruments like a few of the other entrants almost were.

Another issue that was at play, although no one would ever admit it or maybe even realize it, was that Lloyd was a white guy (even though he had been accepted by the musicians on south Central in L.A. or in New Orleans as a brother) and it was the end of the 60s when African-Americans were struggling to gain full equality. The main vocal contestant was Don Smith, a skilled African-American student from the excellent University of Illinois jazz program backed by their exceptional big band with fantastic charts. His singing was in the standard jazz genre and definitely more acceptable than Persian or Indian inspired strangeness. So although two African-American judges preferred standard jazz vocal, a white judge who had recorded with Indian musicians, Paul Horn, should have supported Lloyd, but also probably felt it was time for an expert African-American jazz singer to win, after all jazz was basically transferred from Africa. So Lloyd was voted down and treated as if he hadn't even been there which angered John S. Wilson resulting in the huge article in the New York Times praising Lloyd's work and saying nothing about anyone else. Of course it was right that Don should win, he was just great and the right race at the right time. Lloyd was happy that a brother won and, as a result of winning in St. Louis, Don went on to record with jazz greats like Dizzy Gillespie, Art Blakey, Benny Carter, Archie Shepp, Jackie McLean, Pharoah Sanders and Roland Kirk. Lloyd went on to record with no one except finally near the end of his life; he appeared on a little CD where he was a gimmick soloist with a rock/hip-hop oriented garage band in London.

Had Lloyd won in St. Louis, he might have been offered an authentic massive recording contract for a change and he could have become an international figure for his powerful piano playing and Eastern expertise, something that might have launched him into an orbit that would have continued on for decades. Maybe his Oriental Jazz would have become an international genre that could have offered continuing opportunities for skilled real musicians who actually could play their instruments and knew more than three (if even that) chords while the deadly disease of rock was infecting and dumbing down the whole world. St. Louis was Lloyd's last chance in jazz because, soon after that, jazz was wiped from the face of the earth by the ugly nasty satanic specter of rock. Lloyd was basically finished and never made it in jazz since jazz was soon gone forever. The story should really end here except Lloyd did go on to have many more experiences even if he could never have a real job or any international musical success. He didn't know then that his life actually ended at St. Louis and that he would only continue dragging on as an empty husk. So jazz soon died and along with it Lloyd's last hope for success.

He did however appreciate reading the positive remarks of two of the St. Louis jazz festival judges on the evaluation sheets. Clark Terry wrote "fine group, fine vocalizing, enjoyable listening" and

guitarist Johnny Smith stated “your scat came off well – good lines & ideas. I do not feel myself qualified to judge your performance as a vocalist but your musicianship is obvious so I have to give you a 1, very nice.” As sort of a booby prize, Dr. Fowler made sure that Lloyd’s composition for stage band entitled Yona with its Javanese introduction was entered in the national collegiate jazz composers’ contest dubbed Sounds of Young America. Lloyd won the national trophy for that composition which became a nice decoration on top of his old upright in the basement along with his three regional Intercollegiate Jazz festival trophies. Accompanying the trophy was a letter written by Intercollegiate Music Festival director Bob Yde the text of which was as follows. “The winning entries are currently in New York where some of our friends in the music and publishing business are reviewing them. We will let you know just as soon as we get the reaction of these people.” Of course nothing happened and nothing ever would happen for decades to come as far as a genuine recording contract.

M.A. Mix-up and Marital Misfortune

Meanwhile Lloyd continued his work at the U of U teaching and completing M.A. his degree. When he did complete the degree and was awarded his diploma, suddenly the university realized that they didn’t have such a subject. A mention of the situation in the Daily Utah Chronicle stated, “University of Utah student Lloyd C. Miller filled all the requirements for his masters degree, only to find out after he’d already graduated, that the subject he’d majored in wasn’t in the catalogue. He lucked out, though, in a special vote, the State Board of Higher Education decided to let him keep his sheepskin.” Typical of Lloyd’s situation, he always seemed to be pushed aside or shunned because his expertise and field of interest was not part of any standard acceptability and nearly no one wanted anything to do with his work or with him. After the M.A., Lloyd signed up for a PhD in Persian language and literature with the plan of writing his dissertation on Persian music and the poetry of the song texts used in the *radif* or collection of traditional modal systems. During his study at the U of U, brilliant scholars were invited from Iran due to the hard work of Dr. Mostofi. Lloyd was able to take classes and spend many hours of discussion with masters such as Dr. Moqadam, Dr. Minovi, and others. At the same time, Dr. Fowler was inviting noted jazz experts to work with jazz students. Lloyd had a chance to work with jazz pianist Marian McPartland to whom he gave a copy of his recently written book on jazz piano chording and rhythms. The next year when she came back for another visit, Lloyd asked “hey Marian show me some cool chords.” Her reply was “I don’t know any more chords than those in your book that you gave me.”

But the financial situation in Lloyd’s life was still grim with his insignificant work-study wages and few little gigs putting a strain on his relationship with Yona at the Chateau Apartments. She recently gave birth to their first child, a son named Amaury, a name that was a compromise between an Islamic name and a Medieval European one. Lloyd had failed as a father in Provo and he was determined to be a good dad this time. But no amount of determination could change his lack of any good example from his weird childhood. He had been constantly shipped off to fancy reform type schools and camps, had been continually locked in his room as punishment for the most trivial things and his parents had been working against him and his music since his birth. Even with all the examples of loving relationships around him in the Mormon church, he never ever felt that feeling of family and, after his miserable destructive sentence to a toasted brain and daily death and revival insulin torture at Mount Airy Sanitarium, he didn’t have the personality to be a father or to be much of anything for that matter except a jazzman and a linguist.

Then when Yona took their son to a doctor who insisted the child eat bottled meat, Lloyd was infuriated. Why should two completely convinced vegetarians have to destroy their child by stuffing him with dead rotting decaying flesh; Lloyd thought it was totally crazy. Every time Yona would try to feed Amaury with a spoonful of liver or something, Lloyd would clown around and make faces to get Amaury laughing so he wouldn't be able to eat the poison flesh. The relationship became very strained, again a repeat of the same situation that happened with Marilyn. Lloyd wasn't that interested in raising children especially since they could end up to become detestable Yankee pigs after the school system turned them into stupid zombies. He realized he would be wasting his time because he felt almost no one can survive the Yankee school system without becoming an ego-tripping scummy creep that just does what the insidious capitalist/socialist conspiracy dictates. Having a child in America was just bringing evil into the home because Big Brother would make sure all children would be brainwashed by the prevalent filthy trashy 'culture.' The children would then bring those sinful habits home to pollute what little peace and joy might have been there. If they had been back in Europe, Lloyd, Yona and Amaury might have become a happy family with little governmental interference and limited influence by corporate dictated product and lifestyle tyranny. Lloyd would never stand for candy bars, burgers, cokes or any other putrid poisons anywhere near him or his family; so it would become a real war with the system having a child at home who was brainwashed by 'the Man.' Eventually Yona moved out of the apartment to see if Lloyd would finally get a job (as if he ever could in the cruel Yankee system) and to see if he would lighten up about his strong anti-system attitude.

Woodstock, a Rendezvous of Raunchy Rotten Rubbish

Meanwhile, a big event that Jay Hoffman booked for Lloyd to play at was another total failure for Lloyd. That was the first famed (or infamous) Woodstock Festival originally called the Aquarian Exposition in White Lake, New York. The letter from Jay Hoffman's assistant Debora Steinfirst stated "it will be excellent exposure for you." Since he never actually performed there, the only exposure (or indecent exposure) Lloyd experienced was to the putrid presence of the most horrid dregs of inhumanity he had ever seen. These subhumans were in the form of the ghastly scummy rock 'star' creeps who were supposedly 'musicians' but were just human trash so abominable that even the very Devil would be offended, except he obviously had his people possessing their depraved dirty bodies. The motel near the performance site was rife with these horror-flic freaks and Lloyd felt like he had been thrust into the lowest degree of Dante's inferno. The whole cocky attitude of these counterfeit non-musicians was deplorable. One black rock 'star' shouted at a couple of sleezeball girl vocalists "we're gonna rape all you bitches;" and that was one of the kinder string of expletives heard at Woodstock. The only redeeming thing about those days of misery there was that Lloyd was classified as a guest of their ethnic music group leader, the famous Ravi Shankar. Lloyd also was a roommate of Nubian *oudist* Hamza el Din. But even that was a problem because Hamza had picked up some chick who he had in his bed at night carrying on so loudly that Lloyd couldn't even get one decent night's sleep.

Finally it was the last day when Lloyd was supposed to be flown out to the stage to wake up everyone with mellow Eastern music. Before arriving at the Woodstock hell hole, the thought of maybe singing the Islamic call to prayer had crossed his demented mind to be immediately cancelled by an inner voice strongly warning "*ya haram*" in Arabic and "*khak bar sarei*" in Farsi indicating "shame on you!" Now he realized how true that was; the crowd at Woodstock was almost all human garbage and he didn't know what he could perform that would even be heard since they were likely

nearly deaf from the nauseating noise they had been subjected to during the whole miserable monstrosity. So when he approached the helicopter pilot who was to fly him out to the site, and the driver stated “I ain’t flyin’ in this weather” Lloyd was actually relieved. What good would it have done to be famous among the kind of scum that would attend such an ugly obnoxious gathering? That afternoon Lloyd was glumly sitting in the lobby of the motel when Jay came over to commiserate. Lloyd noted that because Raviji had played a rainy season *raga* to go with the threatening clouds; that must have been what brought on the torrents. Jay smiled and comforted “don’t worry, everyone is getting paid.” So Lloyd got the free trip, motel and meals plus the whopping \$150 honorarium along with a view of what hell could be like; except the Devil would have to be a lot more intelligent and probably a lot more classy than most of the creeps at Woodstock.

More Gigs and a Swarthy Swedish Sweetie Reappears

Meanwhile Jay Hoffman was still working to launch Lloyd as a national artist and had set up three important performances for him. One consisted of conducting a Middle Eastern music workshop at the famed Philadelphia Folk Festival along with Nubian *oud* player Hamza el Din. Lloyd authored a lengthy and informative article on Western heritage from Eastern music for the festival bulletin which was greatly appreciated by everyone. Lloyd’s success at the Philadelphia Folk Festival provided him with some credibility on the East Coast. Another memorable concert which Jay had arranged earlier that year was at the Jewish Museum on Fifth Avenue in New York City. There Lloyd played various instruments from Middle Eastern cultures such as Iran Afghanistan, Turkey and the Arab World accompanied by a percussionist Jay’s office had found. The drummer, Laslo Kubyini, was of Slavic descent and knew most Eastern rhythms, although Lloyd had to show him the Afghan version of 7/8 counted 3+4 with the characteristic accents and the pickup. The two spent hours discussing music and philosophy in the park the afternoon before the concert which was lightly attended but this time by intelligent and classy people. Lloyd played and discussed music, then at the end went around to the audience to shake hands and chat.

As he walked towards the back, he was dumbstruck at the sight of two beautiful dark haired ladies, one older and one quite young. He stared at them for a few moments wondering how he knew them, when the older one gently reminded in Swedish “*d’ä’ jag, din Inger* (it’s me, your Inger)” Lloyd gasped in unbelief as the young striking beauty added “*o’ jag, Vony* (and me Vony) ” He couldn’t believe it was his old girlfriend from Stockholm and her teenage daughter now grown up and one of the most beautiful and charming women Lloyd had seen in New York or maybe anywhere. He stuttered as he approached “*men* (but)” then he grasped Inger in his arms and held her tight; then hugged Vony sharing a significant kiss. Of course, the Jewish Museum, a perfect place to find an old Jewish consort from his previous wild days in Europe. They sat down and Lloyd forgot about his fans and instruments as the girls told of their immigration to the States and Vony’s flourishing career as a top photo model under the name Alexandra. The name was after her father and her fame was spreading like wildfire; at the time she had apparently become one of the most sought after models in the City. Eventually Jay came over, totally stunned that Lloyd knew two such beautiful and classy ladies, who Lloyd introduced as his old girlfriend from Stockholm and her photo-model daughter. Jay had to go somewhere near where Inger and Vony were going, so they decided to share a cab while Lloyd was to go back to Jay’s with all his instruments were he was staying as a guest. Lloyd got the addresses of the girls and promised to visit them the next day. In the cab, Jay and Inger had a great talk about Lloyd’s escapades as a crazy jazzman trying to break into the scene in Stockholm.

The next day as promised, Lloyd visited Inger and she showed him the copy of his sort of love poem he wrote for her, half in Swedish and half in English when he had first arrived in Provo. Somehow it had made it to her home in Hägersten when he sent it the early 1960s. She thanked him for the poem and he blushed then told her of his marriage to a wonderful saintly woman named Marilyn, which unfortunately dissolved; then his following marriage to the beautiful and brilliant Yona who had recently left him possibly permanently. His head was hanging in sorrow when Inger came from the kitchen and sat next to him then ran her motherly fingers through his hair and prophetically declared "*kanska du kommer att ha en fjärde fru* (maybe you will come to have a fourth wife)." Lloyd really didn't want to hear that because he really loved Yona and wanted her back. He had no interest at all in a fourth wife; actually he would have been thrilled to keep Marilyn but for his unparentlyness. Little did he know that he actually would have a fourth and even a fifth wife. For a guy who was sympathetic to the concept, although not the practice, of plural marriage, he had come to realize how impossible that could be while he suffered through a string of wives while also miserably failing in launching his music 'career.' The idea of one permanent and reliable wife had become his idea of perfection; but that could only occur in conjunction with a permanent and reliable job, something that unfortunately could apparently never happen for him. He couldn't even stand having one kid; so several wives and many children would never work for Lloyd unless he were to give up everything and live on a farm in the desert, and that would never happen. After visiting Inger who deeply apologized for dropping him in favor of girl-thievin' drummer George Solano, Lloyd went to see Vony and her formerly wild sister Helen.

Again Lloyd was dumbfounded at Vony's unbelievable beauty, even in broad daylight with not a drop of makeup or hairstyling. She had been a plain little teenager, kind of cute but nothing special. Now she was so striking that Lloyd begged to have copies of the various magazines with her pictures on the covers that he noticed around the apartment. Vony lamented that she only had one copy of each magazine so Lloyd never did get a souvenir picture. After a pleasant afternoon, Lloyd returned to chat with Jay before the flight back to Salt Lake. Jay was such a caring warm person as he discussed his work bringing artists to the States and launching local talent. Lloyd kidded "I guess as a Jewish agent, you can really clean up by booking all of us." Jay looked at Lloyd with full sincerity and declared "it is all to help my artists." Lloyd mused for a moment realizing that Jay's apartment was small and he didn't have a fancy car or anything realizing that Jay was right. Like so many classy and caring Jewish friends throughout Lloyd's life, again a wonderful Jewish friend had helped him as much as possible and offered him several valuable experiences. Lloyd put his arm around Jay and observed "you are the greatest; we all love and appreciate you, man."

Preservation Hall Comes to Kingsbury Hall

Back at the Chateau in Salt Lake, Lloyd looked at the empty front room where he had planned an exciting future with Yona and where he had enjoyed playing with little Amaury and wondered what his future would be. Then one of his few friends called and mentioned that the Preservation Hall Jazz Band was coming to the U of U to perform at the famed Kingsbury Hall. Lloyd perked up and decided that there might be something left to live for after all, pure and positive trad jazz. He rushed up to the campus and bought a ticket to the concert, returned to the Chateau, ate a simple fresh salad and paced the empty front room until time for the concert. He arrived early, sat on the front row and waited hoping to see some of his old friends from the Beverly Caverns days. The concert started with O When the Saints (and no one had to pay the usual \$5 tip required to hear it at Preservation Hall in New

Orleans). Lloyd noticed De De Pierce was on trumpet, but his heart was aching that his idol George Lewis was no longer on clarinet. Billie Pierce was on piano but Lawrence Marerro had been gone since '59. The band wasn't the same as the fantastic George Lewis band he had seen at the Beverly Caverns and in New Orleans in the 50s and it had never been as great as the original Bunk Johnson revival band with fabulous Baby Dodds on drums. At least trombonist Jim Robinson was still going strong; but where was he?

After the melody line and vocal, Jim slowly wandered onto the stage from the left side playing a vibrant solo as he came with enthusiastic applause welcoming his arrival. Jim's style was the usual, jumping on notes just before they would be expected, syncopating the beat and emphasizing contrary accents. As he approached the center of the stage to finish his powerful solo, he smiled at the audience and then noticed Lloyd, the dedicated teenage fan who had come to the Beverly Caverns, to Los Angeles Union Station and to New Orleans to see the old George Lewis Band. He shot a smile of recognition towards Lloyd who was dumbfounded how and why Jim would remember him. "Don't all white guys look alike?" he thought; and "who am I that anyone would ever remember me?" Maybe it was Lloyd's signature suit and tie that made him stand out. The band plowed through the typical repertoire of New Orleans favorites with Billie pounding away on piano and occasionally singing in her rugged bluesy manner. She was especially great on the slow version of St. James Infirmary, which she belted and growled out with vigor while pounding chords with both hands in a solid four-to-the-bar, adding occasional fills in the right hand. Of course they played "Just a Closer Walk with Thee;" but it was nothing like the fantastic Bunk Johnson 1945 recording of that favorite. And they also did "Just a Little While to Stay Here" as Lloyd silently sang along gaining a drop of hope for his apparent grim lonely future from the message of the lyrics. He figured he was ready for something really dangerous that could end up in death, which would be a gift after failing in two marriages and facing a defunct music career.

Then Billie and De De sang their famous French Creole tunes Eh La Bas and Sallee Dame. After three years playing music and studying in Paris, Lloyd easily picked up on the French lyrics except he wasn't sure what *coucoulions* were, obviously some type of food. The lyrics went: "*eh la bas, eh la bas, eh la bas eh la bas* (hey there)" four times repeated once. Then "*oui, mon chere cousine, mon chere cousin, on les mette en la cousine; oui mon pongit vingt m'en manger pain, c'est pas couter a rien.*" Disguised by an Afro southern drawl compounded by a strange Creole accent, Lloyd thought he understood the lyrics to be something like "my dear female cousin and male cousin sat me in the kitchen; I took wine, I ate bread and it didn't cost anything." Then the famous second verse that everyone sings "*non j'oux m'en mager coucoulions par cent en gonfler comme un ballon; et m'en roule, rouler, rouler, rouler, rouler, rouler. rouler comme u gros cochon.*" Lloyd supposed it meant something like "one day" or maybe "no kidding, I ate hundreds of coucoulions (whatever they are) bloating up like a balloon, and they rolled, rolled, rolled, rolled, rolled, rolled, rolled me like a huge pig." That was before he actually obtained a copy of the written text over a decade and a half later from jazz historian and record producer Bill Russell who first recorded Bunk and was selling music items in front of at Preservation Hall. Since Lloyd was unclear about the actual Creole lyrics and their meaning, he created his own very similar lyrics in French which he even sang at Preservation Hall later in the 1980s when he sat in two nights, one on clarinet and one on piano when Billie Pierce's sister Sadie was the pianist.

Lloyd's alternative lyrics, of which there seems to be a few alternatives out there, rhymed well and went like this: "*ma chere cousine, mon chere cousin, qui aiment manger bien; fait la cuisine, boit plein du vin et n'ecoutez pas a rien* (my dear femail cousin my dear male cousin who like to eat well; cook

and drink a lot of wine and don't listen to anything.)” For the second verse he came close to the text of the De De and Billie version. It went: “*un jour moi mangé combine poisons, moi gonflé comme un ballon; ils m'on rouler, rouler, rouler, rouler, rouler, rouler, rouler, comme un gros cochon* (one day I ate so much fish that I bloated up like a balloon; they rolled, rolled, rolled, rolled, rolled, rolled, rolled me like a huge pig).” Lloyd later figured out, or thought he did, the lyrics to another verse on a 1953 Alphonse Picou LP, which he thought went or meant something like this. “*moi l'aimé tant 'vec tour mon coeur et lui donné tout mon argent; elle fiché le camp et suis là alors 'vec rien q'un caleçon* (I loved her so much with all my heart and gave her all my money; she took off and there I am with nothing but my shorts).” Then Billie and De De did another Creole favorite “*Sallee Dame*” which, due to the pronunciation, could mean “Greetings Lady” or “Dirty Lady.” Lloyd figured it was from the New Orleans tradition where kids would follow someone and sing praises for a few coins or, if they didn't cough up coins, they would sing insults until they got a tip to go away. The West African tradition of praise songs obviously reemerged in New Orleans. So again, with the accents to wade through, Lloyd surmised that the non-sense tune was something like “*salut dame, salut dame, salut dame un bon jour; salut ... salut dame, salut dame un bon jour* (greetings lady, greetings lady, greetings lady a good day, greetings . . . greetings lady, greetings lady a good day).” Then the lyrics become a bit muddled. Maybe they were: *ça c'est bon que fail la patate, salut dame un bon jour; ça ce'est bon 'vec la tomate, salut dame un bon jour* (that is good to make potatoes, greetings lady a good day; that is good with tomatoes, greetings lady a good day). Lloyd remembered Kid Ory's song about Madame Pedo or Fedo or however it was spelled. He had figured out the meaning of most of those lyrics as well as the lyrics to a few other traditional Creole jazz tunes.

After the concert, Lloyd hung around and hugged his trombone idol, big friendly teddy bear Jim Robinson and remarked “when you came out on stage, at first I didn't know who it was.” Jim chuckled and added “sometimes I don't know who I am either.” They chatted about recently deceased George Lewis and the old days. Then Lloyd went to shake hands with De De who he hadn't met in person. He started chatting in his fluent Parisian French and De De responded in Creole as the conversation went on for a while before they realized that some of the trad jazz terminology didn't have French equivalents; so they continued in English. Lloyd chatted with Billie as well and she had joined in the French discussions. It seemed that many old New Orleans jazzpersons were fully conversant in French which makes sense since most North and West African peoples knew French. That was even before coming to New Orleans where they continued speaking it until the U.S. took over Louisiana and slowly pushed out the cultured traditions inherited from France. Unfortunately, Lloyd didn't think to get the exact lyrics and meanings of the Creole songs; but that might have taken too much time and he wouldn't have wanted to be a pest. Lloyd went home to his empty apartment somewhat elated realizing that he was first a jazzman and Eastern musician and second a person. So married, divorced, loved or despised, he was a jazzman and nothing else really mattered. But it still did matter, at least at that moment.

Unforeseen Fulbright and the End of U

The next day at the Middle East Center, Dr. Mostofi handed Lloyd an application for a Fulbright Scholarship to Iran and instructed him to fill it out because Mostofi said he would offer a very strong recommendation. Formerly Lloyd had not been interested in going all the way to the other side of the globe leaving his music career and everyone behind. But since he didn't have much of a music career and apparently no more family, he decided to apply. A few days later he had the application filled out

with all the necessary attachments, put it in the envelope, licked the stamps then walked over to the Middle East Center mail depository. He had no inclination one way or another about being accepted; in fact with another marriage collapsing, he almost had no feeling about anything. He was the only one left at the Center that evening, so he knelt near the mail receptacle and prayed "Lord, thy will be done not mine; whatever happens to this I will accept." He then went back to the lonely apartment and called Yona to see if he could drop by her little apartment. She hesitantly indicated it was OK; so he climbed in the purple Camaro that gramp had given them shortly after their happy wedding. When he knocked on the door and was invited in, he could tell that Yona was also lonely and sad; but they were both too stubborn to find a way to fix the problem which was mostly philosophical. He mentioned that he had applied for the Fulbright and she sort of sneered sadly figuring that he would never get such a prestigious award.

Lloyd cooked a simple dinner and they sat and cuddled eventually surrendering to a physical encounter, which somehow eventually ended in an unforeseen and completely untimely pregnancy. They cried a lot and wished they could figure it all out; but when Lloyd showed Yona his new avocation, selling fifty-cent needle threaders at a profit of twenty-five cents each, she just couldn't imagine any future for him or for them. Then when he left, she noticed a big rip in the back of his worn out suit pants and she felt like crying again for both of them. After he left to visit her neighbors trying to sell them needle threaders, she knew that she had to get back to Brussels where her parents were finally back together and happy. They had been asking her to come back home and this was the perfect opportunity. Lloyd did one good thing for Yona; he succeeded in his efforts to get her parents back together by kindly talking to each of them and helping them to see that they would be better off as a team. Of course he was not alone in this effort. So by helping get them back together he was partly responsible for instigating a situation where she would want to cut all ties with him and go back to Brussels. She had been teaching French at Westminster College where she became head of the program and has completing her M.A. in French at U. of U. She had to complete all her work in those capacities while planning her return trip and how to get her things to Europe.

During this time, Yona somehow strangely ran into Martha Lee, the American in Paris who Lloyd had originally thought would have been a great wife. One day Lloyd and Yona were wandering through a market in Salt Lake when he noticed a strangely familiar girl walk by them. Yona kept quiet about the fact that it was Martha Lee wearing a weird wig. A few days later, Yona took Lloyd to meet a French-speaking friend which turned out to be Martha Lee who, with her husband, was also packing to return to Paris. Lloyd was astonished that Martha Lee ended up in Salt Lake with the French Catholic boy she married and had become friends with Yona. He soon found out that her husband converted to Mormonism and was in some ways more enthused than Martha Lee. Yona had been keeping all this from Lloyd and must have shared some rousing conversations about how crazy and goofy Lloyd was.

Eventually, Yona was referred to one of those evil greedy divorce lawyers to try to milk Lloyd to death in the divorce. Of course Lloyd had nothing and could only offer a place to live and share simple food with a family; but he could never support anyone outside of the apartment. No amount of suing, jail time or even the firing squad could make money appear where it wasn't. Yona's creepy lawyer offered "she's willing to just walk away." But \$700 a month child support for a starving student and unsuccessful musician who was lucky to get \$300 from his teaching to pay rent, utilities, food and gas, in no way appeared like "willing to just walk away." Lloyd was continually harassed, sent papers, delivered summonses by constables, phoned and threatened. The little creep lawyer even phoned Mostofi and the Music Department, Lloyd's parents, his grandparents, everyone imaginable to offer

nasty insulting accusations about him. Whenever he would leave the apartment or return to it, he had to check for a constable or other harasser lurking to pounce him in the doorway. He felt like a murder on the most wanted list having to look over his shoulder every minute. What was his crime? His crime was getting married in the “land of the free.” What a joke, he thought. “Yea right, free for wives who dump their husbands, free for misanthropic womens’ lib feminazis, hate mongers with commie leanings, dopers, hippies, rock freaks, homos, crooks and other perfectly ‘acceptable’ Americans. Democracy? Are you kidding, only democracy for the sleazes and blood-sucking Masters. Former real Americans like George Washington, Lloyd’s ancestor John Adams, and the signers of the Declaration of Independence, traditional family-oriented clean living old-time Americans, have all become a detestable commodity and politically incorrect outsiders” he mused.

Lloyd was being tormented with restraining orders, visits by cops and calls from everyone instructing him to stay away from Yona and Amaury until he ended up hoping that he would never see either of ever them again; the family he had loved sincerely and wanted to do everything he could to make them happy in life. Finally Yona began to feel sorry for Lloyd and called off her mad dog lawyer after suffering a financial gouging for his ‘services.’ Lloyd’s parents tried to informally arrange a lump sum settlement for a few thousand in child support due to the fact that Yona was leaving for Europe and thus would be outside the jurisdiction of American courts. Then she found out she was pregnant and eventually bore a daughter who she named Natanie. Lloyd tried to be supportive and visited Yona a few times to see his little girl. But the whole divorce debacle and the resultant hurt on both sides made any real rapprochement impossible.

Yona wanted to leave Lloyd with a positive feeling; so she accepted his parents’ financial offer and arranged to see him once more before leaving for Brussels. It was a tearful last meeting of the former lovers who couldn’t stop caring about each other no matter how much the American system wanted to destroy them and their children by the whole divorce scam. How could Lloyd stop caring about the girl who was on the cover of his eventually famous Oriental Jazz LP, the person for whom he had written award winning compositions including the national composer contest winning piece “Yona.” Lloyd promised he would come to see Yona, Amaury and Natanie in Europe and wished they could patch up their marriage. She also expressed her wish that things could be patched up but knew she had to be with her parents again to help them stay together and also because they had a nice apartment and would help with Amaury. The two sad sweethearts shared one last long embrace and several tears then Yona disappeared from Lloyd’s life leaving only fond memories and an exceptional LP of great music in her honor. On the drive back home, Lloyd thought of the sorrow-scented French text to his favorite song Autumn Leaves. “*C’est une chanson, que nous ressemble, toi qui m’aimais, mois qui t’aimais* (it is a song that resembles us. I who loved you, you who loved me.” And the ending lines “*et la mer efface sur le sable, les pas des amants désunis* (and the sea erases in the sand, the footprints of separated lovers).”

A while later, as Lloyd was downheartedly dragging around trying to figure out how to complete the requirements for his PhD, he took a break and went to get his mail. He rummaged through the envelopes until he came across a letter from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. He suspected it was probably the Fulbright rejection; so he opened it and was amazed at what it said. “Dear Mr. Miller, on behalf of the Board of Foreign Scholarships and the Commissioner of Education, I am pleased to offer you a Fulbright-Hays Graduate Fellowship for advanced research abroad.” The letter went on to stipulate: “length of award: 12 months” and “country(ies) of research; France, Lebanon, Iran, India, Afghanistan.” Then Lloyd’s eyes popped out when he got to the bottom and saw the grant amount, \$11,292. Wow that was a lot of money at the end of the 60s. He was reminded of

one of the first classes at the Sorbonne he visited taught by the great Benveniste who asked him “Fulbright?” to which Lloyd responded with some gibberish in French slang like “I was hangin’ out, nothing to do so I jus’ wanned to check out your class, man.” Instead of ‘Fulbright,’ Benveniste must have thought ‘empty dull.’ Now that Lloyd had actually been awarded a Fulbright, he wished he could say “yes professor Benveniste, you are right, Fulbright.” He called his parents and grandpa to tell them the news; finally he had succeeded in something even if it was just for a year. But through Lloyd’s ingenuity, he was able to stretch that grant out for seven years through little things like reinvesting some of it in foreign currency then exchanging it at a better rate, buying gold coins and reselling them in the States; but mostly by purchasing instruments and craft items for resale on trips back to Utah.

Lloyd started to prepare for a long stay in Iran; as far as he was concerned, it could have been forever since he had nothing in the States worth returning to except his PhD exams and defending his dissertation. Two miserable messed up marriages, mostly due to finances, his inabilities and his unfatherlyness. All his musical hopes had permanently vanished, especially with the musical genocide consequent to the vicious invasion of satanic rock. Yes, he was really ready to live in a culture where women didn’t almost all dress like the worst hookers around the Madeleine in Paris or in Pigalle. He was ready for a place where a man couldn’t have his children ripped from his bosom and then be fined some horrible exaggerated child support by vicious greedy attorneys; a place where a wife couldn’t abscond with his children to another country without written permission from the husband. Yes a place where a husband was not treated like a dirty dog, just a slave to crank out money while his wife could steal the children, dump the poor guy then run around and party with creeps on his dime. So now just one more reason was added to why Lloyd never wanted to return to Yankee hell and was glad to know that, according to many reliable prophecies, that whole ‘wicked nation’ of America would soon come tumbling down in ruins when God smashes it with major disasters and plagues. Yes Lloyd was glad to get out of the stupid States, forever if possible. Yes, Lloyd was ready to say goodbye forever to the sludge-hole that America had become in 1969, who could have ever imagined how horrible it would eventually be decades later.

Lloyd ‘s parents had just purchased a nice house on Sylvan Avenue in Salt Lake not far from the U of U. He had moved all his things there and was hoping that Yona might reconsider now that they would have a home where they could raise Amaury and Natanie. But Yona’s parents needed her and she didn’t want to go back to Lloyd after all the bad feelings from the divorce, the vicious gold-digging lawyer and all that had happened. She didn’t think Lloyd would ever be able to succeed now that jazz had been assassinated by rock and because the U of U Music Department refused to hire him since they didn’t have ethnomusicology and weren’t planning to ever accept that field. Lloyd was at a dead end and had no hope at all for any future; so when he got the Fulbright, at least he could get out of America where he had been tortured in the nut house, where he had always been beaten up, tormented and emotionally stomped into the ground. Now he could move to Iran and eventually die in peace in a friendly country that respects scholarship and spirituality. So Lloyd packed everything he was taking to Iran, loaded up the car with most everything else and stashed a few valuables in a storage room in the house on Sylvan. He drove to South Laguna where his parents had moved from Royal Boulevard in Glendale to a plush retirement home on Sea Island Drive. There he stored some important papers, LPs, and tapes; things he might need in Iran and could come back and get on some future visit. The items on Sylvan Avenue in Salt Lake remained sealed in the storage room for the years that Lloyd stayed in Iran, even though the owners who bought the house almost threw it all out in frustration waiting for Lloyd to return and haul it all away.

Misguided Missionary Efforts

Before leaving for Iran, Lloyd decided that he should be prepared to share information about Mormonism, not to convert anyone, but to inform them about basic historical facts. These facts included Lehi leaving wicked Jerusalem and taking a boat to Central America, the Jaredites leaving Babylon and coming to Central America in eight boats, Joseph Smith finding the record of these occurrences and translating them into English. He also thought that some of the basic beliefs of Mormonism that agreed with Islam would be of interest in the Middle East. To accomplish this, Lloyd solicited the assistance of a good Iranian friend at the U who agreed with Lloyd's conviction that any writing about Mormonism must be in *sare* Persian which is Persian without any Arabic at all. There was an effort afoot among certain scholars to purify Persian by replacing the ugly and cumbersome Arabic content with charming and simple real Persian. Lloyd was in full agreement with this concept and was one of the most fervent advocates of it. After a few weeks of working together on the project, Lloyd and his Iranian friend came up with an ideal pamphlet in Farsi which included some of the main points in Lloyd's book Mormonism and Islam plus other vital information that would be appreciated by Moslems. Lloyd eventually had this pamphlet also translated into Arabic, Turkish, Pashtu and Urdu. He printed up about 500 of the original Farsi pamphlets and took some with him expecting to have the rest sent later.

Lloyd went to the Translation Division of the LDS Church offices building where he had been shunned many times before. On his first visit there, he found that they were trying to do some 'translating' in Farsi but had some sneaky phony working for them who was obviously there just for the green card and the money. Lloyd realized that the moment he met the guy, who bragged about just putting words from the dictionary on a paper not caring if they meant anything or not. He also bragged about how the dumb Mormons didn't know he was drinking coffee and smoking in his car in the Church parking lot by the building during breaks. Lloyd was furious and reported it to the Translation Division who didn't seem to believe him. Then he went to the federal immigration judge and told him about the phony who was freeloading on the Church to get an undeserved residency status. Eventually he convinced the Translation Division to the request services of Professor Dr. Marashi at the Middle East Center, who at least would get the language correct. But after Marashi got the job, he forgot how he had agreed with Lloyd's suggestion that the Farsi Book of Mormon must be in the *sare* Farsi, basically the language of Ferdosi, to feel like the ancient text that it was and not to be confused with the Arabic Quran because it was a different dispensation from a group of ancient pre-Islamic prophets. Dr. Marashi was so busy with his many responsibilities so he often had his TA work on the translations, which he would check later. The Translation Division never did acknowledge or look favorably on Lloyd's Farsi brochure including the Islamic approach based on Palmer's and Nibley's scholastic input.

The Farsi translation that the Translation Division finally did publish, in the form of Book of Mormon excerpts, was maybe the meaning but without the spirit and power it could have possessed. It was merely a bunch of words that correctly but sometimes feebly represented the basic meaning of the original. About that same time, when the Translation Division wanted someone to do the Arabic translation, Lloyd suggested Professor Dr. Abdul Malik at the Middle East Center who was a Seventh Day Adventist and a humble inspired man. Lloyd gave him a large copy of the Book of Mormon to make the work easier and even gave him a special blessing. The translation was completed and published; then Lloyd's former detractor, Dr. Hanna, decided to join the Church and then convinced the Translation Division hire him to redo the Arabic translation. Lloyd wondered how Dr. Hanna's

translation would improve on Dr. Abdul Malik's work and hoped that eventually the final text would be excellent Arabic reflecting the language that was very similar to the original Semitic writings from about 600 B.C.

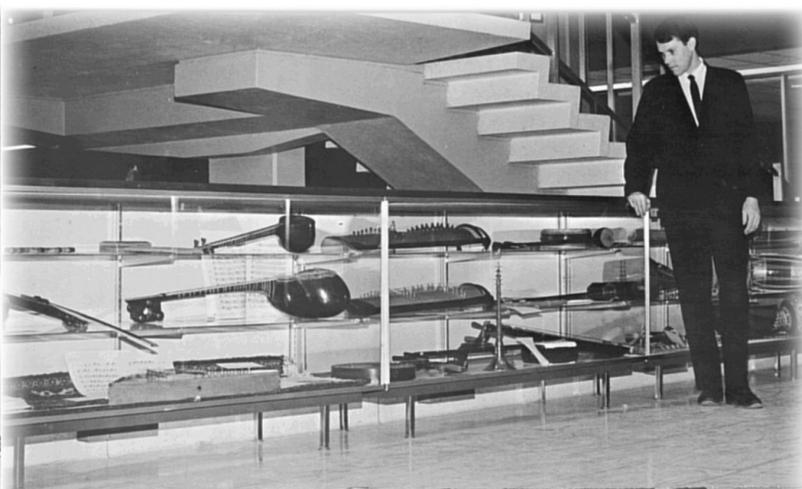
Before Lloyd left on his Fulbright, he also went with his aunt Evelyn Badley, who was a very active respected member of the Church, to visit Elder Hartman Rector who was head of the Seventies whose mission was to supervise missionary work throughout the world. Lloyd and aunt Evelyn tried and eventually succeeded in convincing Elder Rector to try a small mission in Tehran for the Christians and other non-Moslems there who might be interested in a restored, revised and more correct version of the religion that Jesus had set up while he was alive. Lloyd suggested that maybe the Church should use normal members living in other countries, families, a man and wife, for instance, to do missionary work as stake missionaries rather than sending uneducated and unsophisticated little boys. Lloyd argued that older stable married couples could be very convincing and useful as missionaries, especially those who were already living in another country, knew the language and respected the culture (when and if that were possible). Lloyd cited his experience doing missionary work with Marilyn on BYU campus and how Islamic and other cultures were more apt to listen to older more experienced couples rather than little kids. Elder Rector, being from Florida, was open minded and quite inspired. He promised Lloyd he would take everything under serious consideration and then admitted "some of the best ideas come from the members."

Lloyd's parents also worked their magic by mentioning to her friend and former neighbor Noreen Callister that Lloyd was going to Iran and would like to meet with her father, Apostle LeGrand Richards, for some advice before leaving. An appointment was scheduled and Lloyd excitedly went to the Church Office Building to meet the apostle. Elder Richards warmly greeted him and shared a glow of spirituality that permeated the room. Lloyd briefly told him about Brother Palmer's BYU mission to Islamic students using the Koran and Islamic principles to explain Mormonism. Elder Richards reiterated what Elder Rector said, that some of the best ideas come from the members. He also stated that Lloyd should just add to the good religious beliefs that people in the Middle East already had. He said "we aren't taking anything away from them but just adding to what they already have." Then Lloyd asked for a blessing which Elder Richards did with special spiritual strength full of powerful promises including ability in languages and relating to the people, which Lloyd already possessed, but could always use more. Apostle Richards also promised that Lloyd would make many, many friends in the Middle East, which definitely did happen. After the meeting, Lloyd was convinced that, if the gospel or information about Mormon history and concepts, were to be shared in the Middle East at this time, he would be able to assist in that task. Otherwise, he would be open to being vastly enriched by learning from the truths and spirituality which had been passed down over the millennia from ancient prophets. Actually, Lloyd's initial hope to do missionary work in Iran eventually turned to his appreciation and acceptance of the truths and spiritual insight he gained as he was able to discover for himself that Mohammad was a true prophet and Islam was another true representation of God's path. This fact agrees with LDS scholars and leaders. George Albert Smith stated that Mohammad "was no doubt raised by God on purpose to scourge the world for their idolatry." Parelly P. Pratt affirmed "Mohamedan doctrine was a standard raised against the most corrupt and abominable idolatry that ever perverted our earth, found in the creeds and worship of Christians." Orson Whitney wrote of "the coming of Mohamet to the Arabs, who were thus converted from idolatry, the worship of 'sticks and stones,' to the worship of the one god Allah, with Mohamet as his prophet." B.H. Roberts said of Mohammed "whenever God finds as soul sufficiently enlightened . . . he makes him a teacher of men."

Sufi Saint & Swinger: photos for Section C, US and Utah, Chapters 29 - 30



Lloyd on Thai *ranad* & Marilyn on *khloi*



N
E
A
R

A
N
D

F
A
R

L
L
O
Y
D

M
I
L
L
E
R

E
A
S
T



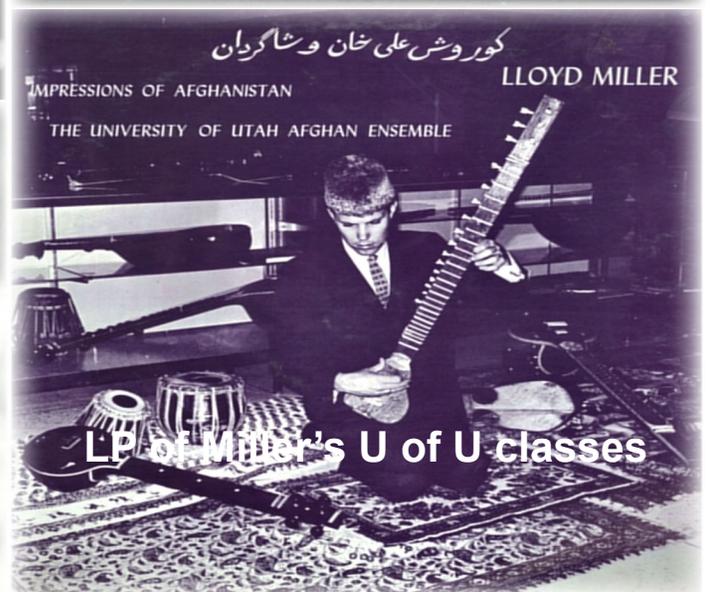
Lloyd & Marilyn's 1960s LP at BYU



Miller's Intercollegiate jazz trophies



Preston Keys Quartet & Miller on KBYU TV



Miller at Bilzen jazz festival in Belgium

Miller's U of U LP in the late 1960s

Chapter 32

Jazz in L.A., the Golden Years in the Golden State

Pitiable Parents of a Painful Punk

Lloyd woke from a sound sleep, stretched out across the seats in the central section of the 747. He gazed over at the attractive stewardess and sent her a loving smile as she passed by, returning his caring glance. He looked up at the ceiling of the plane and thought back to his early life in the States. He cringed that he now had to return to that cultural wasteland where he knew he would suffer many disappointments, setbacks, continual resentment and persecution from those Yankee retards who lived only for money, drugs, booze, cigs, junk food and just junk, while despising anyone who wasn't a carbon copy of their ugly ideal as dictated by TV and the lowest common social denominator. Lloyd knew he was in for a hellish future; but he had no choice. He had foreseen that Iran was soon to become very hostile towards the Yankees who had puppeteered the Shah and forced unwelcome Westernization with its so-called 'freedom' which was just license to commit any sin possible without any repercussions. And he had unwillingly prophesied, against all logic and his own common sense, that the streets of Tehran would run with blood; so he figured it might actually happen.

As he sorrowfully sighed about his impending fate, he mused "my first and worst mistake was being born." That would seem to be true looking at his abnormal, objectionable and uncomfortable youth. Lloyd was a real pain in the neck to say the least. But his parents were just as bad in their mishandling of the awkward situation. They wanted Lloyd to be a reflection of their high-class (or so they strived to be) status in California society since they had inserted themselves somehow into the Southern California Blue Book, the Who's Who register of Beverly Hills, Hollywood, Glendale and other not quite as 'appropriate' locations. Lloyd sort of remembered his untimely and uncalled for birth in a Glendale hospital, the room, the color of the walls and a nurse with the old fashion cap. Was he crazy (well everyone would stipulate to that) or did he really remember being shoved feet first into mundanity from a comfy spiritual pre-existence like a hesitant paratrooper vigorously and viciously shoved out of the airplane.

Fate played a practical joke on the young parents as well as on the hotshot know-it-all spirit eager to be born and to save the world from its stupid materialism. Just to be cruel to the young couple, the heavens assigned them a headstrong hard-line rebel whose life mission would be to expose and attempt to eradicate phoniness, worldliness and materialism at every turn. But instead of being born to Shia Sufi family, to a Guru in a cave in Kashmir or to an Amish or Fundamentalist Polygamist family where he could be heartily launched into his life's work, he got Sherman and Maxine Miller whose life's ambitions were to rise in southern California society including attempting to rub shoulders with Hollywood and Beverly Hills elites every chance they could. The heavens must have had a good laugh with this prank and wondered how it would all turn out, if it ever would. From the moment he was born, Lloyd was a little monster making his parents' formerly peaceful life almost unbearable.

As he grew up (as if he ever did), he would shout "stop me I'm going to break it" while he rushed towards an item of his mother's cherished Italian or French ceramic or crystal ware or some other precious thing. Mostly, they did stop him just before the sound of a crash would pierce the air of the otherwise peaceful plush neighborhood of Rossmoyne up on the hill in Glendale. Then he cut his little brat teeth on the legs or his mom's precious Italian furniture acquired in Florence when she attended a special arts academy there. Then when his mother and her uppity society friends from one of the various socialite charities she belonged to, like Las Benevolas, a group helping the crippled children's hospital or whatever,

were sitting at the card table in the living room alternating shuffling a double deck of cards, Lloyd would burst into the living room. He did everything he could to embarrass everyone out of resentment for their snooty social climbing. He would sometimes disrupt their bridge game by messing up the cards after his mom had so dexterously shuffled them downward, upward and every which way. Or he would make outrageous declarations like “mommy’s a Mormon; but she never goes to church and has whisky and cigarettes in the house.” If that didn’t embarrass his mom, he would grab some cigarettes from the fancy carved glass container in the living room and drop them down between the breasts of some of the more overly voluptuous ladies. Sometimes he might say outrageous things like “mommy says she hates all you old bags and can’t stand you coming over here.” When he was a bit less abusive, his mom might cheerily chime out that hated mantra “play some piano for the ladies, Lloyd.” Gag, that was Lloyd’s most detested phrase. He valued his playing, however unpolished it was in those days, and he hated to be just another tool of his mom’s social ascension.

Lloyd’s involvement with music started way before he could remember or even talk. His mother, who played C-melody sax and banjo in high school and later piano and who studied ballet with Pavlova’s partner Michael Mordkin in New York, later starting her own ballet school in her hometown Rexburg, Idaho, insisted that Lloyd be taken to performances of all kinds. This included symphony concerts, ballets, operas, musicals, plays, poetry readings, art exhibits, etc., etc. She also sent him to learn piano, ballet (very short-lived), ballroom dancing, acting, ventriloquism, painting (including finger painting), sculpture, crafts, woodwork, model making, horseback riding and even telescope lens grinding at Griffith park observatory. His mom had been quite an independent and talented lady. She was invited to attend the academy in Florence, Italy that was started by her schoolteacher from Rexburg. There she became a fencing expert and, with her roommate Polly, she staged a fencing match for Mussolini’s Brown Shirts who went wild throwing flowers and madly cheering. It was the first time they had ever seen female fencing experts and they were young pretty American girls. Then when she returned to USC in California, she started the first and only women’s college fencing team there. One of her friends, Evan Shaw, was head of the men’s polo team and encouraged her to establish the first women’s college polo team at USC since she was an excellent equestrian from her early years in Idaho. She was one of the first young women to have her own car on campus, thanks to her wealthy lawyer father and she became Helen of Troy, which was the highest honor attainable by a women student at USC. As for performing arts, she also innovated the concept of dancing to poetry and, during her USC days, created dances based on East Indian and Asian culture.

Lloyd’s dad who was a former football player back in his home state Minnesota and coach at Glendale College where he was coaching a big Armistice Day game which was slightly interrupted by Lloyd’s wrongful birth. Lloyd’s dad was from a large family of five brothers and two sisters in Minneapolis where their German father, a watchmaker from Frankfurt named Frederick Müller, made sure everyone played an instrument in the family band. Lloyd’s dad worked his way through Carlton College playing in a band with famous Chicago era cornet man ‘Doc’ Evans as pictured in the 1927 Carlton Argol. He met Lloyd’s mother on a college-sponsored trip to pre-war Japan. On the boat, some jerky prankster kid from Carlton grabbed Maxine’s round leather purse which looked like a football and started passing it around to his friends. Unfortunately, the purse was accidentally thrown overboard with all her money and identification, which cost her much torment and emotional pain to try to replace when the boat came into port. The college groups visited Tokyo then the beautiful quiet garden in Kyoto where Maxine was crunching along in the gravel when Sherm chided “hey could you crunch a little louder?” She spurted some sarcastically “mind your own business” and added that he was one of those no-good Carlton boys like the ones who lost her purse.

Eventually the rivalry ended up in romance and finally marriage. So Lloyd's dad also offered him every possibility, even if he was less than mildly interested, to excel in football, basketball, baseball, swimming, ice-skating, fishing, camping, boxing and judo while his mom trained him in ballroom dance, horseback riding and badminton. Lloyd's parents were classy dancers and often won the Charleston contest whenever one occurred at the various country clubs or social events they attended which were many, way too many for Lloyd's taste. But his parents took him to all types of performing arts events like symphony, ballet, opera, theater, musical theater, icecapades and a rare jazz concert. Once in the mid 40s, his dad drove him down a street in central L.A. where, according to his dad, some horrible Bebop was being played by crazy dope addicts Charley Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. He pointed out the 'decadent' zoot suiter 'bums' with their long coats, long chains their flat pie-pan hats and with alleged pockets full of marijuana. Lloyd didn't believe that it could be so bad and he liked the slick zoot suit look. Lloyd fondly remembered the night his parents took him to an L.A. Symphony concert to hear the famed double contra bassoon. It was a huge monstrous thing that had to be wheeled in on a special cart. Then everyone waited and waited to hear it play something, which it finally did at the end of the concert. For the final note, the whole building seemed to rumble and quake as the big old contra bassoon bellowed out a huge blast of a note so low no one could really hear it but only feel it as the floor and the whole building seemed to shake.

Fooling with Faith and Forebodings of the Future

As for Lloyd's religious training, that suffered quite a bit. He was drug to church by his parents who dropped him off for babysitting, it seemed, while they went to play cards or golf with their social-climber fakey friends. So although Lloyd didn't really care about church, at times he enjoyed some things. One such a time was when an important family from Mesa Arizona visited the Glendale West Ward and sat on the stand. Lloyd couldn't help but notice the two drop-dead gorgeous beautifully attired blond apparently twin girls who were children of the important guest. He might not have believed in religion much but he sure believed in those girls and developed a silly kiddy crush which lasted over a year. He would often go to church hoping that some day those glowing beauties might return. He was like an Aztec waiting for the return of Quetzlcoatl or Pacific Islanders waiting for another abandoned cargo to accidentally float ashore. Usually Lloyd would do rebellious things in church like singing alternative lyrics for songs in the hymnbook, replacing them with silly phrases or even once sitting outside against the church wall smoking. But one time something important sobered Lloyd for a moment. Apostle David O. McKay came to visit the ward and was greeting various members. Suddenly Apostle McKay noticed Lloyd lurking around and came up to him and warmly shook his hand holding on to it for a while his eyes radiated a special kindness and, for some strange reason, respect. Respect for Lloyd? Who could even stand him much less respect him. And why a Mormon apostle; it was too unlikely. Lloyd couldn't understand why this kind old man, who he didn't even know, was so interested in him. Later he heard from his mom that one of her friends, maybe Noreen Callister, noted that apostle McKay recognized Lloyd as a very special young man with an eventual very vital mission in life. That alleged mission, promised again later in a personal blessing by a Mormon patriarch, never materialized; so it must have been scheduled for way later in the next life if at all.

More information on Lloyd's possible future came when the family went on a trip to Indio in the southern California desert. His parents had probably foolishly bought a small grape farm. They wanted to visit and see if they could figure out if they were making any profits on the crops. On the way, they stopped at a then famous roadside stand where various fruit was sold and where there was a citrus tree that had branches from other citrus fruit grafted into it thus producing oranges, tangerines, grapefruits and

lemons from the same trunk. Lloyd got out of the car and was walking forward on the side of the road when a mysterious stone on the roadside written in a strange alphabet drew him like a magnet. As he approached the two or three foot high smoothly polished stone, he felt he could almost understand the curvy gentle lines of writing that was carved into flat surface of the stone and colored black, which years later he would come to know was classical Arabic. His parents came from shopping and shouted at him “hey where were you; what are you doing; you missed seeing the amazing tree?” Lloyd felt and heard a confident strong voice speak from his mouth emphatically affirming “some day I will read and write that language and live among those people.”

His parents angrily scolded “that’s absurd, what are you talking about you silly kid; get away from that thing and get back into the car!” Lloyd glared piercingly at them and reconfirmed “but I will, I know it!” His parents muttered in disgust and, all during the remainder of their visit there, chided and derided him for his stupidity. Lloyd was tough as nails from having to oppose his parents from almost the moment he was born; so their ridicule just confirmed that was right and that he knew best on this matter.” Later in life after becoming fluent in Farsi and Dari, adequate in Arabic and Turkish plus basic in Urdu, all languages that had been affiliated with the mysterious writing, Lloyd tried to find that stone again on a special trip to Mecca for that purpose and to buy dates; but he never could find it. He did remember that it resembled a passage from the Quran or something official with the same style of writing and he sometimes imagined he could almost see the writing in his mind.

Even after a resounding reprimand all the way home and several days afterwards, Lloyd decided to hunt down that curvy writing and learn it if he could. One day at the Glendale Public Library, he was snooping among the books and came across a book in Ottoman Turkish. He knew it was like the writing on the stone, so he checked it out and hid it under his shirt. When he got home, he hid it under his mattress so his parents wouldn’t persecute him for trying to follow his apparent revealed path in life. Late at night, he would quietly sneak the contraband book from under the mattress and with a dim flashlight try to read it letter by letter following the writing with his index finger. Of course he was trying to read the wrong way, from left to right as if it were English. In a couple of weeks, he had gone through the whole book twice until one fateful early evening, his dad burst into the room and yelled “he what are you doing, you little brat? You’re supposed to be sleeping!” His dad ripped the blanket away revealing Lloyd’s secret Turkish book. “What the samhill is this trash; are you trying to read that stupid stuff like on the stone? We’ll make sure Dr. Finkelstein hears about this!” Lloyd cringed thinking of that creepy little Jewish psychiatrist grilling him over and over about his being disturbed for liking jazz and now for wanting to learn Arabic script.

Lloyd started shaking worrying about the molding clay in which he had engraved a message in Persian cuneiform letters he had found a year ago in a book on ancient history. He wrote himself a secret message engraving the letters perfectly and then hid his ‘clay’ tablet in the top of the freezer compartment of the refrigerator on top of the frozen salmon. So he had been trying to learn Ottoman Turkish and had attempted to write in ancient Persian script; boy he could really be in trouble. He knew his uncle hated “Kikes” and “Niggers” and his dad occasionally supported that concept. It flew in the face of Lloyd’s love for jazz and admiration of traditional Negro jazz stars like George Lewis, Johnny Dodds and many more. Also most of his true friends in the various schools and camps he was sent to were Jewish; and the few of his parents’ classy and intelligent friends, as opposed to the motley crew of social climbing losers like the McDermitts and the McGees, were also Jewish. How about the many shrinks they had been sending him to; weren’t they Jewish? And, if they were so untrustworthy, why did his parents give them full control of Lloyd’s life? Actually, Lloyd did have to admit that, once in a while, a less than perfect Jew would show up in his life and those were mostly the sicker-than-any-crazy psychiatrists he had to endure.

Shrinks, Finks and Finkelstein

So almost the next day, Lloyd was off to be cured of his lingomania by Dr. Finkelstein because, not only did his parents expose Lloyd to all types of performing arts but they also exposed him to all types of quack shrinks. Since Lloyd was an uncooperative non-social even anti-social (especially anti social climbing) little brat, they felt he needed serious therapy from some the area's best (or most messed up) shrinks. These fun freaky little doctors with their thick glasses and sometimes thick accents were recommended to the Millers by their top drawer Beverly Hills Jewish friends who somehow had been 'helped,' or thought they had been helped, by the beady-eyed little creeps. Lloyd didn't really hate the shrinks; he mostly felt sorry for them because they seemed to be more disturbed than he was supposed to be. So he usually ended up trying to 'help' them. The Miller Buick pulled up in front of Finkelstein's and Lloyd drudgingly trudged up the stairs to the 'good' doctor's, to be grilled about his insane obsession over strange languages and, of course worthless jazz. As he was waiting the entrance of the doctor, he noticed a few Brubeck LPs in the doctor's record collection and, heaven forbid, a Bunk Johnson LP. Boy, now Lloyd could really get old Finkelstein if he tormented the poor boy too much about his jazz enthusiasm.

The doctor came in and sat down nervously chain-smoking cigarettes. He put on his almost pleasant personality, asking "so Lloyd, how have you been doing? Have you been good at school? Are you doing what your parents want you to?" He lied "yes I have" (sure, purposely doing the opposite of everything they want). Lloyd learned from a very young age that whatever THEY (whoever THEY are) wanted to make him do, he made a special effort to do exactly the opposite because THEY were always wrong. So if an ad said a certain cigarette or soap was the best, he knew it was probably the worst. When the big lie blurted out that some worthless white bread supposedly "builds strong bodies eight ways" he knew for sure that it would definitely eventually kill you at least eight ways. Old bald and nervous chain-smoking Finkelstein glared at Lloyd over his thick glasses resting on his big hook nose and declared "now were are going to look at some colors." He turned the lights off and flashed various colors on the wall from a slide projector and asked Lloyd how each one made him feel. The 'good' doctor was monitoring Lloyd's reaction and writing everything on a notepad even before Lloyd made any comments. Then he asked Lloyd how he felt about homosexuality trying to define the term in detail making Lloyd very queasy and uneasy. Lloyd wondered if the doc was trying to initiate a fruiting session or something which was interrupted when suddenly his witchy old bag wife burst in and declared "yer 3 o'clock is cancelled."

Lloyd sighed in relief when the doc turned the lights back on and, before he could interrogate further, Lloyd started putting the screws to him. "Hey doc," he started "when are you going to quit that sickening smoking habit, huh? It's gonna kill ya off. Is it because yer old wife is so mean?" Then he moved closer glaring directly into the old doctor's eyes exclaiming "it's because yer mom treated ya bad, right. Maybe you were in love with her and were scared of yer dad? How about you wanneda be a homowhatever you said with yer dad er sumthin.'" Then Lloyd grabbed the doc's cigarette he was starting to nervously light and tossed in the wastebasket shouting "stop it yer gonna kill yerself." Then he sat down and calmed a bit before he tried to talk the doctor into cutting down on smoking thinking up ways of postponing his next smoke. Soon poor old Dr. Finkelstein was so shaken up that he left the room. A while later, his mean wife appeared informing Lloyd that the appointment was over and to go outside and wait for his dad. That was fine with Lloyd who was sick of the whole rigmarole and didn't want to have to make up the usual stories to go with the stupid inkblot test. Lloyd was sent to

Finkelstein again the next day because he still maintained that he would learn the strange script and language and that it definitely would be part of his purpose in life.

But the next day, after his dad dropped him off, Mrs. Finkelstein came to the door and angrily shouted “he’s not here today” then slammed the door leaving Lloyd alone to try and figure out where he was and how to get home. He wandered down the unfamiliar street sobbing because he was hopelessly lost in an L.A. suburb somewhere. He was about five miles from his home and had no idea what direction to go. So he conjured up some confidence and sort of prayed for guidance; praying was not one of his usual activities. As he wandered aimlessly, he noticed a larger street that seemed familiar, with a name he thought he recognized. He took that street for a while and then another that seemed somewhat familiar. After trudging down various streets for hours he came upon road names that were more recognizable until he knew he was somewhere in Glendale. He kept going until he found Verdugo Road and finally was at the bottom of the hill by Glendale College.

He felt relieved and started up Royal Blvd. As he crossed Del Monte where the boys used to play touch football in the late afternoons, his dad cruised by in the Buick, stopped and shouted “where in the samhill have you been; get in!” Lloyd blubbered out the whole story about being sent away and having to find his way home somehow. Needless to say, Lloyd’s appointments with Finkelstein were cancelled and he was sent to another slightly less weird Jewish shrink the reset of the week, one who Lloyd ended up trying to ‘help’ because the doc’s wife was treating him bad. Eventually the Millers gave up and hired a Turkish language tutor to try to help Lloyd learn the strange writing. But since Turkish was no longer written in Arabic script, Lloyd lost interest and the whole language idea faded away. Luckily they never found and destroyed Lloyd’s ‘clay’ tablet on Persian cuneiform writing in the freezer. He was able to rescue it and eventually mould away the cuneiform letters.

A Persecuted Prey and Mad Dog Maniac

Lloyd was quite a pest and actually more of a victim at Verdugo Woodlands where he was in Mrs. Lamont’s 5th grade class and Mrs. Beduer was principle. Lloyd started calling her Mrs. Manure, which didn’t help his grades. He had to be summoned into the office on many occasions, one being when he stole a dime off her desk while he was there to be reprimanded for doing badly in fractions and other subjects. His mom was called in to discipline him that time and he truly felt bad and vowed to never steal anything again which promise he basically kept thereafter. Once, when the teacher was discussing the Indians and how they came to America, Lloyd stood up in class and said that, according to the Book of Mormon, some of the Indians could have come from a family who took a boat from Jerusalem and others who came on boats from Babylon and that the school history text was wrong. The teacher became angry and the all kids were really mad. So after class, the boys all ganged up to beat Lloyd nearly unconscious. In his bloody and bruised state, he crawled under the fence to the girls’ playground where they tended to his wounds the best they could and tried to cheer him up. They said he could always play in their playground where he decided to hide out for the rest of that school year. From that time on, Lloyd decided all boys were rotten and he vigorously detested them and only wanted to be around girls. Because of this anger that stayed with him for life, he was never a candidate to be turned homo by any older fruiters who he shunned and detested when they tried to accost him.

One time months later when the same vicious gang of boys from Verdugo Woodlands was hounding and harassing Lloyd and began punching him, he flew into a superhuman rage, picked one kid to pummel viciously and could have killed him. Everyone backed off in terror until Lloyd’s dad showed up to take him home thus breaking up the near murder. He made Lloyd shake hands with the boy, but then Lloyd

went into a rage again and once more started pounding the kid bruised and bloody. Lloyd's dad almost couldn't stop him. Obviously after that incident, the boys stayed away from Lloyd who they feared as an uncontrollable mad dog.

Another time that Lloyd went uncontrollably wild was during a neighborhood dirt clod flinging fight. He was captain of one team of boys and they were doing well pulling up and slinging muddy dirt clods from a recent rain. Then one of the mean boys from the opposing team ran up and pushed a big ugly wormy dirt clod in Lloyd's face breaking the unspoken rules of the war and Lloyd went crazy. He pounced on the little twerp knocked him down and was pummeling him nearly unconscious when his dad ran out of the house with a blanket to wrap Lloyd up and tie him in it then trundle him off to his room for an ice cold shower and a light thrashing. It took a long time to partially calm Lloyd down to only swearing and screaming. This was resolved by his dad forcing a bar of soap in his mouth on which he gagged and choked before finally shutting up. While he was shaking in a lump on his bed, his dad quickly ran out and gave a few dollars to the injured boy and apologized for Lloyd's improper behavior. Of course the neighborhood kids were left with a healthy respect for Lloyd as a madman, someone not to mess with. Too bad Lloyd's basically fun and happy personality couldn't win any respect with anyone. Lloyd's dad had been taking him to boxing class where Lloyd always wanted to run and not fight. His dad tried and tried to get Lloyd so he would defend himself. But that didn't work out. Finally Lloyd was enrolled in Judo and there he seemed to be comfortable since it was mostly defensive tactics like falling and rolling. Sometimes Lloyd could talk bullies out of beating him up. One time on the way home from school in a park near the Glendale Civic Auditorium, a big bully on a bike accosted him. Lloyd became friendly by talking about girls and bikes until the bully finally let him ride past him.

Then Lloyd discovered he had a weapon in the form of his little pet dog. When the obnoxious neighbor girl kept throwing dirt clods and other garbage over their fence down onto the back patio by the avocado tree outside Lloyd's room, he constantly pled with her to stop. He bribed her with candy and quarters like he learned from his dad and even threatened her, but to no avail. Finally he worked and worked to somehow train his little dog Tippy to attack and bite viciously. Then late one afternoon, he quietly led Tippy around the back to access to the neighbor's back yard where the little witch was playing with some friends. Then he sicked Tippy on her with instructions "sick 'er, kill, kill!" Little Tippy lunged into action as Lloyd quickly scampered back to his room and pretended to be napping. The little bratty girl got bit all over and had ended up in the hospital which made Lloyd so happy to finally get one of his tormenters for a change. But his parents were not happy at all and little Tippy was immediately sent to the pound to be put to sleep. No one really knew that it was Lloyd who had trained the dog, so at least he didn't go to reform school over it. He was already being sent to classy fancy reform schools and summer camps anyway.

Fancy Camps and Summer 'Fun'

One summer camp that Lloyd's parents found out about from their snooty friends was Barton's School in Topanga Canyon, one of the hot shot schools he attended in 1946 where he ran around with and developed a kiddy crush on Sara Sue Dix, daughter of the famous cowboy actor Richard Dix. He learned to climb trees there and to cross over from one tree to the next. He also learned how olives were cured and how grapes were stamped by some of the girls accompanied Mexican guitar and violin music and how the juice was then kept in bottles until it became fermented. Some of the older boys at the camp sneaked into the wine shed and got a bottle. Lloyd was offered a few glugs, but he didn't like it at all. It tasted bitter and

especially didn't like the dizzy feeling. Also at Barton's, Lloyd was introduced to grass sledding, that is sliding down hills on a flat board or cardboard where dried tan colored grass became a slippery surface.

At Barton's, he was in his first play, *The Prince and the Pauper*, after which his mom decided to put him in a leading roll in a play in Pasadena. But he chickened out at the last minute leaving everyone without a lead and his mom in tears as usual. At Barton's, Lloyd learned a few magic tricks from his accordion teacher, but once betrayed the teacher by telling a classmate how it was done. That ended his magic and accordion lessons for the time being. Lloyd's real music interest was in the sound of a few instruments playing different things at once like he heard on the radio from time to time during the era of traditional jazz revival. At Barton's, in shop class once he got some of the kids tooting into various size metal pipes playing in counterpoint until the teacher broke it up. He tried it a couple of more times and knew that some day he would be playing music like that all the time.

Other than Barton's in Topanga Canyon, another excellent institution where Lloyd was sent for a summer was Ojai (pronounced ohai) Valley Camp located up the California coast near Santa Barbara. Although Lloyd felt he was being sent to a reformatory, it was actually quite plush and with excellent learning opportunities along with some needed strict discipline. The place was situated near the Sespe Wilderness where mysterious huge round boulders lurked in the river and on the hillsides. Campers would hike to the Sespe and sit on or occasionally slide down the monster boulders. At the camp, the usual big fat stupid red head bully immediately found Lloyd as his prime target for punching, slugging and kicking. Lloyd wrote about it to his parents who came up and his dad tried to bribe the bully with candy bars and quarters. But as soon as his parents left, the bully would still harass Lloyd whenever possible. A couple of weeks into the camp, there was an occasion where Lloyd was invited to play piano for the campers and he put on quite a show. Immediately after, the big bad redheaded bully came up and whimpered "can you teach me to play piano?" He cheerfully agreed and soon they were best friends. No one dared bother Lloyd with his newfound pal and bodyguard. Lloyd showed the bully and two of his chubby friends all the parts to six-hand Chopsticks and had them sounding fairly good. The next talent night, Lloyd presented his three disciples who stole the show especially when Lloyd came in on the last chorus with some jazzy tinkling on the highest keys ending as a seven-hand extravaganza. The bully and his buddies couldn't do enough for Lloyd; they gave him some of their coveted tasty greasy potatoes and sometimes sacrificed their deserts. Lloyd realized already at the age of ten that music was his only way to somehow exist in the otherwise materialistic mayhem of twentieth century society.

One of the fun events at Ojai was the trip to Carpinteria Beach with its vast sands and its little section of ancient tar. Lloyd had not yet become aware of the value of hugging and kissing girls and was still a bit afraid of cooties. But since girls were always his friends when the mean bully boys would beat up on him, he preferred to be with girls as much as possible and usually found a fun friend among the female population wherever he was. For the beach trip, although he acknowledged and respected his new bully friends, he spent most of the time with a quiet sweet sensitive little female playmate who had shared long deep (as deep as ten year olds can fathom) conversations and exciting slides on the monster boulders. They enjoyed the long day and gazing into the sunset over the beach before the bus gathered up the campers and trudged back up the hill to the camp.

An aspect of Ojai, which was valuable to Lloyd later on, was learning how to correctly ride horses. Lloyd relearned how to post a trot which his mom had taught him at a riding club in the L.A. area. She had been an excellent rider and expert polo player, so she made sure Lloyd learned basic riding. The instructor at Ojai explained "posting a trot is light and effortless using the motion of the horse rise up and sit lightly like there are egg shells on the saddle. OK? Let's try it; you match the rhythm of the horse rising up when the horse's outside leg goes forward; so: one two, one two." Lloyd quickly remembered how it

went; then they progressed on to canter and gallop, which Lloyd already knew to some extent, but now could improve. He learned both English and Western riding in his youth but never had an opportunity to continue those skills later in life. Ojai was just one of many elite and somewhat expensive distinctive locations where Lloyd would be sent for education and training. But the Millers went too far trying to control Lloyd's friends and forcefully insert nerds into his life who they felt were high class and respectful enough for him. There was Marsten from a 'good' family across town with his stupid long shorts and funny hat who was supposedly 'good company' or the boring sons of one of their social climber families where Lloyd was sent to build model battleships and aircraft carriers. That was fun but the kids were no fun at all. Mostly Lloyd's fond memories were of music, learning instruments and playing them.

Early Days of a Potential Jazzman

Lloyd often languished home alone many evenings while his parents were out partying with their California Blue Book and Hollywood or Beverly Hills friends. Or when he was locked in his room for some punishment which was at least a couple of days each week and the door was only opened for a moment two or three times a day to slip a plate of boring punishment food in, Lloyd spent the long lonely hours working on learning all the instruments around the house. He worked on his father's clarinet then, when he got tired of that, he worked on his mom's C-melody sax or banjo for a while before moving on to other instruments like the old cornet his dear friend Doug Callister gave him so he would stop playing on Doug's good trumpet every time he visited Doug. As for piano, since before he could walk, Lloyd's mom sent him to excellent teachers who threw up their hands in frustration because he had amazing talent, actually a rare and astounding musical genius as they all claimed, but he couldn't learn to read music and fought with every fiber of his being to not use written notes. After months of one of his teachers carefully training him to play some complicated piece for an upcoming concert, she just gave up on him warning his mom that he wouldn't learn to read the notes and was not memorizing the piece correctly but instead wanted to put his own ideas into it.

The day of the concert neared and Lloyd's mom was a nervous wreck because some of her society friends and their kids were going to be showcased at the concert. No matter how much she pressured him, Lloyd could care less about the silly concert and about impressing a bunch of snobby ladies. The concert day, Lloyd's mom was fit to be tied and at the end of her rope. She dolled Lloyd up to look presentable as a snooty hotshot almost rich kid and dragged him and herself almost in tears to the dreaded concert. The various kids played brilliantly as their mom's beamed with pride while Lloyd's mom sat hiding her tears. Finally, the teacher called out Lloyd's name as the next artist and then sunk into her seat with her head in her hands dreading the impending disaster. Lloyd strode up to the piano as if he had been born there, sat down and belted out the piece he was supposed to play with vigor, brilliance and power like no one was expecting from anyone that day. He added frills, arpeggios and runs and some syncopated jazzy innovations, which stunned everyone, present as they all rose to clap their hands red and yell out approbations. Lloyd slunk back to his seat paying no attention to the applause but just fidgeted hoping to be ignored and for the show to go on.

After that incident, Lloyd was not forced to officially study piano; but he continued picking out tunes and finding chords on the living room upright when his mom wasn't practicing some popular tune she was learning from her piano teacher Eddie Edwards. Meanwhile, Lloyd was encouraged to learn accordion. Lloyd was sent to an accordion teacher who had a large kids accordion band and eventually his parents offered to buy him his own accordion. One day they went to Southern California Music Company on South Hill St. in L.A. where they looked at various accordions. Finally, Lloyd picked a very expensive

one for the 1940s, a total of \$675, almost the price of an automobile. His parents were stunned, saddened and very uneasy at putting out such a large sum for something that might not be used to its capacity. After over an hour of trying to figure out how to pay for it, reassurances from Lloyd that he would put the instrument to good use and a few tears from his poor mom, his parents agreed. Lloyd was very happy with his new instrument and its various stops along with its powerful sound. However, his parents would bring up the mantra “we bought you that \$675 accordion” every time they wanted to make him feel guilty, which was almost every day. Lloyd did play it and did become quite skilled until his mid teens when he discovered that accordion was not cool when he began playing traditional jazz. But later in his college years, he used it often to play European music then eventually Cajun and Zydeco on paid gigs.

Piano, however, was the keyboard instrument that Lloyd would excel on. When his parents were out at night attending various social events, which was quite often, Lloyd would spend hours in the playhouse. It was their second garage on the vacant lot on the corner of Royal Blvd. and Puebla, which had a dance floor, player piano and a small workshop area where Lloyd built various things. He would sit at the player piano putting in piano rolls and pumping through various pieces. He would slow the speed down so he could see every key that was activated and follow it placing his fingers on the keys as they went down, controlled by the piano roll. After hours of following keys in both hands, he was able to crudely imitate the pieces in an almost acceptable manner. What Lloyd didn't know was that some of the piano rolls were cut by two pianists playing fourhanded piano. So sometimes he was trying to play fourhanded pieces with only two hands, but he could almost pull it off. At least he started out expecting more from himself than was really possible, and decades later; he was actually able to play things that were beyond any perceived possibility.

The Smog City Syncopaters

The first band Lloyd organized or was part of was a duo which included himself and his friend Spencer Dryden from up the hill at the top of Royal Blvd. Spence was interested in drums so Lloyd created two from a couple from barrels with the ends cut out and covered by tire inner tubes stretched over the ends and nailed to the sides. Often Spence would come down to the playhouse to jam on the homemade drums with Lloyd playing piano or pumping the piano rolls and joining in on clarinet. The two became best friends and, when Lloyd found from listening to Frank Bull's trad jazz radio show, that George Lewis was the epitome of 'real New Orleans jazz' and that the band with Bunk Johnson and George Lewis was the best traditional band ever to record except maybe Louis Armstrong's Hot Five or Hot Seven and Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers, Lloyd and Spence tried to emulate that style. Lloyd lectured Spence that he had to learn to play like Baby Dodds.

One day when Spence finally got a real drum set, Lloyd visited him at his place at the top of Royal Blvd. Spence had been practicing hard so his cute sister Jenny popped in and suggested “hey why don't you stop that noise!” After she left, Lloyd noted “your sis is really cute” to which Spence made an ugly face like he was ready to throw up. Then he said “and what do you think of your sister?” reminding Lloyd that he was being uncool. Spence told Lloyd to sit down then he put on the Baby Dodds talking and drums album that Lloyd was to hear for the first time. Upon hearing the LP, Lloyd stared in stunned amazement loving every second of it. Then Spence pulled out two sets of sticks and did the nerve sticks trick that Dodds demonstrated on the album. He rattled the two sticks in each hand together with a very fast clicking sound. Then he proceeded to play all the tricky patterns from the album so perfectly that Lloyd couldn't tell it from the original. From that day on, Spencer Dryden was a full-fledged highly skilled jazz drummer in the Baby Dodds genre and later became a top modern jazz drummer before selling out to the specter of

rock, a disease that eventually ate away jazz like a cancer and turned potential intelligent jazz fans into monotone imbeciles. Even if rock was and is one of the most evil disasters of the century, Spence's exceptional skills from his youth when he played real music remained with him and his Jefferson Airplane band became a landmark group. That didn't make up for the fact that Spence became victim of the whole drug scene and other inherent rock and pop problems, even if he was a great musician, and it finally did him in. In their early days playing trad jazz, Lloyd warned that neither one of them should ever go modern and start playing that stupid Bebop.

One day years later, Spence came down to the playhouse when Lloyd was running piano rolls to learn new tunes and knocked on the door. He was wearing a very slick zoot suit with the tightly pegged pants, lowered belt loops and a skinny belt from which a long chain hung with his keys on the end. His coat was really long and had one button in the middle with another button sewed on the back of it. He had a bright pink Billy Eckstine or B-roll shirt with collars straight across that rolled up against his cheeks. He also sported a pie pan hat, a thin flat hat with the back curved up and the front curved down and a thin mustache with a small goatee. Lloyd shrieked with horror "hey man have you gone modern?" Spence slyly chuckled, "yea baby and I am packing heat" as he pulled out a small black automatic pistol what appeared to be a 22 or 25. Lloyd was devastated as Spence told him about the cool jazz jams he had been going to and how he was really into the hip style of drumming. Eventually, Lloyd also got into cool jazz but without abandoning his dedication to New Orleans and Chicago trad jazz. And he was becoming a rising figure in the L.A. jazz scene before he had to leave town in the late 50s to go to Iran.

But in the early days when Lloyd and Spence were the big deal in Rossmoyne during their pre-teen and nearly teen years, their band grew to a four piece group with Lloyd on clarinet, Buz Leifer, a friend of Spence from Glendale High, on trumpet, a trombone guy and later a piano man who called in when Lloyd went on the Frank Bull show as a guest and mentioned that their band, the Smog City Six (then only five), was looking for a pianist and a banjo player. Lloyd used to run around with Buz who Lloyd's dad had bribed to watch him. Lloyd was uneasy when his dad would sidle up to a new friend and slip a ten-dollar bill in his hand whispering "watch Lloyd and see that he doesn't get into trouble." His dad didn't even try to hide what he was doing and Lloyd had been embarrassed dozens of times by his dad in that way. When Lloyd was a lot younger, his dad would give a quarter or even a dollar to the neighborhood or school bully to protect Lloyd rather than beat up on him. It worked, but Lloyd was uncomfortable having his dad buy friends and protectors for him. And his dad couldn't be everywhere; so Lloyd got his share of beatings by bullies and gangs of school kids who didn't like him or hated Mormons because they thought it was the thing to do.

So since Buz was a spy on Lloyd's dad's payroll during, he drove Lloyd around places like to Glendale High where he had to go to a few of his classes before he, Lloyd and Spence could get together to practice. When he was sitting in Buz's car, Lloyd would sneak Buz's trumpet out of the case and practice it until he got pretty good. Once Buz came back from class early and caught Lloyd playing his horn. From then on, he took the mouthpiece with him to stop Lloyd using his horn. But Lloyd developed a new technique of playing without a mouthpiece using the side of his mouth to blow through the narrow lead pipe. He got pretty good at that technique until Buz caught him again and then started locking his trumpet in the trunk.

Buz had a very cool Deuce or 32 Ford hot rod, chopped and channeled, with a dagoed chromed front axle, ground cam, shaved heads and the works. One day after school, they were driving near the wash and Buz took a strange turn onto a street that somehow went down into the wash where a tiny stream of water was trickling along the center; but the rest of the cement bottom and sides were perfect for driving. Buz revved up his rod and squealed out cramming it through the three gears up to 60 in just a few seconds,

seriously scaring Lloyd and probably himself too. Then he drove up the wall on the right then over to the wall on the left which were at about 45 degree angles. That was really frightening and Lloyd protested that they should cool it in case the fuzz found them and hauled them in. After a few miles of dare-devil hot rodding in the wash, Buzz whipped into a sort of tunnel and out into another street before wending his way through the outskirts of Glendale back to the center of town, then onto Mountain and Royal to drop off a frightened but exhilarated Lloyd after making him promise not to tell his dad because Buz was afraid he would lose his watchdog job.

Lloyd had weaseled a driver's license out of Idaho on one of his summer visits to his grandparents in Rexburg since there the law was more lenient allowing 13-year-olds to drive to help with farm work. The sheriff was a friend of Lloyd's grandpa who was a big time attorney in town and a politician active in state affairs and even national politics. So with a driver's license, Lloyd could borrow his dad's big old Oldsmobile and gather his band up to go rehearse various places. One day, no one could find a place to rehearse because all their parents had events going on at their homes or for other reasons; so the Smog City Six (or Five) couldn't practice anywhere. Lloyd came up with one of his crazy ideas declaring "let's just stop somewhere and play on someone's front lawn until the cops come to chase us away and then we'll make a run for it to another front lawn somewhere."

The plan worked and, instead of people being angry, they actually came in droves from all over the neighborhood to hear the band and cheer them on. They still kept moving to avoid a possible visit by the cops until, in one neighborhood, the dreaded black and white car pulled up and two officers got out, sauntered over to the grass where the neighbors were sitting and joined the audience. Then at the end of the tune, one of the cops said "play Saints." The rest of the audience chimed in agreement and the other cop waived a pair of cuffs warning "yea or we'll have to take you down to the station." Everyone laughed and the band broke into Saints as the audience members and the cops sang along while the lawn and adjoining lawns filled to overflowing with fans. At the end of the tune, one of the cops said "hey you were disturbin' the piece, I mean the piece you were playin' cuz you didn't give the drummer a solo." Spence said "OK check this out" and went into one of his virtuoso Baby Dodds imitations that stunned everyone. Then the band helped Spence throw his drums into the car and off they went to another neighborhood, leaving their new fans waving and cheering. One other time that the Smog City Syncopaters (when they were only four) had a brush with the law was when the cops drove along the street, stopping for a minute to warn the band that they were possibly breaking a city ordinance and to finish their tune and move on. This mobile musical blitzkrieg became a weekly event for the band and was much better than a boring rehearsal and was a chance to become known. Eventually the band played their final and most illustrious concert for the Flintridge Preparatory spring festival the year Lloyd graduated from there as an under classman in 1952 before eventually going off to Todd School for Boys in Woodstock, Illinois.

Chapter 34

A Germinating Jazz Genius in Private Prep. Schools

Kicked out of Two, Accepted at Another

First, Lloyd's parents took him to Chandler where a few celebrities had attended. During his interview with the admissions director, Lloyd freely expressed some of his odd ideas and explained how he was a potential jazz musician. After less than an hour of questioning, he was politely but firmly informed that he was not Chandler material and his parents were called to take him away. Next, Lloyd

was dropped off at Chadwick in beautiful Rolling Hills near the beach. He had been reluctantly admitted on a trial basis and spent a week trying to make friends and fit in. His amiable Jewish roommate suggested they stash other friends' cigs and booze in Lloyd's drawers under socks and underwear for a party that night. Eventually, with the addition of a couple of scary switchblade knives and even a small loaded automatic pistol, Lloyd's dresser drawers looked like a police evidence room. Then Lloyd's roommate proudly showed some of the stash to a supposed mutual friend who immediately ran to snitch to the administration. Soon a group of officials poured into Lloyd's room and confiscated all the contraband, helped Lloyd pack up and had him ready for his teary-eyed parents to pick up and whisk away rather than suffer the scandal of police participation. As he left his room, the Jewish roommate hung his head choking back tears along with other new friends who thought of Lloyd as a kind of brave hero stashing their 'valuables' for the evening party. A semi-attractive potential Jewish girlfriend, Marsha Jaffe, tearfully slipped Lloyd her phone number and said "call me." Later Lloyd did, developed a nice friendship and even became part of her Jewish youth social group. Lloyd let them all believe that Miller was a good old Jewish name rather than being considered a Goy boy. Of course, his ski-jump nose was a bit suspect; but he soon picked up some of the lingo and, to his surprise, he finally had been accepted somewhere even if his parents cringed at the thought of him running around with a Jewish girl. That was hard to fathom since many of their dearest and most valuable friends were Jewish like the Oppenheims and similar Beverly Hills or Hollywood people of class.

So Lloyd was finally somehow admitted to Flintridge Prep. which prided itself on whipping the most unlikely boys into college material. At first, he used to walk from his home down Royal Blvd. to the bottom of the hill to catch the bus near the corner gas station across from the Glendale Civic Auditorium. On the bus, he usually sat with Clifford Kayman whose family were friends with the Millers. Most of the Flintridge kids were a bit weird, either really smart or a few of them emotionally or socially messed up. Lloyd was all of the above, so he fit in fairly well. The bus would go up Canada to Verdugo Blvd. then up the hill through the intersection by Montrose continually climbing. It went down to the corner of the Church of the Lighted Window where the road turns right into La Canada town then on Foothill for a while until it finally climbs up the ridge to the corner of Crown where Flintridge Prep. was located.

After a year of trying to succeed as a left-hander fighting those horrible right-handed half-desks which were the rage in the beginning of the 50s, Lloyd became accepted enough to finally obtain permission from both Drs. Lowery and Dickenson to live in the little dorm where his parents could be assured that he would be watched closely. Of course Lloyd was a prankster and troublemaker, like the time the Golden State milk truck was parked in the parking lot off the campus on Crown Street. Just to be a pest, Lloyd instigated everyone chanting "we adore Adore," then shifted the chant to "we hate Golden State!" Subsequently Lloyd was issued five of those dreaded demerits written up like traffic tickets on little blue printed papers. When a student got ten demerits, he was obliged to be at school on Saturday or several weekdays after school to participate in arduous physical labor, emptying garbage or doing other unpleasant tasks to work off the demerits. Lloyd was a demerit magnet with his inherent trouble making and his occasional pantsing of fellow students who were stupid enough to wear their jeans too low, a disgusting fad that attracted a few idiots in the 50s. Little did Lloyd know that in the 2000s the whole country would be forced like gutless sheep into this fad. After his 13th year, Lloyd realized that the big blood-sucking companies were behind the stupid ugly jean fad and he threw his jeans away forever to be free from corporate bondage. However, when he first attended Flintridge, he joined the We Wear Low Club but ended up not wearing low enough and instead pulling down the pants of his classmates to embarrass them and get a sadistic laugh.

Of course, neither he nor anyone else dared to give any trouble to a senior because each freshman had a senior tormentor who made sure the freshmen wore their ugly ridiculous-looking blue and white beanie caps all day long. They were forced to carry big pails of bricks, stones, or worst of all, full to the brim with water, up the unbelievably steep stairs from lower campus. If any freshman spilled a drop of water or disobeyed a command, seniors could whack them with a tree branch switch or worse with one of the painful paddles which all the seniors carried just to discipline freshmen. On several occasions, on the way up the steep steps, Lloyd would spill a few drops of water from the pail (or when a senior wanted to be even meaner, two pails) and he was ordered to refill and start all over again until he got to the top without spilling a drop. Eventually, he actually won the school record for getting two pails full of water to the top without losing a drop. No reward was ever given for following orders, just swats, insults and punishment for not obeying. However grim it might sound, resembling strict British academies of past eras, the harsh training seemed to build character in some of the hard-case delinquents like Lloyd. Actually, he was one of the few freshmen who finally charmed his way into the good graces of the seniors with his cheerful willingness to carry their books, their pails, or accomplish any other hard task set before him. The silly fool would even ask seniors for some task and sometimes no one could come up with anything other than remark that he was a good guy and the best freshman there.

But as successful as Lloyd became, no one could outdo the Smoot brothers, a pair of Jewish boys whose aloofness and obnoxiousness tried everyone's patience. They were best in every sport, the best in every class and generally a pain in the neck. But Lloyd stuck up for them and even unsuccessfully tried to be their friend. Once there was a near fistfight when a Catholic boy named Stamm was enraged because he thought one of the Smoots said "that's as funny as Christ on a cross." They claimed they really said "as Christ on a crutch." In any case, the result was a long period of shouting insults back and forth and furious red faces. Lloyd tried to go out to the front plaza near the dorm where he had been relaxing to make peace; but to no avail. Not even the administrators could calm it down completely. In the following days, Lloyd tried to talk to both Stamm and the Smoots to try and smooth things out; but he wasn't fully successful. He couldn't figure out why Jews were often blamed for the Savior's crucifixion since all his apostles, supporters, family and friends were all Jewish and it was actually the Romans who carried it all out. In reality, from what Lloyd had been taught in Sunday school, Jesus actually went completely of his own will because it was part of the divine plan. And from what Lloyd later learned, almost all the present day Jews are converts from the Khazar Turkic race and thus were innocently living on the Volga when Jesus was crucified. So they never killed any Old Testament prophets and never even knew Jesus.

Other than rough treatment from seniors, everyone in Mr. Jardine's shop class was in constant fear of hard swats and stinging snaps from Jardine's long rubber medical tube with a knot at the end. He freely stretched out that tube and snapped it hard into the right butt cheek of anyone who made one little mistake in drilling a piece of wood, forgetting to both glue and nail a project, forgetting to glue both pieces of wood or some other infraction of his exactly strict rules. Every afternoon when the shop class was over, the last person to clean up their area and stand at attention was given swats by the whole class using a mean looking and meaner feeling paddle that Jardine had fashioned just for that purpose. So no one could really avoid pain in shop class; just thinking back on it would always bring a sting to Lloyd's rear. Once Lloyd dared to kid around with Mr. Jardine and called him Mr. Sardine. He got double swats and several snaps for that. But even then, occasionally Lloyd's prankish nature lead him to start making an 's' sound before immediately changing it to 'j' as Mr. Jardine's face would turn red with anger before breaking into that evil sadistic grin as he threateningly pulled his tube in preparation for a potentially painful snap. Lloyd and Jardine had a sort of amiable relationship although Lloyd suffered many black and blue marks for various infractions, some for pranks or some for cleaning up late and other times for

being a ‘Spanish mechanic’ as Jardine called anyone who did sloppy work. The result of that strict training was that Lloyd became a very careful craftsman, which later facilitated his ability to eventually make Persian and other instruments.

The one time Lloyd was issued a record number of 20 dreaded demerits was when he was caught with a radio in grim Mr. Smith’s English class. Lloyd had discovered a wonderful blues station hosted by black disc jockey Hunter Handcock or ‘old H. H.’ He enjoyed hearing Hunter’s radio shows at his home on Royal Blvd. until one day his dad caught him listening to ‘that Negro music’ when he was supposed to be studying. So his radio was taken away but to no avail because soon he used his hard-earned lawn mowing and weed hoeing allowance to buy a crystal set kit and quickly build his own little radio he could listen to through a small earpiece. Hiding under the covers in his bed, he could dig old H. H. and pick up cool ideas for his piano styling. One day he decided to take his crystal set to school so as not to miss H. H. or Frank Bull’s trad jazz show. He hollowed out a large book with a pocketknife and hid the crystal set there. So in English, when Mr. Smith asked Lloyd to conjugate a sentence, he noticed that Lloyd was distracted. Smith marched over to Lloyd’s desk and discovered the earpiece wire. He grabbed the book, opened it and to his horror found the crystal set. Not only was Lloyd listening to unapproved music on a cursed radio, but he had carved the insides out of one of Smith’s favorite novels. Lloyd was in big trouble and not only got plenty of demerits but also got the dickens from Dickenson as well.

Lloyd had been one of the serious problem kids his first year at Flintridge in 1949 as noted in remarks by co-director Dr. Dickenson who wrote on a report card that Lloyd was “creating a certain amount of disturbance” and in another report card “we are still having a great deal of trouble with his classroom behavior.” Maybe the right-hander-only desks could have been part of the problem. In any case, by 1951, Lloyd had been reformed somewhat and was accepted to have a coveted spot in the small dorm with a handful of other students where they would watch *Dragnet* on a black-and-white TV and eat chocolate-coated marshmallows on graham crackers at night. He did occasionally play hooky and sneak off campus. Once time he took off with a friend to visit downtown Pasadena; yes, ugh, the place the Millers hated because it was way beneath their Glendale dignity. On the way back to Flintridge on a more classy street they noticed a girls school. Just for a silly prank, they sneaked up to the wall around the swimming pool and peeked over. No one was there, so they climbed over the wall and flopped onto the cement on the inside ready to do some serious sightseeing. At first no girls appeared, then three very hot looking slender yet beefy babes appeared out of nowhere and ran up to the boys and started hugging and kissing them even knocking them down and sliding on top of the traumatized yet tantalized kids.

After having been seriously kissed and crushed under the weight of two of the beauties, Lloyd slithered out from under them and seemed to recognize one of the girls. She also beamed with joy at recognizing him and they both blurted, “Barton’s?” Then Lloyd gasped “Sara Sue, wow you are gorgeous.” He shouldn’t have encouraged her because she and her friend wrestled him to the ground again and were starting to get real fresh when he struggled away and started running around the pool. They were right behind him giggling and grabbing his arm or leg trying to get him back on the ground. So in a panic he boldly and stupidly jumped into the empty dry pool, and not in the shallow end. He felt his ankle wrench and learned later that it had been broken, taking almost a month to heal with the stupid cast with signatures and all. The girls worriedly jumped into the shallow end and ran to help him. All three braced him up to get him back to the ground level where they propped him against a tree. Sara Sue held him in a fond firm embrace comforting and kissing until he felt his lips would wear off. He tried to talk amidst all the unrequired love and did get to say a few words. She told him that the school was very strict and they never got to have any boys around. She admitted that since Barton’s, she still loved him madly (he didn’t know she did back then, they were too young to even care). She promised to hunt him down later and

marry him. Just about then, Lloyd realized that these poor gals had become delirious from lack of male presence and it was unfair to bait them any more by being there. Using the excuse that they had to get back to Flintridge or turn into pumpkins, the boys got the girls to help them over the wall to freedom and safety where Lloyd could limp with the help of his pal back to the Ridge where his parents had to come and take him to a broken foot specialist.

Sneaking off to Beverly Caverns

One day after his foot had healed, Lloyd turned off the radio after hearing his favorite disc jockey Frank Bull announce that Lloyd's idol, clarinetist George Lewis, was playing at the Beverly Caverns that weekend. Lloyd had once gone to the Caverns a while back to hear hard driving New Orleans Creole Trombonist Kid Ory. He remembered how he had to trick his dad into driving by there one night on their way to some party with their Blue Book society friends. He had heard Frank Bull mention "the Beverly Caverns right on the corner of Beverly and Ardmore" and had asked his dad if they could drive by there some time. When they did drive by, his dad warned that it was a bar and kids were not allowed there because alcohol was served. He noted that none of the Miller family, none of his siblings nor the Miller parents, had ever touched a drop of alcohol and it was bad to go to bars. Lloyd always wondered why his parents had all kinds of hard liquor up in the top kitchen cupboard at the house on 1510 Royal Blvd. in Glendale's plush Rossmoyne area and why they had so many parties where their friends were obnoxiously drunk if booze was so bad. Lloyd remembered unfondly how occasionally drunks would stagger into Lloyd's room with a member of the opposite gender, also totally plastered. They would harangue Lloyd about their problems, sometimes slap him around and usually flop onto his bed for some sloppy and disgusting quick sex. Once in a while, when a lone drunk burst into Lloyd's room, Lloyd was even able to do some positive counseling and help the poor wretch. After spending hundreds of hours with goofy shrinks, Lloyd had gotten a knack for 'helping' people with emotional problems.

Anyway, Lloyd had seen the Beverly Caverns and had noted where it was in comparison to Glendale. Something like from Glendale Blvd. down Hyperion then Silver Lake to Beverly. So one night he attempted a daring escape from his dorm room at Flintridge Prep. up in La Canada near Pasadena. Pasadena, of course, to most folks from Glendale was a lesser place that had substantial populations of Mexicans and even a few Blacks, a place to avoid. Glendale prided itself on having apparently no Mexican, Black or Asian population and if any such people wandered into Glendale, they would be stopped by the city police and kindly guided or driven back to L.A. or wherever. Of course, a good Japanese gardener with a legitimate purpose was always welcome. In spite of the fact that the high-class 'good' families of Rossmoyne would get cold chills at the mention of Pasadena, Lloyd's grandma Miller, believe it or not, actually lived in Pasadena. So little old ladies from Pasadena were somehow not necessarily tainted by living among the ethnics. Grandma Miller lived right on a main part of the Rose Parade route; so all the Millers and sometimes friends would collect on her lawn to watch the parade before the Rose Bowl game for which Lloyd's dad occasionally finagled tickets for from some Lions Club or Glendale College colleague. It seemed that boarding at a school almost in Pasadena wasn't too much of a step down for the Millers because La Canada and Flintridge were somewhat snooty areas and Flintridge Prep. was touted as the best and most successful college preparatory school around. In the 1950s Flintridge was a very strict boys academy with harsh, sometimes military type discipline, yet Lloyd became somewhat comfortable there since he had been kicked out of a couple of other high-class schools for various circumstantial situations and foolish decisions.

One evening Lloyd left the window of his dorm room ajar, placed his pillow and some clothes under the covers to appear as if he was asleep, quietly climbed out the window, slipped under the chain link fence at a spot some other students had dug out a bit and slid down the hill to the street. He crossed Foothill and continued down the steep road towards Pasadena turning right on Oak Grove continuing on to Linda Vista before Devils Gate Dam. He continued on to Colorado Blvd where he hitched a ride through Eagle Rock and on to Glendale Blvd. then Silver Lake Blvd. which became Beverly. He thanked the driver and got out near Ardmore and went into the Beverly Caverns where he used his tallness to appear old enough to be there and than dodged the waitresses for just long enough to hear Kid Ory play a typical growly solo on a slow blues. From the tonic in a slow arpeggio, Ory blasted down the notes of a Bb chord to the lower tonic; Ory played “deta do **do**, and deta do **do**,” then “detadodo, detadodo, deta do **do**,” he growled a couple of times on the semi-flat third blue note before resolving to the tonic then again resting on the fifth. It was very simple but full of emotion and power that churned the listener’s soul. Lloyd kept moving to avoid buying a drink since he had nearly no money. Then, after about a half hour of enjoying Kid Ory’s potent and pleasant trombone blasting, he decided to leave before he could be caught. He made his way back to Flintridge by hitch hiking and fast walking. Luckily he made it back to his dorm room before the sun actually came up and fortunately he remained undetected.

So now Lloyd rested on the small bed in his dorm room overlooking the cars occasionally passing by on Foothill Blvd. He gazed out the window in the direction of Sacred Heart girls’ academy remembering the time the fire on that hill required evacuating all the girls. Flintridge was quick to help with upper classmen driving their cars up the hill to help bring the girls down to safety. Sacred Heart shared an occasional dance or party with Flintridge where the girls, under supervision of the sisters, could dance with the preppies but using the Arthur Murray position only. No close dancing, and absolutely no bunny hugging where the girl would stand on the guy’s feet and they would hardly move but would just hug tight and kiss often. If anyone dared try that, a nun, maybe in conjunction with a Flintridge representative, sometimes Doctor Dickenson with his dark wavy hair and imperative eyes, would push the couple apart. Lloyd was not really interested in such social events and his romantic contact with young ladies was limited to nearly nothing. The few times attending Marsha Jaffe’s Jewish social club was as close to a romance and social life as it got that year. As he rested on the bed, Lloyd’s tall slender Central American roommate was sitting at his desk playing some very fast Spanish tune on the radio that went “*quanta le gusta, le gusta, le gusta, le gusta, le gusta le gusta le gusta*,” etc. As a first-year Spanish student, Lloyd asked “so it means ‘how much I like it’ or something, right?” His observation was semi-confirmed with a reluctant nod as another Central American native entered the room. After some very fast chatter in Spanish about plans for the evening, the two friends left as Lloyd called out after them “*a la onze, yo sero sovando*” attempting to let them know he would be asleep by the Saturday night curfew of 11 p.m. when they returned.

It was after 9 p.m. when Lloyd nervously slipped into his nice clothes, set the window so it looked closed but wasn’t locked, then sneaked out the back door finding the loose spot in the fence where he slid to the street in a thump and crept up to the corner of Crown and Foothill where he crossed the street then followed Foothill down the other side opposite La Canada city. It was a steep drop into the darkness. But it was a pleasant darkness in a quiet nice residential area with plush greenery and plants, mysterious in the early night with the moon reflecting off large shiny green leaves. Like on the first time he had escaped to the Caverns, Lloyd turned right on Oak Grove as the incline leveled off continuing on to Linda Vista with a hillside on the right. Lloyd (nicknamed ‘Walker’ for his quick, steady and long striding gate) kept up the speed as the road curved on towards Devils Gate Dam. He harbored a spooky remembrance of the time he and his dad spent the whole afternoon waiting to see what happened to an old car with three drunk Negroes

who had crashed into the bottom of the dam killing all of the poor fellows. When they were pulled up, their corpses appeared green, maybe from all the booze; it was weird and scary. If Lloyd had been with a classmate on this escapade, he would have frightened him with on that dark street by offering a gory exaggeration of that whole incident. But himself, Lloyd wasn't afraid of anything anymore. After suffering in Mr. Smith's English classes and dozens of Mr. Jardine's paddlings and swats, he was only scared of getting caught off campus and being issued a whole pad of demerits.

He continued on with Devil's Gate Park on the left until he reached the old bridge, the fateful site of the accident. He kept right following Linda Vista around the hill then a long walk under beautiful trees in the mysterious moonlight past nice homes. He continued downwards in the middle of the street since there was no sidewalk, not knowing exactly where to go but following his instinct in the direction of Los Angeles and Hollywood. He noticed a familiar name Glenoaks, which was splitting off Linda Vista up the hill to the right. It felt like over an hour since Lloyd had left the dorm when he finally came to Colorado Blvd. where he turned right in the direction of Glendale since he knew that street would end up there eventually. Lloyd was fairly tired by now; so he looked back to see if any cars were approaching and saw a pair of faint head lights in the distance. Walking backwards, Lloyd stuck out his right hand thumb hoping that the car might stop. To his surprise, the car squealed to a halt and the driver stated "hop in, where ya headed?" Lloyd complied and replied "Beverly and Ardmore."

To his amazement the driver said "oh, Beverly Caverns, huh? I saw George Lewis there last week; he's great. But I liked him better on the recordings with Bunk and Baby Dodds." Lloyd stammered in stunned amazement "you dig New Orleans jazz?" The driver smugly philosophized "hey man, who doesn't?" During the long drive through Eagle Rock, Lloyd and his new friend discussed Bunk, Bunk's band with Baby Dodds and his recording with the Yerba Buena band along with some of the other unwelcome innovations that had crept into Pure New Orleans jazz. When they crossed Verdugo Road, Lloyd knew they were passing through the outskirts of Glendale especially when they traversed Chevy Chase. When they hit Glendale Blvd., they turned left until it became Hyperion which curved slightly then went right becoming Fountain, a few blocks later crossing Normandy where the driver let Lloyd out since he was driving into Hollywood. Lloyd thanked him and got out as the driver pointed the way down Normandy to Beverly. It was a bit more walking before he got to Beverly and then two streets right to the corner of Ardmore where the Beverly Caverns stood like a monument with its gray walls and the name clearly carved on the side with letters painted black.

Meeting George Lewis at Beverly Caverns

Lloyd's heart pounded faster with anticipation of hearing George Lewis in person and also from fear that, as an under age teen, he might be refused admission because, no matter how plush, it really was a bar. He stood tall and conjured up an air of self-confidence hoping that his six foot two height might pass him off as old enough. He strolled into the club greeting the doorman noting "wow, George Lewis, he recorded with Bunk and, according to Frank Bull, is one of the last exponents of authentic New Orleans jazz." Lloyd strode on towards the men's room snooping around for the break room since the band was not playing. He finally found it and entered with an air of authority walking right up to George Lewis whom he recognized from album cover photos. He shook George's hand declaring "I play clarinet too and just love your style; I try to sound just like you." The kindly, mellow-mannered, dignified, thin black gentleman self-consciously looked down and then smiled back "thank you." Lloyd, still holding on to his hand firmly, asked "can I get your autographs?" George agreed and helped pass around a 3 x 5 card Lloyd had brought from school as he shook hands with the all-star cast. Big friendly trombonist Jim Robinson,

short banjoist Lawrence Marerro, shy bassist Alcide ‘Slow Drag’ Pavageau, sparkly pianist Alton Purnell and a trumpet man who Lloyd hadn’t yet familiarized himself with since Bunk had always been his favorite. Lloyd was about to leave when George blurted out “hey, don’t forget Joe.” Again, Lloyd only acknowledged Baby Dodds as the real authentic New Orleans drummer and wasn’t really aware of Joe Watkins yet.

After collecting all the signatures, Lloyd made his way out into the club as the musicians returned to their places kicking off with a wild rendition of Down by the Riverside. The first ensemble chorus was an unbelievable tapestry of George’s great singing sound, lilting up and down arpeggios from the lowest concert D available on clarinet up to F above high Bb with Jim powerfully punctuating each measure, jumping in on root notes just before they were due and occasionally sliding downwards a half step or quarter step to a blue note or the 2nd. The trumpet floated along intimating the melody while hanging back. But no one was skilled in denying the steady beat of a solid rhythm section like Bunk. Alton pounded hard on the piano with both hands, octaves with an occasional 5th in the left and triad chords in the right, sometimes the left pounding out the 4 beats with the right beating accented punctuations or the other way around. Marerro’s strong banjo strummed a steady 4 in exact unison with Drag’s thumping snapping bass. The only disappointing part of the band was Joe’s drumming which Lloyd felt was a sell-out to the Swing Era using a steady ride cymbal which seemed to undermine rather than assist the solid rhythm section. It was too modern and contrary to the traditional solid clacking on the bass rim with the fat part of the sticks, often two sticks at once, and only occasional Chinese tom or cymbal punctuations as favored by Baby Dodds. But Joe’s vocal work was nice. After the ensemble chorus, Joe came in with “down by the riverside I’m gonna lay my weapons down” while George furnished a tasteful noodling background in the lower register. Then George took a stunning sincere and spiritual solo joined by Jim’s punctuating trombone which strengthened each idea with tasteful yet simple counter phrases.

It was quite a juggling act for Lloyd to keep moving around the club behind the tables so as to be difficult to accost by the aggressive waitresses who continually asked if he needed a drink. On top of being under-age, Lloyd had a total of maybe 30 cents in his pocket which wouldn’t buy anything. Finally he picked up a half-full tall glass left by a departing customer and pretended it was his. He quickly jockeyed himself into the territory of another waitress who wouldn’t remember Lloyd or that half-drunk glass. Lloyd just held on to it but had no interest in what was in it. The band played favorites including Closer Walk With Thee starting slow then speeding up at the end. Joe sang the phrase “only thee dear Lord, none but thee.” Those words stuck in Lloyd’s head for decades, being remembered by him during various tragic experiences in his life that always brought him back to the reality that most everything in life is temporary. He eventually realized that what really counts is God and our appreciation of His blessings because we are all “just a little while to stay here” as another favorite New Orleans standard relates. He eventually learned that whatever is other than God might be taken away from a person until he finally understands “only thee, dear Lord, only thee.”

Lloyd had to keep moving about for the hour he was at the Caverns before a manager eyed him with a glare of disapproval and kept suspiciously glancing at Lloyd until he decided it was time to leave before being caught and also so he could return to his dorm before dawn. He made his way towards the door and the manager followed him out into the street. The manager accosted him with “so too young to be in there, huh?” Lloyd hung his head in shame and then boldly declared “I just had to see George Lewis, I am a clarinet guy and he is my idol.” The manager smiled warmly and put his hand on Lloyd’s shoulder “that’s OK kid, a lot of great cats learned jazz by sneaking into places or listening outside of clubs.”

Back to Flintridge at Midnight

Lloyd thanked the manager for his understanding and waved goodbye as he headed up Beverly in the direction of Glendale past the church at Alexandria and past Vermont down a hill until it became Silver Lake Blvd. He trudged up Silver Lake ever onward until Parkman where he went slightly left a block to Sunset which was a familiar street from trips to Hollywood with his mom. There he turned left towards the foothills that seemed somewhat recognizable. When he came to Griffith Park Blvd. he knew he was in more familiar territory since he had visited the Griffith Park Observatory to see star shows, learn about dinosaurs and for his failed attempt at grinding his own telescope lens. He turned right on Griffith Park past Lucille up a hill through a nice area until Effie where he stopped to get his bearings and noticed the next street to the left was good old Hyperion which he had traveled many a time with his mom, a street which would go to Glendale for sure. Hyperion Ave. became Hyperion Way that curved slightly through a residential area and past where there were stores that Lloyd recognized. Eventually, he went under an old bridge then was on a familiar bridge that indicated he was coming into his hometown Glendale with Forest Lawn to the right. When Hyperion finally became Glendale Blvd., Lloyd was getting tired of the long hour plus walk, so when he saw the dim headlights of a lone car in the distance coming his way, he stuck his thumb out and was amazed when it stopped. "Are you like lost man?" the young driver asked. "No, just was just at the Beverly Caverns digging some great New Orleans jazz and getting ideas for my clarinet playing." The driver threw open the door and instructed "get in and hip me to the scene." Lloyd leaned back as the car shot off up Glendale, continuing "like I went to dig George Lewis because he is so cool and now I have to get back to my dorm at Flintridge Prep. before they find out I split." The late teens driver introduced himself "I'm Sol and I'm just groovin,' nothing to do back in Beverly Hills. I'll run you up to Flintridge but you gotta hip me to how to get there." Lloyd sighed in relief, "cool, man. I wasn't diggin' walking all that way. Just keep on headin' up Glendale to Verdugo then left."

"Since you're a jazzman and a cool cat you'll dig this" Sol assured as he slid open the ashtray revealing a stash of half a dozen big fat funkily-rolled joints. He picked one up, lit it, took a long drag, holding his breath and just letting enough air out to sputter "have a toke," as he passed it over. Lloyd didn't want to appear unhip or uncool; so he pretended to be interested although he never liked pot because he hated constantly dropping his keys or being victim to hunger attacks which would end in stuffing down so much pizza that he would become nauseated. And non-stop uncontrolled laughing over nothing seemed to be actually square and not groovy. Lloyd pretended to take a big toke, sucking in more air than pot before passing the joint back declaring "this is some cool gauge." Sol agreed "I'm hip man, some really good weed from T.J." Then he asked Lloyd where he was from and Lloyd responded "Glendale" but added that he hung out with a few Beverly Hills people like Marsha Jaffe from the social club. Sol straightened up, his eyes widening "you know Marsha, man?" Lloyd proudly responded "yea, she's a *shayne maidel*, a *bisel zaftik* but a *tstaskeh*." Lloyd took another toke and continued "you dig *Yid maidles* or *shikseh* chicks?" Sol questioned "you a *Yid*, man?" Lloyd responded "no, just a *meshugener goy* boy, a *komisch klutz shaigitz*, a *bisel krank*, maybe even a *dumkop eisel chamoole*. Man, you're a real *mentsh* to *schlep* a *nudnik schlemiel* all the way to Flintridge; it's a *mitzva* and I got a lotta *chutspah* askin' ya."

Sol stared in disbelief at Lloyd's ability in Yiddish and continued up Glendale Boulevard until it became Verdugo road then veering left on Canada at Verdugo Park, when he asked "this is like how you get up to Flintridge, right?" Lloyd nodded a yes and accepted another toke against his better judgment noting "we fondly refer to it as Pimpridge 'cause of some of us losers up there." Then Sol stated "if you dig really groovy beer, I got some Bach beer in the trunk." He pulled the car over and yanked a couple of

bottles from a six-pack in the trunk then he climbed back in. As he drove on, he handed Lloyd one of the bottles. "You'll dig this stuff" he said popping the cap with an opener that was hanging from the rear view mirror. Then Lloyd popped the cap on his beer and sat back sipping and chatting as they continued upward through Glendale now on Canada going toward Montrose. Sol invited Lloyd to come to dinner with his family in Beverly Hills which he eventually did and had great food and some laughs with Sol's family. His dad told the joke "why did the guy stop to watch when a Mercedes crashed off the road? The guy explained: I always wanted to see if a Mercedes bends." That evening in Beverly Hills, since the boys didn't have wheels, they tried to hot wire a car and got it to go a few blocks before it finally sputtered to a halt.

So upward they climbed as Canada and Verdugo rejoin by Oakmont Country Club then on to the intersection near Montrose, climbing up higher then down into La Canada. As they came closer to Flintridge with Lloyd giving directions, Sol said "man, like you can take a bottle of Bach beer with you if you want." Lloyd was excited at the possibility of having one even if he would have to hide it really well. When Sol came to Crown, Lloyd said "just let me off here and I'll get back in through the fence." He put the beer in his belt, waved goodbye to his new friend, crossed Verdugo to the school fence and climbed the cliff-like hill and through the open spot in the fence. It took a lot of straining to get through that spot at the top of the steep incline. When Lloyd reached the top, he caught his breath and found a flat sharp stone which he used to help dig a hole deep enough to stash his prize beer bottle. Lloyd carefully and quietly slid the window open and crept into the room and into his bed. He thought he heard his roommate turn over and maybe realize that he was sneaking in; but there was no indication of that the next day. Except that when Lloyd couldn't keep his mouth shut about the great Bach beer he got from a friend and buried somewhere, the word must have circulated enough that a few days later the beer disappeared. Lloyd never found out what happened to it. Did the administration find out about it and just confiscate it rather than have a scandal or did his roommate and or one of his friends figure out where he must have buried it and dug it up for a little party? Lloyd figured that, if his roommate was somehow aware of his escape and escapades, loosing a beer to pay for silence is worth more than a stack of demerits and another grim report to his poor parents.

The high point of Lloyd's days at Flintridge was the spring festival where his New Orleans jazz band, the Smog City Syncopaters, played to an audience of very enthusiastic fans. The band included the masterful trumpet man Buz Leifer from Glendale High, the cool trombone guy Lloyd found when he went on the air on Frank Bull's jazz show and invited people to join his George Lewis type band, Lloyd's dear neighborhood friend Spencer Dryden on drums and Lloyd's friend and occasional trumpet man Benjy Jackson's sister Faith on piano. It was a landmark band with a great sound for a bunch of kids. Lloyd recorded the concert and cherished the tape until it was left and lost at Todd School for Boys when Lloyd was whisked away for accidentally mildly injuring a pal when kidding around. Another Flintridge highpoint was when Lloyd graduated in 1952 and Mr. Smith, with his characteristic 1920s hair parted exactly in the middle, actually sort of smiled at him for the first time ever, admitting that his English might be acceptable someday. He also got a friendly handshake and encouraging words from old man Jardine without any swat or snap. "Well now you ain't no Spanish mechanic; you'll be a good woodworker" Jardine had to admit. Even Dr. Dickenson with his wavy black hair was unusually friendly. Maybe it was the great band Lloyd put together for the fair or maybe they were just glad to get rid of him.

Chapter 35

Todd School for Boys in Woodstock Illinois

In 1952 Lloyd's parents decided to send him off to the famous Todd School for Boys in Woodstock, Illinois. Todd was a real new experience for Lloyd who had only visited the Midwest a few times on trips to Minnesota with his dad to fish in various lakes using leeches and other odd bait. Lloyd hated having to find leeches and, even more, he hated them finding him whenever he went for a swim. Then cleaning fish was another pet peeve that disgusted him and made it difficult to force down a meal of the final cooked product. Visits to Minnesota were sometimes fun when he stayed with his uncle Dave at the cabin and tried (but always failed) to water ski. He usually quickly ended up in the water rather than on it and wading to shore to pick off those ugly fat black leeches. But when he was given the afternoon to cruise around the lake in the motorboat, he had a chance to experience new places. One time on a drive from the lake to the Twin Cities, uncle Dave was raving on and on about how the 'niggers' and 'kikes' were ruining the country. Lloyd boldly countered that really great jazz musicians like George Lewis, Bunk Johnson and his disciple Louis Armstrong had made valuable contributions to America's culture. Also he asserted that Jewish people had contributed extensively to the arts and sciences and, if they got ahead more than non-Jews, it is because they were just better. Uncle Dave wouldn't be convinced; so Lloyd remained silent and was finally glad to get away from the racial haranguing and to be back at the lake and the leeches.

So Lloyd was talked into going off to Todd school because of the great music program, the month on a Florida key to learn sailing and for other reasons. Somewhat reluctant and apprehensive, he joined his parents climbing into the family car to drive to the L.A. Union Station. As they were walking towards his train, Lloyd was engulfed by a group of friendly Negroes carrying instrument cases. It was the George Lewis band who all remembered Lloyd's visit to the Beverly Caverns and thought that Lloyd had come to the station to meet them. Of course, he played along and chatted with each of his idols, George, big Jim, Drag, Lawrence, etc. Lloyd's parents finally urged him along towards his track as he waived farewells to the jazz giants. His mom asked, "how do you know those men?" He responded "oh that is George Lewis the clarinet guy." His parents knew how much Lloyd was enamored with George Lewis and his band but couldn't figure out how he had a chance to meet them since they played at the Beverly Caverns where kids couldn't get in. Luckily, Lloyd was rushing off to catch his train so it was easy to change the subject to which train car he was booked on. Lloyd was shown to his car with instructions what to do when he got to Chicago. His parents tearfully hugged him and wished him well as the Pullman porter called out "all aboard" and the train chugged off. As they traveled eastward Lloyd enjoyed, the panorama that was different from the automobile Route 66 which he had been on for several trips to Rexburg, Idaho. He thought back on those trips starting when the Miller family had an old funny-looking black box-shaped car with two round metal air coolers at the top of the windows fastened to the outside of the car filled with ice and a bit of cold water. Those things were a lot of trouble to keep filled with ice or cool water and they didn't seem to cool very well. Lloyd's mom always suffered from the intense summer heat when crossing the Nevada desert. They took Route 66 for a ways then up to Nevada and through the middle of that grim state passing little towns like hot and dry Tonopah and Ely before finally getting to Twin Falls, Idaho then Pocatello, Idaho Falls and Rexburg. It was a hellish trip every time and Lloyd's delicate mom really suffered.

Lloyd's memories were interrupted by the porter calling out "dinner is served in the dining car." Lloyd closed up his room and followed the porter who eventually asked "you know George Lewis?" Lloyd answered "yes, why?" The porter continued "Cuz you was talkin' to him and his band back at Union Station. I been on a couple of trains with 'em and dey's really great guys." Lloyd couldn't agree more and added that he was also a clarinet player and someday was going to visit George in New Orleans. Lloyd had a nice dinner and returned to his room to practice a little clarinet before the porter came to pull down his upper bunk bed and chat more about New Orleans jazz. Lloyd always treated blacks as teachers or gurus because of their deep wisdom. He never understood why whites usually tended to treat them like hired help or servants. Finally, Lloyd arrived at Chicago and as he stood near the door with the window down he could see several huge powerful engines pushing or pulling various strings of cars different directions. The power of the stream and the huge wheels always fascinated Lloyd who would watch the trains come and go at the little station in Rexburg in the 40s when he was visiting his grandparents. The train station was only a few houses from the Adams home and he loved to be at the station to see a train pull in and leave. He knew the pattern; to slow down the engineer would reverse the direction of the wheels, spinning them backwards till the train lumbered to a halt. Then there was the plethora of fun noises of steam puffing, being released and building up while the train waited to start up again. It started with a few really slow chugs barely moving then the engineer would spin the wheels very fast forward until the train gained a little speed then he slowed the wheels down to match that speed and off the train went with a warning whistle and bells clanging. It was so amazing how many passengers and goods could be transported across the country with just water and wood or sometimes coal. The water could be just swamp water or anything available and the wood often appeared to be chunks of old rotten or termite-eaten dead trees. It seemed to be the most economical and sensible method of transportation and Lloyd hoped that steam trains would never become obsolete. But unfortunately they were replaced by stupid diesel much to the detriment of America, eventually causing wars and many blood-for-oil intrigues, conspiracies and assassinations of world leaders and murders of millions of innocents under the direction of the greedy oil conspiracies.

As the train slowed and the platform approached, Lloyd went back to his room to gather his suitcase, clarinet and other items. His porter friend set the stool down and Lloyd got off with the other passengers. The porter told Lloyd which track the train to Crystal Lake and Woodstock was on and, after warmly clutching the hand of his porter pal, Lloyd juggled his belongings along to his next train. The trip out of Chicago towards Crystal Lake passed through a grim inhuman industrial area that was quite depressing. It was nice to eventually get out into the countryside and Lloyd was happy to finally arrive in the wooded area of Woodstock where he was met at the station by the family with whom he was to stay until he got set up at the dorm. The next day, he was taken to Todd School where he met the Skipper, an amiable old fellow with strong flashing blue eyes and a positive powerful personality not easily forgotten. The school assemblies where students often gathered to hear Skipper's wisdom and wonderful rhythmic poetry recitations were an inspiration to Lloyd who finally became quite a poet himself. The recitations with Skipper's emphasis on the pounding beat of some of the verses convinced Lloyd that poetry was like music and something he should add to his interests.

Todd had many music opportunities and Lloyd was able to play in various ensembles. Mr. Henderson, the Swedish music teacher, decided that Lloyd should be the school bass player and instructed him on the proper method for playing bass with and without a bow. When Lloyd's child prodigy persona kicked in, the teacher would stop him, take a breath and, in his laid-back singing Swedish accent, declare his wise advice "slow is fast." In other words, taking time to slowly absorb a technique or musical phrase and repeat it often before bringing it up to speed was actually the fastest way to learn it. This philosophy

of slow then fast, Lloyd later found, was a prominent factor in the study of Indian classical music. Lloyd played in the Todd band for concert tours to neighboring communities and also had his own duo with a boy of Norwegian descent named Jorge Hauge who played banjo and who Lloyd trained in New Orleans jazz. Once in a while they had a drummer, also trained by Lloyd and they were one of the most popular performing groups in the “Bach to Boogie” concert series.

In the machine shop class, Lloyd was able to learn enough to make a brass barrel for his clarinet on the metal lathe. He needed one that was shorter than what came with the clarinet because it seems that the old 1800s Albert system, which Lloyd insisted on playing because that is what all the New Orleans masters played, was more like an A than a Bb clarinet. He figured that maybe a hundred or so years ago all the brass instruments were tuned to A or near it. In any case, it seems that Albert system clarinets, although much more soulful and human than Boehm, are always a bit lower than the Bb on the piano. Lloyd would never touch a Boehm; it was too much like a machine, no soul, too many unnecessary keys and no in between ‘blue’ notes. During Lloyd’s year at Woodstock, he recorded an LP with Jorge that sounded fairly authentic. He had two copies made at the school sound studio, one for himself and one he planned to give George Lewis when and if his imagined trip to New Orleans ever happened. Little did he know that his dad was already planning to take him there near the end of his year at Todd.

When winter set in, it was a new experience for Lloyd, a southern California kid who only knew perfect weather, not too cold and not too hot. Although he had been in Rexburg a few times in the winter snow, he now had to learn how to keep warm and not slip. Actually, he decided to learn how to use his ice skates to do the slipping. The boys had built up an ice pond on the tennis court by spraying several layers of water with the hose and letting it freeze each night. Jorge Hauge was the master skater of the school and so Lloyd had his own personal trainer. Lloyd had skated at the Pasadena ice rink many times where his Minnesotan dad taught him a few things. But Jorge showed Lloyd how to skate backwards which Lloyd practiced on the homemade ice rink late into the night for days until he could speed along forward, switch backward, whip around a couple of laps then forward again on one skate. But since he was afraid to become addicted and too expert in a non-musical field, Lloyd slowly phased out his skating hobby, trading it in for evening walks around the town of Woodstock. He was a fairly fast walker with big steps and thus earned the nickname of Walker.

Todd Odds and Town Clowns

There was an unfriendly resentment between the so-called ‘Todd odds’ and the ‘town clowns’ which Lloyd found himself caught in the middle of. One night when he was strolling around town a car full of high school kids slowed down and one of them shouted “Todd odd freak!” and the others laughed. Another boy yelled out “nothing to do at that freak school with those Mafia brats, huh?” To their surprise, Lloyd moved closer to the car and began to converse like an old friend. He noted that there were no Mafia dons’ sons that year as far as he knew; but instead the son of famous Orson Well’s was there. He admitted that the Todd kids were weird especially himself as a jazz musician goof-up. As he strode along the sidewalk with the car cruising along-side, one of the boys with a more friendly attitude asked him what instrument he played to which Lloyd answered “piano.” Then the driver stopped the car and asked “you got a few minutes to jam with our band?” Lloyd said of course he always had time for music and they invited him to ride over to the home of one of the boys for a great jam session with Lloyd on piano, one of the town clowns on drums, another on bass, one on sax and one on guitar. Late that night, the drummer’s mom came downstairs in her nightgown and asked “who’s your new friend?” The drummer said “just a

Todd odd freak.” Lloyd added “I wanted to see if these town clown jerks could play at all.” Everyone laughed and Lloyd knew he was in with a bunch of new pals.

During his time in Woodstock, his parents had asked (probably hired) a well-known Mormon speaker, a former Catholic priest named Brother Sarver, to take Lloyd on trips around Illinois to see various historical Mormon spots where Sarver would speak on his research about the Jaredites coming from the Tower of Babel. Brother Sarver gave him some much needed religious input but Lloyd was not much into religion because he was too unestablishment to be a ‘goody goody’ just yet. On his visits to LDS, Reorganized LDS and other Mormon break-off group’s meetings, Sarver gave him a valuable religious foundation that eventually became very beneficial. Sarver had explained the whole history of Joseph Smith becoming a Mason for protection and some of the common points in the philosophies. So when one of the town clown boys at the jam noted that his dad was a 32nd degree Mason, Lloyd asked about it. All the boys took turns explaining the benefits of Masonry and that Lloyd should come to their DeMolay gatherings. At the end of the evening the town clowns took Lloyd back to Todd where he was able to sneak back into his dorm. The next Sunday, he asked Sarver about Masons and how hard it would be to join them. Sarver explained that it took a lot of commitment and maybe DeMolay might be good for him. Lloyd knew that something like that was too much for him at that time in his life. Otherwise he could have become committed to the Jewish youth group in L.A. or become really active in the Mormon Church if he were ready to become religious. Instead he had started having a drink or two at Todd whenever a bottle was shared in the dorm. Some of the boys had even encouraged him to start smoking. Neither of those vices appealed to Lloyd much because his dad had made him smoke a cigar and drink a glass of whiskey in his pre-teen years. He became so sick that he couldn’t imagine actually smoking or drinking for enjoyment which, of course, was his dad’s purpose and his lesson to Lloyd.

Even so, one night Lloyd, some Todd buddies and his town clown friends went to a party off campus where the booze flowed freely. Lloyd was cajoled into drinking a few various alcoholic beverages and he had become fairly inebriated. When it came time to drive home, the girl who had picked Lloyd up at Todd noted that she felt too drunk to drive. Of course, Lloyd with his very limited driving experience volunteered. But as they started down the hill, he misjudged how close or far a telephone pole was and he significantly creased the fender. The poor girl was in tears because her folks had warned her against any little dent in their car and now there was a big dent. Again Lloyd was in trouble, but all his friends kept it quiet. Sarver got the story to Lloyd’s parents and somehow the girl’s parents were sent the money to repair the fender and she was Lloyd’s friend again. How many times, by way of Lloyd’s poor parents, his grandfather or some kind person, had God rescued him from dumb mistakes and careless lack of sensibility. But Lloyd had caught the bug of drinking and now he was open to any opportunity to get a beer or more substantial beverage. Yet he had to be careful because he was on the football team, a bench warmer at best. His dad, as a former football player and later a coach, wanted Lloyd to make him proud as an athlete. Lloyd could occasionally make a basket and less occasionally catch a football. He was fairly good at swimming, but otherwise he as a klutz in most everything but music and maybe dancing. At Woodstock he was on the team with some big, tough, and fast players like Lyle Lipschultz, a big Jewish guy who was amazing on the field. Once, just to be kind, the coach sent Lloyd in on right end. As a tall guy he was perfect as an end and he occasionally caught the ball at practice. Lloyd went in and a play was called where he was to dash forward around their line and catch a fast pass. It worked and Lloyd actually gained ten yards before he was taken back out, probably so he wouldn’t have an embarrassing mistake ruin his reputation because one lucky incident was too good to be repeated.

When the real cold of winter set in, it was time for the Todd boys to travel to Florida for their month in the sun. They went in style, in fancy Pullman busses called ‘Big Bertha.’ These busses were the most

luxurious completely equipped sleeper busses in America at the time. They could provide forty boys with complete facilities for dining, sleeping and studying with air mattresses and bunk beds where the boys could sleep while the two drivers alternated driving almost 24 hours a day. The busses had hot and cold running water, a shower, a nice bathroom, and a full kitchen where complete meals could be prepared en route. Along with the two drivers, each bus carried a cook and four faculty members so studies would continue. Leaving northern Illinois on Friday evening, the boys would be in New Orleans early Sunday morning. In New Orleans, Lloyd was aching to try and find George Lewis; but they only stopped a short time to see historical sites and move on. In Sturgis, Kentucky, however, the bus had some mechanical problems and they were stuck there a couple of hours. Lloyd made friends with an old Negro man who, for a fee of fifty cents (a substantial amount in those days), got a bottle of wine for Lloyd which he shared with a couple of his pals, the ones who had started him on booze.

Finally they arrived at Todd Island which they said was Crawl Key 27, seven miles from Marathon, 50 miles from Key West and 100 miles from Miami. Lloyd enjoyed the warm days sailing the little pram assigned to him, learning how to tack back and forth against the wind and how to come about without getting clobbered and knocked into the water; which happened the first time he tried it with the wind at his back. The long afternoons sailing in the little bay on Todd Island offered Lloyd plenty of time to think and to try to understand the world, something he never did quite accomplish. One day some of his prankish pals got a hold of a bottle of rum and Lloyd helped them finish it off. Lloyd was so soused he had no idea what he was doing. So finishing off three or four fresh pineapples was hardly noticed until, soon afterwards, he threw up for a half hour and was sick as a dog for the rest of the day. What a hang over the next day! If his dad's forcing him to down that awful tasting whisky when he was a little kid didn't prevent him from ever drinking, this should have been a lesson that booze was no good. But it would take more than that to finally get Lloyd to kick his eventual harmful addictions. Eventually, one of Lloyd's silly pranks which caused a mild injury to a classmate at Todd, ended in him being whisked away in an airplane back to California before the cops would arrest him and just before the school year officially ended. He left with a stern warning from Skipper never to ask for a recommendation from Todd. That incident, added to building resentment among the community, may have caused the unfortunate closure of Todd as one of the best prep schools in the country.

Chapter 36

Way Down Yonder in New Orleans with George Lewis

Before Lloyd got into trouble at Todd, his dad had arranged a visit to New Orleans so Lloyd could hear authentic traditional jazz in person and finally visit George Lewis at his home. He was sent a train ticket and instructed to meet his dad in New Orleans. The train chugged off from Chicago southward as Lloyd was gazing out the window watching trees and fields pass by and listening to the clicking of the rails. He contemplated jazz history information he had heard about from radio shows, books and discussions with other musicians. He remembered with a warm smile the story of how Johnny Dodds with a toy whistle and Baby Dodds with toy drums would play music when they were kids. Then one day Johnny's dad came home and unwrapped a rolled-up newspaper revealing a nice Albert system, stating "son, I want you to have a real clarinet." That was similar to this trip with Lloyd's dad arranging for him to go to New Orleans and meet to hear a concert by the famous clarinetist Alphonse Picou. Sometimes dads can be pretty nice, he thought. He also remembered how Louis Armstrong had saved up money from his hard work to buy a cornet and finally got ten dollars together for an old dented instrument to start out

on. Lloyd knew a bit of information about Bunk Johnson from the Frank Bull's trad jazz radio show. Since Bunk had been rediscovered working in a rice field in New Iberia, musician friends took up a collection so he could have some false teeth made by Sidney Bechet's dentist brother Leonard. Reportedly Bunk's occasional disciple Louis Armstrong selected a trumpet and a band that was arranged for him so he could recreate the original New Orleans jazz sound of the beginning of the 1900s. Bunk picked George Lewis who he had worked with before and liked. Later Bunk recorded with another old friend, Sidney Bechet.

The recordings of the traditional recreation band with George Lewis in 1942, and an improved version of the band recorded in 1945, had become international hits. Bunk's band was an all-star group consisting of: George Lewis on clarinet, Jim Robinson of trombone, Alton Purnell on piano, Lawrence Marerro on banjo, Alcide Pavageaux on bass and Warren Baby Dodds on drums. Bunk had started out in music by taking music lessons at seven years of age and by 1895 had his first playing engagement. He allegedly worked on and off with jazz innovator Charles 'Buddy' Bolden and later with pianist Jelly Roll Morton, Joe 'King' Oliver and Sidney Bechet. Eventually he was in the Superior band and later with Frankie Dusen's Eagle Band, an outgrowth of Bolden's original group. He was invited to be in the King Oliver band in Chicago, but turned it down. Lloyd always loved Bunk's laid back method, almost ignoring the beat at times, which was obviously the framework for Louis Armstrong's free floating feel. Bunk had a special skill for melodic invention which combined with his crisp tone. He claimed to have introduced the diminished chord in jazz, which he often used along with hints of other chords in downward arpeggios revealing his extensive knowledge of music. From Bunk's recorded descriptions of early jazz locations, Lloyd knew about Dago Tony's on Perdido and Franklin where Louis would peek in the back window of the hall watching Bunk and listening to his high notes and improvisations on different melodies.

Finally the train chugged into New Orleans and Lloyd excitedly gathered up his clarinet and cornet along with his precious copy of the LP he and banjo man Jorge had recorded and cut on the Todd School sound equipment. On that 78, the boys played Burgundy Street Blues and St. Phillips Street breakdown. Those were not the best examples of how perfectly Lloyd replicated the George Lewis clarinet style; he was much better on Closer Walk or Little While to Stay Here. When he got off and thanked the porter slipping him two quarters like his dad would have done, he strode along to the station feeling like a true jazzman. He had his old cornet he got from Doug Callister in one hand, he had his dad's old Albert clarinet in the other and he was in New Orleans the birthplace of jazz. He wandered into the station where his father was waiting to take him to their fancy hotel and to enjoy a nice dinner in a nearby classy restaurant. Then at dinner, his dad smiled and said "I have a surprise for you, tonight we're going to see the famous Alphonse Picou, the clarinet player who created that legendary clarinet solo on High Society." Lloyd's eyes bulged with excitement. He couldn't wait as they went to Bourbon Street and found the Paddock Lounge. They took seats right in front of the band and Lloyd's dad explained that the Paddock started in the 1920s by an equestrian named Steve Valentine and thus the horse theme with a statue of a jockey in front of the bandstand.

The band took their spots and then Lloyd's dad quietly went up to Picou and slipped him a five whispering a request for High Society for his clarinetist son. Picou smiled kindly and nodded in agreement. The band was ready and Picou stomped off High Society. The music seemed older, simpler and stiffer than the George Lewis band or even the old 1920s recordings of King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton or Louis Armstrong's Hot 5 and 7. But that may have been point since Picou was one of the oldest living exponents of the original sound. He was a gentle partly bald fellow wearing a nice suit, white shirt and short broad dark tie. Cornet man Alvin Alcorn carried the melody in a free-riding manner, but not quite as

laid back or creative as Bunk. Trombonist Bill Mathews represented the typical role with occasional slides upward as opposed to George Lewis' trombonist Jim Robinson who would only occasionally use short slides downward. Everyone had the fast tight vibrato from the turn of the century. Picou got around the clarinet agilely in both registers sometimes moving smoothly from lower to higher registers like George Lewis often did. When he came to his distinguishing solo, he played clean and perfectly with a staccato attack and clear tone. For a man in his 70s, Picou was exceptionally accurate on all the breaks and runs as he played his famous solo three times. When it came time for his first chorus, Picou stepped forward with full confidence and belted it out while drummer Christopher Goldson skillfully followed the notes of the solo on the wood block. Lloyd was thrilled to hear the master himself play his own celebrated solo in a club on Bourbon Street, an experience few other non-native clarinetists would witness. The band played some other selections like St. Louis Blues which was more soulful, but not anywhere near as bluesy as any of Johnny Dodd's 1920s Chicago recordings. Picou would often hold a high tonic or 5th and he would often play his characteristic tonic for a half note then 6 8 6 3 as quarter notes ending on a 5th whole note. The band did a typical Creole French vocal, Eh La Bas which Lloyd would later be able to understand after years of living and studying in Geneva and Paris.

The next morning, Lloyd's father woke him up and sat down for one of those serious talks. He began by informing Lloyd that the hotel people warned that going to Algiers where George Lewis lived could be very dangerous for a young naive white boy from California who was totally unfamiliar with the town and the south. They said Algiers was mostly Negroes and Lloyd might get killed or something. Lloyd smiled and assured "I'm not one bit afraid; Negroes are the nicest people in America and they invented jazz. They are my idols and teachers; I'm not worried one bit." Lloyd's dad saw that he was determined and had a very positive attitude, which could save him from any potential dangers; so his dad reluctantly agreed. He then reached in his wallet and gave Lloyd a whole \$10 so he could take his idol George Lewis to dinner, maybe at the famous Antoine's restaurant, a place deserving of one of the living giants of true New Orleans jazz. His dad also gave him a few more dollars and some change for transportation. Lloyd was so excited; but he didn't know anything about New Orleans or how to get to Algiers. He thanked his dad then went downstairs and asked the hotel people for directions. They told him how to find the ferry to Algiers and again warned him of the 'dangers.'

Lloyd had decided that he wouldn't try to seek out all the important jazz history sites like Lake Ponchartrain where Bolden's powerful horn could be heard across the waters at night or Milneburg for which the tune Milneburg Joys was written. Those places were way out of the way. And he thought he remembered that Royal Garden, also a tune title, was a south side Chicago location so not on the list. He also decided not to try to find Buddy Bolden's old homes on Calliope or Howard or First; nor would he try to visit Lincoln and Johnson parks where Bolden played because they probably weren't there anymore. He really wanted to visit the site of Pete Lala's on Marais and Customhouse where both Bolden and Later Bunk Johnson played, allegedly a few times with Bolden. And for sure Lloyd planned to visit the location of Dago Tony's on Perdido and Franklin where Bunk played and where Bunk allegedly would find young Louis Armstrong asleep on the piano bench waiting for Bunk to come in then he could fool around with Bunk's horn before the gig. Lloyd knew that was an important location because Matgranga's where Louis Armstrong played his first job was also located there. Louis lived on Liberty and Perdido; so he had a lot of chances to hear Bunk, to carry his horn and where Bunk gave him his first cornet lesson.

After getting directions from the hotel folks, Lloyd asked if Burgundy and St. Phillips Streets were maybe on the way to the ferry. They indicated that he could pass by that way and again warned him about walking all over town alone since he was unfamiliar with various areas. He assured them that he was in the birthplace of jazz and it was his musical home even if he had no idea where he was going

and where anything was. He wanted to walk a ways on Burgundy and St. Philips because they were also the names of George Lewis tunes; and at one point George lived on St. Philips next door to trombonist Jim Robinson. Lloyd decided for his first day of touring, he'd better get over to Algiers and hunt down George Lewis because that was his main reason for being there. So off he went following the directions walking a long time until he came to the ferry dock. He rode the ferry for a small fee to the other side of the river and got off to boat. It seemed like there was nothing there so he walked a bit and came upon what looked like a strange hotel and went in. To his surprise a mean looking white guy glared at him from behind the desk and growled "whadya want, kid?" Lloyd stammered that he was looking for the great clarinet man George Lewis. The grouchy guy stared hatefully at him and grumped "I donno where he lives; go ask some Nigger." Lloyd wanted to respond in defense of his Negro heroes; but he decided that might be really dangerous. Maybe this was the danger the people had warned him about; white guys were the ones to be scared of. Lloyd quickly slinked out of the odd building and down the road a ways until he met an old gray-haired Negro who smiled broadly asking "c'nah heop ya suh?" Lloyd smiled and asked if he knew George Lewis and where he lived. The kind old man gave general directions and warned him it was quite a walk out there. Lloyd thanked him and started the long expedition to find the place. There was no exact street or address, just a general direction to follow.

After a while walking, sometimes without any real road maybe just a path, Lloyd met a pair of young Negro gentlemen who he greeted and then asked about George Lewis' home. They seemed surprised at how friendly Lloyd was and how he treated them like old friends chatting and joking. Lloyd was a California boy and friendly to everyone. He did notice with enthusiasm if someone was a Negro and he always expected them to be wise, spiritual, kind, helpful and sensitive. Lloyd had never been disappointed in that expectation and never would be until decades later when a type of resentment built up against whites and then a bastardized ugly stomach pounding loud non-music torture was taken from the lowest inhuman white trash retards to accompany angry hate verse called 'rap.' But since that plague hadn't invaded the human race yet and wouldn't for decades, Lloyd enjoyed affiliating with the warm and helpful Negroes all over America and always learned from them. His two new friends waived in the direction of an empty field and said George lived out there a ways. Lloyd thanked them and continued trudging along through the large field. Finally he met a short old cheerful Negro walking the other way through the tall grass who greeted him warmly and asked if he was lost. Lloyd admitted that he was; so the kind old fellow pointed down the sort of path indicating a house off in the distance declaring "dat's Jojuz place, ovah deah."

Lloyd thanked him and sped along until he came to the front door of the cabin. He knocked and was greeted by a young girl who sweetly asked him what he wanted and he replied he was looking for George Lewis. The girl called into the house to her dad that someone was at the door. In a few moments, he appeared, the giant of pure New Orleans, the kindest sweetest old gentleman Lloyd had ever known from the time he first met him at the Beverly Caverns and again at Union Station in Los Angeles. George immediately recognized the jazz-crazed kid, offered his long fingers and firmly shook Lloyd's hand welcoming him into the humble abode. Lloyd had to blink to keep the tears back because he was finally with his master. He nervously chatted in disjointed phrases as George and his kind wife invited him to sit down. First Lloyd gave George the LP he had made at Todd School and George put it on his old turntable. The family listened and praised Lloyd's almost perfect imitation of the master's style and sound. Then Lloyd announced that he had ten dollars from his dad to take George to dinner at Antoine's. A roar of hearty innocent laughter from the whole family almost shook the walls as Lloyd stared questioningly then blurted "ain't Antoine's good enough; can we go somewhere better?"

Another bellow or healthy laughter from everyone as Lloyd sat totally bewildered. “But” he whimpered “what’s wrong with Antoine’s?” The family finally had to let their naïve California kid guest in on the problem. George smiled broadly and said “dey’d nevu’ lemme in deah.” Lloyd’s face squinched up and he blurted “but you’re the best clarinet man in town, why not?” They all chuckled again and George tried to explain to his inexperienced teenage guest that it was because he was Negro. Lloyd sat for a while staring at the wall in unbelief. Surely someone as great a musician as George would be welcome, actually invited to go anywhere in town. George calmly and kindly assured that Lloyd would be having dinner there at the house with his family. Lloyd acquiesced and eventually enjoyed one of the finest steaks he had ever eaten with a warm caring family that he wished he had been part of all his life. When Lloyd asked about Bunk, George and his wife smiled and agreed that Bunk was great and important in the history of New Orleans jazz but the intimated that Bunk could sometimes be a bore talking about how much he was involved in starting jazz and how much he contributed. He was better when he just let his music do the talking, they both agreed.

After dinner, just before George was ready to leave for his job at a club near the river, Lloyd pulled out his cornet and asked George to play a tune with him; but George kindly and sweetly said he couldn’t. Lloyd was sad but guessed that George had to rest his lip for the evening performance. George and Lloyd left with fond farewells from both of them to his wife and daughter. They walked through the grass to the road and the ferry where George insisted on paying Lloyd’s fare. Lloyd tried to pay George’s but didn’t win. They got to the other side and walked to the club. As George was warming up in the break room, again Lloyd asked to play a tune with him. This time George noted that in New Orleans, according to union regulations, black musicians couldn’t play with white musicians. Again Lloyd stared in unbelief wondering how white musicians ever learned jazz if they couldn’t play with the masters. He put his cornet away hoping no one saw him with it so George wouldn’t get into any trouble. The band members gathered one by one each remembering Lloyd from before and chatting cheerfully. He found a seat in the corner where he would be out of the way and the music began, a whole night of happy exciting jazz, all the tunes Lloyd loved played exquisitely. Near the end of the concert, Lloyd excused himself, explaining that he had to return to he hotel so his father wouldn’t worry about him. Back at the hotel he told his dad all about his visit with George and the joke about Antoine’s.

The next day, Lloyd met George for a scheduled visit to the Latin Quarter. Bassist Slow Drag Pavageau was with him and the two trad jazz giants led the way through the streets of the French Quarter, down Bourbon Street, across to Burgundy Street then past Beauregard Square over to St. Phillips Street. During their stroll, Lloyd observed the intricately fashioned wrought iron grated balconies and historic architecture. Once in a while George would share a little jazz history in describing a club or building. Mostly George and Drag were chattering quickly in a dialect or maybe Creole French or something because Lloyd couldn’t understand a word. He wondered if it was a very thick southern accent but then he couldn’t really recognize any of it. Later that afternoon George and Drag climbed on a buss and Lloyd joined them. They were the only three people on the buss as it drove off from the stop. George paid for everyone then he and Drag went to the back and took seats. Lloyd followed them and suddenly the driver, glaring in the rearview mirror at Lloyd, squealed to a stop, turned around and shouted “hey boy, get up ‘ere wi’ me; you cain’t sit back thea!” Lloyd protested “but why not, I’m sitting with my idol, famous clarinet man George Lewis.” The driver folded his arms and declared “get oon up ‘ere or I ain’t goin’ no whea!” Lloyd looked forlornly at George and Drag who chuckled and instructed “gwan up ‘n sit nex to ‘em an’ make ‘em happy.” Lloyd grudgingly trudged to the front and sat behind the driver as the bus slowly moved away from the curb. That night Lloyd listened to another fantastic performance by the band then returned to the hotel.

The next morning, before he could get out of bed, Lloyd's dad became grimly serious and then started lecturing about how he had arranged this nice trip to New Orleans for Lloyd who should appreciate it and should try to be a better son. Then he glared grimly at Lloyd and asked "so who is Snack?" Lloyd responded "that's that Snakenburg kid, the scoutmaster's son." His dad severely demanded "then why do you call him a #%&ing little %#\$&er." Lloyd had never heard his dad use such language because the Miller Family never use swear words or profanity. It was so silly and even humorous that Lloyd had to hide under the covers while he cackled with wild laughter. His dad opened an old letter that Lloyd had sent to his friend Snack that was returned for insufficient postage and so Lloyd's dad had a chance to see what stupid silly things the guys were writing back and forth using every dirty word they could conjure up just to be stupid. It was all just a joke; but Lloyd's dad took it all very serious. He continued on reading the whole filthy letter emphasizing the worst terms in dead seriousness like a Catholic priest reciting mass or a U.S. president reading an important declaration. The more his dad emphasized and dramatized the obscenities the funnier they sounded. Until Lloyd was giggling like a mad man under the covers. His dad put the letter away and eventually Lloyd came out from under the covers and dressed to take the train back to Todd School through Chicago, Crystal Lake ending in Woodstock. There was silence until they reached the train station then Lloyd's dad scolded "so no more dirty letters like that so you won't have to be crying with embarrassment under the covers." Lloyd nodded in agreement trying to remain serious hoping his dad would realize that was his reading of the silly smut that was so funny and that Lloyd was actually laughing hysterically. He thanked his dad for the nice trip and climbed onto his train car and the train chugged of north.

Chapter 37

Ridin' & Ropin' at the Orme Ranch in Arizona

A Character and Confidence Building Experience

Lloyd's parents, who were always beside themselves trying to find a way to make something socially acceptable out of Lloyd, had found out about a wonderful ranch in Arizona from their Blue Book friends and social contacts. It wasn't a fakey dude ranch like a few places they had all gone for a vacation and a little horseback riding in Idaho. It was an authentic ranch where the young campers would experience work, mild but necessary discipline and some fairly exerting activities like long rides and rodeo experiences. It was a completely new world for Lloyd who had only experienced a little farm work and animals while visiting his grandparents in Rexburg, Idaho. But even though he gone fishing with his dad and saw his parents riding horses, he had little first hand experience in ranch activities. It was a place called the Orme Ranch or the Quarter Circle V Bar in the deserts of Arizona. In 1929, Charles 'Chick' Orem Sr. and his wife, Minna, had purchased the Quarter Circle V Bar, which was a 26,000-acre cattle ranch in central Arizona near Mayer. Uncle Chick and a Mexican man with 13 kids he had hired, built the original Adobe house. The Orme family then invited friends to send their children to the Quarter Circle V Bar for a summer of ranch life and an outdoor experience in the Southwest which included horseback riding, roping, learning rope tricks, calf dogging and, for older campers, steer riding. The campers were assigned horses for the duration of their camp stay and each camper learned to identify their horse, catch it with help of the counselors and wranglers, tie their horse at the rail and to groom, saddle and bridle their own horse. When not in the saddle, campers had the opportunity to choose from traditional camp activities such as target sports, leather working,

jewelry making, ceramics, desert survival and more. On the weekends, they would travel to the natural and historical southwest sites. In July the campers would ride in trucks and wagons in the Prescott Days Parade and attend the world's oldest rodeo in Prescott. Other trips included the Hopi Festival in Flagstaff and Lava Tubes north of Flagstaff, the Hopi Mesas with the ancient city of Oraibi, and the most popular trip, a visit to the huge Indian ceremonies in Gallup, New Mexico and an all night hayride back to the ranch.

When Lloyd arrived at the ranch on the bus full of campers traveling from Phoenix, he knew he was really way out in the empty desert. They approached the location passing little bushes, sagebrush, reddish tan rocks, clumps of grass and dusty hills. Then they crossed what seemed to be a potentially powerful river that, when fully flowing, could prevent access to the ranch. They drove through the main gateway marked by long horizontal pole resting atop two long vertical ones from which the characteristic ranch emblem hung. That was the upside down quarter circle of a wagon wheel below which a V from two wagon spokes was strung with another horizontally hanging straight branch attached below the bottom point of the V. Lloyd soon learned that the log fence joining the main gate was a main hangout where friends would sit on the top rung hunched over with their feet resting on the rung below. The fence, which was five rungs high, was where a young man might occasionally even be able to occasionally chat with one of the girl campers.

Lloyd was soon assigned to his residence which was in the north end of Stirrup Dot dorm which was a row of rooms in a long rectangular old building built in 1951 from which the wooden slabs roof extended providing a quaint Wild West type cover over the cement walkway connecting the doors of the rooms. Lloyd's communal room had one simple table and chair and a few bunk beds where some six campers could be housed. In the morning, they immediately made their beds to perfection with the correctly folded hospital corners and the sheets and blanket taut enough for a quarter to happily bounce if dropped. When the counselor's quarter wouldn't bounce or only bounced a little, he would order the camper to tear the bed apart and redo it until it was acceptable. Meals were announced by ringing the huge camp bell and then everyone would cluster together in the common dining hall where substantial but simple fare was offered. Lloyd learned to use steak sauce on the thick slabs of fresh meat which he enjoyed, little knowing that a decade later he would be a super strict almost vegan raw-food vegetarian and would have gasped in horror at the thought of those wonderful thick Orme steaks.

Lloyd's camp counselor was from England and endowed with the fun characteristic accent, one that Lloyd had seldom heard. During the first few days of camp, Lloyd was standing in front of a toilet in the nearby bathhouse and restroom where he flushed the toilet before he was actually finished. The British counselor had entered the restroom and noticed "so you flush early too?" to which Lloyd cringed in embarrassment. Then the counselor took a turn at another toilet noting "I always do that, it indicates that we try to get things done quickly and will eventually succeed in life." It gave Lloyd a new outlook that maybe he did have some positive characteristics that would result in some type of success in the distant future, a hope that never really came into being; but it kept him trying for decades. Some of the boys in Lloyd's room were a bit bratty and practical jokers. Once Lloyd climbed into bed and found that he had been short sheeted; some of his goofy roommates had folded his top sheet in half and remade the bed so he could only get half way in. When he shouted "hey what happened to my bed?" everyone in the room roared with laughter as Lloyd had to try to remake the mess in the dark. He lay awake for a while trying to think up a good revenge. The next day a couple of roommates who were not in on the short sheeting plot suggested that he put some ugly sharp rocks in the beds of the two instigators of the prank. So Lloyd rounded up a few handfuls of rocks but decided not to use sharp ones because he didn't want to be vicious. He sneaked them into the room and that

evening left dinner on the excuse that he had to visit the bathroom, during which occasion he deftly planted rocks in the bottom of the beds of the two scoundrels. That night when those two villains shrieked in surprise the moment their feet hit the marauding stones, Lloyd pretended to be asleep but was secretly snickering under the covers. The pranks and practical jokes continued between Lloyd and the two belligerents until they really got him when it was time for the five-day pack trip into the Bradshaw Mountains on the Danderia Ranch.

Five-Day Pack Trip and Persistent Pranks

It was early in the morning and Lloyd and the other boys, after cleaning their room and making their beds to perfection, all rounded up their horses for the long 30-mile ride. Lloyd found his trusty steed, stood on the right side, then first tossed the blankets on his horse's back and positioned the saddle on top of them. He reached under the horse for the cinch then strung the latigo through the ring and tightened it temporarily. As usual, he had to make sure his horse hadn't fooled him with the perpetual bloating trick. So after checking the tightness with three fingers, Lloyd turned away pretending to be involved with other things ignoring the horse until it finally unbloated. Then Lloyd turned and quickly cinched up the saddle a couple of more notches then checked with three fingers again defiantly glaring into the horse's apprehensive eyes. "See, I caught ya again, you silly thing" he boasted lovingly running his fingers through the embarrassed animal's mane. The riders had all gathered together and off they went northward towards distant the Danderia Ranch and the cool refreshing Bradshaw Mountains. During the long ride towards the hills and the pines, Lloyd's horse was walking along "clop-a clop-a clop-a clop-a" occasionally turning his head to the right to shoot an askance glance a Lloyd before stopping for a moment to munch on the top green leaves of a mesquite bush. Lloyd let her have a bite or two before urging her on again by a gentle nudge with his heels on the horse's belly. When he first started riding at Orme, the wranglers had informed him that shaking the reigns didn't do anything and was just a dumb Hollywood film gimmick. They rode through sagebrush, bushes, through sandy creek bottoms, over rock beds and past prickly pears. Lloyd was enjoying the fresh sweet air as a pleasant breeze wafted through his hat and shirt rustling the mesquite bushes and gently tossing the clusters of desert grass to and fro.

Suddenly a little black bird shot up from the top of a tall mesquite bush and then Lloyd's horse jumped to the left and let out a wild whinny starting from a high squeal and ending in a low grumble. Lloyd stroked her neck and spoke soothingly to her noticing a big rattlesnake who had been lounging in the sun now curled up and rattling fiercely. Lloyd also spoke soothingly to the snake although he knew it probably couldn't hear much but might feel the good will. The snake must have realized there was no danger and it calmly slithered into the bushes as Lloyd rode on. Near lunchtime he lifted his trusty canteen to his parched lips and took a swig but immediately spewed out what appeared to be some horribly strong mouthwash. He looked from side to side and noticed his two tormentor roommates a few horses away trying to suppress a hailstorm of vicious laughter. Lloyd pretended nothing was wrong so as not to allow them the satisfaction of getting the best of him. At a later stop, Lloyd went to in a nearby dried up river bed and secretly dug as deep as he could in the sand with his bare hands like one of his pet rodents to finally find some damp sand from which he was able to extract enough moisture to last until they came to an active trickling stream later that afternoon. This was Lloyd's first experience of being really thirsty, something in which he would later become an expert during travels through Afghanistan, Pakistan and India where there was no safe water. After lunch, the wranglers let the campers trot for a while then gallop a short distance along a wide clearing. Lloyd's

two antagonist roommates were starting to race him when the wrangler slowed everyone back to a walk sternly squinting at the two troublemakers.

That evening they reached the cool refreshing pines and, after Lloyd had washed out and refilled his canteen a few times trying to purge the mouthwash taste, everyone started gathering around the campfire to listen to Mort chat about history and tell a few stories. Lloyd occasionally looked towards the perpetrators who fought not to giggle when he caught their eyes. Thank goodness the little brats didn't vandalize any of his limited gear, so he was able to enjoy a peaceful night under the intense brilliance of the Arizona stars. The next morning, the campers were awakened by the pungent smell of bacon and sausages then the excitement of Mort's famous monster pancakes. While the huge pan was still deep with grease from the bacon and sausages, Mort would fill it with pancake batter, hold the pan over the fire just the exact amount of time necessary; then he would skillfully jerk the pan upward with a powerful rehearsed sweep tossing the pancake up into the air where it turned over perfectly with the grace of a gentle gymnast and landed exactly in the middle of the waiting pan. Mort then lowered the pan back over the fire to yells, whistles of wild approbation accompanied by a thunder of applause from everyone. After several perfect pancakes, which were gleefully shared by everyone, breakfast was over and it was time for other activities like hikes and rides to points of interest and, for Lloyd, to find fresher water since he was always trying to get that infernal mouthwash taste out of his canteen. For lunch, the campers would feast on peanut butter and jelly sandwiches along with any extra items their parents had sent them or they might have purchased on one of the rare occasions that they were near a store.

During the days in the mountains, Lloyd had a chance to feel real life in nature away from most modern conveniences and he decided that such a simple lifestyle could be much more preferable to the social whirling of his parents among their shallow Glendale and Beverly Hills friends. On the ride back, Lloyd shot a few grim glares at the culpable kids as a warning that their beds would be visited soon. This time Lloyd vowed vicious vengeance and eventually short sheeted, side sheeted and pebbled the beds of his adversaries even once filling their beds with prickly pear cactus and bugs which finally got the attention of the dorm counselor who sternly reprimanded him. Word eventually got to Uncle Chick, Mort and Charlie whose stern glares during a few consecutive dinners at the Old Main House was enough to let Lloyd know that the prank war was over. One day in the presence of the counselor, he called the two problem kids over and said "OK, let's make a truce, no more pranks, agreed?" The two boys who were also tired of the continuing strife, quizzically gazed at each other then offered their hands which Lloyd shook firmly then, one by one, he ruffled their hair noting "we sure got each other good didn't we, especially the mouthwash trick" which incited cheerful cackles from all three. Then he added "the word will get out that we are a now gang, so no one in the world will dare mess with us." The boys smiled in agreement and from then on they were best friends.

Visit to the Hopi Mesas and Gallup

Mostly all the boys were on good terms with each other and Lloyd was even on good terms with a couple of the girls from whom he was hoping to round up a companion for the famed hayride back from Gallup. One girl he was feeling close to was chatting with him once walking through the back yard behind the Adobe among the sycamores. It was a lazy early evening after dinner, a squirrel happily hopped along the top of the wooden fence and families of tiny flies were swirling around each other hovering in clusters here and there. As the two walked, the conversation turned to kissing and then French kissing. Lloyd had learned all about the birds and bees from his dad and had experienced it

all first hand from the Japanese live-in college student; but he never heard of French kissing. After a full description from the shy girl, the two silly kids were ready to venture a try; but then they got nauseated at the thought and just ended up sharing a long meaningful standard kiss. That was enough to seal their bargain to be cuddling companions on the famed hayride back from Gallup, and of course earn a stern reprimand and substantial punishment from Mort if he ever found out. On various Orme excursions like the one to Gallup or visiting the cliff dwellings at Mesa Verde, Monument Valley, Four Corners and the Grand Canyon to sit and gaze down on the awe-inspiring spectacle, the campers would ride in three big old open trucks with tarp tops. Other than the late night drive back from Gallup, at night the tarps were draped from the sides of the trucks so the campers could sleep on the cold hard ground by the sides of the trucks under the tarps. Wherever the campers went, Charlie, who sometimes used a bullhorn, always instructed them to leave the campground better than they had found it which everyone tried to obey.

Finally it was time for the eagerly awaited trip to Gallup. On the way, they took a side road from Tuba City to visit the Hopi Mesas and the famed old town of Oraibi. Lloyd had heard about the Mesas and the old traditional villages and how Oraibi had been thriving since 1100 A.D. so he was excited to see it, but fell into a slumber on the way. Suddenly as his truck respectfully slowed, he woke up and gazed out the window to witness a scene he could never forget and was only matched by his first visit to Kandahar, Afghanistan decades later. Out the window he saw a completely quiet mysterious town of adobe dwellings built one top of each other on a gentle sloping hillside. The roof of each allowed accessed to the other by simple staircases or rudimentary ladders. There seemed to be no electronics or any curses of modern society and a strange peace permeated the atmosphere. Lloyd immediately straightened up to see and feel more as they bumped down the dirt roadway quietly passing through the treasure to traditions. Lloyd felt that he had found an example of what he had been searching for his whole life, a society without all the fakery of the modern world, a place where a person could breathe and not be rushed or not have to keep a schedule. Of course the campers were only allowed to walk around quietly in a limited location; but Lloyd knew that some day he would find a similar peaceful traditional location somewhere and spend more time basking in the freedom from contemporary crassness.

Both of his years at Orme, Lloyd had treasured this trip eastward, looking forward to finally rolling into the larger traditional Indian city of Gallup and stopping at the famous Toby Turpin's Trading Post near the middle of town. But both times at Toby Turpin's, he was challenged by some of the naughtier other boys to steal a turquoise ring. Lloyd never felt like stealing anything; but he didn't want to be a chicken, so he tried it. There was a big basket full of rings in the corner not far from an old Indian gentleman who was sitting peacefully with his head down. Lloyd lifted up various rings checking them out, then clutched one fairly large piece intricately inlaid with turquoise with the end of his thumb carefully pressing it into his palm so it wouldn't fall. He then calmly walked to another basket somehow slipping the ring into his pants pocket unnoticed by anyone. When the campers returned to the bus, he slipped the ring out of his pocket and boastfully flashed it to the challengers. He kept the ring but with a gnawing remorseful guilt that hung over him for decades to come. The next year, he stole another smaller ring just to show he could do it. Eventually, more than five decades later, Lloyd returned to the store, which had moved and was under new ownership, and gave the rings back with an apology. The larger rare Zuni designed with its intricate multiple rows and columns ended up being worth several hundred dollars when it was finally returned. But even if it had been worth thousands of dollars, Lloyd would have taken it back because he never cared about material things that much since he realized that we leave everything behind when we die anyway.

Dynamic Dances and Driving Drum Circles

After Toby Turpin's, the campers were trucked to the Indian ceremonies in an huge field where thousands of audience members clustered to witness the wonders of true traditional American ethnic culture of the western deserts. Since its initiation in 1922, the ceremonies had become so popular that some 20 tribes from various states joined in the event. The peaceful pounding of varied drum circles accompanied by a vast variety of dance traditions from jingle to the most breath-taking hoop dance virtuosity continued long into the night. The Inter-Tribal Ceremonies was attended by thousands and was held in a large natural outdoor arena bordered by a remarkable red rock background. Once during the show, while the next group was gathering to perform, the announcer chatted with audience. He quoted the text from the last drum circle's vocalizing "heya heya" then chuckled "so now you learned the words to that last song, OK?" A titter of laughter rippled through the audience as one of the Orme campers near Lloyd piped up "has he been sippin' fire water?" A few campers giggled before Lloyd scolded "let's be respectful. This whole country is their country, we just stole it from them; so have some respect. In reality, the announcer could have been a white guy, and Lloyd thought to himself "we forked-tongue freaks were the ones who brought them fire water anyway."

The campers became meditative as the next group came on with a drum circle of about half a dozen, each intensely hitting a huge horizontal drum with long slender wooden sticks the ends of which were wrapped in soft material. The beat was the usual 4/4 with the accent on one or on one and three. Some groups used a slow 3/4 with the accents on one and three which became a 6/8 when played fast. The campers relaxed placated by the soothing thump thump thump of the drum circle accompanied by high pitched singing with vibrant vibrato and the refrain "**haya haya hay** hay haya, etc." Lloyd and the girl or maybe girl friend who had agreed to be his 'date' for the whole night were thrilled at the panorama of colorful performances until it was time to be rounded up and then to pick a comfy place on the trucks.

The two lovebirds found a private spot in the front corner of the truck with cozy hay bales all around and settled in for the dreamy drive all the way back to the Orme ranch. At first, they cuddled together hugging tight and occasionally innocently kissing thinking they were involved in some rabid love affair although Lloyd knew what the real thing was like and didn't associate how he had experienced that with any real romance. After the trucks rumbled out of town and on into Arizona, soon the two 'sweethearts' were slumbering in placid joy, Lloyd with his head against a bale and his 'darling' with her head on his shoulder. When they finally arrived at Orme and gathered their things together off the truck, parting with one last harmless but long kiss, they were convinced they had known true love; and maybe they had more so than many couples who believe that the physical version of romance is the real thing when it can be just a counterfeit if there is no true caring. For the remaining few days of camp, Lloyd and his 'girl friend,' or friend who was a girl, enjoyed sharing fun activities like leather crafts where they both made belts, or a simulation of such, and their shabby version of Indian jewelry. However they never had a chance to try the wonderful sand painting they had seen the Indians do and, for decades later, Lloyd still wished he could have learned that art form.

One thing that Lloyd did learn at Orme, but quite by coincidence, was the possibility of multi-tracking recordings. Often the mellow sounds of Les Paul and Mary Ford doing their famous How High the Moon or The World is Waiting for the Sunrise would waft from some electronic source around the camp. Lloyd was given an explanation how two people could re-record up to 12 tracks each

to make a finished product that appeared to be a full band. In his mind he started planning how he was going to borrow another tape machine and record back and forth putting together cornet, clarinet, trombone, banjo, piano and drums to replicate the Bunk Johnson band that had become the rage in the trad jazz world since their 1942 recordings. He decided that he would start with piano to set the beat and chords; then he would add cornet, trombone, clarinet, banjo and finally drums. When he eventually attempted his first multiple recordings back in Rexburg, after 5 times back and forth through the microphone, the piano ended up sounding too tinny and so did some of the other instruments. But the general sound was very much like Bunk's band, so Lloyd continued to pursue the idea finally achieving a nice clear cool jazz recording in 1960 in Paris with Jef Gilson as the technician. Too bad that Les Paul, who was an excellent virtuoso guitarist, through his inventions and electronics started something that would eventually be ruthlessly abused by uncultured brutes and musical imbeciles to become the horrid rock devastation similar to the way some feel that the religion of Jesus was quickly twisted and deformed by evil charlatans to become the Church of the Devil.

Ridin,' Ropin' and Calf Doggin'

At Orme, although Lloyd was not very good at rope tricks like the Goldwaters and certain other hot shots, when he participated in the calf-roping event with other campers, he tried his best not to look silly. When the calf ran out in a straight line then, starting from a standstill, Lloyd urged his horse into a gallop nearing full speed. Lloyd started his lasso swirling around his head then threw the loop of the lariat around the calf's neck. With the rope around the calf's neck, Lloyd pulled the end of the rope tight on the saddle pommel, quickly yanked the reins towards him halting his horse then he jumped to the ground and ran over to the standing calf. He grabbed the calf and flipped it onto its side then quickly tied three of the its legs together in a half-hitch knot with the short rope or 'piggin' string' which he had been holding between his teeth. His horse had been trained to slowly back away from the calf maintaining a steady tension on the rope. When Lloyd finished tying the calf's legs together, he raised his hands to signal his success then returned to his horse, mounted and urged the horse forward a bit loosening the rope while waiting the few required seconds to assure that the calf remained tied. He did fairly well but didn't break any camp records. Then Lloyd climbed back down off his horse to untie the calf, give it a kiss on the forehead and a kind stroke on the cheek before it jumped up and wandered away.

Although Lloyd did not excel formidably in roping, he did happen to be on the team that won in calf dogging. For this event, the calf ran out in the open, shadowed by a hazer, as Lloyd rode up alongside leaning over from his galloping horse to grasp the horns of the running calf. Lloyd partly lunged and was partly pulled off his horse to the ground where he firmly planted his heels into the dirt slowing the calf while he grabbed its nose with one hand throwing it over in the dust while assuring that all four legs were off the ground awaiting the official flag to wave marking the time. Then the calf was released and trotted off after a friendly pat on the neck from Lloyd who always cared about animals of any kind as if they were family members. He felt he had been raised by rodents because his pets, whether rats, mice or hamsters, were with him much more than his parents were and, by watching them, he had learned a few things like hoarding food, carrying things in his mouth and how to survive and hide.

When it came time for the final awards barbeque when the silver spurs were given to the best campers for their expertise in all categories like riding, roping, calf dogging, etc. everyone was glum because they knew that one of the snooty Goldwater brothers would surely win the silver spurs. Just like the smug

Smoot brothers at Flintridge who were resented by everyone, the Goldwaters were disliked for being so perfect in everything and not concealing it. In this case there wasn't any animosity towards their Jewishness per se, it was just everyone's weariness from hearing their names all the time as the best this and the top that. Lloyd actually admired them and tried to strike up a friendship with them. He had many Jewish pals back home in California and thought they were pretty neat. But Lloyd wasn't able to succeed in developing a warm relationship with the Goldwaters who may have suspected that he had some ulterior motive. Lloyd surmised that when people sometimes feel slightly ostracized, they can have difficulty relating to outsiders. When the announcement came, the campers maintained stern looks on their faces when the words pierced their ears with "for the best" this and "for the best" that "the silver spurs go to" either one Goldwater or the other. Lloyd later argued that the Goldwaters had worked harder and were just better and so they deserved it. But that didn't calm the campers who would be going home with no spurs to show their parents. Little did Lloyd know that when the Goldwater dad Barry was running for president later in the 60s, Lloyd would be working like crazy to round up all the votes he could among the students at BYU. He knew the Goldwaters were a really good family and perfect at most everything; so Barry would have made a perfect president and Lloyd just loved all his ideas. Unfortunately he lost.

In 1954, Lloyd's last summer at Orme, he had been planning to stay a couple of extra weeks to help make adobe bricks and blocks or even cement ones. He had always been fascinated with the process, pouring mud or cement into the square or rectangular-shaped wooden forms, letting it dry; then a day or two later stacking them up to be used in buildings. Lloyd loved useful labor much more than what other kids considered 'fun.' Most acceptable 'fun' things bored Lloyd to death; he could care less about sports, skiing, or anything that he felt was thrill-seeking wastefulness. He did like riding horses because it was a legitimate means of transportation that he felt should never have been abandoned, especially in favor of stupid gasoline or diesel driven conveyances. He was convinced that steam was superior for trains and boats and even cars if someone had developed the idea. Otherwise Lloyd was sure that some day all the petroleum would run out or stop coming and no one would know how to transport themselves unless they still had a horse somewhere. So in 1954 Lloyd wrote to his parents that he had been working with the ranch hands and Charlie didn't mind if he stayed a couple of weeks more. He had been shoveling, raking, bucking hay, driving trucks and caterpillars, feeding horses and doing other ranch chores. He wrote "Bruce, the foreman, might let me work next year" and in another letter he bragged about how the next year "I am pretty sure about being a senior camper."

But unfortunately, as always, Lloyd got into trouble somehow, probably over the prank war added to the theft of the rings from Tobe Turpin's; then there was kissing a girl all of which likely came to the attention of all the Ormes. They called him into a meeting and informed him that he hadn't acted like a good Orme camper and that his parents would be coming and get him right away. They also added that he wouldn't be welcome to return next year. Lloyd was so accustomed to being kicked out everywhere he went that he was wondering when it would finally happen at Orme. But Orme was one of the best experiences he had ever had as a kid. He gathered his things together and awaited the arrival of his grieving parents; one more of the many disappointments they faced for trying to offer Lloyd great opportunities while gladly getting him out of the house rather than embracing his differentness which were actually pretty hard to deal with. Lloyd loved Orme and everyone there; so he was saddened to hear about Mort when he eventually met an untimely death from an incorrect blood transfusion in a Phoenix hospital during an operation. Mort's sister Katie, who occasionally visited the ranch and played beautiful piano, prematurely died while in college of an illness which seemed to indicate that sometimes good people are given a short sentence in this earth prison; so they are allowed an earlier release to be happier in a much better place.

Chapter 38

Madison High in Rexburg and Torture in a Denver Nut House

Lloyd was sent to Rexburg, Idaho to live with his grandparents and to go to school there since his parents couldn't handle him any more. Lloyd's grandpa was a self-made man from Mormon pioneer stock. His father, Henry Adams, was born in England and walked across the plains at 8 years of age ending up in Nephi, Utah where he was lawyer and eventually County Attorney. His mother, who lived to 95, was born in a wagon bed in a wilderness that would become the town of Nephi, Utah. Her philosophy was based on a few simple dicta. One was "idleness is the Devil's workshop." Another was "never tell what you plan to do, the Devil will hear you and beat you to it." Yet another was "always carry your welcome with you; if you're always glad to see people, they'll always be glad to see you." Other maxims passed down from grandma Adams were: "make lemonade," "don't run and tell," "never think I can't, just how can I," and, most important, "do it now!" One of Gramp's favorite concepts he used in his law practice was "it doesn't matter who is right or wrong, just solve the problem." When Lloyd's grandpa left Nephi to seek his future with only one silver dollar in his pocket, in Salt Lake he saw a sign in the window of a newspaper seeking a typesetter. He went inside to apply and indicated that he knew a little about the job. Of course he had never done any typesetting, but after a day of trying ending in being fired, he learned enough to try again at another paper. He lasted a few days there before being let go, but now he had learned enough to actually do the job when he had another opportunity. In fact, when he moved to Idaho, he took over the Sugar City Times then later the Rexburg Standard.

He learned law by reading law books to cattle he was watching in his youth and he often quoted Blackstone "law is common sense." When Idaho made a law that lawyers had to pass the bar to practice, he made sure that it allowed those already practicing to continue so he would be able to keep his practice. He mostly solved problems, patched up failing marriages and helping wayward youth to avoid reform school, not earning much from his practice but more from his retainerships and wise investments. He became a key person in Idaho politics and advised senators, even a few presidents. A kind letter from Thomas Dewey thanking him for his support in the presidential campaign, which too many thought was in the bag and thus did not go out to vote, demonstrated how far his influence reached. He used to wave his arms in frustration and strongly declare to Lloyd "community leaders, senators, governors even presidents ask for my advice and many pay for it and I can't give it to you for free!" Lloyd was very stubborn and would listen to absolutely no one after having become convinced from his birth that his parents were wrong about everything and so was everyone else. It all built him up as the toughest nut possible who never wavered one hairbreadth from a position or concept he adhered to.

After a year of ups and downs at Madison High, one evening Lloyd was relaxing in the early evening on the living room couch at his grandpa's with a Frank Rosolino 45 on the turntable. He was gazing out the window at the cars turning on or off of Main Street from or towards Porter Park on the road that eventually became the highway to Rigby. He was contemplating the silly store break-in of a few days prior when he and his cousin Terry got drunk on a half gallon of wine and then prankishly stole some things from a store on College Avenue. Lloyd thought it was a really stupid and wasteful stunt that didn't have any benefit; it could have no effect either positive or negative on his standing among the Madison High kids who mostly shunned him whatever he did. No one really knew for sure that he was the culprit; but he figured those who knew him would realize that only he was gutsy or dumb enough to pull a job like

that. He couldn't blatantly brag about it like he did the former stop sign folding and cycle and hammer painting caper because this time he would be prosecuted since his poor old wasn't in town to save him. Gramp had checked into a fancy mental hospital in Denver probably for a possible alcohol addiction problem that was occasionally mentioned in gossip.

But before he left town, Gramp had plead with Jode Summer to try to straighten Lloyd out somehow. Since Jode was the father of Deanna who Lloyd had a major crush on, Lloyd was more willing to listen to him than to his grandpa or anyone else in town. Lloyd loved to work and was especially fascinated with building construction. So he would often visit a site where Jode was the bricklayer and watch, maybe even try to help out stacking or carrying bricks and, on rare occasions, try out the trowel smoothing cement and placing a couple of bricks in a wall. Jode took Lloyd to an LDS priesthood conference at the Rexburg Tabernacle and offered religious counseling on the way over. Maybe Gramp suspected Lloyd in the store break-in and probably urged Jode to convince Deanna to find out about it and to try to talk Lloyd into repenting of his anti-social antics that were becoming way too dangerous.

A Surprise Visit from Lloyd's Main Crush

Gazing out the window at the headlights of various cars at his gramp's house on the corner of Main with Frank Rosolino's cool sophisticated trombone on the turntable, Lloyd heard a soft knock on the door. He got up and went through the living room to the corner of the kitchen to open the door. He was stunned by the awe-inspiring visage of his beloved Deanna dressed beautifully as if for a prom date and with a loving smile on her luscious lips. Lloyd was frozen in amazed shock as she whispered "can I come in?" Lloyd tried to recompose himself as he stammered "a, yea, a, of course, yea sure." She timidly shuffled into the living room, spied the couch then went over and curled up like a kitten waiting to be cuddled. Lloyd was so amazed that he didn't really know what to do. He had been pining for her in lovesick longing for a year and a half and she had hardly even acknowledged his existence at school and had never called, much less dropped over on a Saturday night. His grandma had gone to bed upstairs so he was alone in the house. He went over and sat next to her trying to act self-assured. He gently touched her knee as he sputtered "How great that you stopped by; are you going on a date or something?" His lovesick puppy eyes glared into hers, awaiting her answer. "No, I just wanted to be with you this evening since you have been so nice to me over the last year and I haven't been very friendly." She then amazed him by leaning over and planting a sensual kiss on his longing lips. Although unable to believe what was happening, he slid his arm around her and drew her close for another and many more very intense kisses. He leaned back and she sunk on top of him. Their kissing became more powerful as they sensed the silent hum of their bioelectric energies blending in intensity.

Although his whole being burned with desire for her, he feared that they might break the bounds of morality to which Deanna and her family firmly adhered. So Lloyd quickly sat up and, with Deanna's legs resting on his knees, continued to hold her in a loving embrace feeling her firm chest against his and basking in the comfort of her deep dark eyes. Then he broke into tears admitting "Deanna my darling, I am so bad and so unworthy of this wonderful moment. Please forgive me for a very stupid thing I did a couple of weeks ago." As he sobbed softly, she propped his head up for a few intermittent kisses asking "you mean the store break-in?" His head fell in shame as he muttered "yes" then added "I figured you would know it was me since we played a couple of jazz gigs together then we did that prank of painting a cycle and hammer on the city hall. I am sorry, I thought you didn't care about me at all and I was kind of suicidal." She stared warmly into his eyes then hugged him divulging "I really like you a lot and I could share the same feelings you have for me, but I am waiting for a missionary. I promised to be good and I

want to keep my promise.” Then Lloyd beamed with admiration and turned to sit properly facing her. He took her hands in his and smiled “then I will help you to keep your promise. Let’s be really close friends and, now that I know you might have loved me, I can try to become a better person, one that might be worthy of such an honor.”

He took some Kleenex from the box on the table and dried his tears and hers, which had started to weal up in her beautiful dark eyes. Then squeezing her tender hands in his he vowed “we will honor your missionary by being good and I will turn back the things that were stolen from the store.” She brightened with a glow of respect and relief wondering “should we take those things back to the store or what?” Lloyd thought for a moment then suggested “let’s put them in a cardboard box and after midnight we can sneak up and put them on the owner’s doorstep.” She giggled in agreement excited to be in on another plot, but this time to do the right thing. They quietly went to the garage then the basement where he had stashed the booty in various weird locations, loading up a box until it was full. “OK that’s all I have; my cousin Terry has the rest and I will convince him to turn it all back” he said.

They put the cardboard box in Deanna’s car and then went back to the living room to watch TV until after midnight. “You won’t get into trouble for being up so late, will you?” he asked. She responded “no, especially not when I can swear I made a real difference in your life.” Lloyd hugged her tight and sobbed “you have completely changed my whole perspective on everything. I may not be able to stop all my sins right away, but your kindness and potential yet unavailable love will someday help carry me back to working toward saintliness. At least I am vowing now never to do any harsh aggressive act against anyone every again.” Lloyd kept that vow all his life, never stealing, fighting or attacking anyone but remaining mellow and kind except for the one drunken rage in Paris which was an incident that became the doorway to his repentance from a life of debauchery.

After midnight, they purposefully got into the car and drove to the owner’s home on the hill near Ricks College. Lloyd left her in the car with the motor running then quickly and quietly scampered up the grass and the steps leaving the box in front of the door. Then he rushed back to the car and they drove to Lloyd’s where, after a few friendly, rather than lustful, kisses and hugs, they both swore not to tell a soul about their adventure. The next day there was limited hubbub about the return of most of the stolen merchandise. Marvin the cop, who had been after Lloyd for his obnoxious hot rodding and his drunken behavior at the Madison High, Ricks College and the LDS Tabernacle basement dances, was out to pin the robbery on him. Lloyd’s gramp had continually saved his sorry rear by drawing on long friendships with Sheriff Hansen, the judge and city officials. So his gramp had been a thorn in the side of the cops for continually trying to save delinquent kids, especially Lloyd. But now Lloyd’s poor old grandpa was in Denver in a sanitarium and unable to save him from potential arrest, conviction and potential jail time. Highway patrolman Ben Newman had also been hoping to get Lloyd on some charge to because of all his drunken doughnut spinning in the snow in Gramp’s Buick between the Burg and IF and for doing almost 90 over the scary viaduct in Thorton.

Escape from the Burg and a Sentence to Scary Mount Airy

The next afternoon, Lloyd was sitting on the couch listening to a Brubeck record when the phone rang. He went over and picked it up and was surprised to hear his mother say “we are here in town over at Mary’s and we will be down there in a few minutes so don’t go anywhere.” When they arrived, they were very tense and grim. His mother sat him down and declared “the police think you had something to do with that robbery and your grandpa isn’t here to try to save you. So you have to pack a few things and we need to get you out of town right now before they arrest you.” Lloyd was stunned

and scared but had the presence of mind to grab a few changes of clothes, his clarinet and a wallet-size picture of Deanna. In a few minutes, his tearful mom and grandma exchanged sorrowful hugs and, as dark approached, Lloyd was sneaked into the back seat of the Miller car with a pillow covered by a blanket as they sped off towards Denver to see Lloyd's grandpa. Lloyd was told to lie down under the blanket until they got out of Madison County then the feeling was less tense, but the trip was long and grueling as Lloyd's parents exchanged driving. Other than occasional sobs from Lloyd's mother, almost total silence reigned during the whole drive until the amber rays of dawn shined through the car windows. Lloyd rose up to see the beauty of the morning and the outskirts of Denver.

Soon they arrived exhausted at Mount Airy Sanitarium where Lloyd's grandpa was undergoing treatment. They entered the lobby and met Dr. Ebaugh who, along with Dr. Drake, was treating Lloyd's grandpa. Lloyd was introduced to the doctor, but he winced since he had never been fond of shrinks because he had been sent to dozens of them throughout his life and most of them needed help much more than Lloyd ever did. The doctor took Lloyd down the hall of the sanitarium and showed him a cell size room and, with a friendly smile said "you can stay here while your parents visit your grandpa." Lloyd sat on the metal cot and soon a beautiful young nurse came in and sat next to him bringing a paint-by-number kit and offering warm and kind assurances that he should just relax. She was attractive, well built and radiated loving warmth. He had to strain to subdue a wild urge to hug and kiss her. She talked softly for a while then left squeezing his shoulder with a smile and a giggle like a hot high school date.

It took Lloyd a while to come down from the elation resulting from the pleasant visit from nurse Farr who immediately became the target of a substantial crush. He started painting the first projects by number then went back to redo the landscapes adding his own personal artistic touch. He was visited by each of the doctors who praised his work and discussed various topics. They weren't like the weirdo shrinks he had been to in California, but were friendly, sympathetic and seemed to be truly compassionate. He liked the doctors and was love-struck by nurse Farr; but after a few hours when darkness had set in, he was ready for his parents to come and take him home to Glendale. But the hours passed until, late at night, a pair of very weird orderlies dressed in white appeared. They were a couple of misplaced Germans with very heavy accents, one very tall and the other very short. They introduced themselves as Hans and Fritz and ordered Lloyd to get ready for bed because he was staying there. Lloyd was confused and asked about his parents and was told "don' vory dey iss OK; zo you shtay heer nau, *gel?*" Lloyd reluctantly searched his suitcase for pajamas. Fritz came over to the bed and took Lloyd's shoes explaining "you von't neet dees heer, ya, you yust vea dee zocks, OK? *Gel?*" That was the last time Lloyd saw his shoes. Hans and Fritz checked around, turned off the light in the small cell then closed and double locked the door.

Lloyd felt betrayed by everyone and very alone realizing that he was locked in a cell and had no idea what was going to happen to him. His parents had already driven away in tears knowing that Lloyd would never be whole again, if he even survived what they had felt obliged to sentence him to. Although Lloyd felt he was in jail, he was still happy basking in the joy of that evening with Deanna. He took her picture from his wallet and smiled thinking of the sweet words they exchanged. She had written her name on the back "Deanna Sommer Rexburg, Idaho 1956." That photo was about the only remnant of Lloyd's past and of the outside world that he would retain for his period of imprisonment at Mount Airy. After a couple of days working on paintings, playing clarinet and thinking, Lloyd had resigned himself to the fact that he was locked up in that cell as a psychiatric prisoner, maybe forever. He enjoyed occasional visits from the beautiful nurse Farr, the doctors and goofy, scary yet humorous Hans and Fritz. He realized that he would maybe never see Deanna or any of his friends again.

He lost track of time and just continued perfecting his paintings until one day nurse Farr came in, sat close to him on the bed and lovingly put her arm around him. She said "starting tomorrow we will

be giving you treatments that will help you forget your troubles and change your thinking; It will really help you.” Lloyd had been ‘helped’ by psychologically damaged shrinks since he could remember and he was completely convinced there is no way a shrink could ever help anyone including themselves. He patiently listened to her, thinking “just keep your arm around me and give me a hug you beautiful babe!” As for being ‘helped,’ the only thing that would help him and solve his ‘problems’ would be the end of the whole ugly American materialistic society with its corporate dictatorships, harmful hazardous products that are forced on unwitting victims and the government that is the puppet of those corporations. The disgusting ads on billboards everywhere, on radio, on TV and in publications are just proof of the corporate greed and companies screaming at everyone to throw away their money on their useless garbage. Lloyd’s ‘problem’ would only be solved when America finally collapses like the other evil empires of Greece and Rome, to eventually be replaced by a new loving, caring and non-materialistic society. It was the whole bad system that forced his parents to become social climbers, continually partying with their loser drunk friends leaving Lloyd alone most of the time to resentfully mope, get into trouble but also to perfect musical skills on any and every instrument he could get his hands on. He spent his time with his pet rats, mice or hamsters so he felt that he had been raised by rodents. Lloyd didn’t understand what nurse Farr was telling him; he didn’t know that the barbaric destructive shock and insulin treatments would destroy his mind and any ability to ever succeed in life.

Nurse Farr left, then the doctors visited Lloyd to reassure him that they planned to ‘help’ him to be a better person. The doctors departed, so Lloyd grabbed a pencil and paper and wrote ten things to remember, a list of ten commandments, so he would remember something in case they destroyed all his memories. He wrote:

1. I am a musician and that is my one purpose in life.
2. I hate America for putting me and other kids in nut houses to destroy them and many other crimes they have commit against their citizens.
3. I hate America for allowing evil corporations to turn everyone into junk product purchasing puppets having to slave to pay for trash no one needs.
4. I hate shrinks for trying to mind-control everyone into worshipping materialism.”

He continued until he reached 10 then he practiced reciting them over and over again hoping to assure that he would never forget how he felt about everything. He then folded the paper and hid it in a pair of rolled-up socks where he hoped Hans and Fritz wouldn’t find it.

Barbecued Brains and Shuffling Zombies

The next day, Hans and Fritz appeared with sadistic sneers holding a straightjacket instructing “you goingk tsu yer shock treatment nau, *gel?*” Lloyd waved the straightjacket aside assuring “you don’t need that guys, nurse Farr convinced me to cooperate.” He lied but had no choice. They set down the jacket and each one took one of his arms, then sternly led him to a room where he was strapped firmly into a chair. The doctor came in and explained that Lloyd would have a needle in his vein and he would be asked count backward from ten. Lloyd cringed at the thought of a needle since he always hated intravenous invasion because once in his youth he had an extensive blood test that was more like a double donation that left him weak for days after. The hated needle was forced into his arm with a long tube attached to a container of sodium pentathol. The doctor ordered “start counting backward” and Lloyd muttered “ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . then went unconscious. The doctor injected him with a muscle relaxant which shut down all muscular activity including breathing. A headband with electrodes was placed on his head and a rubber gag placed

in his mouth. Then the doctor pushed the button on the electroshock machine and about 200 volts or more violently burned through his head as his unconscious body suffered a major seizure. His limp body was then unstrapped and transferred to a gurney by Hans and Fritz who wheeled the poor unconscious kid to his room, placed him on his bed and looked on his unconscious form with perplexed pity. They had never seen such a young victim of savage electroshock before and were very uncomfortable at the unfairness of causing such destruction without a kid's consent or any understanding of what was happening.

Sometime later, poor Lloyd began to revive and wondered where he was, who he was and what had happened to him. He slowly looked around and noticed the painting kit and his paintings and he wondered where they had come from. Then there was a knock on the door as Hans and Fritz timidly entered. He didn't recognize them at all and asked who they were. They introduced themselves explaining that his name was Miller then Hans muttered "*er weiß nichts* (he knows nothing)." Lloyd surprised himself by retorting "*so wo bin ich* (where am I)?" The German orderlies were stunned that Lloyd knew German and spoke with no accent since he hadn't told them that he had tried to learn a little in Woodstock to get in touch with his dad's roots. But he hadn't really learned much and couldn't speak it. Fritz sputtered "*er spricht Deutsch*" to which Lloyd affirmed "*ja sicher; ich bin Deutsch; Müller, nicht wahr?*" Then Lloyd fell into a daze not knowing if he was German or what and wondering how he could seemingly fluently speak another language with no effort.

As he sat pondering trying to make sense of everything, the Germans came closer and handed his clarinet case to him. Fritz said "you play dis ting, you know dat, ya?" Lloyd gazed at the case muttering "*ich spiele was?*" Then some muscle memory took over and he noticed his hands undo the snaps of the case and slowly assemble the instrument making a few mistakes before he had it together. Hans encouraged "you put dis on it" handing him the reed and helping him fasten it to the mouthpiece. "Den you blow on it." Lloyd tried blowing but with the mouthpiece upside down before Fritz corrected "*nein, der udder vay.*" Maybe Lloyd's brain had been burned back to the days of Mozart when it was played with the reed on top. Lloyd tried unsuccessfully to get a tone out of the instrument but, after a few puffs and encouragement from the goofy Germans, he began to play fast intricate phrases in the style of Jimmy Giuffre then wailed out some Johnny Dodds licks in the 1920s Chicago style ending with a perfect rendition of George Lewis' famous Burgundy Street Blues.

His friends Curly, Elvis and a few other inmates slowly gathered in the small room to dig the great sounds, which came from nowhere since Lloyd had absolutely no idea what he was doing. But he was playing beautifully and perfectly like he never could before, as if he had been practicing every day for 20 years or more. Then he belted out a few minutes of totally authentic Turko-Grecian wailing which he had never done before and never really heard in his life. An old Greek patient chuckled and smiled as tears weald up in his soft eyes. Suddenly, Lloyd put down the clarinet and asked everyone "what is this thing and what am I doing?" He took the instrument apart and placed it back in the case dismayed that he didn't know what he had just done and how he had done it.

Although Lloyd had suddenly become a musical and linguistic genius due to some freak of science wherein his brain had become burned up and reformatted, all his former super genius math skills, his perfect spelling which had continually won him high honors in spellings Bs, his vast knowledge of facts and all his memories of his past life were wiped away. The math, spelling and other skills never returned nor did any ability to relate to others, especially Americans since it was them who had destroyed his brain and his life. His memories of past events were only reconstructed and relearned through long, tedious and scattered discussions with his friends and family. But Lloyd would never be a whole person again, never be able to earn a living or succeed in American society or be able to understand the material world or be

understood by Americans. He would relate warmly to peoples of other nations, especially Third World countries who were more like how he had become: open, simple, trusting and non-materialistic. As Lloyd endured some twenty of the horrid shock treatments and also the similarly wretched insulin treatments, all he could do was shuffle about in a daze with his socks half off muttering gibberish and keeping away from everyone.

Hans and Fritz felt sorry for Lloyd and took him under their guidance. They taught him to make beds with perfect corners so that a quarter would bounce off the bed. He had formerly been a master of bed making from various harsh camps he had been sent every summer like the Orme Ranch in Meyer, Arizona. The more treatments he was subjected to, the more morose and dysfunctional he became. But Hans and Fritz tried to keep him active, continually retraining him in bed making and other chores he would help them with for which they would reward him with ‘Salty Dogs’ which were drinks given to alcoholics to help them withdraw from their addiction. Lloyd could get a minor high from gulping a Salty Dog and that was the only minor enjoyment he experienced as an inmate in the nut house. He was a good hard worker for the Germans and they grew fond of him and enjoyed kidding him about getting a lobotomy. They explained in gory and horrifying detail how it was done and how a person would become a total worthless vegetable as a result. Every so often they would wave a piece of paper at him and with grim freakish staring eyes and swear that his name was on the list for a lobotomy. The only contact Lloyd had with his past life was the list of commandments he had hidden in his rolled up socks which he kept rediscovering in his drawer and then he would religiously recite them to himself for hours in order never to forget what he had wanted to remember: how he despised America, the evil government and horrible society that did this to him and many other points. Besides his ‘commandments,’ all he knew was that he had a photo of some Deanna from Rexburg, Idaho and he had painted a picture from the photo so she must have been important to him. He asked other inmates about Idaho and sort of found out generally where it was and where he was; but he had to constantly relearn it all as the treatments left him in a dazed stupor most of the time.

Near Death Torture of Insulin ‘Therapy’

The insulin treatments were even more medieval, barbaric and disconcerting than electroshock. Hans and Fritz would lead Lloyd into a large room full of squirming victims strapped onto cots where they were frothing at the mouth like mad dogs twitching and writhing in ghastly patterns like a combination of Dante’s Inferno and a hideous Halloween nightmare. Lloyd was strapped down then shot full of insulin so as to momentarily kill him in a deadly coma from which he would be revived just before permanently dying by administering a warm saline solution. So he was killed and resurrected as a new person or more correctly a destroyed person not able to ever successfully fully function in society. It was actually a death sentence administered by a doctor rather than a judge and without any semblance of a fair trial. Should doctors be administering death sentences to kids even if they are temporary? In fact, one or two people out of a hundred really stay dead from this hideous process and no one has ever really benefited from it except the doctors who amass obscene incomes from administering insulin and shock treatments. Is it the role of doctors to cause death then some semblance of semi-resurrection or should that job be left to God only? This horrible process is a type of murder but not punishable because the corpses still live on as some kind of dazed zombies. Lloyd bitterly remembered the horror of lying in a catatonic semi-trance seeing a couple of dozen of his fellow inmates jerking, drooling, gasping and moaning all around him, some still in comas, some in traumatized trances.

This nightmare, along with the electroshock, continued day after day until Lloyd was nothing more than a half-dead shuffling blob who could play clarinet like a super genius, could learn and speak languages and dialects but couldn't remember his own name or anything about anything except Deanna whose photo was all he had left from his past. He didn't know he had any family which was for the best because, if he had realized his parents allowed him to be placed in that tortured existence, it would have made him even more bitter. If that were possible. And when he finally did realize that they put him in there, he could never feel any warm affection for them ever again. Once in a while, he wrote letters to Deanna and once he even received a little note from her, probably under his grandmother's urging. Hans and Fritz would often sit on the bed with Lloyd, comforting him as he cried bitterly, trying to remember Deanna and his former life which had been completely burned out of his brain. They would sneak him a Salty Dog and admit how they, too, had suffered treatments and had forgotten their lives in Germany during the *Hitlerzeit* and all the things they had been through. Lloyd wondered what he had been through that he needed to forget. Maybe that he was living in a miserable country, worse than Hitler's Germany, a place that destroyed the minds of and tortured brilliant kids out of fear of their abilities or just to force everyone to be milk-toast sheep stupidly buying junk and slaving all day at miserable jobs to get money to spend on taxes and useless products fostered by the government. America is maybe even worse, at least the same as Hitler's Germany, Stalin's Russia and Mao's China, but cleverly disguised as a 'free country.' Everyone thinks it is a heaven of individual rights, but only for the handful of corrupted leaders and corporate bosses with their cronies who lord over the puppets and the zombies who shuffle along obeying every ad they see or hear. So Lloyd was not responding positively to the treatments but was becoming more and more bitter, wishing that God would totally annihilate this scum hole of a country for all the horrors it has wreaked on anyone in its path starting with wholesale genocide of the native inhabitants.

In interviews with doctors Ebaugh and Drake, Lloyd always perplexed and mystified them because of his growing bitterness and anger at everything. Curly had taught Lloyd to play pool, which he constantly forgot the rules for due to the treatments and the goofy rock and roll fan dubbed 'Elvis' couldn't convince Lloyd that Elvis Presley had any musical skills. Lloyd was now fully musically aware and could spot a phony after only hearing a few seconds of their so-called music. The doctors worried about Lloyd's completely negative attitude and feeling of total hopelessness locked up with a bunch of crazies, and that included the orderlies and the doctors. Finally, attractive nurse Farr came to see Lloyd and counsel him. She sat on his bed and planted a loving kiss on his forehead then on his lips hoping to cheer him up. Lloyd looked up into her kind eyes, wishing he dared pull her towards him and smother her with kisses; but he was even too sunk in despair to try it. She tenderly ran her fingers through his hair and whispered "Lloyd sweetie, you have to find something to hope for, something happy to cling to." He broke into tears blubbing "I don't know why I am locked up in here and who I am and what is happening to me. Do I have any family? Who put me in here and why?" Nurse Farr choked back tears not being able to answer his questions then lifted him in her arms and hugged him tightly. Her firm breasts pressed against him and momentarily tingled him with a feeling of warmth. He winced a smile and stuttered "I guess I can hope to maybe hug and kiss a beautiful girl like you someday. Maybe I should go find Deanna, the girl in the photo wherever she is." Nurse Farr tucked him in, kissed him long and sensuously on the lips then turned the light off, whispering "good night sweetie;" then she discouragedly moped down the hall wondering why they were torturing and destroying a poor teenage kid who didn't belong in a place like that.

Parole from the Nut House

The next day after treatment, Lloyd decided that the only thing he could hope for was to have someone like nurse Farr to hug and kiss and feel comfortable with. He decided he needed to find Deanna, find out who she was and who he was. He saw that the return address on her last letter and showed it around to some of the other inmates asking for information about Rexburg. They offered sketchy descriptions of Idaho and Rexburg, which Lloyd learned, was beyond Wyoming, the next state over from Colorado. One inmate said that he could get there by hiding in a boxcar on the train. Lloyd wondered how he could get to a place he had no memory of in the cold of mid winter with no shoes, no money and no food. Then the next day, Dr. Drake came to see Lloyd and explain that since he had not been responding to treatment, he should maybe try to go to a local high school to relate to other kids and live a while with a foster family. What the doctors didn't realize was that Lloyd had been a misfit everywhere because he saw through the fakery of American society and resented all its stupidity most of all school and the grim materialistic and sex-sick brain-washing imposed on unwitting youths. Also wherever he went, Lloyd was resented and despised by other kids because he had his own way of thinking and of doing things. Being left-handed and brilliant added to his detestability. So the worst place for him was in school where he had been razed, hazed, hated and beaten to a pulp. Lloyd didn't really have any recollection of any of his past, but he sensed that school might probably be a main reason he was in Mount Airy and he tried to relay that information to the doctor. Doctor Drake kindly tried to convince Lloyd that it was a good idea to try being outside the sanitarium. This was especially true since the funds Lloyd's family had to invest in expensive treatments and residency at Mount Airy were drying up. Then Lloyd had an idea, maybe if he got out of the nut house, got his shoes back, saved up a stash of food and maybe a few dollars, he could escape Denver and go to Idaho to find Deanna. So he pretended to agree with the doctors and soon he was settled in with a nice older couple, the Lamsons and going to school at Randall. He was settled with the Lamsons on Niagra Street and enrolled at Randall where he tried to attend advanced math and calculus but couldn't understand a thing. His spelling was on the level of imbecile and all his classes were a disaster. Every evening, he sat glumly and moped around the living room or kitchen of the Lamsons.

One evening, he was slumped in a suicidal depression due to what had happened the first day of school and worsened every day since. On his first day at Randall, as he was walking down the hallway, he was stopped by a beautiful friendly girl who chatted a while and seemed to be attracted to him. But when she asked him his name, he stuttered and muttered "just a minute and I'll tell you." He pulled out his wallet, checked his social security card then mumbled "a, Lloyd, yea Lloyd Miller." She politely excused herself and hurried away. Soon the word was all over school that they had a total nut case kid on campus from the stupid Mount Airy mental institution and to be careful. Students would rush away when they saw him coming, others razed him with remarks like "hey stupid, don't know yer own name, huh?" Or "hey crazy guy, go back to the nut house and get a lobotomy; or maybe you already got one." One evening before dinner, Lloyd was checking out the big carving knives with remarks like "hey Mrs. Lamson, this would be just right to sink into my heart don't you think." He knew they would panic and call Dr. Drake or Ebaugh to hurry over and recommit him which he felt would be better than the constant insults all day at school. He was totally convinced that the whole rotten country of America needed to be completely wiped off the face of the earth starting with the scum rat high school bastards; they should be executed first. Lloyd tried to put a strong curse on Colorado high schools forecasting that some day someone who

was a lot more vicious than Lloyd would take permanent vengeance on those little punk pukes. But since Lloyd was always a peaceful non-violent artist, he could only hope that the wrath of God would someday be fierce enough to annihilate America and every aspect of its decadent, egotistic mean heartless 'culture.' Only pure jazz of all eras and old ethnic minority music with some of the accompanying classy dance forms should be saved along with the Mormon Church, although Lloyd never went there much because he was too sinful to feel comfortable at meetings.

Lloyd sat down to dinner and Mrs. Lamson quickly dashed into the other room to make a frantic call to the doctors. When dinner was over, Dr. Drake knocked on the door then came in to kindly chat with Lloyd. He asked how things were going at Randall then soon realized that school wasn't going to work. How could a kid be tossed into classes near the end of the school year and be expected to keep up if he couldn't even remember his name? He asked Lloyd what he wanted to do and Lloyd responded that he had to find his girlfriend Deana in Idaho to try to find out who he was from her and any other friends or family, if he had any. Dr. Drake looked down then kindly took Lloyd's hand and, blinking away a potential tear, said "I don't think that is possible yet; you need a little more adjustment first. You wouldn't know anyone there and wouldn't be able to fit in." Lloyd saw that he surely didn't fit in among those obnoxious little creeps at Randall, so he blurted out "then just take me back to the hospital where I know a few people and can play pool with Curly and help Hans and Fritz make beds and stuff." Dr. Drake reassuringly put his arm around Lloyd's shoulder and comforted "sure, let's do that for now." He helped Lloyd gather up his few personal items, his clarinet, paintings and clothes then put him in the car with thankful farewells to the Lamsons.

Back Home in a Nut House Cell

Back at the hospital, Lloyd felt more at home but in the counseling sessions with the doctors and his partial heartthrob Nurse Farr. He more vehemently continually reiterated his deep burning hatred for everything American except jazz music and old-time peoples from the 1800s who hadn't been poisoned by modernization. He detested everything recent except for cool jazz. The doctors were worried that their shock and insulin efforts hadn't helped him at all and that he had gotten worse going from an unusual artist with a few harmless quirks and a nearly 200 IQ genius mind to a severely mentally disabled enraged wild beast who hated everyone and everything American. One wonders if they themselves might have become the same after suffering the continual brutalization of shock and insulin daily for weeks. It seems anyone would be outraged about being killed in comas by insulin then brought back as incoherent zombies to have their brains burned to a crisp, leaving them with no knowledge of who, what or where they were.

One day, Hans and Fritz nervously burst into Lloyd's room with terrified grim glares on their faces as if they had been shoveling ashes of victims in Dachau and had just been themselves sentenced to the furnace. They brought him two Salty Dogs and indicated that he gulp them down; then they sat on each side of him on his bed. They each took one of his hands then Hans nervously declared "you must go von heer" confirmed by Fritz "ya you got to geed ous von heer zoon." Lloyd looked into the eyes of one then the other, realizing that this time they weren't kidding like they used to when he would grab a Salty Dog off their tray and scamper off as they threatened "vach eet, vee gonna geef you lobotomy!" Or when he was practicing clarinet they would jump up in front of him waving a paper and threatening "ya Müller, heer iss der order von dee doctorz *für* yer labotomy." It was all in good fun; but this time they were dead serious and Lloyd knew he was in deep trouble. Hans broke the gruesome silence with "dees time dey really do got you on der list fer lobotomy." Lloyd gasped "*aber ist das sicher? Haben Sie es wirklich*

gesehen?” Fritz looked both ways then pulled a paper from under his white orderly shirt and, with flashing blue eyes like an ex-Nazi informant, declared “*guck mal hier*; zee dees, yer name is right heer *für ein* lobotomy in *zwo, ja* tsu days. Vee gotta get you ouda heer or you gonna be just *ein* blop of yello *mit* no braintz.” Lloyd glared at the schedule in unbelief then, anxiously staring from one to the other, broke into tears blubbering “what can I do?” His pals calmed him down then Fritz pulled out two pairs of socks from his pocket and said “take dees, vee can’t geet you no shuss und our shuss iss tsu beeg oder tsu schmall.” Then Hans dug two more pairs of socks out of his pocket and added “dees was von udder guys who vent home; eff it geets colt, you can put dem on yer hants like glofs.” A noise in the hallway made the Germans jump to their feet whispering “vee geet you zom foot tsu eat ven you iss out dere, vee kom zee you tomorrow, *gel?*”

Lloyd hid the socks in his drawer and checked his meager supply of clothes figuring how he could wear everything he had if and when he could break out of the nut house. Lloyd had a new roommate, a nice businessman whose wife had put him in Mount Airy to get his brain burned out so he wouldn’t remember he was wealthy while she could spend his money running around with younger guys. Lloyd had taught him how to write down everything he wanted to remember on a secret list and then recite everything over and over after the dreadful treatment. On the first day, the poor guy stumbled into the room in a daze. Lloyd went to his roommate’s drawer and fumbled through a few pairs of socks finding the list then sat down on the bed next to his poor roommate and helped him recite the list over and over. 1. “My wife put me in here to get my money; I have a lot of money in the bank. 2. I am not crazy, but my wife put me in here to get rid of me,” etc.

When his roommate came back from counseling, he saw that his friend Lloyd was really down and asked “hey, what’s going on kid?” Then Lloyd told him the whole lobotomy story and his roommate was immediately ready to help. He jumped up and went over all the walls of the room then settled on a small window in the corner. He noticed that it was two pieces of glass with a thin curved wood strip in the center. Then he measured the bottom section with his eyes then looked Lloyd over. “I had a home construction business before being put in here, so I am sure you can crawl out the bottom half of this little window. You land on the ground a few feet below behind the hedge, then you sneak off down the driveway to the street; we are between Clermont and Birch near the corner of 12th Street.” Lloyd was in a daze and didn’t really follow the directions only remembering a few instructions like crossing Larimer. He just remembered he had to go down that to a main drag then on into town. “You go through town till you reach the tracks, then try to find a friendly switchman on night duty. One of my friends down there is a switchman there named Stringer; he might be on duty this week. Tell him you are a friend of mine and he’ll set you up in a freight car going towards Idaho.” After repeating everything a few times, Lloyd was ready for his escape the next night, the evening before his scheduled lobotomy.

Escape from Terminal Zombiehood

The next day, Hans and Fritz came by and gave Lloyd a few small packages of crackers and chips for his escape. The helpful roommate added two pairs of his warmest socks; so Lloyd almost had enough socks to make up for having no shoes with two extra pairs to use as gloves. The night of the breakout, Lloyd’s roommate covered the window with two towels, gently tapped on the lower half breaking the glass, then he carefully removed the towels which were full of glass pieces. He used washcloths to pull the remaining chunks of glass from the window frame until every sliver was gone. Lloyd helped hide the broken glass under the bed then they slid his bed closer to the window to see if Lloyd could climb up high enough to squeeze out then realized they needed to add a chair. Lloyd had shoved pillows under the

covers of his bed to make it look like he was asleep. He was wearing almost all the clothes he had to keep warm in the mid winter snow. He put the few snack foods Hans and Fritz were able to scrounge up in his clarinet case which was all he was taking; then he climbed onto the chair which his roommate steadied for him. He figured his few other things would be shipped to whatever family he had, if he even had one. He stuck his legs through the small opening then eased his body through, scratching his arm on the one tiny glass sliver still in the frame. He hit the ground feet first then his roommate handed him his clarinet case, closed the curtains of the window, pushed the bed back into place, took the chair down and fluffed up the pillows under the covers then went to bed ready to swear that Lloyd was asleep if anyone came in. Lloyd told him to pretend the breakout had occurred when he was asleep and he didn't know anything about it to avoid getting in trouble and maybe on the lobotomy list.

Lloyd sneaked down the driveway to the street then onto the main road to downtown Denver, trying to look inconspicuous taking giant steps and moving swiftly towards the lights of the city and avoiding main streets so no one would notice he had no shoes. He made his way through town to the railroad tracks and was quite cold and tired as he crept about looking for a friendly rail worker. After a while he noticed someone checking boxcars to make sure the doors were shut. He carefully approached to see if the man looked friendly. When the moonlight hit the man's face, Lloyd saw a dignified gentleman who he was sure he could trust. "Hello" he said, slowly drawing near. "Hello there young fellow," the man responded, "are you lost?" Lloyd timidly offered "no, I'm looking for switchman Stringer in case he is on duty tonight." The kindly fellow beamed a comforting smile declaring "I'm Stringer, how did you hear about me?" Lloyd timidly extended his hand as Stringer firmly grasped it. "A friend of yours, a home builder whose wife put him in the nut house to get his money." Stringer chuckled "oh, yea, poor guy, how's he doin,' or you wouldn't know?" Lloyd continued "he said you could help me get to Rexburg, Idaho; my girl is there and I gotta see her." Stringer noticed "hey, what happened to your shoes" to which Lloyd responded "oh, my feet swelled up real bad and didn't fit my shoes so I put on lots of socks." Stringer cocked his head trying to believe it then put his arm around Lloyd assuring "sure kid I'll get you out soon on a train to Ogden then another switchman can get you to Rexburg." Stringer led Lloyd over the tracks and down through the yard to a few cars waiting to be hitched onto a train. "Here kid, this is a lumber loader; there is a bit of heavy paper in a large sheet you can roll up in to keep warm. This car goes through Laramie, Wyoming and it will be way below zero and you could freeze to death." Lloyd climbed into the boxcar, found a spot in the corner and wrapped up in the paper using his clarinet case as a pillow. Stringer called out "you OK in there kid?" Then he added "I'm gonna nail a block of wood in the door so no one can lock it on you; otherwise you might be stuck in there for weeks on some side track." Stringer got the block and nail, whacked it a few times with a crowbar then said "OK kid I gotta get back to work so just hang on and in a few hours your car will be coupled onto the train to Ogden."

Clicking Rails to Ogden

Lloyd felt relieved because he had avoided becoming a lobotomized zombie and he was on the way to see Deanna, the only person thought he had any connection with in the outside world. He dozed off for a few hours then felt the jolt of the boxcar being coupled onto a train then soon the sound of the wheels happily rolling along the tracks to Wyoming, ka-click ... ka-click ... ka-click ... ka-click. Occasionally, he would feel the train slowing into a station where it stood for a while then was off clicking along through the snowy mountains. Once in a while, a rail worker would shout into the car "anyone in there?" Lloyd would timidly respond positively and the worker would shout "OK!" In one station, a worker started hammering away at the wooden block that was keeping the door from locking until Lloyd called out "hey

don't, someone is in here!" The worker apologized and hammered the block back down. Then he asked "where ya headed?" to which Lloyd replied he was going to Ogden. The worker warned "ya better get into the next car cause this one ain't goin' nowhere for three weeks." Lloyd obeyed, clutching the paper roll around him and shuffling out and into the next car, thanking the worker who pulled out the door block and hammered it into the next car. There Lloyd curled up, shivering incessantly trying in vain to get warm in his paper roll which stopped at his ankles. Later in life, Lloyd sometimes wondered if he might have been better off quietly frozen to death on a side track in Wyoming rather than having to remain alive in an era when America and the whole world would become musically lobotomized brainless blobs, soulless zombies worshipping ugly inhuman electronically conjured noise called 'rock' when 'rot' should be its correct name. He might have been better off not having to witness the world's cultures and arts trodden under the foot of 'progress' and pulverized by scummy freaks whose vile screeching of blasphemous bilge replicates diabolic demons from the dregs of hell. He could have avoided seeing four satanic freaks with ugly moppy hair who hated God, classiness and culture, snuff out America's one contribution to the arts, jazz, in the worst musical genocide in world history since Adam and Eve.

Lloyd didn't know whether it was hours or days as he shivered in a daze in the lumber car when the train finally clinked to a halt. A rail worker came by and hammered the block out of the door when Lloyd shouted "where are we?" The worker answered "Ogden" and Lloyd called out "OK, I'll be getting out here." He picked up his clarinet case and limped on his completely numb feet to the door and out into the yard. The rail worker asked "you staying here or goin' on?" Lloyd answered "I gotta get to Rexburg, Idaho." The worker thought for a moment, then advised "you should go to Salvation Army, get some warm food, stay there a night and tomorrow get a train straight to Rexburg." He explained where the Salvation Army was and Lloyd shuffled away on his numb feet till he found it and went in. It was evening so he had a nice dinner after days of only a few crackers and chips with a few clumps of icicles or snowflakes melted by blowing on them and sipping the water. At dinner he made a few friends among the other unfortunates then was assigned a bed for the night. He got a top bunk and was relieved to finally be warm. But the next morning he woke up moaning and sometimes yelling in horrible pain. His feet felt as if they were being crushed under a train wheel. Soon the helpful director came and decided that an ambulance was needed because Lloyd's blue and green colored feet had to be treated immediately. The pain had been so terrible that Lloyd had bent the metal bar of the bed head that even a muscle-man weight lifter couldn't have done. Everyone there sympathized offering comforting remarks and encouraging him to hang on until the doctors could help him.

Frozen Feet, Sawed or Salvaged?

At the hospital Lloyd had to check his social security card because he still couldn't remember his own name. He was admitted and administered heavy pain medication until the doctor could come and make an analysis. The doctor was a tall dignified confident surgeon who quickly diagnosed the problem as severe frostbite which required immediate surgery before gangrene could set in and cause death. Lloyd probably should have chosen death to avoid the rest of his useless messed-up life; but he felt he needed to find Deanna to try to find out who she was and who he was. The doctor gave Lloyd eight hours to reveal the names of his parents or guardian to sign the authorization for the operation. Poor Lloyd had no idea who he was much less who his parents were, if he even had any. He tried to explain that he wasn't sure who to contact since he was on bad terms with his parents and was running away to Rexburg. The doctor didn't buy it and every hour came back to Lloyd's room asking for the information. Lloyd couldn't admit that he had just escaped from a nut house to avoid a lobotomy

which would certainly be waiting for him when the cops showed up to drag him back in there. So he figured having his feet cut off would be better than eternal zombiehood. Fortunately, one sweet old lady who worked in his ward befriended him and, after a few kindly chats, learned he was going to Rexburg to see his girl. She found out that the girl's name was Deanna and she knew that he was Lloyd Miller from his chart. Thank goodness for the plethora of gossips in small towns and for the Relief Society of the Mormon Church; because after a few calls to a relative in Rexburg, the sweet old lady learned all about Lloyd and Deanna and that Lloyd had been going to Madison High and had been staying with his grandparents W. Lloyd and Belva Adams. She soon had Lloyd's grandma on the phone who said they were so happy to find that Lloyd was all right and promised she would be there on the next train to see him and sign the release for the operation.

Sympathectomy and Sympathetics

When the doctor returned, this time he had a wicked-looking surgical saw in his hand which he waved in Lloyd's face warning "OK Lloyd, they have to come off in an hour" as he sawed back and forth with a sadistic glare. The kind old lady entered the room and quietly beckoned the doctor to hear what she had learned. Soon the doctor was smiling and tossed the saw on the table saying "OK Lloyd, your grandma gave permission for the sympathectomy; so no saw. She'll be here tomorrow to see you." Lloyd was then wheeled into the operation room where the doctor and assistants were waiting to perform the operation. Luckily Dr. Farr had performed many such operations successfully on soldiers with frostbite in Korea and was an expert in the procedure. He had explained to Lloyd that by cutting the sympathetic nerves which controlled the blood flow to the main arteries in the legs, a vigorous flood of blood would revive the dead feet. The only negative side effect could be swollen feet in summer and a 4F status in the draft which, wouldn't bother Lloyd one bit. Dr. Farr noted "so you probably won't be a postman or a soldier; but you'll walk fine even if you might have hot or painful feet in the summer." As he was fast fading into unconsciousness, Lloyd looked up at the doctor and muttered "glad I have a grandma and that she gave permission; I didn't want to bother my family."

The next day, Lloyd woke up to a sumptuous breakfast and the hope that he could realize his quest to find Deanna and reconstruct his past. He was happy to learn that he had a grandma and possibly more family and was anxious to meet her. Later that afternoon, a sweet kind angelic lady with curly gray hair and soft loving eyes came into the room and kissed Lloyd. She cried a bit then declared "I'm so happy to know you are alright and that your feet will be fine." She then slipped a pack of cigarettes out of her purse and stuffed it under the mattress warning "don't tell anyone I brought these for you." Lloyd was stunned because he had become a bit of a smoker in the nut house; but he thought no one knew about it. She must have heard it from Ebaugh and Drake. Then she instructed "and don't mention the sanitarium and you breaking out of there. We will just keep that to ourselves. When you are released from here, Mary will come in her car and bring you back to Rexburg where you can go back to school." Lloyd added "and see Deanna." His grandma smiled "of course, we'll have her come see you the minute you get there."

The few days recuperating were pleasant as Lloyd partially regained his naturally cheery personality and became pals with the hospital staff and even the doctor whom he thanked profusely for saving his feet. Lloyd's next visitor was his mother who he didn't remember at first, but was glad to find he had a mother somewhere. She also sneaked him a pack of cigarettes, even though he really hated smoking but had just started out of frustration and self-defense against other smokers. The two packs of a brand he had been using at the nut house lasted him for weeks and he wondered how everyone even knew the brand that he occasionally smoked. His mother filled him in on a few segments of his life sharing some fun and

funny incidents. He had learned a few things about his friends and his cousin Terry from his grandma but nothing about the store break-in. His mother informed him about his musical activities in Rexburg, none of which he remembered due to the shock and insulin treatments. Most of what he heard about his past seemed as if it was someone else and many things seemed hard to believe. He had no memory of any of it but tried to believe that it had really happened.

His last day at the hospital in Ogden, Dr. Farr came into his room and told him that his feet would be just fine and that he would probably never notice any problems. But his potential 4F draft exemption would probably still be in effect. Lloyd lay peacefully in bed waiting for his grandpa's dear friend and long-time law partner Mary Smith. He had no recollection of her but was anxious to meet her. Lloyd wondered why the good doctors at Mount Airy hadn't sent out an arrest warrant to bring him back in a straightjacket for his scheduled lobotomy. He surmised that staying in that expensive sanitarium must have cost way more than his family had budgeted; so they must have agreed to take Lloyd back to recuperate in Rexburg where they hoped the cops would leave him alone now that he was a harmless brain-dead blob.

A classy, dignified, well-dressed and charming woman entered Lloyd's room and introduced herself as Mary. She helped Lloyd get into a wheel chair and wheeled him to her big comfortable car where he leaned the seat back to keep his feet somewhat elevated as the doctor had advised. On the way to Rexburg, Mary related some of his past activities there; then she sternly warned "now you and your cousin Terry were involved in a childish prank breaking into a store. The police wanted to put you in jail so we had to commit you to the sanitarium so they couldn't arrest you. The doctors found you had some psychological problems for which you received treatments which they claim changed your thinking for the better." Lloyd wondered as he gazed at the sagebrush passing by "my thinking was changed to nothing since I don't remember anything." All he really remembered was his list of commandments that he wrote down and read continually the general message of which was that he hated America for what they did to him and because they despise and torment real artists and prevent them from ever succeeding. That and other statements remained engraved deep into his mind all his life resulting in his complete conviction that America is the evilest of all modernist tradition-trashing dictatorships. He fearlessly vocalized that knowledge and dedicated his full-time efforts to reviving traditional art forms, traditional attire and fundamental religious concepts all as hopeful bulwarks against the dangerous death grip with which the cruel arrogant multinational corporations strangle the entire globe. By trying to turn a fun-loving happy harmless musical genius into a mindless consumer blob through violent vicious barbaric psychological tortures, they actually created an enraged mortal enemy, although utterly powerless to do anything against them except rage and rave angrily the rest of his life.

Back in the Burg and Reconstruction of a Forgotten Past

Finally, Mary's car drifted into Rexburg past Porter Park where she noted Lloyd used to play and ride the famous vintage merry-go-round in his youth. They came to Main Street and Mary turned left and into the driveway of the gray stone Adams home on the corner. Lloyd tried to remember something about the place, but still couldn't bring back any recollections of the past. He climbed out of the car and onto his crutches hopping up the steps as his grandma opened the door. Mary brought his clarinet as he was shown to the sofa where he and Deanna had last shared a moment of harmless passion, which he had totally forgotten. He laid down with his feet on the couch and gazed out the window at passing cars as Mary and his grandma quietly chatted. It seemed that his grandpa was not there, maybe still at Mount Airy from what Lloyd was able to overhear. He wondered if his gramp was in another wing of the hospital and if

Hans and Fritz were bringing him Salty Dogs, if he was there for alcohol problems. His grandma brought him some of her wonderful corn on the cob, steak and potatoes which Lloyd gratefully devoured; then laid back and tried to remember some of his past. He dozed off for a while and in the early evening he was awakened by the sound of soft footsteps.

He looked up to see that familiar face from the photo he had cherished during his imprisonment at Mount Airy. Glowing with care and tenderness, Deanna came closer, sat on the couch and kissed Lloyd gently causing a comforting warmth to permeate every fiber of his being. Lloyd began to gently sob with both joy and sorrow. He was happy to finally find her, but sad that he could remember nothing about her; only that her photo was all he had to cling to and was his only reason to live during the torturous weeks of shock and insulin. He drew her close to him as she kicked off her high heels and slid next to him on the narrow couch. They kissed and hugged then kissed and hugged more until she ended up on top of him. He felt her firm breasts pressing against him when they both realized that they were approaching a degree of intimacy that neither were ready for. She slid from on top of him and he respectfully responded by trying to sit up then they just hugged tight for a few minutes before she noted “remember this white cashmere sweater? You gave it to me and made the whole school envious.” She was also wearing other gifts he had given her. Lloyd began to sob blubbering “tell me about you, about me and about us if there ever was an us. I can’t remember anything except that I cherished your picture as a reminder that I had a beautiful friend somewhere who might tell me who I was. It gave me the strength to endure the horrors of the sanitarium and to finally escape and somehow find my way here to you.” She mopped his tears with the embroidered handkerchief he had given her and assured “it’s alright Lloyd, I’ll tell you everything I remember.”

She began with how they first met when he insisted on carrying her books home from school, how they were in the clarinet section of the school band together and how Lloyd and his friend Charles Pendry got drunk on a band trip to Logan and how he drove band director Hal Barton crazy playing hot jazz licks on march tunes. Then how hard he had worked to be able to perform a perfect version of High Society hitting a C above high C on the clarinet for a music contest but only got a 2 instead of winning with a 1 because it was jazz not classical or band music. She noted how Lloyd would often park up on the hill by the water tower and have a few beers and sometimes play hot jazz on his cornet late at night, either alone or while his cousin Terry and his girl Vi were making out in the back seat. She described in enthusiastic detail how she and he with Terry and Charles one night cruised the town, folding stop signs and painting some with red cycles and hammers and how Lloyd had painted a big red cycle and hammer on the side of city hall while the rest of the gang sat in the car giggling. Then how dumb and drunk Lloyd spilled half the can of red paint in the back seat of Gramp’s Buick and, even after hours of trying to clean up the paint, stains still prevailed much to Gramp’s chagrin. She told him how he had broken into the store and stole some things and then confessed to her and how they had taken back what he had stashed in the garage. She divulged how they once were starting to make out like minks then broke it up because she had promised to be good for her missionary and how respectful and nice Lloyd was about it. Lloyd sat with eyes bulging in amazement at the string of stories.

Deanna went on to describe the crazy hot rod he and Charles had built, mostly Charles because he was a master mechanic, and how the cops would stop Lloyd for every possible little violation to harass him for his obnoxious hot rod. Then she promised “Charley and all your other friends will come over and tell you more about your antics. I’ll tell everyone you are back and to come over and see you. I’ll even tell Marvin the cop to drop over; he’s a friend of my dad’s. You can make peace with him since you are cured of your wild ideas.” Sure, Lloyd was cured of any ideas since he was just a lost boy with no memory. Lloyd thanked her with a loving hug and a kiss then began to sob again. She reprimanded him “hey cut it

out, where's that tough guy who scared everyone in town, that cool cat zoot-suiter who played hot blues sax on the Idaho Falls TV? Where's the groovy hot-rodder who could out-drag everyone in town?" He choked back tears muttering "I can't believe there is someone so beautiful, so kind, so caring and so fun like you, someone who can help me get back part of my memory."

The rest of the night all the way till two in the morning, Deanna delightfully divulged many things she remembered about Lloyd's past, about his grandpa and his studies. When it came to math and other subjects he had to admit "I can't do math anymore much less the calculus you say I was working on. I don't know anything about history or science or anything except music which I can do better than ever, for some reason." He limped over to the piano and cranked out some burning hot boogie then drifted into very hip cool jazz before Deanna warned "your grandma is asleep upstairs." Then she added "you never could play like that before. You were fantastic, just great; but this is even way beyond some of the music on those jazz records you gave me. So be happy that the hospital somehow made you more of a musical genius than ever and who cares about math or science. You always said that anything we learn in school is no good anyway. So be glad that you won't be able to do anything but music because that is what you were always destined to do." Lloyd gazed deep into her brown eyes then kissed her forehead hugging her firmly. "Thank you Deanna," he sighed, "you were worth freezing my feet for; you have given me a reason to live, even if we won't be romantically involved. I hope you have a beautiful life with your missionary because God, whoever and wherever He is, must love you a lot. You are an angel in a cashmere sweater." She giggle and noted "hey, I gotta get home, my folks told me to stay as long as you needed me; but tomorrow is school." He hobbled to the door and gave her one last harmless kiss. As her arm was sliding out of his hand, she noticed a tiny cycle and hammer sketched in pencil on the gray stone on the porch. She pointed to it and broke into hilarious laughter joined by Lloyd's wild cackling as he somehow tried to partly recall the prank. "Hey hush, you'll wake up your grandma" she warned as she climbed into her black car then backed out of the driveway throwing him an innocent kiss.

A Parade of Pals and Stirring Stories

The next day, as promised, Lloyd's friends and acquaintances poured into the house one by one to tell wild tales of fun adventures they had shared with him or had heard about from him or other sources. First to drop by was his dear pal Charles Pendrey who went over all the details of how he built Lloyd's hotrod which had remained languishing in the garage while Lloyd was away. He took Lloyd out to the garage and showed him the hotrod. Lloyd couldn't understand why it looked so funny and why the bottom of the windshield stuck out towards the front. Pen explained how they had found an old 32 Ford and reworked it. First of all, Pen had hunted down a 48 Merc V-8 engine and calculated the motor mount adjustments to fit it into the Deuce. Meanwhile Lloyd took the car up to Bell's Blacksmith shop up Main Street past Shirley's corner store where Lloyd used to love the burgers they made by sautéing onions before adding the burger with lots of pepper and, at the end warming the sliced bun face down on the grill. Their burgers were famous throughout the county and beyond. At the blacksmith's, Lloyd and the burley and clever younger Mr. Bell figured out how to drop the front axel a little over four inches. Bell found a big strong steel rod which he said he could cut two short pieces from, then cut the axel and weld the rods on both sides dropping it four and a half inches. Lloyd watched the welding through a mask to protect his eyes. When it was done, it seemed even stronger than before. When he asked how much it was, Bell, who was the kindest friendly guy, said "you got five bucks?" Lloyd pulled a five out of his pocket remarking "but that's not much at all." Bell smiled and said "we'll getcha next time." But every time Lloyd had work done there, Bell undercharged him. On a future visit, Bell chopped the top down, leaving only a few

inches for the windows. Since the windshield would be difficult to resize, Lloyd decided to reattach it and let it slant. He figured it would be better for speed although it looked a bit goofy. Lloyd had concluded that since he was from Glendale, and since the Glendale/Burbank area was the birthplace of hotrods, he had the right to create his own design.

Meanwhile, Pen, who worked in a garage as a mechanic, got the block of the Merc engine drilled out and got special oversized pistons and rings. He had the heads shaved and ground the cams and valves. Then he installed dual carbs and adjusted them for more power and installed dual pipes. The souped-up engine was then lowered into the Deuce, big tires went on the back and small ones in front. With a customized transmission, the rod was ready to lay rubber which it did all over town. Every time Lloyd needed some item for the car, Pen or cousin Terry or both would accompany Lloyd on a walk up to the his Gramp's law office past Watt's barber shop, Jolley's Drug, to Graham's Hardware, then up a long set of stairs to the door with lettering on the window that said "W. Lloyd Adams Attorney at Law." Lloyd would be ushered in by Rhea Fulmer, an excellent secretary and good friend, or by Gramp's kind and caring law partner Mary. Then Lloyd would launch into a long explanation about the cost of grinding cams or shaving heads. Gramp would nervously twitch then blurt out "forget the details, just tell me the cost!" Lloyd or Pen would timidly quote a figure then Gramp would dig into his pocket and produce the amount plus a little more in case they needed it for something unforeseen. After a few moments chat, Lloyd would thank Gramp and politely leave to get the parts or have the work done.

That hotrod was the bane of the burg. It was loud and scary, out-dragging everyone and setting 0 to 60 records (for Idaho) up and down Main Street where the speed limit was a lot closer to 0 than 60. Because of Gramp's power in the town and the respect everyone had for him, the cops couldn't do much about Lloyd, the little California creep who was a rabid rebel against the whole ugly American system. He thought the cops were part of the system, but didn't then realize that it went much further than that. He later discovered that the whole world is being held hostage by the horrible greedy multinational corporations and their government flunkies who control everything, plan and cause wars and secretly run the world for their own benefit. No one can do anything against them because the Devil himself is at the head of it all. Poor Lloyd didn't then realized that any feeble effort on his part to fight or improve the world would have less effect than a mosquito bite on an elephant. No one can ever expect to make even a tiny dent in the Devil's kingdom; the Devil is too smart, too powerful and has totally taken charge of almost everything on earth for his last big push to own it all, exactly according to the master plan. Every time Lloyd tried to explain or write about the problem later in life, the Devil successfully squelched his efforts.

Cousin Terry

So after Pendry, cousin Terry came to visit. He stayed most of the afternoon going over old times. He divulged how when they were kids they would put a dime or once even a silver dollar on the train tracks and then hide off in the bushes as a train chugged away from the station towards Idaho Falls. After the train had passed and the caboose faded off in the distance, they scampered to the tracks to retrieve the huge flattened remnant of the coin. Or how once, Lloyd as a young kid went to see the train chug into the station when a group of girl bullies were sitting on the large hand-pulled wooden mail wagon. They teased and insulted Lloyd in a hurtful way that surprised him since girls had always been his real friends and kind comforters. Lloyd tried to be so friendly, but one bad mean girl bully just kept calling him names. He went away that day in tears, wondering how girls could be mean like boys usually were decades later learning that a small handful of females in the world were man-hating

feminazi lesbians. Near the station, old aunt Heddy (everyone called her that) popped out of her home with a hot slab of ginger bread which she gleefully offered Lloyd. He ate some and felt much better then, near Gramp's house, he was beckoned by his cousins Sharon and Janine from next door to come and share some green apples with baking soda on them.

Terry reminded Lloyd of the many visits to the Jensen place across the tracks at 137 North 5th West where Terry taught Lloyd how to drive a tractor with the weird pedal controls and how to do farm chores such as feeding the mink. The mean little critters were restlessly pacing in their myriad minute cages clustered together in the garage-size mink pen. Terry warned that Lloyd should never get a finger anywhere near those vicious creatures because they would bite it off in a second. Lloyd thought the little fury guys were so cute since he had been fond of his several sets of pet rats in his childhood. Terry warned that mink don't become pets but are always mean and ferocious; he felt that since they were so evil, they deserved to be killed for their furs. Still Lloyd felt sorry for them and had a warm feeling for the poor little guys, even though he kept his hands deep in his pockets when he wandered around the stinky mink pen. The time he tried to drive the tractor and almost crashed into the mink pen would have been a disaster for the neighborhood; with those little monsters running loose, everyone would have fingers and toes bitten off. An animal that Terry highly praised was the pig. Lloyd had seen huge ugly smelly fat sloppy pigs rolling disgustingly in the filthy mud in a gaggy green sewagey pond out on Gramp's strawberry farm where Gramp tried to teach Lloyd some work ethic bending over and painfully picking strawberries in the hot summer sun. Lloyd thought pigs were just gross and horrible; but cousin Terry swore that they are the cleanest farm animal if you give them a chance. The one little baby pig that lived in the straw on the Jensen farm actually did seem to be quite clean, cute and very friendly. Lloyd wondered why anyone would eat those guys.

Terry described to Lloyd the two weeks of potato harvest vacation when everyone from school worked in the fields for a pittance; but it was welcome spending money for the kids. When big six foot two Lloyd went out into the field for an assignment, they figured he could buck 100 pound sacks of spuds onto the slow moving truck. After an hour of straining and grunting with the sacks, it became evident that he was a wimpy city slicker from sissy southern California who couldn't do any real work. During a welcome break, Lloyd shamefully slithered into the shed where Terry suggested that he help bust dirt clods on the combine with the girls. Sure Lloyd was always more comfortable around girls, but not as a wimp that could only do a girl's job. Some of the kids were giggling as big tall Lloyd rode around the rest of the day trying to keep up with his girl classmates pounding hard clods of dirt through the metal screen leaving the potatoes to be automatically bagged. He wouldn't be getting the big pay of a dollar a day for bucking spuds but would just get girls' pay for busting clods. Even if Lloyd had tried to be a sort of pachuco and wannabe tough guy in L.A., he was now pegged as a big sissy at Madison High where he had to try hard to get a few drops of respect or resentment or anything from the other students after that potato field embarrassment.

From information supplied by other friends, Lloyd learned that, while he totally messed up his first day a school and was a total flop with the girls at Madison High, cousin Terry and Pen were more successful, at least in picking young ladies who were mildly interested in them. Pen had a big crush on a gal named Elaine from Thornton, a little village south of the Burg on the way to Rigby. Terry fell for her little sister Violet or Vi and the two silly guys would make Lloyd cruise by their small home and park as they drank beer, or whatever was in their possession, and mope over their beloved sweethearts. Even Lloyd, who was an incurable romantic, got nauseated about how much the two were in love, pining and whining. Terry would start the song *Sweet Violets* and the other two semi or total drunks would join in with bad off-key harmony or worse. Poor Terry would sometimes cry in his beer and

Lloyd would razz them both about them being in love with a couple of Holy Roller chicks. Pen would retort that he wasn't LDS either and so was also a holy roller. Lloyd was really silly for such an accusation, he was about as LDS as Johnny Walker and hardly ever went to church and, if he did, they would probably have to ask him to leave because he reeked of tobacco and hangover booze. In fact, Vi and Elaine were against Terry and Pen's boozing and their parents were even more against them as bad kids. It was mostly Lloyd's fault as a really bad influence. Terry's stern redhead mom Mable didn't like Vi at first because she was non-LDS and lived out in the sticks. In the end Terry and Vi got married and stayed together long after Lloyd went through a few bad marriages. Vi proved to be a great influence on Terry; she joined the LDS church and got him so active that he had various leadership callings. Poor Pen never got Elaine to fall for him, even with his really great looks and very nice personality.

Gas Robbing Runaways & Adventures in Cal with a Bear Lake Booze Binge

Terry also recounted how he often got stuck with the chore of siphoning gas for late night cruises around town and in the countryside and recounted the time they decided to run away from town but were broke. So they filled up old Gramp's Buick at the station on the way out of town southward towards Rigby, then squealed out of the station without paying. They continued getting filled up then, to the shock of the attendant, digging out without paying making their way southward through Idaho Falls and on to Twin Falls. They weren't aware or didn't care was that the station attendants had been writing down their license plate number with its telltale 1M for Madison County. Then in Twin, the dummies thought they were invincible and went into a small market and shoplifted some snacks. When the storeowner accosted them, they ran like frightened rabbits to the car and laid rubber heading out of town to follow back roads towards Rexburg. They listened to the cops at the end of the dial on the car radio and were able to outwit them enough to get back to Pocatello before being arrested. Of course, good old Gramp, smooth and well-connected politician that he was, convinced the police that it was just a series of childish pranks, paid everyone involved probably more than they were owed and got the victims laughing about the dumb silly kids and their wild spree. Then Gramp convinced the cops that his friend, Madison County Sheriff Hansen, would take the train to Pokey and drive back with the pranksters. On the way back, Lloyd and Terry had to stop at almost every bar and beer joint and wait in the car for Hansen to have a drink or two until they finally made it back to Rexburg where they both had to help to good sheriff stagger into his office at City Hall before they drove Buick home.

Another time, Lloyd joined three hood kids who drove into town and were heading to Seattle. After bumping into Lloyd and sharing a few beers, Lloyd convinced them to take him along. This time he engaged in the same gas stealing prank and the gang got all the way to Pendleton Oregon before being caught. Lloyd saved his new friends by confessing to all the gas stealing and swearing the others had nothing to do with it. He spent a couple of days in jail before poor old Gramp came up to meet with the local judge and sweet talk him into turning Lloyd over to Gramp as a type of parole officer since Gramp had a few bad boy junior criminals reporting to him in Rexburg saving them from being locked up in the reform school at Saint Anthony. While in jail, Lloyd penned his first poem called To a Prisoner, which impressed his gramp and also the Oregon juvenile judge.

Even more crazy was the time old Cuz Terry came to visit Lloyd in California and they cruised around in Lloyd's dad's big Buick. There was a really hot chick named Myrna who Lloyd found on the cross-line that he and his classmates used at Flintridge to try to meet girls. One evening in the phone booth near the administration office, Lloyd dialed the number of the payphone, he got the usual busy

signal plus his dime back, then listened to the various voices trying to be heard over the busy signal. Then a sexy sounding girl was announcing that she was lonely and wanted to make out with someone, just anyone. Lloyd put on his most soothing and friendly personality and began reassuring her that she didn't really want to make out with just anyone but with someone who would really appreciate her and then he argued that he could be that person. Lloyd gave her his number, Citrus 1-7313; she give hers and they became phone friends, eventually secretly meeting at the Alex Theater in downtown Glendale. Lloyd was stunned at her fantastic figure extending way beyond the norm in just the right places, but with an unbelievably slender waist. She had beautiful long brown hair and a cute come-hither face. They made out like minks that afternoon staying through the show three times until Lloyd got scared his parents would wonder why he had been gone all day. He figured he could tell them he stopped to play touch football with neighborhood kids on the lawn of the mansion at the bottom of Royal Blvd on the corner of Del Monte. Since his dad would be happy to hear that, even though in reality Lloyd hated sports especially when it involved touching guys whom he despised with all his might. Lloyd figured guys who liked touching other guys in any sport were possibly unwitting fagots.

So outside the Alex, Lloyd and Myrna parted trying to pry themselves apart but rushing back for more succulent French kisses and sensual hugs. Other than his wild affair with the live-in Japanese student maid, Myrna was the only really hot babe Lloyd had experienced in his mid teens. Now that Terry was in town, Lloyd suggested that they drive up to Alta Dena where Myrna lived. Lloyd finally consented to Terry driving the car so he and Myrna could make out with a mad passion for a few blocks before she had to get back to the supervision of her parents. At the corner near her house, Lloyd flipped open the car door and she squoze in next to him then sat on his lap frantically kissing and hugging him and offering her fabulously protruding breasts for a few furtive feels. Terry was dumbfounded as was Lloyd until finally Myrna had to jump out of the car to get back to her house before her mom got mad, buttoning her blouse back up and showering Lloyd with a myriad more final kisses. He never saw her again and only talked a couple of times on the phone since he was no longer living in Glendale and also because her other 'boyfriend' had called Lloyd and warned him to stay away from her if he didn't want his face smashed in.

While Terry was in Cal, Lloyd's dad, always trying to do the right thing and usually missing the mark, had planned a fun trip to Big Bear Lake. They headed up into the mountains and got a cabin. One afternoon, Lloyd and Terry were walking from the cabin towards town, when at a curve in the road, a lowered sedan full of teenage punk hoods cruised by. Two of the hoods flipped the bird to Lloyd and Terry and Lloyd flipped it back. The sedan squealed into reverse and sped back stopping right next to Lloyd and Terry. The roughest of the hoods sitting on the passenger side of the front seat challenged out the window "you little jerks want a fight?" Lloyd, always the diplomat and a fun funny goofball, started his friendly prattle quickly calming the situation to the point that the hoods said, "get in and let's get some booze." Because Lloyd was tall and had an Idaho driver's license with a phony birth date he had doctored up making him old enough to but booze and weeds, he had volunteered to do the buying. Also he had a few bucks and, after taking a collection from the hoods and Terry, there was enough for a gallon of wine. After the purchase, he pranced out of the store with a sheepish smile, climbed into the sedan and announced "I got a gallon of Mogen David." Everyone but Terry moaned and looked nauseated because no one could imagine getting drunk on that sticky sickeningly sweet syrup. Then Lloyd pulled the gallon out of the bag revealing a regular easy-drinking red wine with plenty of alcohol content as everyone offered admiring remarks. After passing the gallon around many times with many crude remarks and wild cackles, they finished the whole thing off and all six were smashed out of their minds. The car weaved about as the hoods approached the curvy spot where they

picked Lloyd and Terry. They thanked the cousins, waved and drove off as Lloyd and Terry staggered along the road. Soon Lloyd's dad, who had been scouring the area for hours, drove up to the two drunks and yelled "get in!" He could tell that the two little jerks were drunk as skunks and he was silently fuming all the way back to the cabin and on the long drive back to Glendale. During the tedious trip back, Terry vomited out the window all over the car, so that later at a gas station, the attendant jibed "looks like they had one too many." Lloyd's dad cringed in disgusted fury over the embarrassment and irately glared at the vomit on his precious car which he always spent hours polishing and pampering. Although the cousins were giggling, Lloyd's dad didn't think it was a bit funny. Back in Glendale, the cousins sobered up just long enough to raid the liquor stash in the cabinet above the pantry in the kitchen. After a little whisky, gin, cognac and rum, the little creeps were drunker than ever. Lloyd's dad was sure relieved to get the bums out of the house and back to Rexburg where poor old Gramp had to deal with them.

Bad Start at Madison High

After a good laugh about the Bear Lake incident, Terry reminded Lloyd of when he first came to Rexburg which Lloyd called Hicksburg because of the farmsy dumbness of everything compared to L.A. Terry told Lloyd about his first fateful day at Madison High where he totally messed up forever. Lloyd was timidly climbing the steps to the main doors of the school when a cute saucy little babe approached him with an overly friendly come on. She extended her hand and stated "I'm Maureen" then she slid her arm around his waist like his longtime girlfriend. Of course Lloyd wouldn't refuse such warm affection from a fairly well endowed and nice looking girl. The two entered the building where curious students had been waiting to meet the interesting new guy from California. The minute they saw him with Maureen, they all looked terrified and hurried away. Half way down the hall, Terry rushed up to Lloyd and whispered "hey Cuz that's Maureen Gee, the school slut! Her dad's Johnny Gee, the town drunk! You are ruined forever in Rexburg." Then Terry took off not to be contaminated by Maureen's presence. Lloyd, who was to be the competing town drunk, resented that this poor sweet girl was branded and boycotted because of her dad and a few possible sexual encounters. So he belligerently hugged her boldly planting frequent sensitive and loving kisses on her lovely lips as they strolled down the hall like he was a letterman with a cheerleader, completely disgusting everyone who witnessed the horrid scene. After school, Lloyd drove Maureen to her little run-down house across from Porter Park and they made out for an hour in the car avoiding any blatant sexual activities. He wanted to prove to those little brat snobs at Madison High that Maureen was actually a pretty and nice girl not the school slut. Lloyd was never able to recuperate whatever reputation he might have built and to live down his effort to defend a poor girl's dignity and from then on everyone treated him like a leper. And nothing permanent ever ensued from his temporary 'fling' with Maureen.

Too bad, because during that first week, Lloyd came across who he considered the three hot shot school super babes: Deanna, Sharon and Pam. Pam was a cute little proper and religious blond, Sharon was a cheer leader, the daughter of a well to do dry farmer and Deanna was an intriguing dark mysterious beauty that Lloyd immediately fell for but to absolutely no avail especially now that he had become the school scum. The tantalizing trio wouldn't even look at Lloyd much less return a greeting. However, he kept hounding Deanna with kind remarks and was blessed to be sitting near her in the clarinet section of the band every day. After continually being nice to her, she finally agreed to allow him to carry her books home from school since it was a heavy stack of stuff. Although Deanna was in the hotshot gang of three, she had a soft heart and realized that Lloyd had been wrongfully condemned

because he was kind to Maureen even if Maureen actually was pretty loose and wild and thus partially deserving her reputation. Others of the students could see a sweet and kind innocence in Lloyd even if he had a fake tough outer shell for protection. When it came to his skills in music, as usual, Lloyd could be forgiven for some of his shortcomings which included his exaggerated Southern Cal greasy offensive wannabe pachuco hairdo combed up on both sides and hanging forward in his face with a greasy ducktail in the back. Lloyd had convinced his grandpa to buy an expensive cashmere sweater for Lloyd to give Deanna and other classy gifts from time to time which she reluctantly accepted, more out of pity than any selfishness.

Deanna was a real saint and her goodness was one of the influences that eventually helped Lloyd to abandon his sinful ways later in life. Lloyd felt that maybe he could become more acceptable if Deanna would take him seriously; but he wasn't aware that she was semi-engaged to a really nice guy who was on a mission and for whom she was faithfully waiting. Lloyd had been baptized a Mormon at eight years old but was never really active because his parents were not at all active. They mostly used the Church as a social club to hobnob with important families in the Rossmoyne area and as a convenient way to babysit Lloyd and his sister. Rexburg was almost totally Mormon which explained why the kids at Madison High eventually became friendly and tried to 'help' Lloyd out of his sinful lifestyle. They couldn't know the permanent damage he had suffered from the ugly parties and stupid friends his parents had and the whole social climbing nightmare that caused him to despise America and everything about it. This emotion could never leave him until the U.S. eventually is wiped off the face of the earth and the Kingdom of God rightfully replaces it.

Painful Plight as Pinsetter at Park Lanes Bowling Alley

Terry reminisced about the torturous nights slaving as underpaid pinsetters at the Park Lanes Bowling Alley working for Mary's husband Volney Oldham. It was a tormenting grueling job that always seemed to last forever, night after night after night. The worst was the weekend leagues where supposed hotshot bowling stars, often sporting various outlandish attire, cowboy fashions or team jerseys or whatever, would spitefully spin speed balls at Lloyd and Terry often before they could get out of the line of fire. So every night the poor kids were hit in the legs a few times by the nasty little ego-tripper bowling bastards. No matter how fast the boys jumped from one alley to the other, occasionally manning all four alleys at once so the other guy could run or limp to the bathroom, no one ever gave them time to fully clear all the pins away before shooting another insane speed ball right at them. Almost every ball could have killed Lloyd or Terry if they weren't quick like rabbits at jumping aside when the thump of another ball made them jump to their safe spot between the alleys. But at least once a night, a left over pin they couldn't clear flipped up and hit them somewhere, even in the face or head. At the miserable end of each night, they compared bruises, bloody cuts and various wounds as the haughty snotty leaguers loudly and often inebriatedly boasted of all their 300s and close to 300 scores. It was horrible especially when the creeps were from IF or Poky and had no remorse over any damage they imposed on the poor pinsetters who were apparently targets to be assaulted by the drunks.

Only once there was a overly built lady from IF who stunned the boys with her gorgeous face, her silken locks and exaggerated sexuality that jiggled through her tight fitting bowling outfit as she rolled her continual 300s. But she was more dangerous than the most vicious speedballers because she sidetracked the pinsetters so that once Lloyd was smashed in the leg by a speedball which put him out of commission for the first month of school with a broken leg and an ugly cast. He learned how to jump up on his crutches and hop on them at a fast pace amazing the kids at school and winning many

well-wishing autographs on his cast. Terry was not so lucky. Weeks of working two and sometimes four lanes and dodging speedballs or flying pins, seriously injured his back in a way that caused permanent disability. He had to struggle for months to finally get some tiny remuneration from the insurance of the bowling alley. But the two substantial injuries finally and happily ended Lloyd and Terry setting pins at Park Lanes or anywhere ever again.

Possibly as a consolation, Volney offered Lloyd and Terry a better paying summer job assembling Wonder Buildings that were corrugated slabs of thin metal with holes drilled so they could be bolted together to make a huge grain storage structure. That summer, Lloyd worked hard and effectively, as always, finding faster ways of bolting and attaching rows of sheets together. But on the negative side, Lloyd would bring a gallon thermos of beer to which he would add ice and offer the fun refreshment to his exhausted companion workers resulting in their efficiency suffering in the late afternoons. The cold beer was a great improvement over the occasional vanilla extract that the cousins had been obliged to buy at the market in the Burg for the meager alcohol content. Eventually Volney caught them boozing and again Lloyd was in trouble with poor old Gramp who was seriously tiring of all the nuisance Lloyd continually caused.

More Former Friends and Restored Recollections

Terry had to break off his stories for a while leaving Lloyd to contemplate and to try to remember any of it. A while later there was a knock on the door and Lloyd opened it to find Marvin the cop who had wanted to have Lloyd put in jail for he store break in and everything else. Lloyd wondered who Marvin was and invited him to come in. After a few minutes of conversation, Marvin realized that Lloyd really had been brain burned and knew nothing about the break in or Marvin or anything at all. Marvin was hoping for a few remorseful confessions from Lloyd about the robbery, the bent stop signs, painting the red cycle and hammer on city hall or other illegal activities. But after he saw Lloyd's pitiful situation, he felt sorry for him and just chatted about Lloyd's old hotrod and how he used to win all the drag races up and down Main and vex the cops with his loud pipes. Lloyd moped that he wasn't interested in driving the hotrod anymore and didn't know how to drive and wasn't really interested in doing anything. Marvin then started to offer religious counseling, encouraging Lloyd to become active in the Church and to pursue his musical skills and forget about being a delinquent. Since Lloyd didn't know what a delinquent was anymore and only really remembered music, he readily agreed and they ended up friends as Marvin warmly shook Lloyd's hand wishing him luck in the future and promising him that someday he would be a strong Church member and would bring many to the knowledge of the gospel. Marvin slowly wandered to his police car as a couple of tears dripped from his eyes wondering how a poor kid could have completely lost his memory of anything and was now just an empty hollow husk. Lloyd returned to his couch stunned wondering how Marvin could have prophesied such craziness. Lloyd had been worthless boozing bum, a girl chasing (but almost never catching) little creep and now a shuffling mindless zombie; how could he ever be a vibrant missionary for something he didn't really know about or even believe in?

Various other former acquaintances and friends dropped by to chat including the super sexy hot shot cheer leader friend of Deanna, Sharon Rammel. She entered the room and sat close to Lloyd on the couch in her snug fitting sweater and skirt romantically gazing up at him. As unforgettable as she was, Lloyd didn't even remember her at all. She tried to cheer him up recounting funny stories about band where she was in the flute section close to his clarinet section. She reminded him of the time he wrote a jazz Dixie arrangement of Skokiaan for the pep band and how he tormented Mr. Barton with

his high riding hot New Orleans clarinet licks on Semper Fidelis and other band tunes. Then she glared at him and suddenly wrapped her arms around him pressing her protruding chest firmly against him and smothering him with hot kisses. Then she drew back apologizing “I know you are in love with Deanna, but I always liked you. Sorry, I shouldn’t have done that.” Lloyd disagreed “no that was great but I am sorry to say I don’t remember you but I sure wish I did because you are definitely worth remembering. Anyway, I have something beautiful to remember now.” Sharon blushed timidly and, after one more kiss, left promising that Pam and other friends would be by soon. Just at that moment, Pam drove up to the house and exchanged greetings with Sharon in the driveway.

Pam, with her fun blond hair and cheery personality, had become a cheerleader that year. She entered the living room, sat in the chair with its back to the picture window facing the street, leaned forward and began a powerful and convincing sermon about the LDS Church and the importance of the Gospel. She argued that Lloyd needed to change his lifestyle and become active in the Church to become really happy and to be a useful force in society. She promised him that someday he would be active and why not start now. Lloyd answered that he didn’t know how or when he would become an active participant in religion. He promised that he would think about it; but right then he was pretty brain dead and not able to do much of anything but try to learn of his past and try to put it all together. Pam continued to affirm the truth of the Gospel and had Lloyd convinced; but it didn’t do any good since he was not even a person yet but was just a zombie blob with no memory and nearly no feelings left. Lloyd thanked her for caring and she left giving him a sisterly gentle hug.

Distressing the Band Director Barton

Finally, Lloyd had met enough former friends and acquaintances that he decided to go back to school and try to go to classes. Again on crutches, like after the pin setting accident, Lloyd limped up the steps of Madison High acknowledging occasional smiles and greetings from sympathetic students since by now they all had heard of his grief at Mount Airy. Everyone was very friendly and kind including band director Hal Barton who offered Lloyd a job working at his new music store repairing instruments. Every day after school, Lloyd went to the store and first worked on a tuba with a stuck valve. Lloyd had gotten a stuck trombone slide working in California during his junior high years by sliding it thousands of times until the stiffness loosened and finally is almost played well. Although Lloyd didn’t remember anything, he felt like he could keep working the tuba valve with grit until it would finally play smoothly. He learned how to tune pianos and replace clarinet and saxophone pads. But then Hal pulled a dirty trick on Lloyd and insisted that his gramp buy him a new Boehm system clarinet which Lloyd abhorred. He hated the inhuman machine character of the stupid Boehm with more useless keys for chromatic runs and fancy commercial or classical techniques that were not necessary for playing trad jazz. Also Boehm clarinets had no tone, they were inhuman and lacked the warmth of the traditional Albert system. The in-between notes, the half-flats characteristic of blues and Eastern music, we lost in the heartless Boehm.

Lloyd began a tirade about how valuable his authentic clarinet was and how it had kept him going through his miserable days in the nut house and, as Lloyd had relearned from friends and family. He stressed how he had recently learned that his dad had worked his way through college in the 20s playing that very clarinet with the famous Doc Evans at Carleton College in Minnesota. Barton was unyielding like a typical western classically trained schoolteacher. Unbeknownst to Lloyd, Barton had convinced Gramp to buy the Boehm. Soon the philosophical tug of war between tradition and so-called ‘progress’ came to a head when Barton glared at Miller in band class and, in front of everyone yelled

“Miller, don’t come back to band with that piece of crap clarinet!” Lloyd smiled at his friends Pen, Deanna, Sharon, French hornist Linda Weiser, etc., put his dad’s clarinet in the case and limped out of class on his crutches. Needless to say, Barton lost the respect of the students for his harsh treatment of Lloyd the musical genius who was trying to recuperate from savage psychiatric torture and mental annihilation.

Lloyd went home and said nothing to his grandma or grandpa but went to the garage and found a piece of conduit pipe that his clarinet mouthpiece would fit over and tried playing it finding to his joy that it was in Bb. So Lloyd frantically drilled a hole and played it finding that he had successfully guessed where F would be. He then planned the other main notes in the Bb scale working from the psychic genius that had taken the empty space where his destroyed brain had been. He continued drilling the necessary holes and correcting two that were a bit off by using masking tape above and below the holes to adjust the tones. Since the bottom Bb was a bit high, Lloyd found a funnel which he sawed off to fit over the pipe and then taped it onto the end of the pipe. Then, since the last hole was very difficult to reach with his little finger, Lloyd got a wire and rounded the end where he taped a chewed up piece of paper towel in the center. Then he taped the top of the wire to the pipe so that he could press down on the wire like a key. Then he practiced *Semper Fidelis* and a few Bb trad jazz clarinet pieces using both octaves that amazingly worked almost as well as a real instrument. He went to bed then peacefully woke the next morning when he took his homemade conduit pipe clarinet and carefully disguised it in a scarf. Finally he confidently strode into band, the boy who the evil doctors at Mount Airy couldn’t change without a lobotomy which he miraculously avoided. He was determined that no one was going to force him to abandon his father’s clarinet and the jazz tradition passed down from Alphonse Picou, George Lewis, Johnny Dodds, Omer Simeon and others.

Barton entered the room and started the rehearsal and Lloyd was playing exceptionally following all the clarinet parts he had learned from listening to others in the section since he wouldn’t read music. On the final chorus of *Semper*, Lloyd was happily doing his usual jazzy George Lewis licks when Barton suddenly halted the band, threw down his baton and stared at Miller angrily shouting “what the hell is that?” Lloyd blandly retorted “just my jazzy licks I do on the last chorus.” Barton fiercely growled “I mean that piece of junk you are playing.” Lloyd calmly responded “you said if you ever saw my dad’s beautiful Albert clarinet here again, I would be kicked out of band. Well, you haven’t seen it and this works fine and is better than that garbage Boehm you forced my gramp to buy.” He looked at Pen and Deanna who smiled in respect for Lloyd’s courage before they returned to the frightened faces that they thought Barton preferred. Barton raised his arm and fiercely pointed at Miller screaming “Miller, get out and never come back!!” Needless to say Lloyd’s job at the music store was over too.

Lloyd was discouraged with all his classes since he couldn’t do math or science any more and remembered no history or any subject. The only thing he could have excelled in was music but now he was banned from band. So Lloyd ended just sitting just sitting in the living room all day and listening to his jazz 45s or playing the piano. Mostly he was depressed, alone and unable to understand who he really was and what he was supposed to do in life. He came out for New Year’s Eve to get drunk with a couple of friends and they decided to drive by Barton’s place at midnight and Lloyd blew some hot licks on his cornet until Barton opened the upstairs bedroom window and blandly offered “thanks guys,” and closed the window. Lloyd became a hermit the rest of the school year except for the few people who dropped by to sign his yearbook. At the end of the school year, Lloyd daringly asked Deanna’s little sister on a date, mostly to show that he was still alive. They went to the Madison High game and Lloyd was mildly making out with his date under the bleachers when Deanna stormed into their hideout and broke up the

lovebirds declaring “hey leave her alone!” The next day Lloyd was visited by the sister’s boyfriend and told the same thing. He apologized and promised to leave everyone alone because in a few days he would be going to California to stay. He soon made friends with the angry boyfriend demonstrating his basic friendliness even if he was still unaware of who he was. Soon, Lloyd’s parents came to Rexburg to gather his and his belongings and to take him back to Glendale. Lloyd was remembering a few scattered events in his life and, from reports by his friends, remembered a little about his childhood pal drummer Spencer Dryden. Lloyd started remembering more and more but he never became a normal ‘happy’ person but was permanently deeply scarred from the horrors of Mount Airy and an avowed enemy of the evils of the satanic heartless materialistic society that the U.S. had become to allow and support such a horror.

Chapter 39

Factory Gig in Bell Gardens and Jamming Around L.A.

Lloyd was destined to be part of the California jazz scene almost to the point of becoming one of the well-known jazzmen before rock invaded the music scene and crushed jazz like the vicious and cruel Mongol hordes that decimated innocent nations as they marauded west. So after Todd School and Madison High School in Rexburg, Idaho, Lloyd returned to California to seek his fortune in the jazz scene, playing at all the right clubs occasionally with other up-and-coming jazz personalities. He never completed his degree at Madison High because of his burned out brain. He did get a diploma because his poor mom had to salvage his schoolwork by making up his last classes for him and turning in the work. He tried to find a day job in the L.A. area and started out at Sears Warehouse where he was a very enthusiastic and hard-working stock boy. He got the job through the LDS Church job service and was soon very well liked by all his coworkers for his cheerful and helpful attitude. The AF of L CIO union representative had almost talked Lloyd into joining the Union although Lloyd was not a fan of organizations. He had been an AF of M member since he was 13 in the Rexburg Local where the secretary Gar Gibson helped him find a few jobs and kept his membership current. One day, an administrator came up to Lloyd, shocking him and his coworkers by handing him a final check and saying “you’re not working here anymore, we don’t want your kind around here.” Lloyd was stunned and the union rep mused “if you had just joined, we could fight for you to stay.” Lloyd muttered “that’s OK, I think I know what happened and it isn’t their fault.” He remembered what his friends told him what Skipper said at the airport when Lloyd was whisked away from Todd School “just don’t ever ask us for a recommendation.” So Sears probably found out about Lloyd’s foolish prank at Todd and were rightfully, although unnecessarily, worried about him working at their warehouse.

Lloyd drove back to Glendale that day to tell his teary-eyed parents that he had been canned, but that was OK. The next day, his dad went to work on all his Lions Club and Glendale College friends to find another job for Lloyd. Soon he arranged one at a factory in the Industry area of L.A. and Lloyd was off to try his luck again. This time he didn’t put much on his resume so that the places he had been kicked out of wouldn’t be able to offer any scary stories about him. Lloyd drove to L.A. and found Slausen then drove to the corner of Bandini where National Screw and Manufacturing was located. When he read the name on the building, he chuckled and then winced, realizing that he would have to undergo a lot of kidding from his friends and anyone he told about his job. He went into the big building where workers were busily making and assembling strange bolts. He asked for his new boss Roger who was known as Rog, a completely dedicated, hard-working yet friendly and understanding young fellow with short reddish hair.

Rog gave Lloyd a quick rundown on the history of the company that started out in the 1800s making horseshoe nails and later bolts. Now it had become the main manufacturer of special fasteners for the aircraft industry, which could be tightened from one side without needing someone on the other side as had been necessary with riveting. The wonderful fasteners were called jo-bolts named after Joe, the man who had invented them. Rog handed Lloyd a jo-bolt and told him to check it out. Lloyd with his former over 180 IQ, although burned out in the nuthouse, quickly realized that the thing screwed backwards and that the sleeve at the end was set up to expand to hold the bolt firmly in place. He excitedly observed “wow, this is really ingenious; it’s amazing!” Then Rog proudly put a jo-bolt in the hole of a metal piece in his vice, placed an automatic screwdriver on the end and pulled the trigger, introducing Lloyd for the first time to the happy ‘zzzzzz’ sound that would come to be a major part of his life for the next year. The flat threaded bolt turned against the round cone-shaped nut as the sleeve at the other end expanded to hold it in place. Rog explained “our job is to test one or two from each batch to make sure the sleeves don’t break before the bolt is fully tightened. If so, we have to toss out those sleeves and then we need to assure that they make stronger ones.” Lloyd was hooked on the fun job of testing jo-bolts and by the end of his first day he was somewhat of an expert.

After his first day of work, Lloyd drove into the nearby town of Bell Gardens to seek a room he could rent. After a couple of hours, he came across a sign boasting “room for rent.” He went up to the house and knocked on the door and soon his future landlord Mr. Devito appeared. Devito was businesslike but cordial and quoted a monthly rate that seemed to be within Lloyd’s budget from what his wages were. Devito showed Lloyd his accommodation in a building separate from the house with a small living room, a tiny kitchen area, a small bedroom and a small bathroom with a shower. The best part was that there was a piano there; so Lloyd knew he could work on his jazz. He sat down and plunked out a few chords and a blues line as Devito gazed admiringly, noting “so you’re a musician?” Lloyd admitted he was and said he was working at National Screw to keep alive while he tried to make it in the L.A. jazz world. Devito shot a sardonic smile his way and warned “you won’t find any jazz in Bell Gardens, just country. Most folks here are Okies and Arkies . . . come to work in the factories. Me, I’m a Dago; I dig jazz and other music; so you got one fan.” Lloyd handed Devito the cash for the first month rent, money his dad had lent him, and thanked him. Devito added “if you need anything or want to know anything about the town just come over and knock on the door.”

Mr. Devito, although he tempered his warm Italian personality with a serious tone to maintain a good business relationship, was considered by Lloyd as a good friend. One night when Lloyd was really low on cash, Devito came over to collect the rent. Lloyd frantically scrounged around the whole apartment for any change he could find, emptying his cup of pennies and digging his emergency dollar bill from under the ice tray in the fridge. He just barely got the full rent together and thanked Devito for accepting so much change. Lloyd sat back down at the piano and continued to interpret Funny Valentine with deep emotion and sorrowful sensitivity. Devito lurked for a few minutes outside the door then finally knocked again. Lloyd opened the door and Devito handed him back the rent saying “hey kid, keep this until you get paid.” Devito never did collect that rent and Lloyd considered it an act of kindness that he hoped would go on Devito’s record in heaven. It was one of thousands of kindnesses Lloyd was to experience throughout his life, continual reminders that people are mostly good and that God is always there helping people even when they don’t believe in or care about Him.

The first week at work, Lloyd met some of his fun and quirky coworkers. He was drawn to a pert and pretty girl named Della who was in assembly. He sat mesmerized how fast she could assemble the bolts and ventured “I’m Lloyd and you are?” With an adorable southern drawl she shot back “I’m Della” to which Lloyd responded “so you’re an Okie or an Arkie?” Della dropped the handful of jo-bolts and glared

at him angrily “don’t you ever say that again; I’m from Dallas. I ain’t no Okie or Arkie!” Then she tossed her long red pony tail and smiled “you can call me Tex or Dallas; so what’s your story?” Lloyd timidly responded “I’m a jazz musician and this is a day job until I get known.” Della chuckled “you ain’t never gonna get known in Bell Gardens; ain’t nothin’ but country here. Sandy Stanton has a country band over at the Lido; you could probably play there sometimes.” Lloyd thought for a minute then asked “do you go there?” Della flashed a flirty smile and said “sure, why don’t you drop by tonight; I’ll buy you a beer, or maybe you’re too young.” Lloyd blushed and retorted “well not too young for everything.” They giggled then Lloyd noticed Rog struggling along with a handcart stacked above his head with shiny new jo-bolts in those characteristic wooden boxes similar to orange crates. “See you tonight,” he promised as he rushed to help his boss and pal unstack the crates and begin testing the sleeves.

After work, Lloyd went to his apartment, showered and dressed up then knocked on Mr. Devito’s door to learn where Lido’s was. Devito noted that it was a hick joint on the corner of Eastern and Clara. Everyone knew where Eastern was and Bell Gardens was a very small town; so Lloyd was soon strutting into the place where dozens of fairly inebriated obvious hicks were slouching, staggering or attempting to dance as whiney twangy hillbilly sounds oozed from the bandstand. Lloyd had to wince a lot, having spent his life discerning between bad music and good trad, modern jazz or blues. Nothing yet had knocked his brain about like this corny hokey stuff, although there was a portion of familiarity in some of it from the old New Orleans music Lloyd was accustomed to. He found a seat and tried to figure out what was happening musically.

A few minutes later, Della, dolled up beautifully, came over and sat down next to him. “So can you ‘dig’ this music?” she coyly challenged. “I think I can follow the changes and the simple melodic lines” he answered then added “how about that beer?” Della took his hand and admitted “I was just kiddin; I’d get in trouble.” He smiled “don’t worry, I’m cool.” Then Della jumped up, pulled Lloyd to his feet and dragged him to the bandstand where she shouted to the leader “hey Sandy, this here’s my friend Lloyd from work and he plays a mean piano.” Lloyd wasn’t really sure if he dared even go near the piano in such a place; but band leader Sandy Stanton grabbed his hand, shook it and then gently pushed him onto the piano bench instructing “just plink out some triads, mostly high notes in the right hand and follow the bass with the left. Sandy leaned into the microphone and announced “Fokes, tonaht we got us a speshul guest here at Lido’s in Bayl Gordens, Floed who’s gonna be on piyana fer our nex song ‘Yer Cheetin’ Hort.”

The first few measures, Lloyd was struggling to find what key they were in then, much to his horror, discovered they were playing in E natural, a key he had never even thought of playing in for any reason. All through the set, everything was in E, A and one in B all of which terrified Lloyd who was used to F, Bb and occasionally C or Eb. Soon Lloyd figured out how to plink those high triads that Sandy wanted and sometimes play a swinging left, following the bass line with phrases in E natural like for instance E and G Ab B Ab back to E. After a few tunes with Sandy singing in his strong southern drawl, Lloyd was told to take a solo. Well, it wasn’t like a cool jazz club where he could wow everyone with his sophisticated changes, voicings and intricate melody lines. He just kept pumping the swinging left like the old piano roll tunes he imitated in his youth and the tinkling triads in the right with overtones of some more sophisticated bluesy ideas taken from New Orleans pianist Alton Purnell.

Somehow Lloyd became a hit at the hick joint and was asked by Sandy to come back anytime to play with the Westernairs. Sandy was such a nice and kind man, that Lloyd felt it his duty to drop by a couple of nights a week to sit in a set of two. Eventually, when one of the musicians was indisposed, Sandy asked Lloyd to come and play a full night and he almost became part of the band. It wasn’t his goal to become a hillbilly piano plinker, but at least it was a gig, unpaid, of course. One night Lloyd’s dad came to see him in action and, as was his custom, sidled up to Sandy to slip a twenty in his hand whispering “keep an eye

on him and don't let him drink any alcohol." Sandy was an honorable fellow, so he later told Lloyd about it then gave Lloyd the twenty, telling him it was for all his help and made Lloyd promise to honor his dad's request and never to drink at the Lido especially when playing there. At work, Della became very chummy with Lloyd who had become the new country piano star of Bell Gardens (big deal). He thought she was kinda cute; but, as in most cases, their friendship was platonic only, although they flirtatiously kidded around a lot and shared a couple of kisses and very warm hugs.

Another co-worked at the jo-bolt plant was Dave who sported a Shorty Rogers type goatee and was the one other 'cool cat' in the company. One day, he motioned to Lloyd to join him in the narrow hallway where he divulged his groovy information. He said "hey man, you're a jazz cat, right? So like the cool place to jam is like the Red Feather over on 88th and Figueroa; some really hip players drop in there for the sessions. Like I hang there sometimes, it's way out man. And like if you need an easy high, you can get codeine turpinhydrate cough medicine by signing for it at a pharmacy and one bottle can stone you out a couple of times. And like some cats use Velo inhaler by chewing on it, but it's some nasty stuff, not very groovy."

Red Feather, Digger, Purple Onion and More

Lloyd thanked Dave and decided to hit the Feather for the jam that weekend. He practiced his cornet in the car parked inside the fence on Bandini during lunch breaks and worked on piano every night at his pad. So that weekend he cleaned up, dressed up and gulped down a half bottle of that nasty tasting codeine turpinhydrate cough syrup he had started using occasionally for a cheap high. He climbed into his dad's Buick which he had been borrowing and headed up Eastern to Slauson where he turned left following the direction that Rog had suggested. He went down Slauson crossing Atlantic past the single story buildings and little mostly industrial shops through Vernon city and eventually to Figueroa where he turned left. He continued down Figueroa, which was occasionally lined with palm trees passing Gage Ave. and Florence which he later decided was the best street to make the trip from his Bell Gardens apartment to the Feather. Finally, he passed Manchester and, at the corner of 88th and Figueroa, there on the left side of the street was a parking lot and the Red Feather marked by a red neon sign in the shape of a feather on the side of the building.

Lloyd excitedly pulled his car into the parking, grabbed his cornet case and headed into the club. Inside he noticed the jukebox on the right playing Julie London's recording of Cry Me a River with the bandstand at the front. On the bandstand was a drum set, an upright piano and a bass resting on a chair. There was no microphone, which wasn't important in those days of acoustic jazz; it just meant that the bass player had to really play strong, the drummer had to be soft and sensitive, which most were, and the pianist had to take the covers off both above and below the keys. The singer had to honk it out hard and move among the tables at times to reach everyone. Lloyd looked around and noticed a fairly full crowd at the small place that served drinks and food. The owner came up and asked "you a musician?" Lloyd answered positively and asked "is it cool to sit in?" The owner said "of course, man; that's what's happening here." During the many times Lloyd played there, he never figured out if there was a house trio or something who were paid and everyone else sat in or if it was only a sit-in place.

Soon a tall thin square-looking intellectual girl with glasses and a self-conscious shyness went up to the piano and hit a few chords. A hip-looking bass player with a short beard wandered up and checked the tuning on his G and D strings and soon a drummer sat down at his set, laying down a few subtitle patterns with his very thin light and soft sticks. "Let's do Dig" the pianist quietly suggested and in a moment she was wailing out the head with precise perfection. Her solo was very hip although not as funky and hard

driving as the Hampton Haws or Horace Silver style Lloyd preferred. But she had some of the cool and groovy chords like Brubeck and nice melodic patterns like Tristano. After digging a few tunes, Lloyd asked if he could sit in on cornet. The trio members looked at each other with partial sneers and a chuckle as if to say that cornet was a square axe. But when Lloyd put his horn to his lips for the head of Doxy, he belted out some strong, funky and gritty bluesy sounds rarely heard on the West Coast where cool jazz was prominent. At the end of the tune, the pianist called a break and timidly struck up a conversation with Lloyd. She spoke confidently as if she were a guru offering wisdom which was not far from the truth. The pianist, Joanne Grogan, told Lloyd she lived in the Valley and came all the way to the Feather to jam. Lloyd admitted that he was mostly a piano player and Joanne suggested he play piano the next set so she could see what he did. The next set, Lloyd went up and hammered out some very hard-hitting jazz that got everyone groovin.'

Towards the end of the night, a black saxman came in and joined the jam. Joanne played a few tunes with him then turned the piano over to Lloyd who got a groove going with the saxman. After the session was over, Joanne complimented Lloyd's playing but added he could use some better fingering and needed to learn the heads to Dig and other bop tunes. Although she was the same age as Lloyd and a girl, Lloyd realized that she knew her stuff so he set up a few piano lessons. So one Saturday afternoon, Lloyd drove all the way out to the Valley to Joanne's place for a lesson. She was always a bit distant and businesslike, although she could really wail at the sessions. She carefully guided Lloyd through the head for Dig phrase by phrase showing him the correct fingering. After a half hour, he had it down fairly well and was able to bring it up to speed. She also showed him some changes to a few of the more tricky tunes. Lloyd went back a couple of times to polish up heads and work on changes but five dollars a lesson was a bit of a sacrifice for a struggling factory worker in the 50s. Other than a few lessons from Lloyd's mom's piano teacher, Eddie Edwards, who just encouraged Lloyd to keep playing and occasionally showed him some alternatives, Joanne's three lessons were the only piano instruction Lloyd ever had. Of course, following the keys on the old family player piano should also be seriously considered instruction.

During the sessions at the Feather, Joanne would sit-in more than Lloyd because she had better technique and could play difficult tunes. Although she was good, she didn't swing that much even when spade cats came to sit in. Lloyd on the other hand played hard, heavy, bluesy and funky just like a spade. He had a lot of energy combined with anger, a quiet rage against the system, a setup where Lloyd felt that the big greedy companies and the government were abusing people, making them spend most of their waking hours doing slave labor so they could buy the worthless junk advertised in all the media. He perceived that the big corporations sell their worthless wares per force, their poison pops, their destructive tobacco, deadly liquor their fatal fake foods and their ugly stupid clothing items forced on everyone through their flunkies, the fashion conspiracy. The government finds ways to dispossess everyone of as much of their money as possible through taxes and other means. He realized early on in life that the whole 'free country' and 'democracy' myth was just to get everyone to think they are free so they can work, work, work to get things they don't need or even want because supposedly everyone else has them. Americans are 'free' to get, get, get as much as they can so they can spend, spend, spend on worthless garbage and taxes. Lloyd's pent-up rage served him well at the piano since that was the only place he could expel it because otherwise he was by nature a calm, kind and sensitive young man.

One night Lloyd was on break on the bandstand at the Feather when a pert and pretty girl with luscious long black hair and a striking gown breezed into the club as Julie London was crooning Laura on the jukebox. She purposely came up to the bandstand, gave the quiet bearded bassist a hug and some substantial kisses then turned to Lloyd and asked "you know 'S Wonderful?" Lloyd sort of knew it so he reluctantly replied positively. She held out her small tender hand and said "I'm Daphne." The bass player

chided “we call her Daffy Duck.” She winced a little and added “yea Daffy’s cool. Are you hip to Gone with the Wind, also in Eb?” Lloyd thought a minute and said “I guess.” Soon the next set was happening and Lloyd was able to back up Daffy who was quite good with the breathy sound of Julie London added to a bit of Ella Fitzgerald. She had a charming personality and would go out to the audience and wander among the tables since there was usually no sound system at the Feather. She was kind of spacey, maybe stoned on pot, but charming, cute and well proportioned. If she hadn’t been committed to the bassman, Lloyd could have fallen for her; but that would not have been beneficial and she surely wouldn’t have been interested in him.

During the break, Lloyd had noticed that Daffy and the bass man were making out in the corner of the bandstand; so for the next set he suggested “hey Joanne just came in, so if you want, I can play a set on bass and you guys can keep on makin’ out.” The bass man, usually timid and introverted blurted out “can we borrow your car a set to blow some weed in the parking lot . . . maybe drive around the block?” Lloyd, who was always the good guy told them OK, handed them the car keys and lifted the bass off the chair where it was leaning. An older trumpet man sat in and they started out with a blues in F. Lloyd’s bass studies with Hendrickson at Todd school paid off as he got a groove going with the drummer’s ride cymbal. As soon as Daffy and her cat dug that Lloyd was hip to bass lines they, split and were gone for almost an hour. The habit of sitting in on bass and the cuddly couple borrowing Lloyd’s dad’s Buick for a set or two became a common happening at the Feather.

Lloyd thought the trumpet man who sat in was a bit weird; sure everyone there was some kind of weird, but he seemed to be way too square. His riffs were square and he sometimes said ‘hep’ instead of ‘hip.’ He tried to shuck cool, but came off really uncool. When he played, he didn’t even try to swing but sounded like he was giving a boring preachy sermon in a run-down church. Once he even counted off a tune snapping his fingers on 1 and 3 which totally gave him away as a fraud. Then when the spade cats came in to jam, during the break he asked if anyone had some joints or a shake of grass they wanted to sell. That cinched it; he was the fuzz posing as a jazz cat. Everyone at the club was hip to his scene and soon he felt the coldness and split. Later the spade cats invited Lloyd into their big bad lowered Cady to blow some weed. They had the usual spade car, dual pipes, dual mud flaps, dual aerials with dual foxtails, etc. Lloyd slid into the back seat with a big friendly spade on each side and three others in the front seat. They broke out the weed and started a joint around. Soon everyone was pretty high except Lloyd who was faking inhaling because he didn’t want to be goofed up for the last set. They were shuckin’ jive and Lloyd was sounding as black as any honkey could.

The cats in the front seat were talking about the trumpet man cop. “Jya dig dat jive ass honkey cat tryna bus’ us?” The guy to Lloyd’s right chimed in “dat cat was mess’ up if he sinks we wasn’t hip to his scene.” Lloyd added “man, like dey’s always trayna bus us spade cat musicians fer blowing guage.” The whole car full cracked up at Lloyd’s nearly perfect knack at shuckin’ spade talk as he continued “baby, hope you cats ain’t gonna be drug if dis honkey ofay foo’ pyana cat ain’t hip to all dem changes onna nex set.” Again they all roared with laughter and passed another fat joint to Lloyd as one of the spade cats warned with a smirk “hey Laid baby, don’ nigga lip it.” Lloyd retorted “hey whaya thinkin’ man, a’m jus’ gonna honky lip it” instigating more crazy laughs. Then the guys in the front seat started to open the door to make their way back into the club. Lloyd took his last fake toke and handed the joint back to the tenor man who snuffed it out and stashed it under the seat. Everyone slowly and imperfectly made their way from the parking lot, which started at the corner of 88th and Figueroa and ended at the wall of the club under the red neon Red Feather sign. Lloyd would be invited out to that car often especially when a new spade cat would come by so that they could show off Lloyd the honkey spade who could shuck jive and then wail like a memba on keys.

Romance and Platonic Pals

One night, after Daffy sang some romantic songs and the club slowly quieted down, a very beautiful girl slowly made her way up to the bandstand and sat on the piano bench next to Lloyd. She fooled around on a few notes almost rendering a familiar blues head then turned to Lloyd and said “man, you wanna drive me home and hang out at my pad a while? I got some grass and I’ll turn you on.” Lloyd knew that she wasn’t the fuzz, so he agreed. She guided him the few blocks to her apartment where she opened the door and sat him down on a big comfy chair. She poured him a drink then put on a stack of wonderful albums, mostly fabulous drum solos, Shelly Man and others. She made him a tasty sandwich then turned the lights down. After sharing a few tokes on a joint, she slid off her dress and gently slipped into her bed which was in the front room right next to the chair Lloyd was in. She mumbled something like “you can join me if you want” to which Lloyd muttered “thanks I’m cool; goodnight doll” and remained frozen in the chair digging the great LPs and trying to finish the joint and booze. Maybe they were both too stoned or he was too much of a musician or gentleman; but Lloyd gave up a possible rare chance for some wonderful romance and soon they were both asleep in their separate locations.

Lloyd was gently awakened when the sun began to brighten the small apartment; then he stumbled over, restacked the LPs in the record player then drifted back to sleep. Later his new friend slowly slid out of bed and came over to give Lloyd a solid caring kiss. He hugged her then she went over to the stove and cooked up some eggs and toast muttering, “you can stay her as long as you want; have some breakfast.” Lloyd sent a loving smile her way and ran his fingers through her hair as she passed by again on her way to the shower as she shot him an inviting smile which he returned but didn’t budge. He dozed off for a few minutes and woke again to find his new ‘girlfriend’ gone. He later made his way to work where he tested jo-bolts with a peaceful smile on his lips, happy that he had shared a beautiful evening with an attractive and friendly girl but in a manner that was much more valuable than some crass sexual encounter. Even at a young age, Lloyd realized that real love and caring is most often expressed in gentle ways without having to end up as some mundane physical exploit.

One day Lloyd was riding the bus in Hollywood when a Japanese girl walked up and harmlessly hugged him blurting “Lloyd, it’s me, Yoko, remember?” How could he possibly forget the person who had introduced him to the secrets of sexuality when she was a live-in foreign student and domestic assistant at the Miller’s on Royal Blvd. He remembered that evening when they were goofing around, Lloyd dared her to show him her chests. Instead of a visual version of his request, she stunned and frightened him by turning off the lights and inviting “feel.” He gleefully obeyed, then she gently guided his hand and said “now feel down there.” These secret activities continued from time to time ending in Lloyd experiencing the real thing in his early teens, even if he hadn’t really been planning in going all the way quite yet even if he really wanted to. But it was very enlightening and definitely a lot less degrading and disgusting than the mutual fruiting get-togethers of the neighborhood boys in various basements of houses under construction, activities which Lloyd always abhorred and avoided like the plague. After all, since the many beatings he endured from the kids at school, he hated all boys and wanted nothing at all to do with any of them. He kept the enjoyable romantic activities with Yoko a secret; but one night when he and drummer Spence Dryden were jamming in the playhouse, Yoko knocked on the door and entered with “you better come in now or you won’t get any.” Spence glared in stunned disbelief at the utterance as Lloyd whispered to her “he knows.” He meant that her statement had given it away; but she thought that he had been telling all his friends. So that was the end of their secret sexual activities, a short, sweet and crazy part of his early teens.

This time when he recognized Yoko on the bus, she invited him to have dinner sometime with her and her husband in their plush home on the hill in Hollywood. She gave him the phone number and he eventually set a time to visit them. He learned that Yoko's husband, also Japanese, was a big shot drug enforcement officer and Yoko promised that they would keep an eye out for Lloyd because of his affiliation with possible drug users and pushers in the music business. They kept that promise because, a few weeks later, a friendly guy who really didn't quite fit in at the Feather or the Digger started hanging out with Lloyd. He would occasionally have Lloyd drive around the area asking strangers if they had any weed he could buy. Once in a while he would cop a joint or two but was really looking for a big buy. Lloyd wondered if he hadn't been sent his way by Yoko's husband. It didn't matter much to Lloyd because he was basically clean; but he hated to think any of his friends might get busted. One spade bassman he had been jamming with was asked by the guy to get a big buy of pot together. Lloyd wasn't sure the guy was really the fuzz or what the two were planning, but one day a few weeks later he went by the bassman's pad to find it empty and nothing there. The neighbors indicated that he had been busted or something. Lloyd was saddened at the demise of a pal, but relieved that someone had been looking out for him all along.

Another drug-related incident which was just a crazy fluke was the evening that Lloyd drove into the driveway at his apartment followed by a local Bell Gardens cop car. He got out and two weird-acting cops got out and followed him to the door. They were occasionally giggling like kids on pot and asked him if he had been smoking any reefer. He said no, then they insisted he let them look around the pad. He opened the door and they began snooping around looking for drugs. They even checked the fridge, in the icebox and everywhere. They didn't notice the line of dozens of empty codeine turpinhydrate bottles on the ledge against the wall. Duh, if they were really looking for a scandal that could have been something. Then they asked him if he was sure there was no pot anywhere then shocked him by confiding that they were bored and wanted to be turned on. Lloyd apologized, noting that he didn't like pot because it made him silly, he preferred booze. Then the cops noticed the piano and asked him to play something. He sat down and did a way-out Tristano imitation, which was beyond their capability of comprehension. They said that it was really weird and then just split laughing like hyenas in the driveway. Lloyd thought it was pretty goofy to have stoned cops on the loose trying to score weed from citizens.

Cool Spade Clubs on Central Avenue

At one of the sessions at the Feather, a spade sax cat hipped Lloyd to what was considered a real hard-core jazz scene down on Central Avenue in L.A. When Lloyd told friends he planned to go there to jam, everyone was horrified. They warned that he wouldn't come back alive because it was the very center of the Black community and that no white person dared go there. Lloyd wasn't a bit worried, he had heard the same warnings about visiting George Lewis in Algiers across the bay from New Orleans and he felt more at home there than in Rossmoyne where he occasionally had to dodge bullies. That weekend, Lloyd headed down to Central Avenue and found the jazz spot called Downbeat and later another place called the Last Word. He walked into the club like he completely belonged there and he really did as a highly skilled upcoming jazz pianist. He went right up to the bandstand as a few of the spades looked at him questioningly, like what was a weird honkey kid doing there. He asked the bandleader if he could sit in and then he recognized the saxman from the Feather who had referred him to the place.

Suddenly, he was no longer an ofay but a musician and welcome. He sat down at the piano and they called a blues in F. Lloyd wailed like crazy pounding out accents and sometimes rumbling his Hampton Haws boogie type left hand. This was the first jam where he felt right at home, playing with cats that knew

their stuff and could really swing. Lloyd played like a spade whether it was New Orleans clarinet or bop piano and now finally he was playing with and for cats who could dig what he was doing. After the set, everyone came up and complimented him telling him to come down and jam anytime. The drummer who had really dug sharing many of the same accents said “hey man you don’ play like no honkey.” Lloyd was very complimented and felt like he was floating on a cloud. During the rest of his days in Bell Gardens, he often dropped in at the Word or Downbeat and was always right at home. Even on the street when he was walking to the club people smiled and greeted him kindly. Lloyd always radiated positive and loving vibes when he was among spades or other ethnic populations because he felt that he was one of them and not a white. It was whites who had given him a bad time all his life, who had beat him up, stole from him, lied to him and treated him like trash and burned his brain out in the nut house; so he had long ago decided that they were the enemy. One night, Lloyd brought his cornet to jam on Central Ave. and knocked everyone out with his hard blasting confidence and he became a type of neighborhood celebrity.

Time to Leave the California Jazz Scene

Meanwhile, Lloyd’s parents thought he was hanging around with some really bad cats and wanted to get him out of L.A. So, like always, they sent him to another shrink. But this time the doctor was a Mormon bishop and a really nice caring guy. He used hypnotherapy on Lloyd and worked to find out what improvements Lloyd actually wanted in his personality. While Lloyd was under, the good doctor only encouraged him in his music and things Lloyd wanted to excel in. A couple of times, the doctor said that Lloyd would go to a far away land, learn their music and return to mix it with jazz and become famous. That idea was really far-fetched for Lloyd, but it became engraved into his head somehow. The truth was that Lloyd’s parents were really afraid for him because it appeared that Daffy and her bassman boyfriend had been borrowing Lloyd’s dad’s car for a few drug sales and the cops had the plate number. One of Lloyd’s dad’s friends from the Lion’s club in Glendale was a narc and warned him of the impending danger and possible arrest. So just about that time, Lloyd’s dad was offered a job in Iran to set up a business school for the Shah. He decided to take the offer to get Lloyd away from the drug dealers who were using the car and also far from the whole L.A. scene. So the doctor had been hired to hypnotize Lloyd into wanting to go to Iran, learn the music there and put it together with jazz and become a success in the music world.

The spell was working and Lloyd, although he hated to leave the jazz scene just when he was starting to break in, was sick of all the messing around trying to sit-in and the futility of it all. He mentioned to his coworkers at National Screw that he might be going to Iran, wherever that was. Then one of the internationally traveled colleagues said “you know how they spell *sahib* in Pakistan?” Lloyd said he didn’t. There answer came “S.O.B.” A light laugh traveled around the room then Lloyd asked if anyone had ever heard of Iran. No one could tell him much about it except that it was on the other side of the world and maybe had camels and donkeys, probably carpets. Meanwhile Lloyd wanted to keep up the effort to make it in the L.A. jazz scene, an almost impossible task. A new lady friend from near Bell Gardens, an attractive Hispanic jazz pianist named Maria, had prodded Lloyd to take her to the jams at the Purple Onion in Hollywood on Sunset Blvd. They had only kissed and hugged a bit, but she promised him the real thing if he could get her some downers. So Lloyd asked the nurse of his hypnotist shrink for some sleeping pills which he brought along on one of their visits to the Onion. The various times he had gone up there, Lloyd had played with some really great musicians including Brookmeyer and similar talents. Of course, when a known jazz cat came up to the stand, it was only one or two tunes before a really good pianist replaced Lloyd. But he had the chance to jam with some very hip cats and was getting pretty good.

The night he brought the pills for Maria, she took some and was feeling great and initiated some serious kissing, cuddling and a little petting on the drive up to Hollywood. When they got to the Onion, a very cool session was happening with some fine players; so Maria just sat at the piano all night not letting Lloyd play even one tune. He was fuming and didn't say a word all the way home. She hinted a couple of times that she was in the mood for hardcore love declaring "hey honey, your Spic chick piano babe is hot for some action." But he was still so mad he didn't even answer.

It was then that he realized that neither chicks, booze, drugs or anything were as important as music. But as time went on and Lloyd struggled to sit in on piano at the Feather and the Onion where competition was fierce and he was becoming very discouraged almost suicidal. Booze, the codeine cough medicine, nothing could cheer him up. One night after hopelessly trying to sit in for four hours at the Feather, he returned to his little apartment and finished off a bottle of liquor then rolled onto the floor and started crying hopelessly. He wasn't getting anywhere in the jazz world; his playing was good but he couldn't seem to make it. He had never been very religious and thought that church stuff was stupid; but he did figure that God was out there somewhere and might be able to help him. So he poured out his heart in sobbing prayer sputtering over and over again "Lord, please show me the way to succeed in music." He finally drifted to sleep and woke up on that hard floor the next morning discouraged, but still always harboring a tiny drop of hope not realizing that events in his miserable life would soon drastically change possibly as an answer to how he could eventually partially succeed (as if anyone ever really can) in music.

Not long after the Onion fiasco, Lloyd's childhood best buddy Spence Dryden invited him to check out Westlake College of Music where a lot of really good cats studied. They found 1520 North Gower off Sunset and parked nearby. As they approached the building, big band sounds were oozing out of the top floor windows. They went in and Spence showed Lloyd around. One of the students who Spence knew explained how they used numbers for all the charts. If 1 was C then 5 was G and 4 was F, etc. That way very cool charts could be transposed to any key just by telling everyone that now 1 was Bb or Eb, or whatever. Or parts could be switched among sections if the ranges were similar. Lloyd was so impressed with the system that he started using numbers for all his arranging from then on. He told everyone about it, the musicians at the Feather, the Digger or wherever. Some thought he had lost it and others just humored him. When Westlake College moved to 7190 Sunset, Lloyd revisited the place again and was even more impressed with the excellence of the teaching and the skills of the students, some of whom were already jazz figures in the California scene.

Then one night, Lloyd went to a session maybe at the Onion but likely somewhere near there, he wasn't quite sure. There he saw two wonderful musicians who he couldn't believe. One was Frank Katz, an intellectual guy with big Einstein hair who played fantastic jazz cello using a bow. Then there was another cellist named Harry Babasin who played unbelievable pizzicato solos just like a guitar or some supernatural jazz bass. He was actually a respected bassist who also played great cello. Those two musicians so impressed Lloyd that he eventually was able to approximate the pizzicato cello bit for one of his NIRTV jazz shows in the 1970s. The producer brought a cello one day and said "see what you can do on this." Lloyd retuned it for jazz, practiced a few minutes and was ready to wail like a star.

One night near the end of Lloyd's jazz days in California, Spence invited him to a concert at one of the jazz clubs, like the Digger but bigger where some new weird cat called Charley Lloyd was blowing sax. Spence had turned Lloyd on to some pot against his will and, for once, he actually inhaled becoming fairly stoned. They stumbled over to a couple of seats and slumped down. Charley was playing some really weird beyond far-out solo that was in complete opposition to any sensible changes, jazz phrasing or good taste and it definitely didn't swing. Suddenly, Lloyd couldn't control how he felt about the completely goofy comical meanderings on sax and broke out in wild laughter like a hyena soon joined by

Spence. Other audience members, maybe also stoned out, began to giggle while hard-core fans who imagined they were being treated to some wonderful ground-breaking genius creativity glared in haughty anger at the cackling stoners. Lloyd and Spence quickly restrained themselves only to be smitten by several more outbursts even wilder than before with more audience members catching the contagion. To avoid some big bad bouncer violently tossing them out, the two goof-offs from Glendale retraced their steps and stumbled out to the street still giggling and glad to be out of there. After several efforts to get the continually dropping keys in the car door with more intermittent wild laughter and discussions of strong cravings for pizza or sweets, the crazies were 'driving' back to Royal Boulevard. If this was where jazz was going, Lloyd was ready to leave the States as his shrink hypnotist was suggesting and his parents were coaxing. Little did he know that jazz would later meet its death at the hands of a non-music noise so imbecilic, obnoxious and evil that no intelligent being could even imagine such a horror. And his lifelong buddy Spence would join the evil empire of rock as a mainstay with the Airplane, be inducted into the rock hall of fame (more correctly infamy) finally meeting an early demise from all the inherent debauchery.

Leaving L.A.

As the time to leave L.A. drew close, the Millers hired a tutor to teach them Farsi because Mr. Miller had accepted the two-year job of setting up a business school in Tehran. The tutor was a young Armenian guy who became chummy with Lloyd and who Lloyd's dad, as usual, in broad daylight bribed to 'watch' Lloyd and take him to the beach one afternoon. Since they were planning to go to the Santa Monica area, Lloyd knew of a place around there where trad jazz experts jammed. He had heard about it at the Southern California Dixieland Jazz Society meetings when famous 1920s banjo man from Louis Armstrong's Hot 5 and Hot 7, Johnny St. Cyr, was president. At one of the meetings in a pleasant park somewhere, Lloyd pumped St. Cyr for info about Bolden and Bunk. He couldn't find out more other than Bolden played really loud and strong. He also couldn't get an irrefutable confirmation that Louis learned most of his cool licks and laid-back styling from Bunk. In any case, the Armenian tutor came over with two really hot Armenian babes, one for him and one for Lloyd. As they drove off towards Santa Monica, Lloyd revealed his plan to spend the afternoon jamming at the trad jazz spot while the Armenians could lounge around the beach. Then they could come pick him up and he would hang out at the beach a while to get a bit of a tan so his parents wouldn't know he was skipping out on a date to play jazz. He had sneaked his dad's clarinet wrapped in a beach towel but pretended to be interested in his 'date' by making out like a fiend which wasn't such a bad ruse. His date seemed to really like him and was almost in love.

They dropped Lloyd at the jazz spot that wasn't a bar or anything, more open and bright rather than dark and dingy. He got out his clarinet and soon was jamming with the other musicians when he couldn't help notice the very cool black piano man. After a couple of sets and during a break, he went over and noted "hey man you are great, you play just like Alton Purnell." The piano man chucked and revealed "I am Alton Purnell!" Lloyd was stunned and overjoyed to have played with such a great authentic New Orleans star from the Bunk Johnson and George Lewis bands. "Wow!" he exclaimed as he slumped onto the piano bench next to Alton. Then he admitted "I copy your style on piano" to which Alton offered "show me what you do." Lloyd slid over a bit and Alton got up and leaned against the top of the upright. Lloyd belted out some Purnell licks pounding chords in his right hand with alternating octave root notes in his left or pounding octaves with his left sometimes with the 5th in between and occasional accented chords in his right. Or he would pound out chords with both hands sprinkled with occasional bluesy melodic patterns in his right. Purnell was impressed and complimented Lloyd who then said "I also play

that stupid modern jazz stuff too; but please don't you ever sell out." Alton laughed and affirmed "not me man;" then Lloyd showed him some cool chords and riffs he had been doing at the Red Feather and a fast head he learned how to correctly finger from Joanne. Purnell was impressed but promised not to use any of those bop ideas in New Orleans jazz.

After an afternoon of great jamming, Lloyd rolled up the clarinet in the beach towel and went outside to meet the Armenians. His date had been crying because she had missed him and felt jilted. She smothered him with hot kisses and they went back to the beach where he enjoyed rubbing suntan lotion all over her firm hot form several times as she seemed to melt with pleasure. Soon they had to get back to the Miller home while Lloyd and his very hot date made out like a minks in the back seat. His date was really in love now; but Lloyd was still high from having jammed with Alton Purnell and no chick, no matter how beautiful, stacked and hot to trot, could top that. The poor girl was heart-broken because she couldn't understand why, when all the guys craved her affections, Lloyd was not that interested. He left the sobbing love-sick Armenian girl and the other couple, waving goodbye as their convertible squealed out from in front of 1510 Royal and Lloyd entered the house he would soon leave for a long six years in Iran and Europe before eventually reluctantly returning a much better jazzman and a better person as well.

Sufi Saint & Swinger: photos for Section D, Born in L.A. & Early Days, Chapter 33

Lloyd's mother, Maxine, a pioneering woman



Playing banjo in school, Rexburg, Idaho



First women's polo team at USC



Student of Michael Mordkin in New York



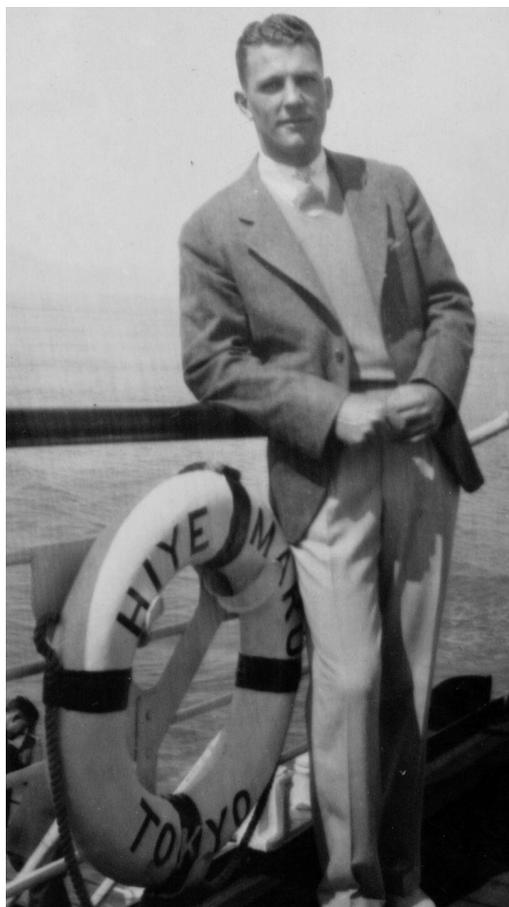
First woman from the west presented at the Court of St. James



Fencing for Mussolini's Brown Shirts



Grandpa Lloyd Adams (R) Idaho Governor signing his bill creating Madison County

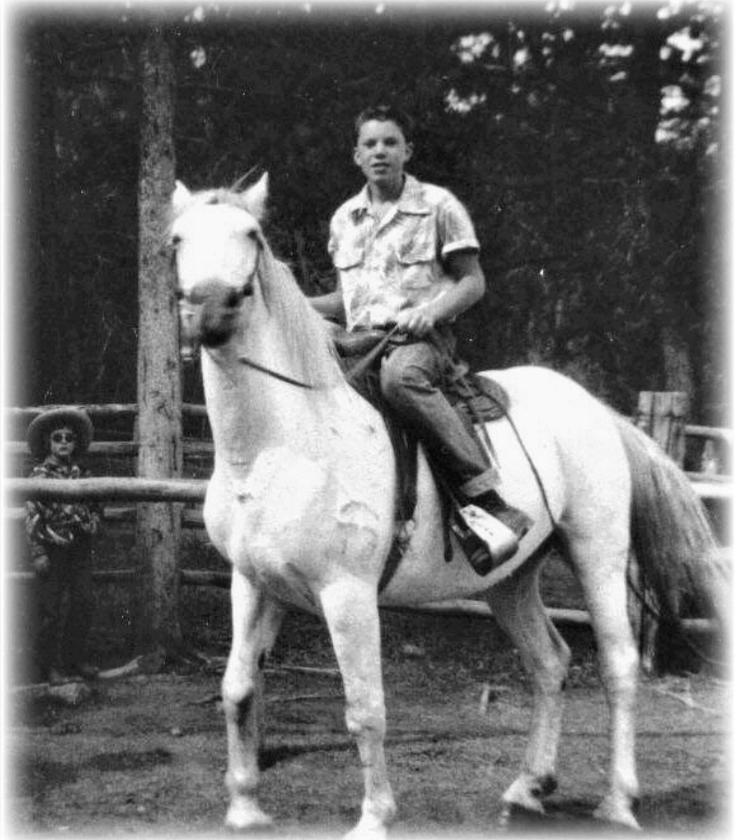


Lloyd's dad, boat to Japan Carleton College Algol: Doc Evans & Sherman Miller

Sufi Saint & Swinger: photos for Section D, Born in L.A. & Early Days, Chs. 33-37



Young Lloyd, raised by rats



Horsin' around at summer camp



Lloyd with that infamous "\$750 accordeon"



Composing at home in Glendale

Sufi Saint & Swinger: photos for Section D, Born in L.A. & Early Days, Chapter 38



At Todd School for Boys in Woodstock, IL



jammin' with Terry & Lloyd in Rexburg



Lloyd in Madison High band in Rexburg



Deanna's photo, only link to the past

Chapter 40

Fulbright scholarship and 7 More Years in Iran

The plane purred onward as Kurosh laid back in a daze reminiscing about his visit with Apostle Richards followed by his trip to Tehran for his Fulbright-funded research. Back in Salt Lake, Kurosh had prepared for his flight, first to Washington D.C. where he planned to meet the Fulbright people and thank them, then to New York where he planned to visit his former agent Jay and thank him one last time for everything. The flight was a bit tedious because in 1969 people fiendishly smoked on planes and Kurosh became very nauseated by tobacco smoke since he had quit smoking so violently. Even the so-called non-smoking seats were still in a blue-brown mist from toxic tobacco fumes. Finally they arrived in D.C. and Kurosh visited the Fulbright headquarters and a couple of other government offices. He mentioned that he was going to Iran to show the good side of America (as if there was such a thing) and improve relations. His statement got back to Mostofi who later chastised him for boasting. But after Kurosh became active in Tehran and started his weekly prime-time television show, an important government official in Tehran wrote a letter to Mostofi thanking him for sending Kurosh over there noting that he was the best thing for Iranian-American relations. That's really weird since Kurosh was an ex-patriot non-patriot and very bitter about his many bad experiences with the U.S. Later Ambassador and former CIA director Helms reiterated that Kurosh had been very helpful especially in working on the Fourth of July TV production. On one of Kurosh's trips back, Mostofi showed him a copy of the letter and thanked him for his good work but wondered when he would be coming back to finish his PhD. Kurosh didn't want to disappoint his faithful supporter; so he didn't admit that he was planning to stay in Tehran because there was no hope for him to ever have a life in the States. After his stop off in D.C., Kurosh visited shortly with his agent Jay Hoffman in New York then flew off to Paris where his old bandleader and friend Jef Gilson had pre-arranged a recording session with an unusual bass clarinetist. They spent a whole afternoon and evening late into the night recording some of the weirdest 'music' Kurosh had ever played. It was even stranger than free jazz and it wasn't anything that Kurosh would want anyone to ever hear. It was too goofy for human ears. But Kurosh was happy to see his old friend Jeff again after 6 years. In Paris, Kurosh visited the Maison d'Iran to meet Dr. Mehdi Bushehri, a positive pleasant gentleman who was important in the Iranian hierarchy. Dr. Bushehri was very cordial and hospitable promising that he would put in a good word for Kurosh in Tehran. Kurosh also visited Madame Nelly Caron at the Centre de Études de Musique Orientale and learned that his beloved master Daryush Safvat had become director of a new center in Tehran that was engaged in preserving and propagating traditional classical Iranian music. Kurosh decided that his mission would be to help Dr. Safvat build up his center and aid in the task of preserving true tradition in any way possible.

On the long flight to Tehran, again Kurosh choked on smoke and tried to imagine what he would find in Tehran after not having been there for over a decade. His mother's friend Homa Ashraf was to meet him at Tehran airport and take him to her empty apartment building where she said he could stay for a while until he found something else. Homa met Kurosh and, on the way to her apartment building, she discussed his staying there while in Iran. She said that she was keeping the building until the price doubled or tripled so she could make a profit on the sale. Kurosh said that he couldn't just stay there without paying anything. She countered that he would be watching it and keeping it safe for her which was better than paying rent. Their taxi drove into Tehran then turned up Pahlevi Avenue towards Shimran. Homa explained that her building was in northern Amirabad, a pleasant section of

town, except for the prison across from the apartment. The taxi turned left on Entesarie Avenue which veered off at an angle from Pahlevi Avenue. Soon they pulled up in front of number 51 where Homa opened the door and showed him the huge ground floor apartment, then the large second floor and finally the smaller top floor apartment. She suggested that Kurosh take the top apartment in case she found another renter for the other floors. It was a nice accommodation with a large living room, even big enough for rehearsals if needed. It had a clean bathroom, a shower and a kitchen with a fridge and stove. The heating was by a *bokhari* or kerosene stove and the kerosene, Homa explained, could be purchased at the nearby little corner shop downstairs along with groceries, soap and other necessities. Kurosh thanked Homa profusely and forced \$75 into her hesitant hand noting that he realized it was worth twice that much a month but, since she had refused to accept anything, would she please allow this paltry pittance to make him feel less guilty. She finally agreed not to force the money back into his hand as he closed her fingers around the bills and gave her an appreciative hug. How often had Kurosh's parents been beneficial throughout his life even if they had been somewhat unfamiliar with and unexcited about the parenting process during his early days due to their insane incessant social climbing. After Homa left, Kurosh went to the corner store and asked about busses.

Officially Adopting Shia' Islam

Kurosh soon became friends with the helpful grocer who eventually took him to the local mosque for prayers. The grocer had asked Kurosh if he believed that Mohammad was a prophet to which Kurosh responded in Farsi "*hatman* (of course)." He believed from reading the Koran and also from several statements by LDS leaders declaring that Mohammad was sent by God. Added to that was God's own statement in the Book of Mormon in Third Nephi that He had spoken to all nations and that they would write His words. Then when the grocer asked if Kurosh believed that there was no God but God, Kurosh confirmed that of course he did; the Old Testament and all the scriptures affirmed that fact. Then when the grocer asked if Kurosh believed in Ali, Hassan and Hossein, Kurosh confirmed that he did because, in his own religion, leaders and many others had been martyred by the wicked Americans. The grocer introduced Kurosh to the *mullah* at the mosque and Kurosh testified "*ashhadau ana laillaha-ilallah, ashhadu ana Mohammad arrasullullah va allahhu akbar.*" The *mullah* kindly smiled and said "*pas qabul e, Mosalman id* (then its accepted, you are a Moslem)." Kurosh didn't see why he couldn't be a Moslem and still be a Mormon with his understanding of the reason for the two different perceptions about the role of Jesus. He knew that those variances of opinion would soon be resolved when Jesus returns, an event which both religions fervently believed would soon occur. He also knew that Islam was being protected against total apostasy by not having accepted Roman Christian concepts which had become almost pure paganism in so-called 'Christianity.' By having God, Mary and Jesus replace the ancient evil trinity of Nimrod, Semiramis and Tammuz, which had been transferred from Babylon to Greece and Rome, the Romans were able to corrupt the whole western world. Original monotheism indicated the true order of things, even if it was twisted by the Jews and Christians; so eventually Islam was sent to restore those basic truths. When Kurosh and the grocer returned to Amirabad after prayers, the grocer informed his assistant and a few customers that Kurosh had been accepted into Islam and eventually the word got around the quarter that Kurosh was *momen* (a believer) and a good (trying to be) Moslem. He was already living by very strict rules.

From the corner store, Kurosh was advised that many big busses continually traveled down Pahlevi Avenue; so he decided to walk there and learn more about the neighborhood. He had been given the address of the *Markaz-e Hafz o Eshae-ye Musiqi-ye Irani* (Center for Preservation and

Propagation of Iranian Music) and figured that with the help of bus drivers and friendly folks on the street, he would easily find it. He quickly got used to the paper *toman* bills and *rial* coins when he had exchanged dollars at the airport and, after a couple of bus rides, he eventually found his way to Dr. Safvat's office at the National Television. He enjoyed being out with the people, but realized that soon he would have to find some kind of old cheap car to be able to have the necessary mobility. He eventually found an old, semi-reliable Ford Taunus which often needed mechanical assistance.

The Center for Preservation and Propagation of Iranian Music

Kurosh entered the building which housed the Center and was greeted by the young man who was something like a concierge. Kurosh was offered a seat in the lobby and, of course, the ubiquitous tea, which he politely declined. Then he asked for Dr. Safvat and was told to wait a moment. Soon Kurosh's beloved guru Dr. Safvat appeared and Kurosh jumped to his feet and warmly grasped his teacher's hand. They chatted about Paris and what Kurosh had been doing since, the couple of failed marriages, his Fulbright, etc. Then Dr. Safvat explained why the Center had been founded under the auspices of the National Iranian Radio and Television because formerly the radio had become corrupted and was trashing traditional music in favor of syrupy fake pop slop. Dr. Safvat began leading Kurosh around the center showing him the various rooms for music lessons, the recording facilities and the collection of valuable tapes from old masters. He continued to explain the need for the Center. He noted that the Iranian Constitution of 1906 served as a mixed blessing for music. According to Safvat, the Constitution offered some release from religious constraints but then allowed for abuses. Official freedom of music opened Pandora's box and, according to Safvat, it seemed that every low class lout became a 'composer,' a 'singer' or 'instrumentalist.' The more these charlatans were applauded, the more cocky they became, and over the recent decades, authentic Persian music had been nearly totally destroyed by innovators and westernizers. The *mollahs* who had formerly been disparaged for causing music to go underground for so many centuries actually protected it from the later damage it was to suffer under Westernization and thus the spiritual leaders were truly doing God's work whether or not they realized their beneficial role in protecting music from corruption

Dr. Safvat stopped his discourse to show a few valuable books and some rare tapes in the Center's collection. Then he continued explaining that, during the Pahlavi dynasty, the Ministry of Culture and Arts along with the radio took the control of music away from the authorized masters of the tradition so that people from lower echelons of society with no spiritual principles or moral scruples pushed their way into the limelight. According to Safvat, the *motreb* (cheap commercial) class of performers, formerly involved in prostitution, procuring, alcohol and drugs, suddenly became the purveyors of the musical tradition. The modal system was eventually altered or discarded in favor of cheap *tarane* (pop songs) fabricated by untrained amateurs who had the audacity to tamper with an art form perfected over thousands of years based on the holy music revealed to David by God. Safvat speculated in Farsi "had they written in classical or modern European systems instead of adulterating the Persian tradition, they might have done less harm." Under the Pahlavis, the National Music Conservatory or *Honarestan-e Musiqi-ye Melli*, was eventually established and the Ministry of Culture attempted to right some of its previous wrongs by publishing texts on traditional music (such as the books by *tar* master Ma'rufi and later vocal master Karimi). However, the fate of Iran's national music was in serious jeopardy and something radical had to be done to save it. A former failed effort by the corrupt national radio to engender a venue for traditional music under the title *Golha-ye Rang o Rang* (Multicolored Roses), had soon become just another venue for horrible pop slop and was assisting in the demise of true tradition replacing it with too many trashy

fraud 'artists.' After hearing a few Golha programs, Kurosh renamed the series in Farsi as *Goha-ye Rang o Rang* (Multicolored Excrements). So eventually, after the radio was absorbed by the more enlightened television, under sponsorship of the new National Iranian Radio and Television Organization (NIRT). In 1968, director Reza Qotbi established the Center to save what was left of Persian music. Mr. Qotbi had consulted several experts but was unable to find a suitable solution to the problem until Dr. Safvat suggested that a center be established where students could learn directly from qualified masters by means of the time-honored oral method. This, he felt, would be the only way that Iranian music could be accurately preserved.

Later, in articles Kurosh wrote in the Tehran Journal and various other publications, he quoted Dr. Safvat's warning. "Iranian traditional music is in dire danger of disappearing entirely unless something drastic is done to protect the last vestiges of the old art. Thirty years ago a rich Iranian tradition was being propagated by a number of noted *ostads* (masters), but they died one by one, and with their departure traditional music became watered down almost to non-existence - a very thin thread that, if broken, would be lost forever. If we had started working 30 or 40 years ago in the days of such great masters as Mirzabdullah, Hossein Qoli, Darvish Khan, Hossein Khan, Ismael-Zadeh and Habib Somai, the problem would not have reached such prodigious proportions. Now that we have lost so much, we must work frantically, taking advantage of the few old masters left. For the last thirty years, everyone in Iran has been talking about the necessity of preserving and propagating traditional music, and many experiments have been made along this line." Dr. Safvat continued "all these experiments have arrived at the following result: that traditional music is an abstract notion which can neither be preserved nor protected. In other words, traditional music does not exist except in the person of the traditional musician. It is the musician, therefore, who must be protected and encouraged. It is in this spirit that our Center was created in the beginning of the year 1968. At first, six young musicians were associated with the Center; but over the years their number grew to around twenty. They received enough monthly wages not to have any material worries and therefore, they could consecrate their time to music. A few rare traditional masters, who were fortunately still alive, were in constant contact with them and initiated them to the secrets of traditional music. In turn, these young musicians, who were strong technically but still on the path to perfection in the field of ethics and philosophy, taught over 150 students who signed up for classes. What was encouraging was that most of the students were children and adolescents. But all this would have been useless if the second aspect of the problem was neglected. In reality, a traditional musician is not a person who just learns a certain number of ancient melodies by heart. He must acquire a complete philosophy and ethic so that he is actually conceived from a system of philosophy and ethics. One can never become master of a traditional art without having perfectly absorbed and integrated this system." Safvat continued "under the effect of Westernization, young musicians in the East have become estranged to their Eastern system and Eastern thought. That is why, in spite of the enormous efforts exerted, they have never attained the level of traditional master."

Dr. Safvat led Kurosh downstairs towards the instrument workshop while continuing his discussion. "So, no organization with the goal of preserving and propagating an Eastern or any other inherited artistic tradition can achieve its aim if it does not first create the necessary ethical and philosophical atmosphere. We consider this atmosphere as necessary for the development and the promotion of a traditional art as water is for a fish. It is for this reason that our Center considers as its principal goal the formation of the musicians' ethics and that is why the eventual twenty musicians and their one hundred and eighty students have been provided an appropriate ethnical as well as artistic setting. Good music nourishes men's souls; while shallow pop music has just the opposite effect - not only is it damaging to the individual, but to society as a whole. Iranian traditional music and the musical systems of other Asian nations are directly

linked to the spiritual realm. Musical culture of Eastern countries is a sublime force that calms the turbulent soul and lifts man to a higher plane. After a concert of authentic Eastern music, the audience feels uplifted and refreshed, a feeling which may stay with them for as long as a week. But after a concert of noisy rock music, people have been known to become so worked up and emotionally unbalanced that they become violent. Masters of Iranian music usually live long lives and even in their old age they are an image of *joie de vivre* and youth. In a later media interview, Safvat noted that Haj Agha, who later died at the age of 100, was active until the time of his death, and seemed to have found contentment in the knowledge that his music was, for many people, a source of solace and comfort. On the contrary, according to Safvat “rock music seems to go hand in hand with the drug cult, mental distress and various social ills. By contrast Eastern music has been said to cure or at least alleviate many physical ailments. Famous Iranian physicians such as Zakaria Razi were aware of the therapeutic value of music and made use of it to treat a large number of illnesses. And in the Bible the sound of David's harp helped relieve Saul's mental anguish and was described as having the power to ward off evil. When an artist must rely on drugs, alcohol or tobacco to continue his work, the results are not likely to have any spiritual value.”

Crafting Instruments and Aspects of the Center's Activities

They entered the workshop and Kurosh was delighted to see a group of craftsmen diligently working on a *setar*, a *tar*, a *santur* and a *kamanche*. Dr. Safvat introduced Kurosh to the master craftsman Hassan Zadkheir who was working on a *santur*. Immediately Kurosh was convinced he wanted to learn the correct art of instrument making and plead with Dr. Safvat to let him work in the shop for a while until he could maybe become part of a performance study program. Dr. Safvat agreed and assigned Mr. Zadkheir to take care of Kurosh. Dr. Safvat had to return to his duties, so he advised Kurosh to start out on some small project in the shop then left him there. Kurosh took off his coat and was offered an apron by Mr. Zadkheir then assigned the task of filing down the small hourglass shaped *santur* bridges on which the 20 sets of four strings rest. First, about one inch high pieces were cut from a round piece of wood. Then Kurosh filed each one down in the middle to about a quarter of an inch resulting in an hourglass shape. Then each piece was placed in a form that Mr. Zadkheir had prepared which was two slabs of relatively thin wood with semi-circle holes filed out of both so they could clamp together on both sides of the piece. The form was clamped in a vice and Kurosh would carefully file down both sides of the top half fairly flat then he would file a groove in the top for the small metal bar on which the strings would rest. After making a few dozen of the bridges, he was given other simple tasks preparing pieces of wood for *santur* and *setar* making. One such task was filing down dozens of *setar* pegs and filing a few *setar* bridges.

From the first few days working in the shop, Kurosh realized that his initial effort to make a *santur* in the BYU woodshop in 1963 was silly. He thought that there had to be long reinforcement pieces under the bridges on the inside on both sides of the instrument. This incorrect concept made his first *santur* comparatively dead sounding because the internal wood braces reaching from end to end glued to the top and bottom kept the surface from resonating. Working under Zadkheir's supervision, he soon learned about the special patterns of three to five small round vertical hardwood pegs that were placed inside the instruments according to placement patterns developed by various master craftsmen or instrumentalists over the centuries. When Kurosh left Tehran, he brought back a few of these almost secret patters for placing the pegs in a way which would enhance the sound while keeping the lid from warping or breaking under the pressure on the bridges by the tightened strings. Kurosh worked in the shop every day learning more and more and finally, out of frustration that he hadn't

really made an instrument yet, he crafted a simple yet playable mini *setar* with a gourd soundbox, similar to the one Dr. Safvat had given him in Paris years before. The afternoon he finished the instrument with paint, strings and all, he took off his apron, put on his suit coat and tie and walked upstairs to discover a group of notable dignitaries in a special meeting with Dr. Safvat. Among those at the gathering was *santur* player Famarz Payvar who Kurosh had met in France. In Paris Payvar had come to visit Dr. Safvat who showed off the *santur* skills of Kurosh his new student prodigy. Payvar had married a French woman and was quite westernized which eventually became his musical downfall. When Kurosh entered the room, his mentor Dr. Safvat introduced him to everyone noting that Kurosh had become an apprentice craftsman in the instrument workshop. Then he asked Kurosh what he had in his hand then remarked to everyone “*bebinid, ta bikar nabashe, yek setar sakhte* (see, in order to keep busy, he made a *setar*.” Dr. Safvat strummed a few phrases of music on the instrument remarking that it is not bad, then invited Kurosh to join them for their discussions on preserving traditional Persian music.

Fabulous French Ethnomusicologist comes to Tehran

One day when Kurosh arrived at the Center, the doorman informed him “*doctor mikhad bebinandetun* (Doctor wants to see you.)” Kurosh timidly walked to the door of the director’s office and quietly knocked. The door soon swung open and Dr. Safvat declared “*bah bah, aye Kurosh Ali Khan; befarmoid tu* (great, Mr. Kurosh Ali Khan, please come in.)” Kurosh entered the office and was waived towards a chair. Dr. Safvat sat down, rested his elbows on the wooden table, folded his hands, temporarily resting his chin on his fingers. Then he leaned back and began “*yek musikolog az Paris inja amade va mikhad musiqi-ye iruni ro yad begire. Kami tar mizane o adam-e khub e. Apartaman ya jayi baresh, surak nadarid? Zan o bache dare.* (A musicologist has come here from Paris and wants to learn Iranian music. He plays a little tar and is a good person. Do you know of an apartment or someplace for him? He has a wife and kids.)” Kurosh’s eyes sparkled as he leaned forward and declared “*biyad sakhteman-e aparteman-e man* (let him come to my apartment building.)” Then Kurosh promised to check with his landlady to see if it would work out. He learned that the musicologist’s name was Jean During and in a few days he got permission from his landlady Homa to have the Durings rent the huge bottom floor apartment for only eight hundred *toman* a month (a little over one hundred dollars) which was unheard of in Tehran during the rising housing crisis. Kurosh was paying seventy five dollars which was less than six hundred *toman*. Of course these rates were only for a temporary stay with the understanding that everyone would vacate the building as soon as it was sold when the price went up high enough for Homa to be able to make a good profit. The day that Kurosh got permission from Homa, she offered to bring the key that evening so Kurosh arranged to meet the Durings at the Center and show them where the apartment was in Amirabad. They loved the place and were soon happily established. The only problem was that Jean would practice his tar until late in the evening, often into the early morning hours. A couple of the friendly neighbors would politely mention it to Kurosh when they saw him on the street and Kurosh would apologize noting that During was a brilliant bizarre French aficionado of Persian music. The neighbors admitted that the sound of the tar in the early morning hours was pleasant and they actually liked hearing it. Kurosh and Jean became friends and Kurosh invited him to various events whenever he heard of them and Jean informed Kurosh of Persian music and other events that he knew of. Eventually, Homa visited the apartment and shyly mentioned that rent rates in Tehran were going up and that the rents that Kurosh and During were paying were at least half what everyone else was. Then she politely suggested that

Kurosh pay six hundred Toman in Iranian money and that the Durings pay nine hundred a month. Although the Durings were poor and Kurosh was carefully budgeting his Fulbright funds to last as long as possible; after cringing a bit, the renters agreed. Then a few months later, Homa decided that the huge apartment the Durings were renting should really be a thousand *toman* a month. That was a serious strain on Jean's budget so he began seeking a more reasonable place. Finally when Homa decided that 1,200 was a more correct rent for the Durings apartment, Jean decided on another place in a little neighborhood to the east of Amirabad farther north from the center of town for only 800. Homa was disappointed but decided to begin seriously working towards selling the whole building.

Vocal Master Mahmud Karimi

After a few weeks of instrument making experience including going through the complete process of making a *santur* which he kept as one of his instruments, it was time for Kurosh to work on his performing skills. The U of U Middle East Center had allowed him to write his doctoral dissertation on Iranian music with the understanding that he also expound in detail on the song text poetry since the Middle East Center was under the College of Humanities. This would include Persian history and a full explanation of the intricate Persian poetic structure and mystical meanings in the poetry to satisfy a degree in Persian language. Because of this requirement, Kurosh needed to learn as much as possible about the song texts used in the various *dastgah* (modal systems) in the vocal performance tradition. When Dr. Safvat understood the situation, he eventually turned Kurosh over to vocal master Mahmud Karimi who was a close affiliate of Safvat. Kurosh met Master Karimi and immediately the two became good friends. Karimi often drove Kurosh back to his apartment on Entesarieh in Amirabad where he parked his dark gray Peykan and the two talked at length about music and life. Master Karimi would often drop by the apartment to give Kurosh a ride to the Center or more often to his vocal class at the National Music Conservatory on Kakh Avenue towards downtown. During their many conversations in Farsi, Karimi explained more about the need for preserving the fast fading musical tradition. He said "about 30 years ago, Iranian traditional music was an exacting art, but when radio came along, things got out of hand. At first only the best performers were broadcast over the radio but gradually anyone and everyone with a bit of or even absolutely no talent was given a chance. Eventually Westernized, harmonized arrangements brought about the downfall of the highly developed ancient form. Traditionally, if the old masters weren't in the proper mood, they would refuse to perform. Now" he lamented "most musicians are glad to play anytime at the sight of a little cash. Artists have become lazy and play with a deplorable dearth of conviction. Unfortunately, the attitude that they need only perform at the lower limit of their capabilities in order to collect their monthly remuneration seems to have permeated all the music media. More and more Iranians are being deceived into delighting in light Westernized whims." Kurosh was saddened to hear about the possible loss of such a highly developed time-honored tradition. But he was determined to do all he could to assist in the preserving and continuing of Persian traditional music and other arts as well as the arts of neighboring countries that had formerly been part of the ancient benevolent Achaemenian Empire.

The first day that Kurosh attended the vocal class, he caught on quickly with his fluency in Farsi, his rudimentary knowledge of the poetry tradition and also his years of trying to imitate the vocal style from listening to the UNESCO recordings of *tar* master Borumand and former traditional, now show-off, vocalist Golpaigani which he played almost daily during his years in Paris. The vocalist students in the class were all males since the female students were in another section to avoid emotional

distractions. When it came Kurosh's turn to repeat the phrase they were working on, he sang with vigor and conviction nearly approximating Karimi's example. The rest of the students chuckled in surprised respect and one of them noted in Farsi "we are laughing because, you know, a tall American with a small nose was singing our music so perfectly." Even if they were actually laughing at his imperfect attempts at singing, Kurosh was happy to be accepted as part of the group. As he continued following the lessons, Master Karimi often reported favorably about his progress to Dr. Safvat who was pleased to hear that his former protégé from Paris was successfully continuing on the path of traditional Persian music.

Celestial Singing of Parisa

One day, to Kurosh's pleasant surprise, Dr. Safvat's colleague from Paris, the director of the *Centre de Études de Musique Orientale*, Madame Nelly Caron, came to Tehran. Kurosh was stunned to see her sitting in the Center with a blissful smile on her sweet face waiting to see Sr. Safvat. When Dr. Safvat arrived, he invited Kurosh to join them in a chat about her proposed activities in Tehran. One thing she wanted to do was to visit classes at the *Honarestan* (conservatory) where Kurosh was studying with Karimi. Since Nelly couldn't speak Persian and Master Karimi and most other of the instructors couldn't speak French, Dr. Safvat asked Kurosh to be translator for Nelly. He was to show up at five PM but came a little late due to traffic and slow busses. He arrived at the Conservatory, ran up the steps to Karimi's classroom and timidly entered the room. He greeted Master Karimi and Nelly then took a seat next to her. He then timidly looked over the class which was full of attractive girls with their charming Iranian little-girl femininity and occasional giggles. Master Karimi introduced Kurosh as one of his students from the male class and, as Kurosh gazed about the room, various young beauties would momentarily timidly look his way with furtive and almost flirtive glances. He was just about stunned into a trance but he endeavored to act nonchalant. Nelly whispered to him in French "too bad you can't hear the ladies sing; they are wonderful, especially the one on the end." As Kurosh looked towards the end of the front row, the two young ladies Nelly mentioned shyly looked down and discretely giggled nervously.

When Master Karimi asked Kurosh in Farsi to tell him what Nelly said, he hesitantly translated "*goft, heif e ke un do nafar khanom o nemitunid beshnavid.*" Master Karimi immediately instructed the two beauties "*bazam begid. (sing it again.)*" He plucked a couple of short phrases in the mode Isfahan on his *setar* then nodded to the striking girl in the corner with eyes glowing like jewels and long black hair of heaven-crafted silk. She took a deep breath and it seemed that a celestial light permeated the classroom as her powerfully penetrating yet delightfully delicate sound raced through Kurosh, vibrating his bones and finally residing in his heart where it remained for the rest of his life. He would never be the same after that experience; he felt like he had been struck by a beneficent placid lightening from paradise. As she sang through Bayat-e Raje with its haunting sorrow-scented refrains, Kurosh was basking in a beauty from beyond until, at the end of the section, Master Karimi instructed her little friend "*baqish (the rest.)*" The sweet and shy little turquoise-eyed girl next to her took over with her own special charm, although not as intense as the first vocalist, as they traded passages until Master Karimi gently instructed the first vocalist "*oj o bogu (sing the Oj).*"

The gentle genius authoritatively divulged the high point of the mode with a long pleasantly piercing note that almost whisked Kurosh into unconscious bliss as she sang on through the intense micro-melodies. As she forcefully expounded the lines of sophisticated mystic poetry with long strong pleasantly piercing notes, it seemed as if the room was trembling and the walls would crumble until

she reached the last note then shyly looked down meditating on the words and thinking about how she could do better if that were even possible. Then Master Karimi smiled at his friend Kurosh as if to say “is that OK?” and Kurosh thankfully smiled back still floating in ecstatic trance. Kurosh knew that Persian traditional music was divinely inspired and had the power of heaven when properly performed; but this exceptional witness was a stunning testimony of God’s power through music. Naturally if the dark side could access music for evil, which seemed to be universally witnessable on a daily basis in all the media, then it stands to reason that celestial forces could occasionally access music to elevate mankind. But only when, as Dr. Safvat admonishes, the artist is humble and pure enough to transfer treasures from the divine source. Kurosh thought he was truly in love, not with the beautiful vocalists themselves, but with their art even though they personally had all the qualifications to be targets of pure adoration. His immediate and life-long fervent obsession over the first vocalist, who he later learned went under the name of Parisa, was unfortunately misperceived by most Iranians as a personal rather than a musical infatuation; although they all should have understood that concept because Persian poets incessantly wrote about esoteric and other-worldly infatuation.

Kurosh was blankly staring, sometimes at the two angelic beings who had just sent him into a state of dizzy, giddy spiritual intoxication, then at Master Karimi and finally at Nelly who woke him from his trance remarking “*magnifique, n’est pas?* (magnificent, isn’t it?)” He couldn’t even speak but only nodded, glaring at the girls in disbelief. The class continued with others repeating the various sections of Isfahan, parts with song texts and those without until the class was over. Kurosh tried not to embarrass his newfound idols by glaring directly at them too dumbfoundedly. He continually sneaked peeks out of the side of his eyes and they also sneaked a few at him, the tall weird ‘ethnomusicologist’ from afar who spoke fluent, sometimes poetic Persian, and who was so enamored with their traditional music. The class finally ended, all too soon for Kurosh, and the two exceptional young talents humbly shuffled arm in arm out the door. The room was silent but the angelic voices were still ringing in Kurosh’s ears and would continue ringing in his soul for decades to come. After class, Master Karimi drove Kurosh and Nelly to the favorite restaurant Yekta where members of the Center would share lunch and sometimes dinner. During dinner, which was always just rice and onions with flat bread flavored by a little sumac and black pepper for Kurosh, he learned more about the two extraordinary vocalists. They were both from the Caspian coast, from Shahsavari and Rasht. Parisa’s real name was Vajihe Va’ez, called Vaji by her friends and family, he later learned; and the other girl was Hurshid Biabani whom Kurosh immediately dubbed *Cheshman-e Zomorodin* (Emerald-Eyes). This title was passed around among the leaders of the music milieu in Tehran, always with a smile or chuckle because of its unusual sound. Also Kurosh’s Persian name which he conjured up in Geneva, Kurosh Ali Khan, was repeated continually by everyone because it sounded goofy, actually humorous since the main saint of Shia’ Islam would not usually be placed together with Persia’s most illustrious original beneficent Achaemenian emperor then a Khan from the Mongol period thrown in at the end. So whenever possible, the guys would gossip about Kurosh Ali Khan being attracted to Cheshman-e Zomorodin adding giggles and chuckles over the crazy names. Of course, they never mentioned that the attraction Kurosh felt for Parisa and Hurshid was only metaphysical like in the poetry; they always seemed to prefer a harmless potential scandal to joke about rather than to relate it all to *erfan* (mystic esoterism).

The next week, Kurosh was treated to one more encounter with the two unforgettable super song birds. He was sitting in the downstairs office chatting with Mr. Purturab, when the girls gently drifted into the room asking to use the phone. When they were done, Kurosh boldly walked up to them and commented “*shomaha kheili qashang mikhunid* (you sing very beautifully.)” They self-consciously

giggled and Hurshid, remembering the little demonstration Karimi asked Kurosh to do in class, in the most enchanting little girl manner chirped “*shoma ham qashang mikhunid* (you sing beautifully too).” Kurosh laughed as his eyes fixed on the sea-colored beauty of Hurshid’s eyes for a moment before she reverently pointed to Parisa declaring “*un kheili ali e* (she is really superb).” Then Parisa took over stating in Farsi “I saw you yesterday, you were sitting reading.” Kurosh in a daze of joy muttered “I saw you too” to which she questioned “was I sitting in a cab.” His esoteric answer was “no, I saw you in my mind and heard you in my heart.” The girls giggled in astonishment at a big dumb Yankee thinking so poetically; then Kurosh, giddy from having overdosed on enchantment, nervously said farewell and returned to his seat in the office.

Artistic Infatuation and Destined Debuts

During dinner and for weeks after, Kurosh continually pressured Master Karimi to help set up concerts for these wonderful young artists so everyone in town could become aware of their unbelievable skills and honest purity. Master Karimi resisted the idea continually insisting that they were still too young and not yet ready for the later huge debut he was hoping for. The ministry of Culture and Arts (often not really culture and arts but pop slop and commercialism) was launching bad young pop ‘star’ cuties, sometimes from Karimi’s classes, and thus destroying their possibilities of becoming proponents of authentic traditional music. He was afraid that a concert before they were perfected and completely dedicated to the tradition could have a negative effect on their futures. He suggested one of the other top singers in the class, Faranaz, who later became a pop star under the name of Shahla Sarshar. He said that she was more of a public performer who was very good at the tradition but was also interested a singing for parties and didn’t mind receiving financial remuneration. Usually for an artist to blatantly accept any money for performing would cast them in the role of a *motreb* or commercial ‘performer’ which had more than just a slightly bad connotation in the Middle East. This was partly due to the Islamic view of ‘selling idle tales’ as mentioned in the Koran, and by extension selling musical performances, as improper behavior. Faranaz was Abrahamic authentic Jewish, spunky and fun; so she wasn’t really subject to the guidelines of Shia’ Islam and was eager to get out and perform. Kurosh liked her voice, but she sported short mini-skirts and was a bit too western, modern and secular in attitude for his goal of promoting only old traditional arts and artists who adhered to old Islamic values which corresponded to the traditional Mormon values that he fervently espoused. However much later in the 1990s, he did present her twice in major concerts in Salt Lake City where she sang beautifully, perfectly presenting traditional *dastgahs* in the traditional manner as she had learned them in Karimi’s class.

Then during dinner at Yekta, Kurosh made the disastrous error of expressing his admiration for the two lovely students, how skilled they were and how beautiful. Karimi detected a potential romance and, as an honorable protective father figure and teacher, panicked and scolded Kurosh for liking them too much. Karimi said that in Iran it is completely improper for a man to become even slightly fond of a woman, no matter how young and innocent she may be; and it was improper to comment too positively on her looks and other positive characteristics unless the man is ready to accept the young lady as an official fiancée. Being a fiancée would require the total agreement of the woman’s parents and other siblings, and the man would usually be a distant relative or someone very respectable in the community. That means someone with a large amount of wealth who easily could spare the at least \$100,000 that a potential husband would be obliged offer as *mehrie* for a lady of class, a requisite financial security for the bride that served as a type of divorce settlement in advance in case,

estafrullah, the marriage were to fall apart. Of course that would be very unlikely in an Islamic country because a distant cousin spouse would always be there in the family anyway; so why not just stay together. And also marriages were usually successful because the parents were fully involved in the choice of spouses and they were much more mature and wiser in choosing characteristics and qualifications over the silly things kids would prefer like looks and nice physique which soon fade away. In the case of a woman, physical form would be mostly an unknown if she dressed modestly according to Islamic values. Kurosh was stunned and embarrassed that he might have been too forward with the girls and apologized profusely. Karimi then shocked him again offering to arrange a possible marriage with Parisa if he was interested. He started to tremble nervously at the thought, how could a dirt-poor scholar just beginning to understand Persian music be with a drop-dead gorgeous angelic being with a full understanding of the complicated music system. He felt he would never be worthy of such a thing and couldn't afford it anyway. In order to calm the matter down, he mentioned that Hurshid would be better for him although she seemed to be at the end of her teens while Kurosh was in his thirties. But that was no problem in Iran; in fact an older more established wiser man was preferable. But Kurosh was very unestablished and far from being wise. He figured that, since Hurshid would not at all interested in him, he could escape any potential threat of an unlikely serious relationship by mentioning her. It was all to weird; hey he was only totally enchanted by their wonderful singing and also quite impressed by their feminine charm and beauty, but not to the point of romance and definitely not marriage. That was one skill that Kurosh had flunked three times and a couple more, if his steady marriage-like relationships in Europe were to be included.

Crafting Concerts at the Iran-America Society (IAS)

The first few days when Kurosh had come to Tehran, he checked in with the USIS because of his Fulbright funding for his research and so he could be sure he was doing that right thing in working closely with the Center and promoting its artists. The officials at the USIS were very friendly, helpful and supportive. He was immediately sent to the Iran-America Society (*Anjoman-e Iran o Emrika*) in Abassabad, a northern Tehran suburb which was sort of across from Amirabad where Kurosh lived and not far from Safvat's Center. One of the USIS officials, Dick Arndt, who was also a musician and immediately took a liking to Kurosh, called the director of the Iran-America Society (IAS) Lois Roth advising her to somehow take advantage of Kurosh's musical skills. Lois was warm, charming and also took a liking to Kurosh with his simple childlike enthusiasm and clear-eyed innocence. She offered him a job as a consultant for their music programs with a mild but useful honorarium of \$70 a month which was eventually augmented to \$150. She noted that they were having an opening of some local painter's work and if he wanted to, he could start that week by playing piano during the reception. This was a perfect opportunity for Kurosh who had done many such piano jobs all over Europe and the US. He was an immediate success at the IAS and became encouraged to work on putting together a jazz combo to play at potential monthly jam sessions. Dick Arndt would be on bass, a classy trombonist named Graham Graves from the British Embassy would often join in and a few other musicians from the international expatriate community could be accessed. Kurosh was so happy that, again two kind and sensitive obviously Jewish friends were there to offer him a helping hand like often had happened throughout his life. The jam sessions became a main attraction for the Americans and Europeans in Tehran and even tourists passing through. In his capacity as music advisor and eventually music director at the Anjoman, Kurosh suggested to the delight of everyone that they include Persian classical music and other arts in their programming. This was a perfect opportunity to

demonstrate the appreciation that cultured Americans have for the arts of Iran. Of course those horrible slobby drunken scum from some slum in the worst parts of undesirable Texas towns who worked for Bell Helicopter or other really slimy Yankee pigs who slithered about Tehran insulting, attempting to and sometimes succeeding in abusing women, slobbering drunk around the Intercontinental Hotel offending everyone and being totally obnoxious, were not helping the American image in Tehran one bit. Luckily, those creeps were not as noticeable at the excellent programs at the IAS, thanks to Kurosh and others there who had taste and class which offended and scared away the Texas trash. Too bad America wasn't really like the IAS rather than Bell Helicopter and other ugly Yankee big bad company bums who unfortunately represent the sleazy and often predominant side of modern Yankeedom.

Debut by the Emerald-Eyed Nightingale

One of the Iranian cultural events that Kurosh brought to the IAS was a discussion-demonstration about Iranian traditional music offered by Dr. Safvat with Kurosh translating and commenting in English. Dr. Safvat skillfully and beautifully demonstrated the *santur* and *setar* mesmerizing the audience members and Kurosh charmed them with his classy discourse as a former U of U instructor. Since Kurosh had swiftly become the music director at the IAS, in his discussions with Master Karimi, he plead that the Anjoman was a very classy place and had an important dominance in the field of culture in those days when the Shah and all his entourage, including various government ministries, were puppeteered by the US. Kurosh argued that if the two girl prodigies from his class were to perform at such an honored location as the Iran-America Society, their positive reputations would be sealed among the whole Tehran arts community including the Ministry of Culture and the Television. Finally Karimi reluctantly agreed to accelerating the plan of a big premier for his prime students at a later date in order to show up the Ministry with their ugly pop garbage shows they continually put on at Rudaki Hall. So Kurosh went to Lois and kindly convinced her to try a concert of young Iranian artists from the Honarestan (Conservatory) which would be the beautiful emerald-eyed Hurshid with top young instrumentalists. Among the instrumentalists was young *tar* expert Daryush Talai who decades later was to become one of, if not the top, Iranian *tar* payer in the world. The ensemble was composed of a girl, Marta, on *santur*, another girl, Sheida, on *zarb* and a boy on *ghichak*, all exceptional students at the Conservatory. Kurosh picked these students under the advice of Mr. Purturab, Karimi and Safvat who had been training some of the instrumentalists at Tehran University. The date for the concert was set and advertisements sent out to all modes of media. The night of the event, classy embassy affiliates from the US and other countries along with some of the upper crust of Iranian society, including Ministry officials, slowly wandered into the IAS where traditional Persian music was softly playing through the speakers. Then when all the seats were filled and extra guests had found spots to stand, Lois charmingly welcomed everyone to the concert then turned the time over to Kurosh who briefly discussed the music and artists in English and then fluent Farsi. The musicians began playing their well-rehearsed introduction under the directorship of the exceptional young *tar* master Talai. Then Hurshid came in for the *avaz* (vocal section) soothing the audience with her lovely voice. The music continued as everyone was transported to a higher spiritual level until at the end they clapped long and loud as sweet little Hurshid shyly and self-consciously bowed then scampered off to the side while Lois thanked everyone and announced the upcoming events including Kurosh's jazz jam night. After the concert, Kurosh secretly delivered gifts to the artists so as not to categorize them as paid performers. The gifts were fancy little boxes wrapped with ribbons containing gold coins. The

artists carefully accepted the gifts and quickly slipped them into their purses or pockets to avoid a scandal.

Debut of Celestial Songstress Parisa

The next day at the Center, Dr. Safvat and Master Karimi were discussing the success of the concert featuring the young artists and agreeing that it was good to promote Iranian traditional music in this respectful manner at a neutral venue that belonged to neither the Ministry nor the Television which was a place where pure traditional music without modernization, westernization or popularization could be presented. Kurosh joined the conversation then mentioned how wonderful it would be to present Parisa there. Karimi's face flushed and he became stern warning that he had a special plan for her official debut far in the future. Kurosh countered that Iran needed a traditional 'star' as an icon, someone who was selfless and humble, someone who was spiritually oriented and who would represent the tradition correctly and wouldn't go pop like everyone else. They saw he logic in Kurosh's argument; but Karimi had his special plan and wasn't going to alter it. Afterwards, Dr. Safvat whispered to Kurosh "*khoda dorostesh mikone* (God will fix it)." Kurosh was supposed to be the good Mormon with tons of faith and a direct communication with the Lord; but he suddenly realized that Mormons don't have total ownership of divine communication or revelation. If according to Mormon leaders' statements, Mohammad was guided by God, then for sure inner-circle saints like Dr. Safvat could be in touch with God as much as anyone else. So he smiled and resigned himself to letting the Lord take over the problem. But he didn't just sit and wait for something to happen; he came up with a plan that he felt the Lord revealed to him. Since Karimi continually reiterated that Parisa was property of the Ministry of Culture because she was studying with their scholarship, she wouldn't be able to just go out on her own and perform a concert somewhere, no matter how classy and plush the location. She would have to obtain permission from the Ministry which could involve months of red tape.

Kurosh decided he would talk the Ministry into the idea and, since he was a dumb *farangi* (foreigner) with no former history with any officials, good or bad, he could just go in there and ask them and they might agree. Of course he knew, from the red tape at BYU and the U of U, that by following a certain procedure, things work much better. So Kurosh visited his beloved boss Lois at the IAS and told her he had an idea for a fantastic sequel to the Hurshid traditional Iranian music concert. He told her how when Parisa sings the walls seem to shake and the heavens seem to open and that she is the best young vocalist in the country who will be the next top vocalist for the whole Middle East. He forecast that this debut would be her chance to start on a path to the top and that the IAS would be the organization in Tehran wise enough to identify her talents and launch her into orbit. He also described how this poor sweet girl was being misused as a pop singer to present stupid ugly badly written commercial songs by inept so-called 'composers' and that she needed a fair chance to show everyone what she really can do. He noted how his mom was the first woman from the west to be presented to the Court of St. James, how she and her friend Polly staged a demonstration fencing match for Mussolini's Brown Shirts when she was studying in Florence Italy before the war, then how she went on to start a ballet school in hicky Rexburg Idaho and how later she established the first womens' college polo team at USC and was one of the only young women to have her own car on the USC campus where she became Hellen of Troy, the highest honor bestowable at USC. Then in his best *ta'rof* he proffered that now this sweet young virtuoso Iranian female artist was in need of assistance from those who are sensitive and able to help launch a worthy woman prodigy towards the top. So

what venue would be better for this worthy cause than the bastion of equality, the light on the hill in Abassabad, the perceived benevolent and beautiful IAS. Lois was impressed and enthused about the value of this worthy cause; so she quickly crafted a letter to the Minister of Culture inviting Parisa to perform at the IAS and had her program director Azar counter sign it. Kurosh made a couple of copies, one for Parisa in case Minister Pahlbod agreed to the project.

So with the precious letter in hand, Kurosh enlisted the assistance of his friend and pen pal with whom he had exchanged craft items for Iranian instruments during the 1960s, Ms. Montakhab Saba. She was the wife of highly honored Master Hassan Saba who notated much of the *radif* (the collection of) *dastgah* (modal systems) for *santur*, *setar* or *tar* and violin or *kamanche*. Mrs. Saba was a friend of Mr. Pahlbod's assistant at the Ministry, Mr. Hakobian, a cheerful, brilliant, polished and refined kind gentleman. Mrs. Saba set up the meeting and they went into the office where they were greeted warmly. Kurosh gave Mr. Hakobian copies of some of his former publications on Iranian music and a copy of the printed program he had prepared for Hurshid's concert. Of course, Mr. Hakobian may have been at the concert and was surely aware of the event since Hurshid was a Ministry student. After a brief meeting, Mr. Hakobian assured that he would request that Mr. Pahlbod give permission for Parisa to present a concert at the IAS. Then Kurosh and Mrs. Saba went to find Parisa who was rehearsing to perform some pop tune at Rudaki Hall that evening. Parisa was a bit cold to Kurosh, probably she had been warned by Karimi to stay away from him because gossip was flurrying through the arts community that he had a crush on her and she needed to keep a distance in order to maintain her reputation. Also Karimi didn't want Kurosh to be butting in on Ministry turf by trying to talk Parisa into performing at the IAS without the Ministry approval. But now he had the approval and just needed to convince Parisa. They found her and Kurosh delivered the *davat-name* (invitation). She looked it over then scowled at the last part where a *pardakht-e nachiz* (insignificant payment) of 3,500 *rials* was mentioned. It wasn't because the amount was too low or anything like that; it was because blatantly mentioning the word "payment" was insulting for a true traditional artist of class and quality who should refuse to perform for financial gain. Mrs. Saba as a respected member of the arts community put in a good word for the project; but Parisa was confused not knowing how to accept the offer with money attached. She wisely responded "I have to discuss this with my teacher, Master Karimi." Kurosh was afraid that Karimi would balk at the whole thing and refuse to allow her to accept the invitation. As Kurosh and Mrs. Saba left the hall, the quiet voice that usually spoke truthfully to Kurosh in times of need whispered a reiteration of Dr. Safvat's promise that everything would be fine.

A few days later, Kurosh went to the Ministry music section on the third floor to find out what the response was to the request. He was directed to Mr. Rohani who was stern but efficient. He got out the letter and, noting his approval on it, sent it across the hall to Mr. Ahmadzade. Kurosh then followed the letter across the hall to the office of Mr. Ahmadzade, a down-to-earth magnetic positive person who said he would arrange it all. Kurosh showed his mother's book with the photo of his parents with the Shah on the back cover; but he really didn't need any help with this project which the whole Ministry seemed to agree with. Mr. Ahmadzade promised that he would fix everything up and that Kurosh should come the next morning when he would call in the artists to confirm the project. Kurosh had been advised and had decided on the younger master instrumentalists at the Ministry rather than the older honored masters, since Parisa was probably still barely 20 and no one but Kurosh and Karimi knew that she would be the future top vocalist of Iran but still had a few years of perfecting left. The next morning Kurosh went to the Ministry and chatted warmly with Mr. Ahmadzade and *tar* expert Mr. Zarif who briefly stopped in to confirm his participation. Then Parisa entered the room in an

elegant long purple maxi skirt and a classy white sweater with matching purple purse and boots. She was ravishing as usual with her little-girl giggle as she quickly sat down trying to hide behind her long silken locks. Then Mr. Ahmadzade nodded towards Kurosh questioning in Farsi “you know Mr. Kurosh Ali Khan, don’t you?” She giggled “yes” and glanced timidly towards Kurosh then hid again. Mr. Ahmadzade explained that a letter came from Minister Pahlbod requesting that she offer a performance at the Iran America Society also signed by Mr. Rohani.

Parisa was a bit startled and upset and started to stutter that her *ostad* (master) Mr. Karimi didn’t approve of her doing a full concert yet and had forbid her participation. Kurosh defended her by agreeing that Master Karimi was hesitant about her performing a full concert yet, but the IAS really wanted her. Kurosh apologized for the miscommunication stating that he thought that Mr. Karimi had stipulated that first the Ministry had to approve the idea before it could happen and thus the letter. Kurosh said that he hadn’t known that Karimi was completely against the whole idea. Mr. Ahmadzade smiled and with a kindly twinkle in his happy eyes and his good-natured laugh noted in Farsi “but the letter from Mrs. Roth, director of the Iran America Society stipulated that they were requesting a concert by Ms. Parisa and others, meaning Mr. Heydari, Zarif and Badiyi.” When Parisa began to hesitate again, Mr. Rohani said “go see Mr. Rohani, he’ll tell you that it’s official.” Kurosh tried to take Master Karimi’s side explaining that he was hesitant about the idea when Mr. Ahmadzade warmly and kindly stated “the *edare* (office) sent Parisa to Master Karimi for vocal instruction but Parisa still works for the Ministry. Parisa sort of wilted into a placid acceptance agreeing with a giggle. Kurosh then explained how when Parisa sang Isfahan in Karimi’s class her face lit up and Mr. Ahmadzade added a compliment “Ms. Parisa’s face is always bright (*hamishe roshan e*).” Kurosh then added “hearing her for the first time was like a religious experience and the walls seemed to crumble.”

Then plans were made for rehearsals now that *santur* master Heydari had entered the room. After setting the schedule, the usual friendly chatter commenced with everyone kidding about planning a potential marriage between Parisa and Kurosh. They both flushed with embarrassment as Parisa sternly reminded “I have a fiancé.” Kurosh affirmed “she would never accept me anyway” to which she added “he has to ask me himself.” Kurosh was a bit shocked because that statement might be interpreted that he might actually be welcome to try; but it was obviously just a politeness. He never would ask because such a beautiful flower should remain in the garden of Persia undisturbed especially by the hand of an unworthy foreign beggar. Parisa, Kurosh and Heydari left Mr. Ahmadzade’s office and went to the artists’ office to discuss further. Soon *kamanche* expert Mr. Badiyi entered the room with a group of other artists. Parisa found a seat back in the corner on the other side of the *bokhari* (stove heater) where she timidly hid behind her hair or tried to duck behind the heater like a frightened kitten whenever Kurosh looked her way. Badiyi stood and motioned in the direction of Kurosh exclaiming in Farsi “this is Kurosh Ali Khan an American who has become a Moslem and he wants to get married here” then he glanced impishly towards Parisa and everyone chuckled as she and Kurosh both turned red. After a bit more kidding, Kurosh decided to leave so Parisa wouldn’t have to endure any more jesting about their potential and totally nonexistent ‘romance.’ He hurried up to the IAS to tell Lois and everyone that the project was now official and that the promotion and other preparations could be set in motion.

The next day at the Center, Karimi was complaining to Dr. Safvat that Kurosh Ali Khan had been meddling in the arts world and had gone ahead and arranged a concert for Parisa before she was really ready for a grand debut. Kurosh approached them as they were discussing the matter. Karimi was almost angry while he was explaining his original plan for a later bigger debut for Parisa. Kurosh timidly tried to scurry downstairs to the workshop when Dr. Safvat kindly invited him to join them.

Then Safvat suggested that they should go to their favorite restaurant Yekta for dinner and continue trying to resolve the problem. They peacefully ate as Dr. Safvat discussed other happy subjects then it came time to resolve the situation. He smiled that peaceful Sufi smile which lets everyone know that God is in charge and that everything will work out. He started out with his usual Sufi wisdom “*hala ke intor shode, pas hatman khoda khaste* (now that it has happened this way, surely God has willed it.)” Dr. Safvat had this wise answer for various problems and he was always right because God is always right in allowing whatever happens to happen. It will all be understood as turning out for the best at some later date. Master Karimi thought for a while then suddenly smiled and agreed that, with a little intensive work, Parisa could be ready for her debut and that the plush and respected Iran-America Society actually would be an excellent venue. It was a neutral territory where everyone could support the idea of a concert there by someone yet unknown as an emerging master of the true tradition. If she were to do the same thing at Rudaki Hall, many other supposed ‘singers,’ some of the so-called ‘composers’ or instrumentalists would be angry that they had not been invited. The IAS, being unencumbered with traditional local politics and social climbing through personal affiliations, was off limits to control by the Ministry or the Television or anyone else, even the Shah. So everyone could go there and see the concert without taking any sides or having to glare meanly at adversaries. Dr. Safvat smiled knowingly thanking Karimi for seeing past the problem to the simple and beneficial solution. Karimi did mention that fact the Parisa was *delkhor* (disappointed) about the word ‘payment’ and Kurosh apologized noting that the American straight-forward bluntness was at play on that point. Kurosh said that he was very sorry that something he had said might have been accessory to having offended *un khodabanu-ye avaz* (that goddess of song). Then they came to the conclusion that, instead of dirty cash, the best way to offer remuneration to the artists was by gifts of gold coins in the form of *yek* (one) Pahlevi and *nim* (half) Pahlevi coins which would add up to the fees promised in the letter. Kurosh offered to find the best deal from his Jewish coin dealer friend and *sarrafi* (money changer) on Lalezar Avenue where he had already become a steady customer changing dollars or *tomans* into other currencies for travel to neighboring countries as part of his research. It was there that he had changed a couple of hundred dollars into Russian Rubles for potential travel to Soviet Middle Eastern locations like Baku, Ashkabad, Dushambe and Tashkent and then was not able to afford the outrageous visa cost; good old Commies, everyone can be ‘comrades’ with little or no money except ‘rich’ Americans or Europeans. Kurosh forgot about those Rubles until one day he got a call at the IAS from the *sarrafi* instructing him to bring those Rubles back because someone was going to Russia the next day and desperately needed them. Of course Kurosh doubled his money on the re-exchange.

Then next morning, finally with Karimi’s full support, Kurosh jumped into action working day and night trying to advertise the event to everyone he could think of and to prepare a scholastic and informative printed program which would impress everyone and thus bring much deserved credibility to his newly discovered treasure of vocalization. He was doing for Parisa what was rarely done for him during his struggle in the music world. He was helping a worthy and humble sincere artist get that first break that could result in lifetime success. He had written personal invitations in Persian calligraphy or in English calligraphy to Minister Pahlbod, Dr. Hakobian, Mr. Rohani, Mr. Ahmadzade, TV director Mr. Qotbi, Mrs. Qotbi, Kurosh’s friend from UCLA now at the television Dr. Hormoz Farhat, Dick Arndt, etc., etc. Kurosh was determined to fill the concert venue to prove that true traditional music, rather than the ghastly worthless pop that the Ministry usually promulgated, was valuable and worth serious attention. Master Karimi was fully involved working hard most of every day attending Parisa’s rehearsals and working privately with her at the Conservatory. At Kurosh’s request, Parisa would be singing Isfahan and also Mahur. A few instrumental interludes between the modes would add to the

event. The day of the concert approached and Kurosh had bought up several tickets himself to give to friends thus assuring that there would be a good audience. Master Karimi drove Kurosh to Lalezar Ave. where a friend of his was a jeweler. There they bought the gold coins to be offered as gifts for the artists: three one Pahlevi coins each for the instrumentalists and a two and a half Pahlevi, a one Pahlevi plus half and quarter Pahlevi coins for Parisa.

The evening of the concert, Master Karimi helped wrap the coins in little gold gift boxes the jeweler gave them. Kurosh had written little thank you notes in Farsi calligraphy with his filed-down wide ink pen. The note for Parisa stated that her singing had spiritual power and, if she retained her sweet spirituality, she would eventually soar to success. IAS program coordinator Mina and her assistant Feridun had set up three beautiful carpets borrowed from a nearby shop, hanging them on the stage and several on the floor. The musicians were on the left and Parisa was to stand on the right. The Ministry of Culture was kind enough to send their soundman who unfortunately Mina treated badly. She must have had some disappointments and disagreements with them in the past over her own efforts as a theater specialist. Kurosh went to the green room where the musicians were doing a final run-through of their program. Later Kurosh was on stage with Karimi, Parisa and the Ministry driver when Hurshid humbly approached Kurosh whispering “*mishe bilit begiram?* (can I have a ticket)” explaining that she didn’t have one. Kurosh knew that she was already in the theater and didn’t need one but he decided to have some fun so he chided “*bogu ba man i, bogu namzadam asti* (say you are with me, say you are my fiancée). She bashfully chirped “*ama dorost nist* (but it isn’t true).” Kurosh kindly smiled: *bashe, bigir* (OK, take one) as he gently placed a ticket in her tiny hand and then gently touched a lock of her hair for a second before realizing that he was not in the States; so he quickly withdrew his hand. Immediately Master Karimi rushed up and grabbed Kurosh by the arm and whisked him off to the corner near the director’s office and began to scold in Farsi. “What are you doing, do you know what you are doing?” He stammered. “You pinched Hurshid on the cheek in front of all those people.” Kurosh hadn’t pinched her cheek but it might have appeared so; and “all those people” were just him, Karimi, Parisa and maybe the Ministry driver. Karimi harangued Kurosh for a few minutes on the horrors of getting fresh with a young lady in public declaring that the Ministry driver had rushed up to him with the news and that he could be in big trouble. He left Kurosh to ponder and pout; then he strode over to the stage to discipline the girls for getting too giddy and friendly with Kurosh who should never have gotten away with such a forward action. Kurosh avoided being near the girls for the rest of the evening and undertook the task of trying to prevent a potential shouting match between Mina and the Ministry sound technician.

Soon the theater began to fill with dignitaries and *santurist* Payvar approached Kurosh to chat remembering their meeting in Paris years ago. Then he asked “who did this program?” Kurosh started to explain how it came about when Payvar interrupted with “I mean the printed program.” Kurosh said “O, that; well, I put together some facts from my research of Iranian music.” Those facts were partly unknown in Iran, especially the graph tracing the influence of Persian music on other systems all the way to Medieval Europe. It must have been impressive to have been of interest Mr. Payvar. As the theater filled up with almost no more seats for Kurosh and a few others working on the event, Kurosh nodded greetings and thanks to various friends and acquaintances as they wandered into the room. Soon the musicians began thus silencing the cheerfully chatting audience filling the room with intense and powerful musical statements in *dastgah* Mahur, the modal system mostly in the major scale. Then Parisa came in with a powerful free-rhythm *dar amad* or introduction emphasizing the tonic and expounding lines of wisdom through mystic poetry. The melodic phrases were tastefully shadowed by Heydari on *santur*. The vocal and instruments moved through the mode slowly moving higher in the

major scale to the second, the fifth and finally the tonic in the higher octave with occasional minor and seventh modulations. Kurosh felt that the walls must have shook from time to time as a result of the powerful and piercing perfection of Parisa's voice. Then when they ended with Isfahan, she seemed to lift the whole building off the ground with her intense vibrancy. Kurosh had predicted that her singing might appear to cause the walls to shake and, after the concert, various of his colleagues agreed that they felt some supernatural force. Many of the audience members clustered around shy and humble Parisa, among them dignitaries from the Ministry and TV as well as musicians including the Ministry's traditional vocalist Khatare Parvane who had been lurking in the audience to see the new rising star. Kurosh's hope of having a successful debut for the budding vocal star he had discovered in Karimi's class under the advice of Madame Caron had become a reality and Master Karimi was also very happy to witness the success.

Other Concerts at IAS

The Persian traditional music concert concept continued as Heydari and other Ministry members pushed to have a performance by Khatere Parane presented at the IAS. Kurosh, not wanting to be unfair, lent a tiny bit of assistance to that event which was mainly organized by Heydari. But Khatere represented the opposition, her voice was way too operatic, too gruff and without the requisite spirituality and soul. She favored *tarane* (little composed tunes) rather than the traditional free-rhythm *avaz* sections of the *radif* which Parisa so skillfully at rendered. Also there was a deep grudge by Kurosh, Karimi and affiliates of the Center over the fact that, when Safvat's colleague Nelly Caron in Paris requested a concert by Parisa, the Ministry betrayed everyone by sending Khatere because she was the senior of their vocal artists. That incident infuriated Kurosh to the point that he eventually became the most bitter enemy the Ministry ever had, later grinding them to dust in all the media as a music writer and as arts critic for most publications in the country. He also enlisted every other colleague writer in the battle for tradition against the Ministry and its unwelcome modernization thus becoming a formidable force in influencing a grass-roots movement away from westernization in the arts. Kurosh's ethnomusicologist friend Jean During was at Khatere's concert and, along with IAS program director Mina, was grumbling that Khatere was awful and Parisa was so much better and more authentic. During had started writing for the *Journal de Tehran* in French where he filed a review honestly criticizing Khatere's unacceptable and gruff westernized vocal styling.

After the concert, Kurosh hung around with Mina, her Rashti mom and a couple of relatives. Mina's gleeful green eyes danced as she, and her Rashti relatives taught Kurosh a few Rashti phrases. One was '*ti qorban beshum* (I am your sacrifice) which would be *qorbanat basham* in Tehran Farsi. Another was "*ti zaghe chumana khosh darum* (I like your green eyes)," a phrase which Kurosh flirtatiously flaunted at Mina whose vibrant sea-hue eyes and well-fashioned form had always attracted him. She was playfully teasing him as she taught him a little song as a warning about Rashti girls. It went like this:

"khodaya dukhtarha-ye Rashti qashang e (how beautiful are Rashit girls)
sefid o sorkh o sabz o rang be rang e (white, red, green and multicolored)
dele dare be sine mesle sang e (she has a heart in her chest like a stone.)"

Kurosh took Mina's hand and lovingly stared into her beautiful eyes, affirming in Farsi "I don't care how cold you Rashti girls are supposed to be, I'm still a bit enamored with you." Then he told them about Hurshid who had been featured in a concert there a few weeks ago and they said that they knew her family. Mina kidded Kurosh that even if Hurshid was beautiful and a skilled vocalist, she wasn't

there that night; but Mina was and available (of course not for anything more than warm conversation and maybe a tiny hug). Her mom and relatives emitted a naughty little shout and began to kid about arranging a fiancé party as Kurosh affirmed that he was faithful to the unattainable emerald-eyed Hurshid even though Mina was also very desirable.

Kurosh was happy with his little job programming concerts at the IAS and he especially enjoyed organizing the monthly jazz jams where he would play either piano for the cool jazz sessions or clarinet for the trad jazz gigs. His starting monthly consultancy fee of \$70 was nice but he didn't depend on it. To get that paltry stipend, he was obliged to drag to the IAS during the day and visit the Assyrian accountant who could have given lessons to some very frugal Jews on stinginess. Kurosh had to spend up to an hour of *ta'arof* (polite conversation) before he could broach the subject of his monthly consultant's fee. Then he had to sign a paper and the Assyrian grudgingly counted out the money like he was sacrificing his children to Baal. Kurosh learned that members of the Assyrian minority in Tehran were very hard-hearted when it came to money; but by the same token they were the best people in town to find cheap rates on airlines. Kurosh would go down to Villa Avenue close to central Tehran replete with Assyrian travel agents where he could get unbelievable low fares on flights to everywhere including less than half price on tickets to Los Angeles. So he was able to occasionally return for a few days to visit his parents in Laguna then drive up to Salt Lake to check in at the U of U and report on his PhD research.

Chapter 41

Unsuccessful Efforts as an Unwelcome Uncalled for LDS Stake Missionary

Kurosh felt he should try to inform any Iranians who might be interested (which nearly none were and rightfully so) about a few aspects of Mormonism. From his work as a stake missionary to Islamic students at BYU, his many classes on world religions with Dr. Spencer Palmer and classes on Middle aspects of Mormonism with Professor Hugh, he realized that the seemingly stupid parroted mission plan used to trick Christians into agreeing to get baptized would be absolutely worthless in the Islamic world. And since Moslems who really lived Islamic law were much more pious than Mormons, the part of the gospel which would be of interest to Moslems was totally different than anything that was moaned out in the official memorized lesson plan which was in use in the 1960s. Kurosh had his own completely innovative method of explaining LDS concepts to Moslems and it worked very well. Mainly, he was not at all interested in baptizing anyone because he felt that devout Moslems would have to accept lesser principles of modesty and health. Their women would have to dress much more revealingly than specified by fundamental Islam and they would have to start eating pork which was wormy, filthy actually deadly and condemned by a few former LDS leaders. Kurosh could never be part of encouraging people to sink to a lower level of morality and health. He did, however, feel that everyone could benefit from knowing about the journey of Lehi and his family when they were obliged to leave Jerusalem to find a promised land after an unbelievable harsh and long voyage over deserts and across the sea. He knew that many aspects of Mormonism would be very appealing to Moslems and just to be aware of so he was convinced that mainly those things should be emphasize. As far as forcing the concept of Jesus as the son of God, Kurosh knew that such a concept was way to outrageous for those who were living under an ancient Abrahamic religious law that forbade setting up anyone as an equal to God. Islam, as Judaism, is adamant that there is “no God but God” a concept which Jesus himself supported. The fact that there were hundreds of weird gods represented by various stupid idols in pre-Islamic Mecca and that pagan myths all over the non-monotheistic world ascribed fathers, mothers, sons and daughters to these fake pagan gods, made it necessary for Mohammad, just

like Moses did before him, to strictly forbid any hint of the pagan pantheon in reference to Allah, the one and only true God.

So Kurosh would inform his friends and acquaintances about the many concepts that Islam shared with Mormonism without harping ad nauseam about Jesus being God and about his gruesome crucifixion. Jesus was the main prophet of Islam who worked miracles showing people how to live and it is he who is scheduled to return to straighten out a lost world at the very end. Accepting those feats and being willing to live a moral and spiritual life seemed to be good enough for people in any major world religion. Heavens knows the Christians could do well to actually literally follow the words and Jesus instead of just raving on about his godhood in a manner that seems more like just ‘blaspheming his name’ rather than following his example. So Kurosh did his own thing and brought visitors to Church from time to time. Brother Gledhill from the USIS, who was a helpful contact for Kurosh in his efforts at the IAS, was important in the tiny local branch of the Mormon Church. The branch president in the early 1970s was kind and friendly President Collins who, thanks to brother Gledhill’s positive recommendations, suggested that Kurosh be set apart as a stake missionary, the first official Mormon missionary in Iran or any Persian speaking land. When Kurosh mentioned that he had never been released as a missionary to Moslem students at BYU, they said that he should be set apart again to officially work in Iran. Again, when the mission in Tehran closed, Kurosh was never officially released, so he continued on for decades doing what he knew he had been born to do, which was informing Farsi speakers and other Moslems about Lehi, Moroni and Ether along with unknown revelations in the Book of Moses and the Book of Abraham. But he felt that this should be done without any expectation or pressure to ‘convert’ anyone but mostly to reconfirm their faith in Islam as another true path. He was convinced that Jesus himself preferred to be in charge of further instructing Middle Eastern descendants of Abraham after His eventual return to repair a world damaged by western paganism and secular materialism.

Those first years in Tehran and the years after President Redmond took over were pleasant for Kurosh as he worked to share some of the points of Mormon doctrine with his Iranian friends being careful not appear like he was attempting to convert them but instead supporting the positive points of Shia’ Islam while citing similarities in Mormon doctrine. Some members of the branch were fond of Kurosh and admired his fluency in Farsi and his ability to make friends among all levels of Iranian society. Kurosh didn’t really understand the problem of not being able to proselyte in Iran because his form of missionary work was more confirming Islam and encouraging people to live it more fully and to abandon some of their little addictions and to follow the useful advice of the Islamic clerics. Kurosh went to mosques, prayed with the people, attended the Sufi *khaneqa* where inner-circle mystics and spiritually advanced artists such as Kurosh’s beloved music guru Safvat congregated. The Khaneqa was where occasionally selected spiritually advanced individuals were invited to attend and where Kurosh was invited by his friend Mrs. Saba, wife of the late great musician and teacher. But when president Collins left he was replaced by president Miller (no relation at all, especially philosophically) who was very negative about Kurosh. President Miller, like several mean members of the branch, despised the ‘camel jockey’ Iranians and apparently resented Kurosh for knowing Farsi, accepting Iranian culture and for not being anti-Islamic and anti-Iranian. President Miller banned Kurosh from ever speaking in church and did all he could to make Kurosh’s church activity unpleasant. As much as the stupid little brat missionaries in Europe were a pain and a bane to Kurosh when he lived there, these few hardened and nasty Yankee Mormons were equally painful to have to endure. Kurosh kept his cheery positive attitude but many members of the branch resented everything about him and purposely snubbed anyone he brought to church. In fact the bad vibes were so intense

that the one Iranian convert quit going to church. When Kurosh tried to reactivate him he said “after I saw the way they treated you for caring about Iranians, I decided that they must be phonies and their whole gospel was a scam. I just don’t want anything more to do with them ever.” Kurosh was being harshly persecuted for caring about Iranians and not being a typical arrogant Yankee snob slob.

He thought of the day he brought the in the LDS Book of Abraham to the Sorbonne and showed the round Egyptian facsimile no. 2 with all the Egyptian symbols to the Egyptology professor whose class at the Hautes Etudes ended just before Professor Benveniste’s Persian philology class. The Egyptologist frowned and quipped “*c’est un dieu, alors*” then asked in French what the book was. Upon hearing the word Mormon, similar to Joseph Smith’s experience with Egyptologist Dr. Anthon, the professor winced in disgust then declared that the explanation had nothing to do with the facsimile. Then Kurosh flipped a few pages back to the other facsimile no. 1, noting that it looked like it could represent the attempted sacrifice of Abraham and again the professor noted that the original meaning was something else. Then Kurosh proffered that just like the Latin alphabet is used for French but also Finnish, Turkish and other wide divergence languages so why couldn’t the same Egyptian symbols have been used by Israelites as mnemonic devices to indicate their own stories. The professor was not convinced although he did mutter “*peut-être, mais jen’ crois pas.*” Kurosh offered a cheerful and polite “*merci*” before taking his seat to wait for professor Benveniste’s class. All the negative experiences Kurosh had ever experienced during his efforts to share basic facts about Mormonism from Norway to Hunza from Bombay to Beirut didn’t come close to the grim treatment he endured from members of the LDS branch in Tehran.

In his travels, Kurosh had often witnessed the typical super-arrogant Yankee attitude adopted by many Mormons, but he wasn’t going to let a few hateful ugly Americans drive him out of the branch because he hadn’t been converted by the jerky missionary adolescents nor to the Yankee so-called ‘culture’ that had invaded the Church. He had been converted through personal miracles but then eventually realizing that the Church was a bit of a mess and needed to some day straighten out and make a clean break from Yankee materialism, greed and ego-worship. That was why he stuck with it through many miseries and mistreatments and, even though he had to cringe many a time at the ethnocentricity and egomania present in modern Mormonism; he wasn’t going to let anything less than actually being lynched to death chase him out of the Church. He fully knew from inspiration, reinforced by his patriarchal blessing, that his mission was to help in future efforts to bring the Church back from Yankeeism and worldliness to the basic spirituality and humility of its origin before it had been forced, soon after fleeing to Utah, to sell out to the evil US government and the prevalent egocentric Yankee ‘culture.’ Unfortunately, as one of the few LDS members who could see the problems, he just had to grit his teeth and bite his lip patiently waiting for some assured future reform. At one point, president Miller tried to convince Kurosh to leave Iran to which Kurosh prophetically and firmly replied “you will leave long before me.” And when, not long after that forecast, president Miller did leave, the new branch president was much more accepting of Kurosh and his efforts to reach the Iranians. To be fair, President Miller’s problem may have been the result of paranoia due to the agreement with the Iranian government that the Mormons could meet quietly if they promised not to try to aggressively push their message.

Kurosh was spreading information about Mormonism everywhere high and low and maybe could have eventually caused the Mormons to be reprimanded by the Iranian government. But since his message was very pro-Shi’a, non-confrontational and absolutely non-conversional, it would be difficult for any segment of Iranian society to disapprove of his efforts. An incident which really woke Kurosh to the anti-proselyting policy occurred when brother Gledhill called Kurosh at the IAS and

said he had received a large package APO for him from the U of U Middle East Center which Kurosh had left in Salt Lake to be send to him later. It had about 500 of his Farsi fliers about the Church along with some scholastic books he needed for research and also books he had published. When Kurosh went to pick it up, Gledhill turned very serious and warned “tell your friends back at the U not to send anymore of those fliers because we promised the Iranians that we would never do any type of missionary work.” Gledhill had asked the U.S. government translator to render the Farsi text in English, a copy of which he gave Kurosh. Brother Gledhill admitted that the historical and factual information was fairly harmless and a good way to present the Mormon story; but it still could be considered missionary work. Kurosh took the box and apologized promising to be very careful in distributing them to close acquaintances and not to anyone who might complain. He also offered that the Mormons in Tehran could disclaim him (many already had) as a crazy who they hadn’t authorized (which was true). From then on, Kurosh was humbled and viewed the LDS branch members who had been mean to him as having maybe been partially correct in their hesitancy and resentment. Maybe President Miller was more fearful of Kurosh’s wild efforts to inform Iranians about the Church rather than his being just outright vicious; although the whole attitude of most the Branch was almost persecutive because Kurosh affiliated with whom they perceived as ‘camel jockey creeps.’

A Potential Convert Appears

One day when Kurosh was at Tehran University he noticed an attractive fun girl with beautiful waist-length black hair chatting with a friend. He was mesmerized by her aura and stood entranced for a few minutes before she greeted him and asked who he was. He went on in fluent Farsi how he was nobody, just a no good dumb Yankee spy who was trying to absorb the glories of Persia’s 2,500 year old valuable culture, etc. She seemed to take a liking to the tall goofy Yank and introduced herself as Jamile. Soon they were like old friends and Kurosh offered to drive her home in the rickety old used car he had purchased. As they drove towards downtown, Jamile, or Jami as her friends called her, mentioned that her family were from Astara which was a little town on the Caspian, half in Azerbaijan USSR and half in Iranian Azerbaijan. Kurosh felt that he should tell her about Mormonism and its similarities with Islam. She was intrigued with the information and asked if there was a Mormon church in Tehran. He said there was and invited her to join him the following Sunday for a visit. He dropped her off at her house and met her friendly family who forced him to stay and chat a while. The next Sunday, he stopped by to pick her up to go to church. There, some of the members were cordial to her even through others were not at all interested in and Iranians polluting their meetings. Jami, however, was more welcomed than any other Iranian that had visited the branch and she very much enjoyed learning about LDS beliefs from the talks and in the class. Mostly Kurosh had to translate for her; but she had a fair knowledge of English and made a few friends. Of course most of the members resented Kurosh for bringing a ‘camel jockey’ into their intimate little elite exclave clique of white masters where they continually happily insulted Iran and its people whenever and however they could, even if Kurosh often rabidly railed against their inappropriate arrogant attitude. Since most all of the few church members in Iran were military or government affiliates, they had the haughty attitude that they were there as golden gods to tame and try to improve the uncultured barbarians (a title they themselves truly deserved). Kurosh, after suffering many unfair miseries in the so-called ‘land of the free’ and living all over Europe with years of intensive intellectual development under the tutelage of world class scholars, had become fully convinced that Yankees were the world’s most uneducated and insensitive scum whose only attribute was wads of money which they had stolen from everyone else in

the world including their own helpless home grown zombie slaves while purposely eschewing any real cultural awareness.

It was so obvious to Kurosh the Iranians were the real intellectuals were and who had real feelings and warmth for others. He felt the Yankees needed to learn from the Iranians not the other way around and he just hated how Yankees held themselves up as some kind of holy gurus whose duty was to educate what they surmised as the local seething mass of inferior sludge. Yankees were always harshly impatient and bitterly angry that the ‘camel jockeys’ weren’t Americanizing fast enough. Kurosh had to chuckle to himself when he considered the many alarming prophecies about the end of haughty America foretold by early Mormon leaders who were honored in name when church members bragged about Church history but disregarded as old fashioned and irrelevant because of their simple Godly philosophy and lifestyle. The early LDS prophets were especially disregarded in their forecasts of the total destruction of the “wicked nation” of modern America because it would “rise in pride above all other nations” then it would be “drenched in blood” to eventually be “cast down to hell” and “numbered among the past” when “every aspect of the wickedness that characterized their civilization would be done away with.” Some of the handful of Mormons in Tehran would respect the photos of the first four prophets of their church but would become upset if anyone ever dared to quote their prophecies or to praise their simple fundamental spirituality.

After several visits to the branch and deep discussions about the similarities shared by Mormonism and Islam, Shi’ism and even a bit of Zoroastrianism, Jamile decided to join the Mormon Church. Kurosh was not really an advocate of just anyone and everyone joining the Church, especially people from a higher culture having to sink into the tar pit and quicksand of Yankeeism to accept the Gospel (which originally emerged from simple Middle Eastern philosophy). But he thought that in the case of Jami who was not an active Moslem and not really interested in Islam, joining the Church would give her some good principles and at least she wouldn’t become addicted to alcohol and tobacco. Of course, Mormon women had very little decency in dress although their leaders had incessantly yet in vain emphasized modesty to which nearly all the women continually turn a deaf ear. When Kurosh had been subjected to the trashy slutty miniskirt fad in the 1960s on the BYU campus, at that time at least pants were still forbidden for women at the Y and jeans were only for the garbage man as they always should be. He strongly felt that the Luciferian jean and other fads promulgated by the homo-riddled fashion industry should be banned world-wide. In his wildest dreams, Kurosh never could have imagined how horrible, sloppy and stupid all Yankee women would be dressing and acting after the upcoming turn of the century. He could never believe how the evil multinational conspiring corporations would enforce their ugliness in apparel on the whole world, otherwise he would have been working to convert everyone to the fundamental moral principles of Islam. But eventually Moslem women would also eventually be infected by the satanic jean plague. Too bad no *mujtahed* or *ayatollah* ever issued a *fatva* against the Yankee disease of jeans with a potential of capital punishment for incessant addiction to it.

So after Kurosh indirectly convinced Jami that the gospel was true and vital, the Tehran branch leaders took over talking to her and they then tried to forbid Kurosh to associate with her any more. In fact bishop Miller made sure that Kurosh was not even allowed to attend her baptism, possibly because he was known around town as an ad hoc loose canon, an uncalled for ‘missionary.’ So possibly they didn’t want it to appear like Kurosh had actually converted someone which he didn’t because he never really wanted to. His kind supportive friend and fellow stake missionary brother Handcock was at the baptism and told Kurosh all about it. After the baptism, the story showed up in the LDS Ensign magazine with no mention at all of Kurosh as the person who found and converted Jami or had

initiated missionary work in Iran and instigated a mission there although he really was only sharing harmless information. He didn't care about any glory like the missionaries craved with their huge social farewells, exaggerated welcome home bashes and silly hero worship following them for years until reportedly 70% of them became inactive. His main goal was that he Elder Hartman Rector back at the Quorum of Seventies would see that Iran might be a place to find a few people who might be interested in the Church, although Shia' Islam provided definitely higher and stricter living standards direly needed in the malignant mud puddle of universal evil during the contemporary last days. Again his hard work was usurped as the Ensign article purposefully avoided any mention of his participation and gave credit to people who had little to do with anything. But he didn't care but only felt a bit cheated. Of course that is what happens to anyone who really wishes to serve the Lord for the good and not the glory.

Soon after her baptism, Kurosh arranged for Jami to visit Salt Lake for the LDS General Conference where she met Elder Rector, visited BYU and met professors Nibley and Palmer. The complete and correct story of her conversion was submitted to Ensign editor Jay Todd by way of his accordionist wife Janet Todd who had been Kurosh's friend and musical colleague with whom he played several performances in the 1960s when he was a BYU student. Still, Kurosh felt somewhat depressed that he was continually marginalized and treated like a mangy mad dog by President Miller and his cohorts. But having been bullied and beaten all through grade school and then shunned and resented in high school adding his miserable six months of starvation in Germany and roughing it in his car for a while in Stockholm and Paris, had toughened and hardened him so he could forcefully lock horns with the most belligerent egocentric Yankees and even the bellicose Russian Commies. About this time there were a couple of other baptisms, one Canadian girl and a German fellow which events Kurosh did attend because he was asked to use his rattley old Ford Taunus to drive the Canadian girl up to the Caspian for her baptism since they couldn't fit her in the other car with the branch officials. Elder Hartman Rector happened to be in Tehran at the time and had a good laugh about Kurosh's 'car' and praised his efforts in giving positive energy and information to the new converts during the time that they were learning about the Church. Eventually Kurosh sold the failing car to the German convert, Mr. Reidl who was also very helpful in getting a couple of trunks of Kurosh's cherished acquisitions such as instruments, carpets, crafts and books on a boat with his own items to arrive in San Pedro. It took a couple of years to finally meet up with Mr. Reidl in California and to get the trunks. Some of the Afghan rugs had been partly moth-eaten but that didn't discourage Kurosh who threw them out on the driveway of the his folks' Sea Island Drive home in Laguna Niguel where he saturated them with Bronner's soap and hosed them down several times. It seemed to work because the moths didn't return but some of the colors ended up slightly smushed together.

An LDS Mission is Established in Tehran

Finally after President Miller left Iran as Kurosh had foretold, the new branch president, brother Redmond, was very kind and helpful to Kurosh who had finally realized that he had actually been out of line preaching all over the country against the LDS Church's gentleman's agreement that no member would do so. Meanwhile Elder Rector back at the LDS Church headquarters Seventies office at had become convinced that there was a possibility for a few converts in Iran among a small minority who were non-Moslems or not religious at all. Also Elder Rector might have been influenced by Kurosh's continual suggesting that older members or married couples should be encouraged to be part-time missionaries by living in countries where there were no official missions exist or even places

where they did exist. That way at least a few grown ups would be able to sensibly share the gospel instead of only adolescents struggling and stumbling around attempting to, and all too often failing to be missionaries. Eventually four missionaries appeared in Tehran and an official mission was established in July 1975 to be the only Latter-day Saint mission headquartered in the Middle East since 1950. In 1977, Iran granted the Church official legal recognition and was the first Middle Eastern country to do so. Finally the Church sent a mission president, Dean Farnsworth, a nice gentleman who had been important in the BYU English Department. Three years later, the area president, brother Attwooll, became mission president. President Attwooll, who had been very kind and open to Kurosh and his philosophy, assigned Kurosh to help the missionaries in every way possible especially in translating.

One of the first priorities was to translate some of the main texts of LDS scriptures into Farsi. Kurosh volunteered to do the job since he had been trained at the at Université de Geneve École d'Interprètes, the École Nationale des Langues Orientales Vivantes as well as the Sorbonne and College de France in Paris then the University of Utah Middle East Center plus years of speaking at native fluency, reading, writing and researching in Farsi and related dialects. Although Kurosh's enthusiasm was appreciated, policy dictated that, even though they hardly knew a word of Farsi, the silly missionaries needed to be equally involved. So again Kurosh was limited and kept at bay and as a result the translation work bogged down to almost a dead halt. During the short lifespan of the Iran mission, some 18 missionaries attempted to learn rudimentary Farsi but were forbidden to preach. So they hung around teaching English and working with the Boy Scouts. While 18 different kiddy missionaries had come and gone in Iran only reaching a handful of people with a non-message, Kurosh had reached well over 20 million through his TV shows and travels all over the Middle East and some of those people were aware of his acceptance of Islam and local cultures because, as he informed them, his basic religion was similar to Islam. Such a message could be legally delivered to any *ayatollah*, *mujtahed*, *sheikh*, Sufi master or other Islamic leader, all who would be happy to hear it. During the time of the LDS in Tehran, only 15 people joined the Church who, other than the converts Kurosh discovered, were Asian, European and American expatriates. Small LDS church groups, mainly composed of Americans living in Iran were found in Tehran, Shiraz, Isfahan and Ahwaz. Neither of the two apostles, Thomas S. Monson and Howard W. Hunter, who visited Iran on separate occasions, ever offered an apostolic prayer officially dedicating the land for missionary work likely because, as Kurosh eventually came to explicitly understand, the whole Middle East was to be held in reserve for the Messiah to personally bring his message to them in a manner which will be much more effective, correct and convincing. And the people of the Middle East are all waiting for the imminent return of the Messiah or Jesus Christ (*Isa Masih*), so why bother them with information they may not accept when it will soon be shared with them in person by Islam's main prophet, Jesus himself, on his return.

Back at the Church translation division, Brother Nydegger still hadn't accepted Kurosh as the one native fluent Farsi linguist and Persian scholar in the Church like Nibley who had been accepted by everyone as the main ancient Egyptian and Semitic language scholar. For some reason, maybe because Kurosh appeared so bizarre in his methods and concepts, he was never accepted by the Church in general as anything but an unwanted pest. No one seemed to acknowledge him as a Persian scholar or any type of scholar even near the end of his life and worse the Church adopted the Yankee policy of despising any and all Islamic countries and cultures. Mormons never accepted Iran as anything but a rotten camel jockey-ridden nest of terrorist scum who needed to be nuked and are of absolutely of no worth to anyone especially to America who had adopted the role of pitiful policeman and the self-proclaimed lord and master of the world. It doesn't matter how frequently Cyrus the Great or any other

Persian prophet/kings were praised by God in the Bible or how many divinely directed deeds were done by the Persians or whether the Persians and Afghans are definite descendants of Joseph and Ephraim and whether Persia has been the main continual spiritual and cultural center and force for good in the world since 600 B.C. Nothing can ever bring any respect for the value of this peaceful land of philosophical and artistic treasures, the birthplace of human rights which document directly influenced the framers of the U.S. constitution which has finally suffered a cruel demise under a secular demonocracy. And seemingly nothing short of millions of sudden fervent converts to Mormonism in Iran could ever incite any interest among Mormons because it sadly seems that, only after a nation or race provides tithe-paying members is that nation or race recognized as worthwhile by the LDS Church. It doesn't matter that The Persians freed the Jews from Babylonian captivity and financed building of the temple in Jerusalem while continually scolding them for shirking their holy duty to accomplish God's command. It doesn't matter that the most spiritual beautiful poetry ever written which influenced the world's literature was written by Persians or that their music beneficially influenced most of the world or that they were responsible for innumerable advancements we all enjoy today. No, Persia and Iran are despised by Mormons who, in lock-step with their despot Yankee dictator masters, have come to be fervent followers the government and Zionist-generated media lies rather than believing the One True God and His scriptures concerning Persia.

When decades after Kurosh's efforts to inform Middle Easterners about the simple history of the Mormon Church, great efforts were being exerted to translate Arabic philosophical texts at BYU, even though the authors of the texts were mostly Persians writing in Arabic under Arab names, no one at BYU or the Church Offices cared one bit about Farsi or Iran or anywhere that spoke Persian or Dari. Obviously it is because they are mostly interested in people who they could teach Mormonism at and not in people from whom they could learn highly valuable spiritual concepts. This all too ethnocentric attitude has deprived Mormons from benefiting from the deep wisdom of the Persian spiritual poets and many other celestial aspects of a honorable 2,500 year old culture. It was only this one little few years in the 1970s when there was a mission in Tehran and when Hartman Rector supported the effort to reach out to Persian speakers that anything was done about translating anything into Farsi. And even then, it was a stumbling amateur attempt purposely excluding Kurosh even though he was the one authentic world class LDS Persian scholar the Church had (whether they wanted him around or not). And Kurosh always had an unwavering conviction that he had been pre-ordained, called and hopefully chosen as the official Persian language and culture expert in the Mormon Church even though he was never accepted as such in any tiny way. Of course they never wanted a stupid Persian language and culture expert in their tidy little Hebrew-philiac, Khazar-maniac, grudgingly Arab-accepting ignorance because 'all is well' in Zion and that doesn't include caring about the one truly honorable and divinely-guided nation in history because they are now defined by the Yankee lord masters of the world as worthless rag-head, camel jockey terrorist sand-niggers. Except it is the Sunni Wahabis not the Persian Shi'as who are the so-called Al-Qaida terrorist types conveniently conjured up by the U.S. to excuse their mass-murder of as many Moslems possible. Just ask any Mormon if they ever heard of the Parthians and nearly no-one will respond that the Persian Parthians were the equally powerful righteous God-fearing and God-worshiping rivals of Rome who militarily pummeled that putrid pagan empire on several occasions.

So for the LDS Persian 'translation' efforts in the early 1970s, a text would be chosen by the team in Tehran for translation and the adolescent missionaries would struggle to figure it out as Kurosh sat in frustrated misery trying to remain cordial. Then finally he would blurt out the perfect Farsi rendition and the missionaries, occasionally along with brother Attwooll, would try to improve on it; but

couldn't. So once in a while, one of Kurosh's brilliant translations would make its way back to Salt Lake where it was ripped apart by amateur adolescent aspiring missionaries there then usually ended up at best like a wimpy news report, void of the Spirit and without the literary value of the original text or any persuasive power. But in spite of everyone's suspicion of Kurosh and his eagerness to reach peoples of the Middle East with basic information about Mormonism, Brother Nydegger had actually taken Kurosh's advice on one subject and accepted Dr. Abdul Malik, a kind and humble Seventh Day Adventist Arabic professor at the U of U Middle East Center as the translator for the Book of Mormon in Arabic. On a trip back to Salt Lake, Kurosh gave Dr. Abdul Malik the large blue version of the book that could be easily read and give him a special blessing to be inspired in his work. Then some time later, Kurosh heard that his old spiteful detractor from the U of U Middle East Center, Dr. Sami Hanna, had supposedly joined the Church and was retranslating the book. Kurosh wondered why it needed to be redone since he felt that Dr. Abdul Malik had done an excellent job and he also thought it strange that Hanna suddenly joined the Church at the time he did then wormed his way into getting a translation job. Kurosh had witnessed how one green card craving so-called Persian fraudulent 'translator' jeered the Church for being so stupid while he drank coffee, smoked cigarettes in the Church parking lot and then would go up and pretend to translate just by digging up words out of a dictionary and stringing them together in a nonsensical mishmash. All the time he would laugh about how dumb the translation office was because they never realized his scam. Of course, Kurosh went to the immigration judge and informed him of the scam and as a result the little creep phony Iranian student's visa was toast for a long time even if he was stealing tithing money by being paid substantial wages his charade. Of course they wouldn't have allowed Kurosh to translate one sentence even if he paid them because he was a supposed worthless white guy who couldn't know anything about Farsi. Well Kurosh did know a lot about farce-ee whether promulgated by green-card grabbing Iranians or haughty arrogant adolescent 'missionaries.'

One wonders if LDS Egyptologist genius Hugh Nibley would also have been banned from any translation project because he was also a despised honkey white guy. But since there was no mission to the ancient Pharaohs, at least not on this earth, Nibley wouldn't have been needed in that capacity. He probably is now hanging out with those Pharaohs on the other side laughing at the linguistic bungling in Salt Lake and Provo. It didn't help Kurosh one bit that when his beloved convert Jami immigrated to Utah, she began spreading lies about him to everywhere portraying him as a girl-chaser who didn't know much Persian so that she could hog the potential translating calling that Kurosh had been recommending her for because she wanted to exclude him from participating as a co-translator. Kurosh never wanted to be hired for money to work on any translating, so she shouldn't have been paranoid. That was a sad blight on the whole effort because Kurosh was an earnest well-trained scholar of Persian of various eras and dialects who would be able to discover and even craft perfect terms for all LDS gospel expressions especially when he was in contact with top expert colleagues in Tehran like the government's official pure Persian word coiner Dr. Kia, Persian linguist Dr. Faravashi, Avestan expert Dr. Moqaddam and other such top scholars. Finally Brother Nydegger asked Jami if she could do the translating in Persian and, rather than honoring Kurosh as the stake missionary who had lead her into the Church and knew the Kurosh was an expert in the type of Persian which should be used for such a task, she betrayed claiming that Kurosh was a slimy girl-chasing creep who didn't know Persian at all. She apparently thought Kurosh would replace her and get the job and the wages although Kurosh had no interest at all in money. So she was able to trash his reputation at the Church Offices forever which helped to prevent him from doing anything in the Church in language or music. One would

think that an organization that worked by inspiration would have seen through such vicious paranoid-provoked self-preserving slander and all the translation fraud affiliated with Persian.

A Second Convert

Meanwhile, Kurosh had met a fun Russian Iranian girl at the IAS who was a musician and had become a fan of Kurosh's jazz events. She occasionally offered to drive him home to his Amirabad apartment after the concerts and became a type of non-physical girl friend. Her name was Margaret and Kurosh couldn't help but notice her absolutely perfect voluptuous figure. Her pock-marked face condition and Russian Orthodox religion likely caused Iranian men shun her; so she was happy to find Kurosh who didn't care about her face condition. His main squeeze in Paris, Ann, had a similar situation and it never bothered him. One night when they were parked in Margaret's black Peykan talking about music and life, she stunned him by wrapping her arms around him offering something like "*har vaqti ke mano mikhai, dastet deraz kon o var da* (whenever you want me just reach out and take me)." If he had been back in Europe during his years of sin, he would have firmly embraced her and kissed her madly, etc., etc. But as a reformed spiritually-oriented Mormon stake missionary and an aspiring Sufi, he knew a much better response. He lovingly hugged her, kissed her harmlessly on the forehead and answered in Farsi "I will give you something much better than a physical love. I will show you a love that will never cease; tomorrow I'm taking you to church. Her eyes stared in disbelief that someone would turn down mad passion with a very well-endowed desirable young woman in exchange for a date to church. She fumbled an agreement and the next morning they were sitting at the branch as members wondered where Kurosh kept finding girls to drag to meetings. As a Russian Orthodox since birth, Margaret had been shocked and emotionally moved that in Iran a guy could turn down hot passion and replace it with a platonic spiritual relationship. She kept attending church and finally accepted baptism. Margaret became friends with Jami and the three would go to various cultural events around Tehran and became like a family. One time the girls spent a whole day working on a fantastic vegetarian dinner for Kurosh which they all thoroughly enjoyed.

But with the limited success in bringing people, mostly non-Iranians and non-Moslems, into the Church, Kurosh finally realized that his endless enthusiasm was grossly misplaced, somewhat like Paul who was also spending his life living down his former sins. He realized that the agreement that the Church had made not to convert Moslems was correct and was actually God's will. So Kurosh, also trying to follow inspiration from God, needed to reorient his eagerness. He had fallen victim to a craze similar to how some Mormons felt compelled to convert the 'heathen' Jews (actual Khazar non-Abrahamic pagans) to Mormonism. They couldn't convert Jews anyway because, according to Brigham Young, no real Jew will ever join the Church until Jesus returns and they see his wounds. So, sure most of the Ashkenazi Khazar Luciferian imposters in Israel and all over the world would be fair game for conversion and some have become excellent church members. But none of the humble Sabras, Yemenite, Moroccan, Iraqi, Iranian or other fully authentic Abrahamic Jews would or could be interested at this time. As he contemplated the situation, Kurosh realized that Islam, especially Shia' Islam, was perfect for Iran and exactly what God willed and had given as a guide for the Middle East. It is logical because Islam was some of the truths from Persian Zoroastrian roots plus the restoration of the fundamental Abrahamic religion and Law of Moses delivered by the Prophet Mohammad. Kurosh finally realized that his mission in Iran was actually to learn more about God and His other religious manifestations and to encourage Iranians to be better Shia' Moslems. It seemed that Iranians were very well served by Islam when they take it seriously and live according to its fundamental principles.

However goofy, off-beat and outside the box Kurosh was, President Attwooll was fond of him and Sister Attwooll enjoyed reading Kurosh's mother's book *Bright Blue Beads*. President Attwooll asked Kurosh to do a translation of the Word of Wisdom which he eventually did with amazing skill and gusto. Kurosh was called to be Sunday school superintendent along with his assignment as stake missionary and he was invited to teach a class in Farsi about gospel principles and Church history. Kurosh relied exclusively on Nibley's *Lehi in the Desert and the World of the Jaredites* which had been a Melchizek Priesthood Quorum manual in 1957 when scholarship rather than pabulum was important in the Church. Nibley's information was culturally perfect for Farsi speakers. But Jami and Margaret who were the main members of the class complained to the branch leaders that they could care less about camels and wandering in the desert and all those Middle Eastern aspects of the Book of Mormon. They were too westernized to appreciate or have a drop of interest in the reality of ancient life as portrayed in the Book of Mormon, but instead were drawn to the modern version of the Church which was something Kurosh was fairly adverse to. So the class was finally cancelled. But in spite of all the persecution Kurosh had suffered from his fellow 'saints' in Tehran, before the Mormons were finally obliged to shut down the branch and leave, President Attwooll stated that if and when they ever do full missionary work to Moslems, it will be according to Kurosh's method of using Islam and the Koran as the basis for sharing common truths. Rather than opposing Islam or working around it, Spencer Palmer's concept of working through and with Islam to share truths is the only way to succeed and that would not mainly be for conversion only for sharing common truths. In the 7 years Kurosh had been an adopted and accepted native Iranian in Tehran, no religious Shi'a, Sufi, Zoroastrian or any Iranian had ever contradicted him much less persecuted him like the Mormons did.

The Mission Closes; Obviously Allah's Will

So in 1979 when the mission finally closed and the beautiful building where meetings had been held was given up and the missionaries and mission president had been evacuated in December of 1978, it was actually Allah's will. It was obvious that the Messiah is destined to be the one who will personally preside over converting the Jews and Moslems to His complete gospel and that only if they agree to learn more because the Messiah will never force or press anyone into believing anything. That doesn't exclude the dire need that pagan Christians have for more truth and enlightenment or even also Mormons who have a plethora of valuable truths tucked away in a trunk in the attic but don't always live by or care about the full gospel. The Messiah probably wouldn't want stumbling silly white juveniles messing up the vital work of reaching out to the descendants of Abraham anyway. After the mission closed, Kurosh realized how wrong he had been to think there was any need for an LDS mission in Iran, a country whose religious standards could protect its citizens from most of the evils of modern society such as sex addiction, homosexuality, blatant sassy immodesty, use of alcohol, eating filthy dead rotting wormy pigs, using sexual frustration rather than sensible parental guidance to set up marriages and, most of all, the stupid evil ancient Greek and Roman policy of worshiping the body and the ego rather than honoring God and forgetting the self. Of course the major error of trusting in the arm of flesh had been the American and European Gentiles' efforts to and ravage and rule the world rather than trusting in God to give them each day their daily bread and no more than that unless God wills it. Joining the LDS Church as it has become with all its recent absorption of modern American evils, would have been a step down for any Moslem because they would have to start eating pukey poisonous pigs and wearing skanky bikinis and trashy sexy clothes (most Iranians had already been converted to that Yankee wickedness). They would have to adopt the detrimental dizziness of dating to find a spouse, become addicted to sports and other time-wasting

thrill-seeking body-worshipping ‘entertainment,’ become entrapped by destructive nerve-gnawing rock and pop ‘music,’ dress like crummy janitors, etc., etc. So why should innocent happy God-fearing Iranian villagers join the Mormon Church to become addicted to worthless worldly pursuits and abandon their rich heritage to become drab Yankee imitations? It seems that the Lord would prefer that Moslems retain the simple truths of their Abrahamic tradition untainted by the ills of contemporary society until He can offer them the full truth minus all the lies of American/European materialism and secularism. One thing they would gain as far as an improvement in lifestyle is foregoing time-wasting tea, nerve-wracking coffee and, of course, stinky deadly tobacco in case anyone was still using that poison.

Kurosh was frustrated by what he perceived as a negative, superior and arrogant attitude among many branch members in Tehran who thought that ‘dirty camel-jockey Iranians’ were subhuman and that superior Americans shouldn’t acknowledge them in any way because they weren’t the chosen white race and the even more superior Mormon-born god-destined already saved forever LDS Church members. They decried Islam as a totally vicious pagan gang and would happily dispute at the drop of a hat how Mohammed was an evil false prophet contrary to what various LDS leaders have declared. Kurosh didn’t dare to or even bother to try to convince the over-arrogant members that if they thought they were the superior white race, what about their distant forefathers the Indo-European Indo-Iranian original chosen race of Cyrus who, with the Persians and Medes, was often mentioned positively in the Bible. Kurosh figured that of course those particular haughty members never paid any attention to the Doctrine and Covenants scripture in 18:20 “Contend against no church, save it be the church of the devil.” Most every Mormon knows or should know that pagan Christianity, mainly Catholicism, is defined as the Church of the Devil and Islam has been praised by various LDS leaders over the decades. In D&C 31:9, Mormons are admonished “revile not against those that revile” and in 98:23 of those who smite “revile not against them.” So if Mormons are forbidden to revile against those who revile against or smite them, how dare they revile against kind, warm, wise and humble Iranians who were helpful and hospitable? American anti-Islamism in Iran appeared to be the nasty vicious attitude adopted by all Yankees who supported the American hegemonic control of Iran and the whole world, a major mistake that caused the eventual Iranian revolution and decades of well-deserved anti-American bitter hatred. How could Mormons be part of that despicable attitude? They should have read their own scriptures like D&C 38:39 “beware of pride, lest ye become as the Nephites of old.” Well, it is already too late for a large portion of Mormondom to follow that advice. As for the arrogant hotshot prankster child ‘missionaries,’ they were correctly forecast as obnoxious ‘great big elders’ by LDS founders. Again in the D&C Kurosh was aware of scriptures reprimanding the characteristics of those particular bratty boy juvenile missionaries. In Section 88:121 “Therefore, cease from all your light speeches, from all laughter, from all your lustful desires, from all your pride and light-mindedness ...” Again in D&C 88:69 “cast away your idle thoughts and your excess of laughter far from you.” Of course it doesn’t mention pranks, goofing off and super silliness coupled with beyond haughty arrogance and superiority complexes which Kurosh witnessed missionaries usually acquire after the glorious send-offs and hero-worship heaped on them by everyone. It is strange that, when even the prophet Joseph Smith was reprimanded in scripture, that too many missionaries think they are perfect and God’s gift to the world of non-Mormon pagan ‘Gentiles.’ Too many church members in Tehran supposed Iranians to be sub-humans even if they had inherited a 2,500 year old highly evolved spiritual culture with poets like Molavi (Rumi), Hafez, Sa’di, Feredosi, Rudaki, Ansari, etc., etc., etc., a culture millions of miles beyond the comprehension of most Marmans barn in a born in Arem or similar hick towns.

Kurosh knew years before his Fulbright that he was going to the Middle East to learn not teach, at least not until he was many decades older. And then he became wise enough to understand that he had only

begun to learn. He realized that until Mormons are able to live the higher and stricter laws of Islam and Sufism, they have nothing to offer Persians whose religion requires modesty, chastity, inner spirituality, nutritional sensibility and many other things that most Mormons (and also some Persians) still need to attain and obtain. The main thing that Kurosh could do was to encourage Persians to adhere to Islam more obediently; that way they would be a step ahead of Mormons who will never seem to be able to maintain modesty in women's 'dress' (actually undress) and never observe the full Word of Wisdom especially when it comes to incessantly stuffing themselves with dead rotting filthy pigs then eventually dying from their atrocious culinary excesses. But although the often silly sissy adolescent missionaries and the mostly cocky conceited members were a major bulwark against informing the polite and intellectual Persians about a few aspects for Mormonism, Kurosh resigned himself to the realization that God let the Church purposely send out apparent asinine imbeciles as 'missionaries.' They were going all over the world to hopefully gather in only those golden contacts who are ready and inspired to accept a more advanced version of the true Gospel; mostly descendants of Joseph who are hidden among the Gentiles, the pagan so-called 'Christians' and even a few from less misguided faiths. But this would not include Islam which still observes the original correct Abrahamic beliefs with staunch vigor no 'Christian' or even Mormon can easily attain to.

So Kurosh decided long ago in Paris when he had originally been totally appalled by the stupid supercilious kiddy creeps masquerading as missionaries that the Paris mission president's assistant was correct in observing that the Church had to be true or the missionaries should have destroyed it long ago. So Kurosh had decided then that uncouth, uneducated and uncalled for little creeps seemed to be chosen to be sent on missions to scare away most of the intelligent or sensitive interested individuals. Thus only the select and very chosen descendants of Joseph would stumble into the Gospel in spite of the goof-ball juveniles trying to 'teach' them. Kurosh was totally adamant, but never dared express it, that only sensitive, wise, highly educated and enlightened over 40 year old members should be allowed to represent the Gospel message. These would be spiritually and deeply inspired preferably scholars, people like Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilfred Woodruff, Parley and Orson Pratt, Hugh Nibley and his disciples. Unfortunately neither the church school BYU nor the Church itself seem to encourage or even accept true dedicated scholars such as Nibley except for a meager handful. It seemed to Kurosh that if the Catholic religion is the Church of the Devil and the devil is very dedicated, brilliant and highly successful in his non-stop efforts to convert everyone to his grim philosophy, why not take a tip from the Catholics. Why not Mormon Jesuits, scholars who are fluent in several languages, culturally adaptable and are convincing and wise? But it appears that BYU is not interested in training real scholars but has accepted its role as merely a marriage bureau, a title given in jest in the 60s to the University of Geneva's Interpreter's School. So for comfort, Kurosh relied on D&C 90:10 "And then cometh the day when the arm of the Lord shall be revealed in power in convincing the nations, the heathen nations, the house of Joseph, of the gospel of their salvation." Kurosh interpreted this verse to indicate that the descendants of Joseph were concealed among the heathen nations which are the pagan so-called 'Christian' nations because no religion has ever been more heathen than so-called Catholic-engendered 'Christianity' except the counterfeit secular atheistic 'Jewish' (in name only) incorrectly-converted Mongol Hazard mass murders of Europe and Eastern Europe.

So Kurosh was actually relieved when the Mormons had to leave Iran. Their method is way too heavy-handed and thus offensive. It is completely unsuccessful in the Islamic world because they kept insisting on enforcing concepts, which in Islam could require the death penalty just for declaring them. Instead they should have been concentrating on Lei and his family sailing to Central America and leaving the wicked Jews to die in Jerusalem or be enslaved by Babylon. From Kroch's experience, that was the type of

information that all Moslems loved to hear. That along with the Tenth Article of Faith's affirmation that, rather than the vicious murdering political scam of Israel, "Zion will be built upon the American continent," not that worthless dumb desert, the misnomered 'Israel' instead of 'Judah' cruelly stolen from the real Jews (Palestinians). When Kurosh dreamed up his idea of a Middle Eastern Mission with headquarters in Tehran and maybe he might be called as the initial Mission president since he knew most of the languages, religions, cultures and loved the people much more than the white races he had been persecuted by. He even sketched out the potential Islamic Area Mission with its subdivisions. As part of this wild crazy unreal scheme, he had started out by translating and having translated his clear and acceptable pamphlet *A Prophet Who Left Jerusalem* in Farsi and Arabic in 1969, In Pashtu and Urdu in 1971 and finally in Turkish in 1973. That simple and sane discussion of Lehi and his family leaving Jerusalem and sailing to the New World with details about basic Mormons beliefs not emphasizing a couple of concepts offensive to Islam, was a perfect introduction to Mormonism which positively impressed everyone who read it in any of the languages it had been printed in. After Kurosh had seen how the Mormons had drifted away from the fundamental truths of the gospel to become as bad as their American prison wardens until they were no longer a separate or peculiar people but just carbon copies of the worst of the Yankee secular mania, he realized that first the Mormons have to be converted back to the original gospel of Joseph Smith. They need to completely abandon their silly worship of Luciferian sexually explicit homo-enforced freaky fashions, their junk food addiction, satanic rock noise infatuation, corporate kowtowing and worship of Wall Street. Kurosh had recognized that until Mormons themselves are converted to the real original Mormonism, they will have no success in the pushing their watered-down mamby pamby goody-goody (or is it really any more) goody two shoes appearing Americanized beyond acceptability Protestantish clique which was never supposed to be just another Christian sect. It started out as a completely fresh unusual yet accurate version of the simple path preached by Jesus which resembled a humble Sufi order rather than another grandiose break-off of the papacy.

Chapter 42

Kurosh Produces IAS LP, Gets Phased but Prominent in the Press

On the brighter side of Kurosh's work in Iran, the successful jazz concerts and jam sessions that Kurosh was organizing at the IAS including various fine musicians around Tehran, such as US Embassy Cultural Attaché Dick Arndt on bass, finally gave rise to the concept of cutting an LP of the music that had been so successful under Kurosh's directorship. He mentioned the concept once to Dick and to ISA director Lois and they both were in favor of it. So a few rehearsals were set up with the musicians who had been involved in the cool jazz and trad jazz concerts. These included skilled expatriate jazz performers from various government offices or projects such as Peace Corps volunteer Phil Shutzman serving as percussionist in the Tehran Symphony, and British Council Senior Lecturer Graham Graves on trombone. The trad jazz ensemble was composed of Kurosh on clarinet, US Embassy Naval Attaché George Bird on cornet, Graham Graves on trombone, Peace Corps volunteer music instructor Judy Bevans on piano, Dick Arndt on bass and Phill Shutzman on drums. The cool jazz combo included some of the same players with the addition of Peace Corps volunteer and Tehran Symphony flutist Marilyn Swindler wand Kurosh on piano. IAS piano favorite Elaine Birnbaum was included in the LP playing her famous version of Body and Soul. Other than Elaine's solo, all the music was organized by Kurosh and, although not as polished and professional as his former LPs 'Oriental Jazz with Press Keys' or 'Jazz at the U of U,' it was a nice documentary of the few expatriate musicians in Tehran with pleasant performances by enthusiastic artists. On one of Kurosh's annual trips back to the States, he drove down to Wakefield Records in Phoenix to have 300 of the LPs

pressed which were then sent by APO to Tehran where they were eventually sold to fans and friends at various IAS concerts and events.

But then unfortunately, one day Lois called Kurosh into her office and with tearful eyes explained that their budget was dwindling and that she couldn't keep Kurosh on as music director. Kurosh was saddened but in his usual cheerful manner promised to continue to help out with concerts and to play at the jam sessions and do whatever was needed even without the very helpful consultancy fee which had grown to a reasonable almost living wage of \$250 a month. That fee always seemed more difficult to wrench out of the clutches of the Assyrian accountant at the IAS than putting together all the programs. Lois came over to Kurosh and gave him a fond motherly hug thanking him for all his work and his willingness to continue as a volunteer. He had suggested a project of photos, taped music and a scholarly presentation he would create honoring former vocal master Qamar el Moluk and 1920s blues queen Bessie Smith who were somewhat contemporaries and similar in their powerful presentation of traditional vocal virtuosity. Meanwhile, Kurosh's pal Jean During suggested that he join a small cadre of intellectuals who wrote for the Tehran Journal. Jean was writing for the French Journal de Tehran. Kurosh went down to the Journal and was sent out to do an assignment, an interview which became his first story entitled Preserve the Old. It was about how modernization was threatening Tehran's old sector and the interview was with the founder of the Iranian Architectural Society. The piece perfectly fit Kurosh's philosophy of old is best and mod odd is trash. His excellent article was highly appreciated by the editor so Kurosh was invited to submit any review or preview of arts events that he wished.

Invasion by a Horrid Homo Who Hokes up the IAS

About the time that Kurosh was removed from the IAS payroll, a freaky fagy mod-odd Yankee visual 'art' 'specialist' was hired on at a very substantial wage. He began changing everything at the IAS and even redesigned the whole interior to look like a super silly swishy homo hangout. Kurosh was more angered by the guy's bad taste and freaky 'avant garde' (or more correctly avant gag) tendencies than his obnoxious flaming faggyness. Of course that sicko problem and his obvious diabolical possession made Kurosh nauseated whenever he had to pretend to be nice to the creep. Kurosh lamented that all too often homos have no taste or class and can be possessed by really mean evil spirits. But he accepted sometimes they are just great as musicians when they are not pushing their flagrant fruitiness or trying to forcefully put the make on everyone. It may have been that the IAS had to support some US policy of hiring homos even if they happen to have no taste and are obnoxiously arrogant super-snots. Soon after the horrible homo took over as arts director for the IAS (*estafrullah*), he put on a concert of screwball non-music noise, the stuff that has no sonar value, just ugly nerve-racking clangs, squawks and scrapes. It was the kind of noise that is more disquieting than fingernails scraping down a blackboard. Here was a perfect opportunity for Kurosh to expose that whole mod freak syndrome and its homo supportership and more importantly to attempt to reorient the IAS to a more sensible and Islamically acceptable direction, like it was before. Kurosh sat through the first nauseating half of the 'concert' then he jumped in his car and rushed way downtown to the Etela'at building and dashed up the stairs to the Tehran Journal office to type up a poison pen pan of the ugly event. He gleefully hammered away on the keys giggling as he wrote, describing the IAS as having taken on the appearance of a ridiculous pop-art playpen promoting the ugliest possible distortions masquerading as art and a ear-splitting non-music noise ear pollution attack in the guise of a concert. He ended citing what appeared to be an explosion, maybe a car backfiring, that happened

across the street during the concert, saying “so in spite of the cranium-crushing cacophony that posed as music, at least the audience got a bang out of it.” The Journal thought that the piece was great because it had guts and wasn’t the typical milk toast foot-(or other) kissing drivel that filled the pages of the papers every day seething with sycophantic praises of HIM (His Imperial Majesty) the Shah. Kurosh sometimes wondered if the Shah was HIM, should the Queen be HER (Her Imperial Royalty or something). Kurosh liked a couple of things about the Shah; but he hated the wanton Westernization that was eating away at Iran’s traditional arts, culture and morality due to the Shah’s being puppeteered by the Yanks. So it was about time for some brave journalist to strike out against Westernization while being careful not to appear personally critical of HIM. Kurosh was the perfect person to start that trend in Tehran because he didn’t exactly hate the Shah personally and was always supportive of whoever was in power wherever, whether the commies when he visited Eastern Europe, deGaulle when he lived in Paris or whichever Skull and Bones Illuminati implant cleverly disguised dictator ruled America. Kurosh followed the LDS article of faith that instructs everyone to support any ruling entity no matter how horrible and let God make the improvements in politics when necessary. The anti-Western rampage in the press instigated by Kurosh influenced intellectual writers in all the English, French and Farsi media in Tehran to pursue the policy of total truth in arts reviews and to initiate a vendetta to vindicate true art in the face of direly detrimental western-worshipping sycophantry.

The next day when Kurosh slyly wandered into the IAS, everyone glared at him, some in admiration, but the majority mostly in horror or suspicion. He maintained his manner of cheer and warmth as he walked down the corridor when suddenly the secretary rushed up to him and grimly whispered “Ms. Roth wants to see you.” Kurosh had expected to be summoned into the director’s office, either to be offered his job back or to be threatened, even though he only wrote his pan piece because of his revulsion and resentment for mod-odd pop and slop art being forced on everyone everywhere in order to destroy celestially engendered, time-honored old traditional arts. He would have panned his best friend for supporting contemporary garbage. Kurosh wandered into Lois’s office with a loving smile on his face as she nervously waved him into a seat in front of her desk. She began explaining that she had been pressured into hiring the ‘arts specialist’ and had to cut Kurosh’s position, etc. Kurosh was surprised to learn that Lois presumed that he had written the article out of revenge for having been released. He thought that everyone knew by now that he was an adamant adversary of all and any crass contemporary western non-art junk and would fight it anywhere and everywhere possible with every fiber of his being. Having his petty little arts advisor position cut, freed him to tell the truth about the mess at the IAS.

Then Lois offered Kurosh, not his job back, since he and the recently contracted hideous homo who was now in charge of all arts at the IAS could never be in the same together for more than a moment; but instead Kurosh was tendered a weird bribe. Lois promised “if you quit the Journal, I will get you a good job playing at the Intercontinental Hotel.” He would never consider the possibility of leaving the paper where finally he had a chance to express his immense contempt for the West and its trash that was impersonating authentic arts and culture. No job, no matter how important and how huge the potential income, would ever replace a chance to tell it like it is to a vast eager audience who were just waiting from someone to tell the truth and expose the bad side of westernization, something that Kurosh was a seasoned expert in expressing. Then Lois added “and Dick has connections at the National Television where you could present programs of your music; go see him after you leave here.” Kurosh told Lois that he wouldn’t leave the Journal but he would only criticize freaky mod events at the IAS that were really ghastly, which many thereafter were. He swore that any project

favoring Persian culture or favoring the positive side of American culture like jazz or other ethnic arts would be highly praised in his articles. Lois again reiterated the offer of the Intercontinental job if he left the Journal which he again politely declined.

He walked to his car and drove down to Dick's office where he was informed that, if he went to the NIRT building and met with Dr. Hormoz Farhat, that Dr. Farhat would be happy to review a potential pilot for a TV series of jazz performances. Dick then described the TV music director Ms. Shahrzad Afshar, or Sherry, as a charming brilliant beautiful little bird who had high-class taste in music and had agreed to see what Kurosh could do for jazz programming. Dick also noted that Lois was saddened by the negative review of the IAS concert and Kurosh affirmed that he planned to review events there or anywhere else completely honestly because, wasn't that the American way, one of the good things America wanted to teach the world? Wasn't freedom of expression about a subject as apparently harmless as music and other arts one of the positive facets of American culture? Dick agreed and Kurosh promised to be very fair and to seek out positive projects at the IAS to write about. They both agreed that in his journalistic efforts there was no need for Kurosh to address any perceived political problems which were allegedly non-existent in Iran. Kurosh did declare that the pop art mod-odd goofiness brought to the IAS by the so-called 'arts expert' was definitely negative and that it was a problem which Kurosh and his colleagues would continually mention in the paper and he would work to convince other journalists to join him in crusading against such decadence. He sternly stared into Dick's eyes and bore testimony that the weirdo who had taken over the arts at the IAS would destroy all the good things that Kurosh, in partnership with Dick, the Ministry of Culture, Karimi and Safvat, had accomplished there and would vaporize all the good resultant positive relationships that had been built with local arts dignitaries. Kurosh could tell that Dick somewhat agreed but wouldn't allow himself to admit it.

The IAS Returns to Rationality and Reality

Eventually after months of sometimes harsh critiques from Kurosh and fellow anti-westernization colleagues at the Tehran Journal and the Kayhan International, the gagy faggy freak disappeared from the Tehran scene and traditional arts were again free to be honored and preserved. A new Iranian girl was hired as an IAS programmer as well as a nice American girl as an assistant to Lois. Kurosh exchanged subtle friendly flirtations with both of them and wrote complimentary remarks about them in the paper. He even did an interview with the Iranian girl which he packed with praise. The interview was so influential that the American girl confronted him the next day at the IAS, grabbed his arm and pulled him into her office angrily declaring "why did you say all those ass-kissing things about her in the paper?" Kurosh tried to smooth it over and to avoid joining in what he didn't realize was a cat fight competition going on between the two. So the following day he did a little piece full of positive statements about the American girl. The day after, she again grabbed his arm and dragged him into her office, this time for a warm hug and a few substantial hot kisses. He was pleasantly surprised because he didn't expect or even want to be rewarded in a physically affectionate manner, although he enjoyed it. His main goal was to rebuild a good relationship with the IAS and to find positive things to put in the paper about the IAS now that the kooky queer was no longer around to ruin arts efforts there. But that didn't mean Kurosh was a Yankee patsy. He would always remember the evils of psychiatric torture and resultant mental and emotional disablement he and many other teens had suffered in the US and the continual efforts by the US to mass murder and rob every nation that wouldn't become their zombie puppets and wouldn't immediately hand over all their resources without a peep. As proof of his

real feelings about the vicious evil Yankee empire, one day at the IAS, he was helping prepare for a program he had volunteered to produce and the US flag accidentally fell over. When IAS desk man Ahmad shouted “*Kurosh, darafshet oftad!* (Kurosh, your flag fell!),” Kurosh stepped over to the Iranian flag, kissed the corner of it and pressed it against his forehead declaring “*na baba, un darafsh-e man nist, in darafsham e, va nayoftad* (no man, that’s not my flag; **this** is my flag and it didn’t fall). He continued working while an Iranian maintenance man picked up the US flag. Kurosh unfondly remembered his miserable years in the evil US like an escaped prisoner from Siberia would remember grim times as a slave there. Kurosh’s nightmarish memory of the being bullied all through school, tortured in a nut house and totally rejected in the US could never ever leave him likely not even after his death whenever that would be, the sooner the better he often concluded.

Dick Arndt Farewell Bash

Kurosh heard the sad news that his friend and bassman Dick was leaving because his tour in Iran was up. The IAS jazz scene was to suffer somewhat and Dick’s friends would miss him. So a farewell party was set and Kurosh drove through a refreshing forest to the location for the party which was a mansion with a lovely garden and pleasant pool. Dick’s friends including various key figures in Tehran’s arts and politics were invited. Of course Lois was one of the instigators of the event and was definitely one of Dick’s fans. Once in a while big mouth Kurosh would embarrass them by calling them a great pair and when should everyone expect the engagement party and wedding bells. Among the illustrious guest list was Dr. Hormoz Farhat from NIRT, scholar Dr. Moqadam, Kurosh’s drummer and drummer for Tehran Symphony Phil Shutzman with Sheida, the *zarb* player from Hurshid’s concert (a date Kurosh had arranged for him), and many other friends and dignitaries. Of course Kurosh and his band, including Phil and Dick, were prevailed upon to perform although the piano had keys that stuck and were out of tune. Then Lois, who had been drinking too much to get up the courage to sing for everyone, grabbed Kurosh as a compulsory dance partner and snuggled up in his arms. The party eventually died out and everyone went home to meditate over the loss of a great guy who had done so much for the music scene among Tehran’s foreign guests. Years later Kurosh heard that Dick and Louis got married back in the States. They were nice people and Kurosh presumed that they must have been really happy together.

Panning Putridity in the Paper and Promoting Pure Persian Music

At Tehran Journal, Kurosh fit in perfectly. He was among colleagues who mostly agreed with his brash and blatant criticism of all things western especially the rabid enforced Americanization of Iran and the resultant destruction of its traditional arts. In complete agreement with his agenda to reverse westernization were the Islamic scholars and supporters Peter Wilson and Terry Graham. Peter was a scholar of Islamic mysticism, Sufi orders and Islamic philosophy. His beat encompassed those subjects and some travel when it pertained to places of Islamic interest. Terry was a fun crazy guy who had come across the border from Turkey where, in the border town of Erzerum, he was urged to paint (even if he had little experience) a hideous huge ugly placard of the detestable dictator Attaturk. Kurosh had seen that ghastly ‘painting’ on one of his visa trips and thought it was pretty bad and Terry agreed. People thought it suspicious how Terry came across the border and arrived in Tehran spouting a string of *tarof* that no one could believe or emulate. He was dapper, smooth and intellectual as well as very friendly and sincerely caring. He was almost too perfect to believe; so he was suspected of being a Yankee spy or something.

Once at a party Kurosh kidded him that instead of his adopted Persian name Shamseddin, since he was a US spy and a sham that he should be called Sham-eddin. Terry was a positive addition to the ‘gang of spies’ or the journalists who hung out at Roger Cooper’s residence and was a mainstay at Sherry Cooper’s monthly press parties. People noted with suspicion that he never lived very far from the USIS office in Tehran. His beat included various arts events, some Islamic subjects and culture in general. A harsh arts critic at the Journal, Janet Lazarian, was helpful to learn from, a mentor who never pulled punches in her cutting remarks about any story that she felt wasn’t well written or factually complete. Her beat was theater, opera, dance and sometimes travel.

Then there was James Underwood, a fun and funny flaming fag but a very helpful and nice person, although at times quite obnoxious. He gave useful pointers on writing style and helpful insight on how to present ideas. He could be helpful in getting writers connected to important individuals to interview or to help obtain facts and gain accesses. His beat was gossip and social events. Various expatriate English speakers would do occasional pieces on various subjects; some wrote for a while then moved on or away. A Pakistani girl named Shirley, who eventually became Peter’s girl friend, was one of the main sub-editors who corrected Kurosh’s horrible spellings and bad grammar as a result of having lived in various European countries and having studied several languages. The main man at the Journal was Vahe Petrosian, a tough editor who had years of news experience in Chicago. He was a no-nonsense guy who could throw a carefully prepared long piece into the waste basket gruffly grumbling “re-write that trash!” Kurosh would fish out his cherished piece and try to make it more acceptable. Vahe would sometimes make suggestions, but often just threw a story back grumping that it needed to be written right, written better or more fully researched. He didn’t care how insulting something was (of course nothing negative could ever be said about the ‘beloved’ Shah); if it was correct and well-written, he would gladly publish it even if the next day hundreds of irate calls clogged the phones. Once Vahe admitted to Kurosh that the boss, Etefaat Editor Mr. Massoudi, had received an irate call from the Minister of Culture Mr. Pahlbod raving against Kurosh for his insulting reviews of the Ministry’s westernization agenda. Vahe sneered his very rare smile and noted that Massoudi had instructed Vahe to encourage Kurosh to more fervently continue his poison pen against the Ministry. There seemed to be a quiet yet lively rivalry between some relatives of the Shah, especially his pushy sister Shams who was wife of Minister Pahlbod, and the intelligent and much more fun members of the Queen’s family like her cousin Reza Qotbi director of NIRT. The rivalry could provide interesting entertainment but needed to be kept quiet and never hinted at in the press, of course.

One enjoyable assignment Vahe gave Kurosh was a three-day trip up to the Caspian to a mineral spa there where old men with arthritis and other ailments were being partially cured. Vahe sent Kurosh and a young American fresh wannabe journalist to do the assignment. He gave them a small travel budget which they immediately decided to split and save most of by just sleeping in separate sections of the car and eating bread and onions with some olive oil or whatever would cost nearly nothing. On the way north to Ramsar, Kurosh told the girl how he had been roughing it all over the world and she eagerly joined him in that lifestyle for those few days. She was quite pretty, well proportioned and charmingly feminine so Kurosh decided he should be her protector while treating her with the utmost respect. She was some kind of Christian with high morals, so they covenanted to never allowed more than a fond touch on the shoulder or something innocent to transpire. She had acquired a white *chador* with little colored spots on it which was a common design in Tehran. She correctly wore it even down to covering one eye and holding the edge in her teeth at the right side of her mouth while still speaking humbly and modestly the few words of Farsi she had learned. It was a wonderful experience for both to travel together like a family but never allowing any physical affection in public (or anywhere in their case), just like real Iranians.

They were *aqā va khaṇom* to everyone they interviewed and they acted accordingly which meant no public show of any tiny bit of affection or admiration. After the assignment, she temporarily became one of the intimate members of the goofy Sufi gang of spies clan with Peter and Terry.

Once weeks later, the four good friends were cruising around Tehran in Kurosh's car goofing off like American High School kids. Peter was talking about some *mujtahed* (important spiritual leader) of a Sufi order. So Kurosh slyly noted "then are you should be considered our *mujtahed* or maybe muttonhead, not of the order but the odor." After a few laughs Kurosh added "so instead of the *qotb* (chief leader) of our Sufi order, Peter would be the cut-up not the *qotb*; but actually Terry would be that. Again disgusted chuckles. After having briefly noting the differences between Shia and Sunni Islam, Terry sang the first line of the tune "Sunny" using the word Sunni. Kurosh couldn't resist answering with the first line of "More" using the word *mohr* (Shia prayer block) to counter Sunnism. Then Kurosh struck up a crazy song to the tune of Shadow of Your Smile. It went: "the *chador* of your smile when you're in Qom, I'd like a nice *sige* then bring you home." His friends laughed then he came up with a 1950s rhythm 'n' blues alternative which he bellowed out like an authentic black blues crooner. It went "I'm goin' down that dusty road to Qom, oh yea I'm goin' down that dusty road to Qom; gonna fin' a little *sige* an' bring 'er right on home." After giggles and cackles from his friends, he continued: "common baby let's cut a cool *sige*, yea come on baby let's cut a cool *sige*, cuz I jus' cain't go on livin' 'lone this way." Then he recruited everyone in the car to loudly sing along with *shaykh* rattle and roll." A car full of young Iranians who had pulled up beside them at a stop light were laughing at Kurosh's goofy singing. The light changed and they drove off as the Sufi gang calmed down. Kurosh apologized for being disrespectful to a tradition which Abraham had initiated by marrying Sarah's Egyptian assistant Hagar, reportedly the daughter of the Pharaoh. But Kurosh did eventually sing that stupid Qom Road Blues on TV in one of his programs where he had invited a few girls from the American school band to back up some old 50s blues tunes with Kurosh on grumbly Bary sax. He figured he might end up on the Mullahs' black list for joking about *sige* unless they might have had a sense of humor and just thought it was good for a harmless laugh. But with a cute blond Yankee girl on alto sax and another on trombone along with a girl on drums and his side-kick Parvin on electric bass, Kurosh still wondered if that particular show would get him in trouble with his honored colleagues in the strict Islamic community. Kurosh was mostly as stern as a *mullah*; but he had a harmless impishness that occasionally came out in goofy ways. But mostly during his several years of Anti-American yellow journalism in Iran, Kurosh was the most ruthless critic of everything the materialistic Yankees worshipped except for New Orleans jazz and cool jazz (which was never widely accepted and had been wiped out by the slimy rock freak scum). He also honored the original founders of the U.S. Constitution along with concepts brought forth but eventually watered down by the original founders of the Mormon Church. Anything since the 1950s was total garbage to Kurosh who never stopped cursing colas, burgers, ever-present junk food, jeans, mini-skirts and other smuttiness, social climbing, atheism, secularism, greed and mass murder of innocent Moslems in order to steal oil, etc. etc.

At the Journal, Kurosh met a Pakistani writer named Ralph who introduced him to a Lebanese magazine called Sketch where Kurosh began submitting stories about Iranian music, concerts, artists and festivals. This along with a limited income from the Journal of \$10 each for around a half dozen articles a month or more totaling about \$100 month plus income from a few other publications that began to accept Kurosh's work helped keep him alive in Tehran. Kurosh was admired by his colleagues, editors and even opponents in the news business and his unwavering gutsy gusto was refreshing in a town where most everyone was kissing up to the government and the Shah. So one by one, most of the newspapers and magazines in Iran invited Kurosh to write articles and reviews on Iranian traditional music and other subjects of interest. The Farsi intellectual paper Ayandegan offered

\$10 each for any articles he did for them. For instance the Journal sent him to Rasht to interview the literary corps about the Shah's so-called White Revolution. Kurosh was sent to review the international fashion show but wasn't able to interview the Queen on that occasion. Then the next day he was sent to review the Pierre Balman show at Intercontinental Hotel.

Added to his growing assignments from various publications in Iran, was his eventual meeting with Joe Mazandi, publisher of Iran Tribune and a friend of Kurosh's father. As advised by his father in a letter from California, Kurosh found 3/6 Karim Khan Blvd., went in and enthusiastically greeted Joe noting he was Sherm's son. Joe was happy to meet him and was aware of his news work around Tehran so he asked him to write some magazine articles for Iran Tribune. Kurosh started out with a piece on Iranian traditional music and then did others including one on Persian painting of the Herat style of Behzad. Kurosh wrote an article a month for Iran Tribune earning about \$30 each. Then he was invited by editor Eve Johnson to write for the tourist magazine Around Iran where he did many travel pieces. With all the assignments in all the publications, Kurosh was able to earn about \$300 a month which in 1970s Tehran was almost a decent living. One day he received a call from Mr. Bernard who was assuming Joe Mazandi's post as UPI stringer in Iran. Mr. Bernard asked Kurosh to pick up him and his family at the Mehrabad Airport and drive them to the Hilton at the top of Pahlevi Ave. He was offered \$20 a day to be their driver until they got situated with their own transportation. Mr. Bernard, his nice wife and charming teenage daughter enjoyed having friendly and savvy Kurosh as their driver; except they were a bit perturbed by his bad habit of shaving, eating or brushing his hair while driving with his knees. Once Bernard asked "do you ever drive without doing 100 other things?" Kurosh realized that he was being a bit unsafe and thereafter tried to be more correct as a chauffeur. When Bernard was finally set up in the UPI office, Kurosh was allowed to stay in the Bernard's vacated plush room at the Hilton until their rent ran out.

Dreamy Days (and Daze) at Damavand Girls' College

Kurosh also looked up another friend of his parents, Mostofa Vaziri who was important at Damavand Girls College and invited Kurosh to teach English there. When Kurosh heard the dreaded hated words 'teach English' he was nauseated and felt he wanted to vomit. He controlled himself and asked more about the position learning that it was all day a few days a week. He just hated the thought of being degraded to a prostitute whose only value was his big dumb body just because he happened to know the stupid idiot pigeon language he was born talking because the vicious dictator imperialist Yankee swine forced everyone to learn it even though his ancestors were French and Celtic speaking royalty from Charlemagne, Louis the Pious, king Thibaut of Navarre, a prince of Wales or so and high class German roots. Forcing English on him was part of the Yankee social engineering with its evil materialism, its Darwinism, its freaky Freudism, Satanic body-worshiping sports and pop star addiction from the bastard Greeks, its money worship from the imposter Khazar Ashkenazi non-Jews, etc. Why would he ever want to spread the disease of Yankeeism in any form among the good and kind innocent inhabitants of Persia, the country who adopted and promoted monotheism in face of the Luciferian mother goddess adoration that dominated the whole world before the Achaemenians but returned to control the world through Alexander the Creep and the Romans, still in power today thanks to the so-called 'Christian' and 'Jewish' (actually secular) pagans who rule it. No, no, no, he would never degrade his forty years of serious scholarship and research of many languages and cultures to be a dumb idiot English teacher and participate in destroying a valuable traditional society by aiding the evil agenda of Yankee imperialism. He sat in Mr. Vaziri's car as they drove up to the little college in a

nice section of northern Tehran. He felt like he was being driven up to Evin Prison as he thought over the years of studying with master teachers like Emile Benveniste in Paris, professors Moqadam and Minovi and dozens more. All he was worth was English? Ghetto-bred children of drug pushers could do better teaching English than a spacey dreamer artist scholar like Kurosh.

They arrived at the college and Mr. Vaziri invited Kurosh in the door where he met the directorship and then was invited into a class. As he gazed out over the sparkling faces of the mostly beautiful sweet and charming girls who stared at him with loving, even lusty, eyes, he realized that teaching there would be more like a visit to a dream world than the punishment he had expected. After visiting a few classes full of dozens of stunning beauties from classy intelligent families, he was again asked by sympathetic Mr. Vaziri if he wanted to work there for a short time. Kurosh decided that, in order to be able to be in almost daily proximity of such young, possibly marriageable (or so he might hope) beauties, a major sacrifice of principles might be necessary. Vaziri stated that Kurosh should start right away and teach a couple of his classes that afternoon. Kurosh decided that he would try to make it fun and informative like he had to when he was first sentenced to the degradation of an English teacher in Tehran back in 1957. He was introduced to the girls, many of whom gave him lustful loving looks of obvious desperate desire. Most of them imagined that Kurosh was like the wealthy sexy tall handsome (well, sort of) American men on TV or in Hollywood films they had seen. He was far from what they imagined; he was more of a crazy spaz, a severe wannabe white *mullah* or *ostad-e rohani* (spiritual master). Of course, as an artist, Kurosh was very romantic and loved to cherish and care for sweet and un-aggressive women (the handful still left in the world). He was very gentle and sensitive and would never push himself in any way on a woman; in fact all his life he usually declined aggressive affection from young ladies who were just interested in a physical encounter. So Kurosh practiced fun English dialogues with the cute charming girls allowing each one of them to create stories with their limited vocabulary. Many of the conversations gravitated to romance and some of the girls almost harassed Kurosh with veiled sexual innuendos. Although he appreciated the contrast with the cold shoulder he usually endured in Iran, he wasn't that comfortable being a sex object who could never become such in reality due to his religious principles. Then there was the fact that the families of all the girls at Damavand would, necessarily by cultural dictate, locate suitable and much worthier and more reliable young men than Kurosh for their daughters. Still, he was tempted and teased by the tantalizing treasures at Damavand and secretly wished he could madly hug and kiss a few of them because they also secretly, and occasionally obviously, wished for the same.

For weeks Kurosh taught at what he referred to as *Huristan-e Damavand* or 'Damavand Angel Land' and strongly felt that he really was in heaven. Once he was working on a translation with one of the more elegant, enticing and buxom beauties in an empty classroom when all of a sudden she wrapped herself around him and began madly kissing him like an insane person. He enjoyed every second of it but realized that such activity was beyond inappropriate and could not be carried to any conclusion, so he eventually freed himself from her grasp with the excuse "*inja na; ba'dan* (not here, later). The next day after school, he was driving home and a couple of blocks from the school and two of the more beautiful and desirable young beauties timidly waved him to stop. He pulled over and they shyly begged for a ride home noting that they lived in Abbasabad just a few blocks from his place. He opened the back door and they climbed in. Then one opened her scarf and he witnessed the same girl who had madly accosted him. She told her sister to cool it in the back seat while she jumped into the front seat and proceeded to attempt to madly make out with Kurosh as he tried to drive to her building. He took them home that day and for many days after as Adile and her sister became his after school constant companions. One day, Adile was at home ill, so her sister met Kurosh at the designated spot

down the street. She climbed into the seat next to Kurosh and molested him even more than her sister which was confusing to Kurosh although partly pleasant yet guilt-provoking. When Adile was back again, she asked him where exactly he lived and he told her. Then a few days later she admitted that she had walked to his place several times disguised in a *chador* and was hoping to come up and make mad passionate love with him. He warned that such a thing was not possible although the thought was somewhat wonderfully pleasurable and very good for the health. Kurosh then told her a story of his beloved master Dr. Safvat when he was teaching Persian music in Paris. One day Ms. Grimot brought a student to him who was exceptionally beautiful and desirable. The girl hinted that she wished to become more friendly and tried to start physical interaction. Dr. Safvat wasn't interested in any type of intimacy and protested to Ms. Grimot. He was told that he was making a mistake in refusing such an opportunity because feminine companionship would be beneficial for his health. He responded that, if he was healthy here but sick in the next world, what use would it be? He noted that the Quran advised to be married and chaste because Jesus advised if your eye offend you, cast it out. But he hadn't seen any one-eyed Christians walking around Paris who had followed that recommendation. Adile reluctantly acquiesced admitting that such activity would actually be wrong even if she craved it madly as did he somewhat.

All during their wildly passionate would-be but not really yet unrequited love affair, Kurosh was never allowed to phone her or recognize her in any way on the street or in a store or to demonstrate any affection or perceived preferential treatment at school. One afternoon, Kurosh was very lonely and called Adile to see if she wanted to drive up to Tajrish or somewhere pleasant and just hang out together like a real couple. When she answered the phone she coldly scolded him for calling even though her parents were not home at that time. Then she warned that she could never see him again because her family had found her a good husband from a wealthy related family and that Kurosh was not to ever think about her or even look at her again. She briskly hung up as Kurosh slumped to the floor in a stunned state not being able to understand how a woman could be so loving one minute then cold as ice the next as if nothing had ever happened. He had hoped that maybe she was a potential candidate for a wife; but who was he kidding, with no real job or reliable future, how could he really be anyone's husband. The next week, Damavand College invited Kurosh to bring some of his Armenian jazz band members and play for their graduation party. The band set up as his many admirers among the student body would come up and offer adoring greetings then take seats in the main multipurpose room where the audience had set up around the combo. Then when all the lovely ladies were in their seats, Kurosh ripped into some wild blues and crazy hot jazz as the girls went totally insane. Kurosh felt like a rock star but, as an aspirant *sufi*, was somewhat uncomfortable with so much riotous applause. After the concert, the American boss lady lamented that those girls weren't ready for Ray Charles and hard blues because it made them too crazy.

As he drove home, Adile's sister suddenly appeared at the old rendezvous spot, frantically flagged Kurosh down and jumped into the car. She pressed her firm protruding chest against him and clenched him closely kissing him until he almost suffocated. Then she instructed him to drive to his place where they could really make passionate love undisturbed. When they pulled up in front of his apartment, she explained that her sister Adile was heartsick about having to break up with him but she had to trust the decision of her family. Kurosh agreed that it was actually best since he had no future or even present to offer anyone. The sister gazed into his eyes and begged him to take her upstairs and love her like in the movies. He kindly brushed the wisp of hair from in front of her eager eyes, kissed her long and lovingly on the lips then gently on the forehead explaining that it would be so wonderful to have her in his arms all day and all night; but it was *haram* (forbidden) unless they were married and marriage

would be impossible for many reasons. The main problem was the over one hundred thousand dollars *mehrie* (guarantee) he would have to conjure up for a beauty from a good family but couldn't with no steady income or possibilities of such. They clasped each other tight for several minutes as she sobbed softly then he gently broke loose and drove to the corner near her place and let her out affirming that he would always remember and care about the sisters and would wish for their happiness and success. That was the last time he ever saw or heard of them again. The next few days, he was thanked profusely by Damavand College for filling in for an absent instructor and that they promised to contact him if they ever again needed a substitute. Luckily that never happened because didn't need to be sidetracked by that bevy of beauties when he really should be working on his etnomusicological research and his agenda of trying to clean up the western pop sludge that had invaded the sacred domain of Iran's honorable traditional music. Also he didn't need to be plagued with potential guilt form occasionally hanging out with students which was against the rules of the school, Persian society and Mormon standards.

The Struggle to Save Tradition from the Devastation of Westernization

Back to his life as a journalist, when Kurosh began attending Persian music concerts at the Ministry of Culture's Rudaki Hall, he as appalled at the disgusting manner in which the Ministry's music director Faramarz Payvar had been westernizing traditional Iranian music. Payvar was writing stupid and silly-sounding 'arrangements' with harmonies, disruptive fills, improper arpeggios and runs, totally inappropriate chords, etc. The harm that was being suffered from this occidentomania was causing the demise of Iranian music and Kurosh fought day and night to oppose it. In his various articles in several publications, Kurosh presented in a scholarly manner the problems in saving traditional music and quoted various experts in the field. In writing about Dr. Safvat's Center, Kurosh quoted his colleague Jean During who stated in an interview in *Journal de Tehran* "one can say without exaggeration that the fate of traditional music in Iran is linked to that of the Center." He also quoted his friend Nelly Caron who, along with Safvat, coauthored the most valuable text on the subject in a Western language. She praised the Center stating that it "fulfilled our last hopes for saving Iranian traditional music in an atmosphere where young artists can completely dedicate themselves to the study and performance of Iran's virtually vanishing musical heritage." Kurosh's former teacher Dr. Tran Van Khe who held the highest degree in arts and sciences from the Sorbonne and was a close colleague of Safvat at the *Centre d'études du musique orientale* in Paris stated "in recent decades, the contact between East and West has taken a terrible toll on Eastern music. Now it is time to forget our inferiority complex about our own traditions." Because of his feelings about Eastern music, Tran Van Khe was one of the staunchest supporters of the Center and its methods. Another colleague of Safvat, Caron and Tran Van Khe who taught Persian music at the *Centre d'études du musique orientale*, zarb player Jamshid Shimirani who said in an interview Kurosh did for *Tehran Journal* "we have to save our tradition before it completely disappears, Everywhere in the world there are both good and bad in music; but in Iran it appears as if only the bad is left. We need ten or twenty men like Safvat and Karimi instead of only a meager handful." He also indicated that the syrupy fakey phony *golha* radio series was 'just horrible' and bereft of any real feeling or musical value.

Kurosh continually praised Safvat's Center which, as of 1970, had become the national voice for Persia's traditional music. Meanwhile Kurosh slammed the policy of the Ministry of Culture during the 1970s which fostered laissez-fair Westernization. This policy included turning aspiring young traditionally trained artists into cheap pop performers who were occasionally seen at the Ministry's Rudaki Hall. Many

of Kurosh's reviews discussed the problems of the times and this exposé was encouraged by editors and publishers even under threats from the Minister of Culture. One Tehran Journal article by Kurosh entitled "Golden Horde Hits Rudaki" stated "the twenty-two piece musical mob was too much for even the most soft spoken music lover to ignore. The writing was what made the whole experience unpleasant: slap stick stops and staccatos, forced volume changes and over dramatic orchestration were among the myriad musical errors . . . If something isn't done soon to put true traditional music on its feet again, the supercilious semi-Western hybrid that is taking over will, like a weed, completely kill the remaining beneficial herbs in the field of true tradition." Another of his reviews noted "having 22 players cranking away in monody seems like a waste of talent unless volume is the ultimate goal. In the old days of sultans and Chinese emperors, when huge ensembles were in vogue, each player embellished the melody with his own personal style and ornamentation creating an interesting polyphony. This type of ensemble performance necessitates individualistic performers, not just skilled readers."

The message was similar in another concert review by Kurosh in Tehran Journal in an article entitled "Popular but Painful" which stated "Payvar's eight piece orchestra played from the usual over-arranged scores. The depth of decadence in the orchestrations has reached ridiculous proportions; Payvar now extracts pizzicato plucks from *ghichaks* and *kamanchehs* and requires chord strums from the *uds* and *tars*. The new trend is to have a music stand for the singer to avoid using cribs and next we might expect to see Payvar come on stage in black tails with a baton in his hand. In fact he could just invent machines to play the instruments since no feeling or knowledge of Iranian tradition is needed to execute the written scores; then Payvar could just plug in the machines as the audience wildly applauds, then wave his baton in time to the music . . . Khatere Parvaneh, in a beautiful silvery glittering purple dress looked stunning from the back row of the hall; but her sound was the same old gruff operatic shout. She has a great tailor, now all she needs is to return to vocal class and try to get back into the traditional *radif* by working on some *dastgahs*. Payvar's accompaniment of the vocalists was as bland and busy as ever, sheets of sound and myriads of notes weaving in a meaningless barrage of emotionlessness. The most disconcerting thing is that the audience has grown to accept and even enjoy this horrible hybrid which shows that even the elect have been deceived and if something isn't done soon, it will be curtains for Iranian traditional music. It is a shame that the Ministry of Culture, unwittingly and in good faith, is spending so much money to actually help bring about the demise and destruction of their national art instead of helping preserve it." In other articles, Kurosh quoted Ethnomusicologist Kurt Reinhard in his book on Turkish traditional music explains why such tactics of modernization are destructive to the tradition. "*Celle-ci, dans sa forme originale, ne supporte aucune harmonization . . . Pour la préparer à une fusion avec l'harmonie occidentale, il faut réduire l'ornementation mélodique, la priver de tous les sons qui deviennent de degrés principaux et simplifier sa structure rythmique.*" Interestingly, a few days after his suggestion that Khatere go back to class and work on the *radif*, when he visited Karimi's women's class at the Honarestan, he was surprised to see her sitting in the corner smiling at him. Then during a short break, she wrote out the text to "Tir-e Ghamat" (Darkness of your Sorrow) a traditional rhythmic piece that could be a medieval melody played in European courts for kings and knights. Khatere sang the melody for Parisa and soon she had learned it perfectly. Khatere shared a charming mile at Kurosh noting "*didid chetor khanandegan ham digar ra komak mikonand* (see how vocalists help each other)." Kurosh realized that Khatere was a good sport helping a competitor although it was partly to show him she was a nice person. He acknowledged that fact and was happy to witness goodwill. Eventually Parisa added that song to her rendition of Mahur which she eventually taped and was released by CBS and the video also shared with the world.

A Visit from Two Scary Guys in an Ominous Black Peykan

One morning Kurosh had peacefully gone to bed late after one of his simple meals of a boiled potato and a chopped onion with some Gilani olive oil and Bronner's amino vegetable salt. But suddenly at the crack of dawn, he was startled awake and alarmed by a solid pounding on the door downstairs. He staggered to the window and timidly peered down to view an ominous black Peykan and two imposing gentlemen in the typical dark pinstriped suits pounding on the door. It was obviously the dreaded SAVAK or some other similar Iranian government agents. Kurosh politely called down to them "*alan miyam* (I'll be right there)" then jumped into a good suit and scampered down the stairs to open the door. He was ready for the handcuffs or whatever and a trip to the torture chambers of Evin Prison. But that would be silly when just across that street was Amirabad Prison which was almost as fearsome. So it probably wasn't to arrest him for disagreeing with some government policy (he definitely despised all the westernization and modernization and belligerently wrote against it nearly every day). The two gentlemen greeted him in Farsi as Dr. Miller and apologized for the early awakening; then they invited him to accompany them. Kurosh knew that he had to cheerfully cooperate and agree with everything they said to remain healthy; so he thanked them for being so kind as to visit such an unworthy one as himself and to offer him the kindness of their generous hospitality to visit their office. He sat in the car which roared off towards downtown as they chatted about harmless topics and world affairs. Kurosh made sure he praised His Majesty for the excellent *Sepah-e Danesh* (literary corps) and other aspects of the Shah's *Enqelab-e Sefid* or White Revolution later renamed '*Enqelab-e Shah o Mardom* (revolution of the Shan and People.' Little did everyone know that a real revolution was soon to come to town. As Kurosh sat wondering how many years he might be facing for criticizing the Ministry of Culture's modernization of music or other poison pen pieces he had submitted to Tehran Journal, they pulled up in front of an ominous tall building and the gentlemen politely motioned for Kurosh to join them in the building. Of course a bit of *ta'arof* ensued with Kurosh insisting they go first because they were more important; but they won because he was their guest or something and he was waved into the front door and upstairs to their office. They entered the office and Kurosh was invited to sit down in front of their main desk as they ordered tea which he kindly refused; then they offered him a tray of pistachios and dried fruit which he did partake of. Then after a short exchange of more politenesses, the reason for their visit came forth. Kurosh glanced at his fingernails trying to enjoy their presence for maybe the last time in case they were soon to be removed by those fun guys at Evin Prison, carefully tutored by the good old CIA .

He looked up and the two gentlemen praised Kurosh's vast knowledge of Persian music and then surprised him by asking if he could prepare a scholastic and interesting documentary on Persian music with various recorded examples which could be broadcast on radio stations in the US and Europe. As Kurosh felt a warm relief and joy at not having been arrested, they cheerfully continued explaining that their government agency had two thousand dollars that must be spent the next week on a valuable project before the end of the Persian year on March 21. They were obliged to undertake such a project in order for them to be able to have the same budget the following year. Kurosh assured them that he could do a fantastic job for them and could easily spend the two thousand dollars in a respectable manner. He noted that he had access to the archives at Dr. Safvat's Center and that his close colleague Terry Graham had a superb speaking voice and would be perfect for the project. They reached for a several page contract in Farsi that indicated Kurosh's willingness to complete the project in the allotted time and asked him if he would be so kind as to sign it, which he did without ever reading it. They wondered if he didn't think he should go over the details and he affirmed that after seeing the few

words which reiterated their request that he was confident that such honorable gentlemen could surely be trusted to adhere to the agreement as could he. The gentlemen smiled cordially and again invited him to have tea or anything before waving him out the door to the Peykan and a drive back to Amirabad, thankfully to the apartment not the prison. Kurosh shook their hands, bowed a few times and backed into the door of his apartment then climbed the stairs for a couple hours sleep before attacking the project with his usual insane vigor and virulence.

Kurosh drove over to Terry's place and found him just waking up. He asked if Terry could use a few of hundred dollars right away and, if so, would he narrate a documentary tape on Iranian music and another on Iranian instruments. Terry, still half asleep, agreed to the project then Kurosh informed him that they had to finish it in a couple of days to which he also muttered a concurrence. Then Kurosh rushed up to the Markaz where he told Dr. Safvat about the project and offered a substantial sum for the cooperation of the Center. Safvat tried to wave aside any funding explaining that they had a sufficient budget from the television. But Kurosh insisted, so Dr. Safvat said he would check with the TV directorship to see if they could accept funds that could be used to benefit their projects and programming at the Center. Dr. Safvat offered Kurosh access to any rare recordings of old masters and instructed his assistant to make copies of anything Kurosh needed that afternoon. Then Kurosh went to work collecting wonderful copies of recorded performances of old masters and the Center's young masters until he had everything he needed. Then he rushed home to work on the text for the narration. The next day he had everything written and the music all lined up so he took Terry up to Safvat's Center to record the narrations for both tapes. Then he dropped Terry off and rushed back to the Center to edit the music selections and edit Terry's narrations till closing time. The next day he returned to the Center and finished the project in time to rush down to the government agency and turn the tapes over to the two gentlemen who stared in disbelief that anyone could complete such an extensive project in two days. They immediately wrote the promised check, both gave him solid handshakes and even hugs as their eyes glistened with gratitude and respect. The word must have gotten around the Iranian government community because from then on, Kurosh found that the usual red tape for all his activities seemed to quickly vanish and even the Center experienced a boost in their progress possibly due to their affiliation with such a beneficial work. Kurosh never found out if and where copies of the tapes were broadcast throughout the world; but he finally released the documentary years later after the Revolution as a tape and finally a CD available through his eventual Eastern Arts Society.

Main Network Prime-Time TV Extravaganza *Kurosh Ali Khan va Dustan*

Eventually Kurosh made an appointment to see Dr. Hormoz Farhad at NIRTV to discuss a potential jazz show. He took his kinescope of his *santur* performance of Gol-e Gandom with the excellent Press Keys Trio from the Oriental Jazz TV special taped and broadcast by KBYU in 1965. He had recently showed the performance to Dr. Safvat who included it on one of his documentary programs about Persian traditional music noting that, although Westernization of Iranian music was not good, this was not westernization but a blend of the best elements of the Iranian classical tradition with the best of jazz without sacrificing any aspect of either format or trying to mesh them by making any changes in either style. When Kurosh entered Dr. Farhad's office, he was greeted warmly and they reminisced about the visits Kurosh made to UCLA when Dr. Farhad was a student there in the 60s. Dr. Farhad said he would set up a team of an intellectual producer and an artistic director to craft a pilot show of jazz music to see if it could become a series. The next day Kurosh returned to NIRTV up on the hill in Shimran to meet the producer and director. The producer was Mr. Qahremanpor, a highly intelligent young gentleman with a

perfect command of English and great taste in music. The director was Kambiz Azordegan, a very artistic young man who was eager to try some new concepts. He had been taping some of the ugly pop slop that was rampant in Tehran including the really bad pianists who never heard of Shearing, Brubeck or Bill Evans. They all thought that piano was just for bad European 'um pah' sludge that was so bad it couldn't even be used in a totally drunk-out flunky Oktoberfest band in a crummy *bierstub* in the far back streets of München in September.

Kurosh suggested that they all look at his kinescope of the Oriental Jazz broadcast by KBYU of the Preston Keys show where Kurosh had done an excellent job on *santur* playing an arrangement of Iranian folk song Gol-e Gandom and on Turkish and cool jazz clarinet for a Turko-jazz blend for which he played a fairly skilled introductory *oud taksim*. Kurosh noted that in the KBYU video they combined artsy shots from two cameras to become close-ups of an instrument or a person blended together with long shots of the combo. Azordegan was an immediate convert to what for him was an innovative American concept and soon he became Iran's top TV director eagerly sought by all the famous (actually infamous garbage) performers. During the two hour planning session, they convinced Kurosh to give an opportunity to Dr. Farhat's skilled percussionist brother to play conga drum on a Latin jazz piece for the pilot tape. The three planned the pilot using the best parts of the KBYU Oriental Jazz kinescope and a couple of selections featuring Kurosh on piano with the fantastic Filipino band from the Inter-Continental Hotel, one being Night in Tunisia with Farhat's brother on congas. An official taping session was scheduled through Ms. Mahvedat and her assistant Mr. Abrishami at the scheduling office; then Kurosh left the TV and went back to his apartment on Entesarieh to relax a moment. That evening, he drove a few streets down from his place and met with the Filipinos at the Intercontinental to tell them they would be on TV and would be paid well. The actual financial arrangement hadn't been clarified but Kurosh knew it could be a lot more than any regular gig in town so he promised Roger and his band at least \$100 a person which was a good fee for 1970s Tehran. As always, he was invited to sit in on piano a couple of pieces so the pianist got a break and Kurosh could jam out on the tunes that were planned for the recording session. One was a very cool chart of the Preacher that Kurosh had written at the U of U and recorded on the Jazz at the U of U LP. He passed out the parts and they tore into the hard honkin' East Coast score with vigor impressing everyone present. Kurosh was convinced that the pilot would definitely impress Dr. Farhat and also Sherry; thus more such shows might be requested in the future.

The pilot show was taped in record time since Kurosh knew exactly how to quickly organize musicians and his excellent tasteful charts were easy to render and enjoyable to hear. Everyone sounded very professional even the little combo of young Armenian musicians who Kurosh had trained to play jazz for the IAS jams. After the session, Kurosh proudly and efficiently offered the checks he had written the previous night from his Saderat Bank account to the musicians. Since they had the studio for the rest of the evening, director Azordegan and producer Qahremanpur along with Kurosh as advisor, went into the Ampex room to work with the script girl and editor. Soon Kurosh was familiar with all the TV personnel especially the script girls (*monshi sahne*) who always kidded him about marrying them so they could get visas and green cards to study and stay in America. He continually warned everyone who wanted to go there that America was a horrible place where people get emotionally and socially assassinated if they are really religious, if they have too much talent and/or are intellectuals rather than zombie puppets of the mega corporate conspiracy. He warned that it was ten times worse than Russia because they take all your freedoms away and beat you to a social pulp while giving you stupid materialistic 'pleasures' in the form of dumb sports, addictive alcoholic drinks, deadly tobacco, illegal or legal drugs, junk foods, ugly outlandish clothes and then brainwash all the kids to be stupid through social engineering in evil government schools. He warned that the way the bad guys took over control of the US is by offering

everyone worthless junk then enslaving them their whole lives by outrageous monthly payments on loans and credit cards. His eyes bulged as he would emphatically declare “at least in commie Russia or China you know you are a slave to the system, in America they keep claiming that you are free; what a joke. Just stop buying their worthless trash and see how long before you are set up on some phony charges and permanently locked up in prison or a nut house.” He knew because he had been wrongfully locked up in a nut house for doubting the Yankee system and was later set up on phony charges for being married to a ‘camel jockey’ during the hostage ‘crisis’ and for believing in fundamental religion rather than just going to church and smiling stupidly without ever uttering a peep about the wholesale corruption and immodesty all over America. No one in Iran ever wanted to believe Kurosh not even the anti-American Shah haters.

The Pilot Show Goes on the Air and Becomes a Hit Series

With Kurosh helping to edit out errors and less attractive camera shots relying on his refined taste, the pilot was soon ready and, the very next evening, it was aired at prime-time on the main network. The show was a hit and, the day after, a barrage of calls inundated the phones of the producer, director and even Kurosh got some complimentary calls on his generally unknown apartment phone and as messages on the phone at the IAS, the Honarestan and the Markaz. Among the positive commentators were US Embassy big shots, USIS affiliates, of course Dr. Farhat who especially enjoyed seeing his skilled brother featured on one piece and, most importantly, Sherry as the TV music director who noted that her husband, Mr. Qotbi, liked the quality of the music and the nice film work. Immediately, the producer and director were signed up to do a whole season, almost a year, of the *Kurosh Ali Khan o Dustan* show and Kurosh immediately went to work planning and preparing a variety of amazing programs where he played many various instruments in different musical traditions.

But the day after the pilot was aired, Kurosh was instructed by Azordegan and Qahremanpur where to go to pick up the payment for the first show. They drove him to the accounting office and then to the bank where he cashed the check and when he came out of the bank, they were waiting with overly friendly smiles to explain that half the 10,000 Tomans had to go to them for all their work on the program. He reluctantly and uncomfortably handed them a stack of 100 Toman bills realizing that the remainder of about \$700 would barely pay the Hererra band their promised \$500 leaving only about \$200 to pay Farhat’s brother and three of the Armenians. Heros Narenji, the bass player, was paid through a supplementary fund for renting a few of the instruments from his instrument store. So in the end Kurosh ended up with nothing for himself, something he was used to since he began his full-time dedication to music in his childhood. He didn’t resent being cheated out his pay for the show, but he did resent that he wouldn’t be able to always give good wages to the other musicians because he believed that they should be respected for their skills.

The show grew in respect and in quality as Azordegan became more and more of a video virtuoso and Kurosh continually came up with new ideas and discovered new artists to bring on the air. One of the most memorable shows was one he recorded with young *santur* genius Azar Hashemi. Decades later after the Revolution, Azar was given an award from the Minister of Islamic Guidance for her excellent *santur* virtuosity. For that program, Kurosh played *oud* and *zarb*. They performed Segah which Kurosh knew by heart from his years studying with master Safvat in Paris. They also performed Shur which Kurosh had heard for years on a tape he made of master Safvat’s *santur* performance in Paris and which was almost exactly the same as the version Azar knew. The manner in which Kurosh played the *oud* was contrary to the mostly clunky plunky Arab style that night club Arabs and Turks favored. He based his style on

Safvat's *setar* lessons and styling thus elevating the *oud* to the level of a virtuoso Persian *dastgah* instrument. Of course some of the haughty anti-American semi-commie music students from Tehran University had nasty remarks about the show, mostly for their political views and because they felt they were the real *dastgah* experts and should be on TV instead of a dumb Yankee 'spy.' Strangely, Kurosh agreed with all the anti-American sentiment and even more so since he had suffered decades of misery in that Yankee hellhole. But when he suggested that some of the detractors come on his show and play their hearts out, they gruffly rejected the idea thinking that Kurosh was a crummy Yankee *farangi* and they didn't want anything to do with him. But Azar was not bothered by Kurosh being a Yank because, as one of the top young *santur* players in the country, she could care less what a few grumpy commie anti-Shah types thought.

Just because Kurosh followed the LDS policy of honoring all existing governments wherever they be found, that didn't mean that he thought the Shah was the best thing since sliced bread. Kurosh hated the Westernization and imperialistic American hegemony that was controlling Iran. But he had a sneaking suspicion that the Shah was scheming to eventually nationalize the oil just like his short-lived predecessor Mosadeq had hoped to do but was viciously curtailed by the Yankee CIA. Kurosh had a Mormon prophetic feeling that the Shah would some day stand up for his people against the American and British oil monopolies but soon after would be destroyed by the same CIA that forced him into office. The CIA controllers of the world can never allow any country to be nationalistic or patriotic because then they can't be controlled because they need to be enslaved under a pro-Yankee puppet regime. So every leader who tries to be nationalistic and wants to help his people will eventually end up on the death list. The US pretends to want 'freedom' and 'rights' for everyone; but they really only want freedom for their secret instigators to carry out their evil plots on behalf of the Khazar controlled corporations who have a choke hold on the US government and the world. Kurosh couldn't really fully hate the Shah because he was just another victim who was being temporarily used like just one of the many other US corporate patsy playthings until he finally faced off with the Illuminati global dictators and fatally lost.

The Bucks-Bilkers Busted as Kurosh takes Control of His TV Series

After months of having a huge successful weekly prime-time one hour music show, Kurosh couldn't accept being wrongfully used by having to turn over half the show's income to the director and producer who were already being paid good wages by the TV. He wasn't sure how to solve the problem without rocking the boat and loosing the show. So he finally conferred with his master and friend Dr. Safvat whose Sufi wisdom usually provided answers to every problem. One day during a private lunch at Yekta, Kurosh was slowly chopping some onions and cucumber into his plain rice as he told the sad tale to his beloved mentor. After hearing the situation, Dr. Safvat quelled Kurosh's disturbed distress by offering to talk to Dr. Farhat who was in charge of that division of the TV and also talk the main music director Sherry. Kurosh thanked him profusely and in a few days was invited to a meeting where Safvat and Farhat asked him to again reiterate the way that half the money for each show had been inappropriately confiscated. It seemed that Kurosh had discovered a hidden fraud by directors and producers of most major productions wherein artists were coerced into giving up substantial portions of their honoraria to those who had set up their shows and kept broadcasting them year after year. So although Kurosh had blown the whistle on a major criminal plot, he felt bad for having to rat out his friends and upset everything even if they did steal some \$15,000 from his budget. But everything was resolved quietly and Kurosh was able to keep his checks from then on so he could pay better wages to the virtuosi who he could invite to perform.

To show his gratitude, Kurosh told Safvat and Farhat at the meeting that he would spend a thousand dollars each to help two advanced instrumentalists at Tehran U to gain excellence on their instruments. He suggested the he would take Shahla Nikfal to Beirut so she could improve her *qanun* expertise and would send Linda Safaju to Afghanistan to absorb the original *qaichak* skills. Both those students had been very helpful in Kurosh's tapings of ethnic music programs of Turkish and Afghan folk and regional music. He did take Shahla and her mother to Beirut where Ustadz Abyad showed her a better way of plucking the instrument and Ustadz Sabsabi also worked with her. Unfortunately Ustadz Abyad was a bit too friendly and couldn't resist trying to get romantic; but Shahla's mother kept him at bay. So Shahla decided to work only with Ustadz Sabsabi and her technique soared. She bought two beautiful *qanuns* then returned to work a while at the Markaz then decided to become a housewife and temporarily gave up music until decades later. Then Linda showed some interest in Afghan music from the shows for Kurosh when Afghan *tabla* player Farid Zoland performed with them. But unfortunately, after taking the \$1,000, her family all moved to Australia and so that scholarship wasn't used as it was supposed to have been. Linda was a Bahai and partly proved the stereotype that they were not a religion but were devious pretenders set up by the British to destroy Islam, Persian culture and government then replace it with fraudulent mod-odd fad trends initiated in the West. The Bahais definitely seemed to be helping to do that and, after this incident, Kurosh was convinced that that they can often be devious and untrustworthy although some are quite nice and sincere.

At least now Kurosh would never have to bribe anyone to do his show although the result was that Azordegan seemed less interested in the program after the whistle blowing incident. Kurosh became his own producer and editing supervisor which streamlined everything but he didn't always get Azordegan as director; so now he had to help guide others to adopt the artistic filming methods on the kinescope he had brought from KBYU in Utah. He realized that directors were still skimming huge bucks off the big and really bad pop slop sludge 'artists' like faggy homo Feridun Farokhzad, fat sloppy ego-tripping obnoxious Haide and the plethora of similar non-singer junk moaners with their dreadful diabolic worst-of-the-west non-music electro aural sewage. Farokhzad's sicko sister Farukh was supposed to be a famous poet but obviously couldn't write a meaningful metaphysical verse in a legitimate meter with a rhyme scheme even if it were under threat of SAVAK torture in Evin prison. She was some type of feminazi icon (or actually con). But at least she wasn't one of the problem pop grovelers at the TV; she was just another dangerous disease-carrier of meaningless modernity. Although Kurosh despised all the disgusting talent-bereft innovators, he was always polite and friendly to them even though he had to keep from puking whenever he came across them. It was his effort of honoring the LDS concept of considering everyone as a potential inheritor of the celestial kingdom no matter how sleazy they appear. Kurosh himself had been about as bad as one could get as an alcoholic chain smoking girl-grabbing sinner in Paris and he was not anywhere near perfect even as a wannabe 'good' Mormon and was far from ever being a Sufi saint.

Hamadani Mule-Skinner Jew Casts Kurosh Out in the Street

Even if all through his life, when a Khazar non-Jew would smash Kurosh to the ground, another one would pick him up and help him out; finally he met a bad Iranian Jew, a Hamadani Jew known in Iran as *pust khar kan* (mule-skinner). This heartless creep was even more horrible and cruel than that. Kurosh had already reminisced that whole miserable story earlier during this flight home; so he blocked out the grim details. He had been forced out of the apartment on Entesarieh when Homa finally sold it to greedy Sa'id who knew he could get more rent than Kurosh had been paying Homa. So after stringing dark blue curtains over the windows of the Variant so he could live in the car and slowly transferring all his belongings to a

little office in the Markaz, thanks to the kindness of Dr. Safvat, Kurosh was once again out on that street like his miserable days in Europe. Finding parking places was a hassle at first because anywhere in town was too replete with early morning activities like the garbage men who loved to harass Kurosh in hopes of getting tips to make them go away. Kurosh wouldn't be blackmailed that way, so he was constantly awakened and hassled. Once he parked too close to a police station and, due to the occasional attacks by anti-regime *kharabkaran* (terrorists), they were paranoid about any strangers hanging around the police station or in the nearby streets. The cops accosted Kurosh and invited him to the station where he had them call his former landlord Sa'id to verify that he had been thrown out in to the street. Of course the little creep Sa'id denied ever knowing Kurosh. Luckily, after having been shown the photo of his parents with the Shah and Queen on the dust jacket of his mom's book *Bright Blue Beads*, the cops let him go advising that he park somewhere far away from central Tehran. Kurosh took that good advice and began seeking classy neighborhoods in Shimran, around Tajrish, even on the upper outskirts of town and sometimes all the way to the Caspian shores where he would be awakened by the placid lapping of waves near the tires of the good old Variant.

Living in a car in overpopulated Tehran was no picnic especially with his responsibility of producing and editing his weekly TV shows, organizing the weekly jazz jams at IAS, attending Master Karimi's vocal classes at the Honarestan, working to positively publicize the Markaz and promote Dr. Safvat in the media, writing for *Tehran Journal*, occasionally for their competitor *Kayhan International*, *Ayandegan* in Farsi, also for *Around Iran*, *Iran Air Homa*, full page and long magazine articles for *Marzha-ye No*, in the *Inter-Continental Hotel Caravan*, monthly spreads in *Sketch Magazine* in Beirut, temporary daily assignments at annual events such as reports in the *Shiraz Arts Festival Bulletin*, *Tehran Film Festival Bulletin*, then occasional pieces in French for *Journal de Tehran* and in Farsi for *Etela'at* and *Kayhan*. So long peaceful visits to the Caspian coast were a rare treat. IAS director Lois, who felt a bit guilty at having formerly fired Kurosh to replace him with the freaky fag jerk, invited him to house-sit her apartment in Abbasabad near the IAS for a couple of weeks. Another friend who came forward to help the homeless scholar artist was UPI office manager Mr. Bernard who had Kurosh house sit for him during his vacation and occasionally allowed him to crash upstairs in the UPI office. Brother Martinson from the LDS branch invited him to house sit for three weeks, mission President Attwooll also invited him to house-sit three whole weeks and even let him stay in the mission home from time to time. He even stayed in his friend Terry Graham's cramped tiny one-room place a couple of times where he had to stumble around the many chin-high stacks of scholarly books, something like Professor Hugh Nibley's office at BYU in the 60s. Then occasionally being on the guest list as a journalist covering the International Film Festival or the summer Shiraz Arts Festival, might furnish Kurosh with an opportunity to be in an actual classy hotel room at the *Inter-Continental* or similar accommodations. But at the Shiraz Festival, Kurosh was often cast to the dogs but assigning him a wretched hot uncomfortable bed in the college dorm where the idiot kids partied all night in boisterous abandon. Sometimes Kurosh would park on the street near the Markaz where the garbage men would be sure to bang on the Variant to harass him at the crack of dawn.

One icy snowy night, Kurosh desperately sought refuge and daringly drove right up into the National Television main channel complex in Shimran. It was pretty late at night, but the guard recognized him as the TV personality and waved him through the gate. There he found a spot between two similar vehicles behind the tall buildings and hid under his worn Herati quilt and Turkish wool blanket, shivering until dawn with intense snow quietly pummeling the car roof and windows. Sometimes Kurosh would park in the plush neighborhood up at the top of Shimran near his friend Bob Janati's nice home. As a Middle East Studies graduate at the U of U, Bob had been an eager participant in Kurosh's music classes. There they became friends and, when Kurosh left on his Fulbright to Iran, he asked Bob to keep his class going.

Eventually Bob returned to Tehran and became an assistant of Dr. Safvat at the Center. One hot summer night, Kurosh was sleeping with the hatch back of the Variant open to keep cool. A couple of friendly neighborhood fellows discovered him stretched out in the station wagon and struck up a conversation. A few more of the wealthy neighbors joined as they chatted and philosophized. Finally Kurosh offered in Farsi “if any of you guys come to the US, I’ll make sure that you don’t end up sleeping in a car.” He didn’t mean it to be a challenge to their not inviting him to stay at one of their homes since they had intimidated invitations. But the thought must have embarrassed them a bit because they muttered “that’s an important statement” and soon after that, the late night block party around the Variant broke up and everyone went to their houses so Kurosh was finally able to get some sleep.

The most tedious place Kurosh stayed was at the Tehran Krishna *ashram* at the Shimran mansion of the local Iranian director who had adopted the title Atreya Rishi. The two months Kurosh was there, he was able to store his Indian instruments, the *sarod*, *dilruba* and *tabla* set, so he could perform for *kirtan* and special events, transcribe Krishna songs and instruct devotees in the performance and theory of Indian music. He had come into contact with the Krishnas when their young American *senyasi* or Yoga practitioner had been invited to work with the young master musicians at Dr. Safvat’s center as part of his program of self improvement. Kurosh had even temporarily been asked to teach English, the worst curse one could place on him but which he did cheerfully in obedience to his spiritual and music master. At the Krishna *ashram*, Kurosh was given the typical initial entry title of *das* (servant) and was assigned chores like sweeping, gathering leaves, cleaning the bottom of the empty pool, etc. He was very pleased at the way director Atreya Rishi shaped up new Iranian devotees. With a military harshness, he commanded that they shave off their stupid girly long hair, burn their disgusting stupid mod-odd ‘clothes’ like the guys’ ghastly faded jeans and stupid tattered T-shirts that were supposed to be cool. Girls, the few that dared join, were sternly disciplined exactly like Kurosh would have liked to see some of the slimy BYU hooker-looking coeds jolted into spirituality. The girls had to burn their jeans, mini skirts and junk clothes too, toss away their dumb make-up that had forced them to spend hours each day narcissizing in front of mirror. Then they had to dress fully modestly more like proper Shi’a Moslems (which they were supposed to be anyway) than the exaggerated Yankee slob wannabes that they had become. Kurosh wished so fervently that the day would come when all the fashion freak puppets of the Man on BYU campus would have a humongous bonfire near the Y and toss all their skuzzy jeans and other junk clothes on it chanting “death to the Man and his evil designing corporate creeps!” Maybe the whole world could one day burn every pukey pair of junky jeans in existence leaving no remnant of the detrimental diabolic plot to force grubby garbage garb on every living being. But burning every pair of jeans in existence on a ‘Burn all Your Jeans Day’ would unfortunately be a dream too impossible to ever become reality.

At the *ashram*, the only drawback was the requisite early awakening, about 4 a.m., when everyone had to read the Vedas then energetically jump around together chanting: *hare Krishna, hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, hare, hare*. Other phrases would include *hare Rama*, praising Rama and *Govinda jaye jaye* citing one of Krishna’s avatars. Kurosh didn’t mind the paganiness of it all as much as the dreaded middle-of-the-night (for a jazz guy) rude awakenings. But he did honor Atreya Rishi’s efforts to clean up misguided youth and give them something valuable to follow rather than the social sludge of Yankee imperialism. He really appreciated the Krishnas taste in music, promoting traditional Indian and Iranian forms and eschewing ugly pop slop and wretched rock. But when Prabupad, the big Krishna leader from India, was scheduled to visit Tehran, Kurosh was not invited to meet him because Kurosh was not a true believer; he was conscious in his own way, but not at all a devotee. His friend Jamile was welcome to meet Prabupad whom she admired as a spiritual force in a lost world but wondered why he wore a gold necklace with a large hunk of gold hanging from it. Kurosh said that maybe some special devotee gave it to him and he

didn't want to hurt their feelings because his Krishna movement was basically spiritual and non-materialistic. Later Atreya Rishi immigrated to the States and became an important Krishna leader in California.

Fresh Female Friends Spice Things Up

Kurosh continued cranking out amazing and brilliant TV shows where he played all kinds of instruments in ensembles he created to perform music of various cultures and historical periods of jazz. He used some of his programming budget to hire his new converts Jami and Margaret to work on research and translating for another series of programming on the history of jazz requested by the secondary more intellectual Channel 7 which flourished under the programming guidance of Iraj Gorgin. To supplement his own already vast background in jazz history, Kurosh worked hard to find photos and information often relying on books and LPs in the USIS and IAS libraries and collections. The shows were accompanied by extensive scholarly articles in Farsi printed in the NIRT magazine called Tamasha. Jami and Margaret helped in researching and translating the articles written by Kurosh and finally other girls appeared on the scene to help out. Kurosh's main network TV shows were accompanied by an announcer who explained what the show was to be before the music started. The announcer sometimes interviewed Kurosh about each particular program. His first announcer had been, of course, a relative of director Azordegan. She was a nice pleasant girl and was thankfully paid from another TV budget. As Kurosh extended his realm of acquaintances among Tehran society, he came across other charming and sometimes extremely attractive maidens whom he would occasionally invite to be his announcers.

One day when he and colleague Terry Graham stopped by Tehran University before driving to some event they planned to review, Kurosh met a very interesting young lady. She was standing and chatting with a friend, then with Terry a ways down the hall. Kurosh noticed she had his ideal perfect long silken black hair past her waist with bangs hanging in her eyes and she was innocently girlish, giggly and charming. He thought she was intriguing and struck up a conversation with her. He soon learned that she had good insight about life and social problems. Her intelligence and her interest in music instigated an interest in her as a potential assistant on his TV shows; so he invited her to be part of his team. She said that he would have to drive her home in downtown in Tehran some day and meet her parents before she could feel right about associating with him because, like it or not, he was a guy. He never thought of himself as a guy in the dangerous sense, but he did look like one. So he planned to pick her up the next evening at the U and promised to be a guest for dinner with her family. Her name was Parvin Zamani and she noted that her father was a trucker and a poet who had published a book of poems. Kurosh wasn't surprised because of the universal word-crafting and poetry memorizing skills of most Iranians. After being approved by the family, Kurosh busily took notes for an article about Mr. Zamani's poetry and scheduled the days when Parvin could meet him at the IAS or the TV to work on programs. He even trained her to play Afghan *rebab*, *dutar* and other instruments so she could perform on TV in a few of his bands. They became the perfect platonic pair with absolutely no physical attraction but lots of harmless non-physical mutual fondness. Sometimes Parvin would drop by Kurosh's apartment before he was forced out. A couple of times they would share the typical afternoon nap on his mattress on the floor, back to back without a drop of interest in any romance; instead she would gently gripe if he took all of the quilt. Parvin finally earned enough from working on the TV shows to leave Tehran and start a business in Europe.

About that same time, a striking sensual beauty who crossed Kurosh's path at NIRT was a certain Shahin Seraj who was known around the TV community. She became an eager co-worker on the shows

and, when Jami and Margaret eventually drifted off on other personal projects, Shahin was always there researching, translating and admiring Kurosh as a musical mentor. He brought her to the LDS branch meetings a few times hoping that she might find guidance for her apparently mixed up efforts to be an exaggerated copy of the worst of the west in an effort to abandon her Persian roots. She seemed uninterested in religion; but she did appreciate authentic traditional Persian classical and folk music and her fondness for all forms of jazz grew as Kurosh shared information about styles and eras with her. They sort of developed a crazy crush on each other. For her, he was the heroic American like in the films (he did slightly resemble the star of Hawaii Five 0, a favorite on Iranian TV in the 70s). He was drawn to her sweet girlish charm and enthusiasm. He wasn't drawn to her physically because she was flat and skinny like his several platonic sweethearts among the models at the Hotel Saint André in Paris. So he sort of loved her but didn't lust her, although she apparently did lust him as he eventually discovered.

One evening Kurosh was driving Shahin home from the TV station when she gazed into his eyes commanding "*berim parkvay* (let's take the freeway)." They drove on the parkway a few Ks, then she ordered "*boro kenar!* (pull over!)" After the car came to a halt at the roadside out of the way of traffic, she fumbled removing her earrings, her nylons and mounds of makeup, then she clasped him around the neck like a boa constrictor and started kissing his lips numb. He eventually squirmed out of her emphatic embrace and began comforting her in his kind sympathetic manner. He learned that she had just suffered a bitter break-up of a four year solid romance which breakup had devastated her. After some supportive commiseration from him, she intensely gazed into his eyes, burst into a shower of tears and, clasping her delicate hands together, sobbed in Farsi "I love you, I need you, I worship you; you don't know how long I have waited for you." Kurosh was a bit suspicious that she had absorbed that dialogue from some 40s Hollywood romance film; but he pretended to believe her. She then threw herself into his arms, kissed him madly then began tenderly gnawing on his ear suddenly whispering "take me!" She began to frantically unbutton the bevy of bitty buttons on her blouse partly exposing her flat non-chest. He immediately grabbed the flaps of her blouse, which she thought he was planning to help her undo, and began re-buttoning the numerous buttons. In shocked amazement, stunned that any guy in Iran would turn down a chance to fondle or kiss a girl's chest (flat or not), she stared through him like a hurt puppy. Then she dramatically grabbed her cigarette pack from her purse and threw it out the window swearing "I quit smoking for you, I will do anything for you, I adore you!" He wondered if that was also a line from a grade B or worse Hollywood film and, even if it wasn't, it easily could be. He gently assured that he had true love for her as a person and for her soul which is a feeling much more lasting than lustful love. She pretended to understand but in reality was crushed that someone could turn down her offer of a steamy sensual physical encounter.

Kurosh really liked Shahin and didn't want any stupid physical involvement to overshadow his interest in her as an arts aficionado. He drove her home and, after a few more of her mad embraces, promised to see her the next day at the TV studio so they could work on his upcoming shows. When they did meet the next day, once he accidentally tenderly touched her hand and one of the script girls witnessed it. Shahin angrily whispered "*nakon hamchin, bem ehteram nemizari!* (don't do that, you don't respect me!)" He quietly countered "*akhe parkvay chi; mage un ehteram nabud?* (what about the Parkway; wasn't that respect?)" She retorted in Farsi "that's when you should have done something!" He gazed into space not understanding the whole backwards Iranian mentality about romance or whatever it was. Then surprisingly, Shahin started acting serious about their relationship and invited him to a big family dinner. Was it to show off her trophy TV 'star' friend or did she think they could be a permanent couple? Her Tabrizi Turkish family liked him, so on one trip to Ezerum, Turkey, he made a special effort to bring them

back one of those legendary huge Azerbaijani honey combs. But in a week, she turned cold and temporarily disappeared from his life.

After the typically agonizing romantic disaster with Shahin, Kurosh was ready gave up on Iranian girls as potential wives and just concentrated on his scholastic and artistic endeavors. One evening he had been in downtown Tehran watching the powerful muscle-men of the Zur Khane (House of Strength) with a couple of news colleagues for an article they had been assigned. Afterwards he was shuffling past Park-e Shahr (City Park) sadly pondering his many miserable failures with Iranian women and noticed two young girls in *chadors* walking towards him. As a partially good Moslem, he respectfully moved towards the street side of the sidewalk and bowed muttering “*sallam aleikum khanom* (greetings ma’m.)” Then suddenly, one of the lovely young ladies, threw open her *chador* and wrapped her delicate arms around him and began kissing him like a mad woman. He tried to trun away but then just gave in and kissed back like the love-starved bachelor that he was. Her friend then took over hugging him, pressing her breasts protruding underneath her dress against his ribs firmly while wildly kissing him and declaring her fervent love for him like a bad old Hollywood black and white film. He enjoyed every moment of it in spite of himself and was crushed when they both gleefully giggled and, rewrapping their *chadors* decorated with tiny colored flower patterns, dashed away shouting “Aye loov you!” He retorted “*man ham dustetun daram delbaranam; akhe bar gard!* (I love you too my darlings; hey come back!)” They mysteriously disappeared into the dark naughtily snickering as Kurosh realized that the universe was showing him he still had hope for female affection someday someday but hopefully not in this bizarre manner. He guessed that the two late teen beauties must have observed to many stupid Yankee films and thought that life in America was nothing but hugging and kissing. They probably presumed that since Kurosh was a tall mildly attractive American, he was fair game to try out some of what they had seen on film or on overdubbed Yankee TV shows. Kurosh had often been accused of being something like the star of Hawaii Five O, but he definitely wasn’t that kind of handsome, if at all, and too poor to have been on US TV.

Towards the end of his sojourn in Tehran he finally found the perfect announcer and interviewer for his show. She was Mashid Eshraqi, an intellectual charming shy beauty that he had met at the Tehran International Film Festival where she was a hostess. He couldn’t help notice her with her uncanny resemblance to Audrey Hepburn and her warm sophisticated charm. She was highly intellectual and well-informed for a twenty year old and had an intelligent soothing voice. He invited her to be on his last set of TV tapings and kept their relationship platonic but cozy. The only incident was once when he drove her home, they stopped near the house in a quiet area of Shimran and opened the hatchback of the Variant to lounge side by side in the afternoon summer breeze. She rolled on top of him and they peacefully shared several minutes of totally non-erotic beneficial bioelectrical exchange. When it was time for her to go, she softly and sensually kissed him pressing her lips against his as if they could remain there indefinitely. But since their relationship had been intellectual and spiritual, they both realized they were being silly and they untangled with a mutual giggle as he lamented “*ama to ke zanam nemishe, mage na? Pas faide nadare* (but you can’t marry me, right? So it’s no use.)” She radiated a forlorn look at her good friend and mentor then muttered “*are heif e* (yea too bad.)” They shared one last longing loving embrace before she scampered away soon to be likely married off to a far more worthy authentic husband thus remaining just a fond memory on one of his music videos.

Kurosh Proves His Value as a TV Producer / Director

One day at the studio, Kurosh was called into the office of the main network (*shabake*) director Abbas Arbabi. Kurosh was a bit nervous about the sudden invitation but was soon set at ease. He entered the

office and was pacified by a warm friendly radiance from a truly sincere kind humble gentleman. Abbas greeted him like a beloved relative and offered him various possible drinks and snacks all of which Kurosh politely refused explaining his restrictive diet. Then Abbas leaned back in his chair and noted “*midunid mah-e dige che e?* (you know what next month is?)” As Kurosh tried in vain to guess “Abbas added “*Aye Helms, Safir-e Emrika ke mishenasi* (you know Mr. Helms the US ambassador).” Kurosh stuttered that he had seen him at a few events. Then Abbas explained that next month was the Fourth of July and that Ambassador Helms thought it would be nice if NIRT would broadcast a special on the Fourth and its historical relevance in world history. Kurosh agreed that it would be a good idea even if in his heart he was against the present US meddling in international affairs and he hated how he had been treated there. He noted that his grandfather Adams on his mother’s side was a direct descendant of John Adams and John Quincy Adams and that his father’s ancestors, John Alden and Priscilla came over on the Mayflower. Of course the later finky coward president was that dirty rat Van Buren who, pandering to everyone to get re-elected, denied any assistance to the murdered, abused and tormented Mormon victims in Missouri and was also too chicken to oppose slavery. Yes Kurosh was avidly patriotic for the original idea of America and a few of the original leaders, although he did not favor the displacement of the rightful inhabitants of the land nor the horrors of the slave trade and the US support of Israel’s mass murdering genocide of the rightful authentic Israelite natives, the Palestinians.

Abbas leaned forward and smiled explaining that NIRT would be doing a special on the Fourth of July and that, as the producer of the project, Kurosh was to be given full cooperation of all departments of the television that he might need plus a sufficient budget to create something brilliant and memorable. After a few seconds of stunned staring, Kurosh began to glow with excitement chattering about how and who he could bring together for the project. Abbas noted that Ambassador Helms had offered access to all and every film, photo, music and anything in the archives of the embassy, the USIS or IAS. Kurosh was familiar with the vast collection of Americana in those libraries from his productions of the jazz history series for Gorgin’s channel and affirmed that he was sure he could do a good job and have the project completed in a couple of weeks. Abbas again reiterated that Kurosh would have full access to all NIRT’s resources and to call him anytime if he needed help. Kurosh stood up and apologized that he would have to get started on the project right that moment and could Abbas tell Ms. Mahvedat and Mr. Abrishami in the scheduling office what was going on since they always were careful not to let producers and artists take advantage of TV resources like possibly wasting studio or editing time or requesting unnecessary technical assistance like copying films, photos and music on to TV tape possibly for some kind of personal gain. Abbas assured that he would phone all departments and let them know that for this project Kurosh would have complete *carte blanche*.

Kurosh left the TV station to hurry down to USIS and the IAS to check all the historical resources on the Fourth such as films, photos and books on American history as well as appropriate music, both patriotic and possibly reconstructed representations from the period. It was something he had already been doing for months for his jazz history series and would be easy. He informed all his assistants and affiliates like Jami, Margaret, Parvin and Shahin and his favorite director Azordegan about the project. It was wonderful to have a budget sufficient to be able to offer fair compensation to those outside of NIRT who he could invite to be part of the production. He didn’t have to even think about who would be the perfect powerful TV voice for the project because he had experienced his friend Bob (Gholam Hossein) Janati in action back at the U of U announcing concerts and coordinating scholastic events. When Kurosh arrived at the IAS, everyone had been apprised of the project and Kurosh’s role as the project administrator. Kurosh didn’t get a big head over this sudden temporary augmentation of his importance in the community because his inherent self devaluating disease would never allow him to think he was anything but a simple

servant of others no matter what anyone said or did. It was great to be rushing around involved with a major assignment that some of the very important people in town were fully supporting. During the following week, as he fiendishly worked to perfect a stunningly brilliant documentary, it was so great to have both Iranian TV and American governmental executives behind him when usually he would have to struggle and strain to get anything done. It was great to enter the scheduling office and have Ms. Mahvedat kindly smile at him asking what she could do to help rather than the usual necessary suspicious grumbling and stonewalling with phrases like *aslan nemishe* (that'll never happen) or *uno nemitunim* (we can't do that).

Kurosh and his assistants worked feverishly to craft a masterpiece rarely produced on NIRT. Finally all the film footage, photos and music were ready for the narration which had been written and translated by Kurosh into his mostly pure *sare* Persian style with input from his friends and help from the literary division of NIRT. His friend Bob Janati did a masterful job on the narration and finally the one-hour documentary was ready to be previewed by Abbas and a few other TV executives. A time was set and one by one the supervisors joined Abbas and Kurosh for the preview. As the documentary unfolded, everyone was amazed at how such a project could be accomplished so perfectly so far from America by just a goofy jazzman and a few of his oddball friends. Even Kurosh, the rabid Yankee-hating unpatriotic expatriate, had to hide a teardrop of two from the big shots as they congratulated him one by one and filed out of the room. Abbas gave Kurosh a warm hug and thanked him for his excellent work. Kurosh's potential tears were about what had eventually happened to a great American concept that had become a snake pit and sewage pond of selfish corporations grinding innocent citizens and countries to dust to unrighteously rob and lord over them. The next week the show was aired on the Fourth of July and Kurosh watched it at the home of his beloved mentor Dr. Safvat who also complimented him profusely for his excellent work. Kurosh drove off to find a spot to park and sleep in the car, hopefully in peace. As big a success as he was with his weekly Farsi jazz and ethnic music show on the main network viewed by some ten million, his jazz history series on the intellectual network and his English series on Persian music for foreigners living in Iran as well as his sometimes two page spread writings in some dozen publications in English, Farsi and other languages, somehow he wasn't able to come up with the \$1,000 a month or more to rent even a tiny flea-pit room somewhere in Tehran. It was because of the greed-instigated housing crisis where half the town was full of empty apartments gathering dust while semi-indigent Iranians, and foreigners like Kurosh, were clustered together in extended families like rats or on the street. No wonder the Shah realized that it was time to crack down on the greedy selfish creeps like Kurosh's former malicious heartless mule-skinner Jewish landlord. Whenever Kurosh would see a couple of cops accost an overpricing street vendor and harass him, fine him, sometimes even mildly whack him a couple of times with a baton, Kurosh would silently cheer for them. Any effort to crush *gerun-forushi* or overpricing in any country, had Kurosh's full support as a starving artist and scholar who had no desire for money only for self-improvement, true knowledge and traditional arts. Too bad a whole army of those hard-nosed cops along with some heavy cavalry and air support couldn't completely annihilate all the Yankee bastard corporations who crank out deadly drinks like Coke and Pepsi, alcohol, tobacco, poison junk food, grubby slobby jeans and whorable mini skirts, etc. etc.

Kurosh was always dirt poor because whenever came upon any money, he quickly turned it over to a friend or colleague who he felt deserved it more. As he drifted off to sleep he had to chuckle a few times that he, the most rabid anti-American in all Iran, one who would love to join or lead massive chants of *marg bar Emrika* (death to America!) through the streets of Tehran, had put together a highly praised documentary on the country he hated more than anything. But his documentary had actually been in praise of the original and more correct America before it became the world's most vicious hegemonous

imperialist exploiter ever to exist on the planet. He had depicted the America of his Adams ancestors not the one totally controlled by the terminal death grip of greedy corporations who could care less if their products kill, maim, sicken and pollute billions of victims. The next day when Kurosh went to the TV complex to resume his music projects, he was invited into Arbabi's office and was informed that everyone in both governments, especially the US Ambassador, was absolutely thrilled with the documentary and they were grateful for his hard work. He shyly fidgeted and muttered something about not having done anything and it was all thanks to the wonderful work of his friends and NIRT.

Nazr at the Shrine in Shaballazim

During one of the many warm chats in Karimi's Peykan in front of Kurosh's Amirabad apartment, master Karimi invited Kurosh to join him for a visit to the shrine in Shabdulazim south of Tehran in Ray. He and his wife and brothers and that Kurosh should join them to repent. Although Karimi was kidding about the repenting, Kurosh realized that he really always did need continual repenting. Kurosh had promised his drummer friend Phil that they would check out the few music scenes around town that night. Kurosh told Karimi he would like to join him then called the IAS to leave a message for Phil to postpone their appointment. They drove down, down, down south of Tehran to Ray and the *imam zade* of Shah Abdol Azim who was a descendant of Ali. He fled persecution by the Abbasid Caliph Al-Matawakil. They entered the mosque. It was similar to the shrine in Mashhad but smaller with arches, elaborate tiles and myriads of mirrors; one arch was 900 years old. As part of the *nazr* or prayer request in the name of an *imam*, the multitude of pilgrims lit candles outside the tomb entrance. Karimi, his family members and Kurosh removed their shoes before entering. Pilgrims respectfully touched the walls and doors, some even kissed them. Karimi led his group down the hall where they followed the crowd circumambulated the tomb. Karimi's brother instructed Kurosh how to do a *nazr* by making a request in the name of the *imam*. Kurosh thought a request "*be nam-e in imamzade va ham benam-e hazrat Isa Masih*" just to make sure. Then he asked that Paris would be freed from the Ministry of Culture and join the purely traditional music ensemble at Safvat's Center to eventually rise to the top of Iran's musical scene. He also asked that Parisa discover Ostad Elahi's *khaneqa* and become an active participant in the sacred meetings. He repeated the request three times holding onto the silver lattice bars encasing the tomb. Then he stepped back to quietly meditate before continuing counter clockwise around the tomb. He stopped and moved back to gaze at the women and men crying at the walls, some noticeably ill and others with other sorrows to be solved. Kurosh gazed at Karimi then noticed a celestial tinkling from above, maybe a group of hanging crystals. Eventually Karimi's group left the room, retrieved their shoes then sat in the courtyard in soothing silence on the carpets. Karimi's brother was praying then an old lady asked for a *qeran*, the Persian equivalent of a penny. Kurosh gave her two *rials* and she expressed the hope that his *nazr* would come true. Later an old man needed a *rial* and Kurosh acquiesced to his request in hopes that it would also assist his *nazr* although he knew that any prayer or wish by anyone would only be answered according to God's will. Karimi's group climbed into the car and returned to Tehran.

Invited as a Guest at Master Karimi's Private Persian Wedding

After master Karimi had become involved in sort of attempted match-making with Hurshid and Parisa to try to get Kurosh to settle down with a Persian wife (as if he could with not real job, housing, future or the massive funds for the ridiculous bride price) and after Kurosh continually encouraged Karimi to get married himself since he was in a position to actually accomplish that task, he shared

exciting news. One day after class at the Honarestan, he calmly and shyly noted “*man zan migiram; arusi miyai?* (I’m getting married; you coming to the wedding?)” Kurosh stammered (*akhe, chera chizi nagofti baba?* (but, how come you never said anything daddy-o?)) Karimi muttered something like he didn’t want it to be a big gossip item about the arts community; he wanted to keep it personal and private. Kurosh asked who was coming and learned that it was mainly his family and a few close friends and colleagues like Safvat and his wife and, of course, his prize students Parisa and Hurshid. Upon hearing those two special names, Kurosh sat up straight and inquired “*pas ke mishe?* (so when is it?)” Karimi nonchalantly mumbled “*mah-e dige; migamet* (next month; I’ll tell ya)” Then he changed the subject and soon Kurosh was climbing the steps inside his apartment building stunned at this news and wondering how everyone could get married but him. Then he sneered and sarcastically chuckled being reminded that ‘no dough; no go.’ And also Moslems can’t legally marry non-Moslems and, even though he took the vow at a local Mosque by admitting that there is no God but God and Mohammad is His messenger, things he and his BYU mentors Palmer and Nibley along with thousands of other staunch LDS members also accepted, that probably wouldn’t be enough to make him a legal Moslem for purpose of marriage. But now he could see a real Persian wedding and also be tantalized by the beauty and gentle sweetness of his two female arts idols. The next day at the Center, he quietly questioned Dr. Safvat about it wondering if he had heard anything special about Karimi’s life. Safvat smiled knowingly and whispered that he did but it wasn’t public information as yet according to Karimi’s wishes. So Kurosh went on about his daily responsibilities and didn’t think about it until one day after class Karimi quietly placed an invitation in his hand after having given the same type of envelopes to Parisa and Hurshid. Kurosh read the Farsi invitation but wasn’t sure where it was to be. Karimi said that he would later reveal the exact directions.

It was truly an honor to be invited to such an important event by the most skilled vocal instructor in the land. It was to be held at the bride’s home in a plush section of Shimran. When Kurosh arrived, outside the front door of the house, the groom’s brothers and relatives had carried a huge basket of red long-stemmed flowers and were waiting to go in. Near the entrance, a *manqal* (brass chafing tray) of hot coals with smoldering *esfand* (special herb seeds) blessed and perfumed the atmosphere. Inside the mansion, in one small room two *mullahs* (Islamic clerics), the main one in black robe and turban, the other in brown cloak and black over cape along with important male family members were arranging the legal papers; Kurosh was invited to stay there. Other male guests were sitting on the porch and women were chatting in a room on the right, some in white *chadors*. There were some large trays and plates of sweets, cookies and fruit. The room to the left was where the bride and her attendants sat; she with her back to the door looking into a fancy mirror with a lamp on each side. Kurosh noticed what resembled a decorative Tibetan or Hopi sand painting created from multi-colored *esfand* seeds. In front of the bride were small bowls of rice, colored candy beads to be ground over the bride’s head, cheese, four eggs And a large long bread with candies sprinkled on it spelling out something in Farsi. The *mullah*, along with several male dignitaries including Kurosh, sat at the door to the room where the bride was sitting He chanted partly in Arabic and Persian religious-oriented phrases mentioning things the groom had offered. These consisted of the ring, mirror, watch, etc. and the value of each. He also noted “forbidden is promiscuity and adultery.” Then he asked the bride, who he identified as “*bakere-ye dushize-ye* (the virgin maiden)” so and so, and asked if he was “*vakil-e shoma* (your representative) in the matter. The *mullah* asked three times and at the last request she says “yes” and all the women yell out in celebratory voice cracking squeals. Then the *mullah* returned to the room where the men were and cited the conditions of the marriage to the groom asking for his concurrence. The other *mullah* representing the groom answered in agreement. The first *mullah* pronounced a blessing on the

marriage and the assemblage chanted an Islamic refrain in agreement. A few witnesses signed the book then the groom stood up and was invited into the bride's room. The bride's mother kissed him then he slowly made his way through the crowd to where the bride is sitting in front of the mirror and sits next to her seeing her in the mirror, which traditionally would be for the first time. The women let out shouts of joy then Karimi placed the ring on her finger. She placed a ring on his finger then candy grains are thrown and the bride's father kissed Karimi on the cheek. Photos were taken as everyone sat around eating sweets and fruit. The bride remained in her home that night until the next day after the reception.

Persian weddings can be complex and are full of symbolism. The *sofre aqd* (wedding spread) consists of symbolic items. The seven herbs ward off evil. The seven pastries attract sweetness to the couple's lives. The mirror, which is a common Sufi symbol, represents eternity and when the bride removes her veil, she sees her husband in the mirror traditionally for the first time. This is because the families carefully and skillfully arrange marriages with distant cousins or other appropriate candidates after intense discussion with the potential bride and groom and, in most cases, with their full input and enthusiastic agreement. The candelabras come from the Zoroastrian tradition of fire representing light and celestialty. Blessed bread represents prosperity while eggs, almonds, walnuts and hazelnuts symbolize fertility. Pomegranates, grapes and apples are heavenly fruits representing divine creation. Rosewater fragrances the air and by extension the life of the couple and the crystallized sugar is for sweetness. The bride and groom each dip a finger in a cup of honey to feed to each other representing the sweetness they will bring to each other. The *manqal* or cauldron with burning coals sprinkled with incense protects from evil and a bowl of gold coins represents wealth and prosperity. The Koran in the center of the cloth reminds of the significance of God's word in their life and the prayer carpet is to remind them of the importance of prayers. The white canopy held over the bride's head by happily married female relatives two of whom hold the large cones of sugar symbolize sweetness and happiness. Usually at a Persian wedding the main *mullah* requests permission to act on behalf of the bride then asks her three times if she grants permission to announce her marriage to the groom. The first two times, the bride's mother might answer "she's gone to pick flowers" and next "she has gone to bring rose water." But on the third time, the answer would be "yes." Then the groom is asked only once if he agrees. Then the plethora of photos and congratulations follow.

The next day after the wedding was the reception at the large Kakh-e Javanan or Tehran Central Youth Palace. Kurosh dressed up in his best suit and drove to the reception. Kurosh went straight from his goofy gig at the historic Bagh-e Ferdos where he had been working with a bunch of weirdo actors rehearsing a play in Greek, Avestan, Latin and a made up language. Kurosh was there to translate instructions by the British director Peter Brook into Farsi for the actors and actresses. He was also hired to help find instruments, mainly the large ancestor of the bass drum called *dohol* to be used along with other makeshift percussion items for the Shiraz Arts Festival premier. For this undertaking, Kurosh was advised by friends that he go to Maidan-e Shush way far south in forbidding downtown Tehran. The preceding day, Kurosh took the 100 *toman* Brook's accountant offered for the purchase and found a taxi willing to go down there for a couple of *toman* and off the little orange taxi went, down, down, down and more down. Kurosh began to be slightly fearful of the rough neighborhoods; but he really didn't care if he got killed except that he would miss Master Karimi's wedding and the reception and a chance to hang around with Safvat, Parisa and Hurshid. The taxi arrived at Maidan-e Shush and Kurosh got out drinking in the rough but down-to-earth atmosphere. *Lat* (ill mannered ruffian) and *luti* (gallant tough guy) types were loitering around a small teahouse where Kurosh thought he might find a *tazie* or *zurkhane* affiliate who could sell him a large *dohol*.

Kurosh entered the teahouse which was packed with people except for one spot at a table of three big mean-looking athletic types. One of the men rose and invited “*befarmo dadash*” implying (“have a seat brother.”) Kurosh sat then, after the requisite string of *ta’arof* politenesses, he asked “*shma dohol suroq dari?* (you got access to a *dohol*?)” The answer was a firm positive “*bali, chera?* (sure, why?)” Kurosh retorted “*mikham bekharam dige* (I like wanna buy.)” Then Kurosh noted “*Pas qeimat-e khub midi chun ma faqirim; azam dozdi nakon dige* (then gimme a good price ‘cuz I’m poor; don’t steal from me anyway.)” Kurosh had been careless in his use of the word *dozd* (thief), not meaning any harm but it sounded too insulting in Farsi. The big imposing tough guy rose to his feet along with his three muscular companions as he roared “*be ma tohin-e dozdi kardi?! Movazeb-e khodet bash rafiq!* (you cursed me as a thief?! Watch yourself buddy!)” Kurosh remained calm and cheerful quickly explaining that he meant since they were honorable good respectable Moslems, they would never cheat anyone. They slowly sat back down as Kurosh continued to note that he was not one of those ugly Americans who hung out at the Hilton drunk every day and night, chasing girls and squandering money like mad. Eventually he had regained their friendship with his simply childlike charm and the bug guy agreed to take him to his place which was a simple yet clean clay residence where he had a dozen large *dohols* up on shelves in a side room. He pulled one down and stated “*ino begir chun adam-e khub I; yek sadi kafi e* (take this one ‘cuz you’re a good guy; 100 is enough). Kurosh handed him the brown 100 *toman* note he had folded in three parts and his new *luti* (good guy strongman) friend thanked him, shook his hand then Kurosh left to hunt down a cab going back north towards Shimran. That summer at Peter Brook’s performance of his famous or infamous play *Orghast* (or *ghastly*), Kurosh, his Tehran Symphony percussionist pal Phil Shutzman and *zarb* master Bahman Rajabi from Safvat’s Center furnished the crazy improvised weird percussion, mostly goofy sound effects. Before the performance, two very polite and polished Harvard type SAVAK security agents in dark gray pinstriped suits apologetically pleaded that they check inside Phil’s bass drum just to be safe because Her Majesty the Queen was going to be at the performance. As Kurosh and Phil quickly and obediently began to undo the lugs, one of the agents noticed “*Shoma hamun Kurosh Ali Khan-e television mage nistid?* (aren’t you that Kurosh Ali Khan on TV?)” Kurosh placed his right hand over his heart respectfully bowing declaring “*bande-ye nachiz tanha nokar-e shoma bishtar nistam* (this worthless slave is only your servant, no more.)” The agent said “*pas baz nakonid, ma qabuletun darim* (don’t open it then; we accept you.)” He turned to the other agent noting “*eshun pesar-e khanom-e Miller ke medal az dast-e Ali Hazrat yafte* (he is the son of Mrs. Miller who received a medal from His Majesty.)” The agents stood tall and saluted then bade farewell to continue seeking other potential security threats. After they were gone Kurosh mentioned to his fellow percussionists “I guess it is good that the SAVAK know everything so they can know who is completely innocent and harmless.” At the performance, Kurosh and his companions played a little on regular instruments but mostly banged out sound effects on big empty oil drums which had been revised as garbage containers for the festival. Anyway, it was a gig and paid fairly well for Iran eve if they would be branded as part of “Brook’s Kooks.”

After the rehearsal with what Kurosh fondly referred to as Bruuk’s Kooks (pronouncing Brook the Iranian way so as to rhyme with kook), he dashed off to Karimi’s reception at the Youth Palace. Kurosh arrived in time to see Karimi and his bride descending the stairs accompanied by the standard wedding tune in the mode *Chahargah*. Kurosh gazed over the crowd to notice two angelic young ladies in white who he realized were Parisa and Hurshid. He noticed that they were chatting very cordially with Mrs. Safvat which made him very happy to see the two jewels of vocal excellence becoming close to the Safvats as all four conversed and laughed warmly. Kurosh witnessed his hopes for Parisa’s

eventual rise to the top of Tehran's traditional music scene although she never really sought fame or even cared about it. Her quiet shy personality and eventual Sufi saintliness required shunning any personal aggrandizement and any care for or awareness of self. The Safvats and the two songbirds filed into the garden. Karimi eventually made the rounds greeting the guests. Mr. Dehlavi from the Conservatory, then Kurosh gave Karimi a hug and tiny typical kiss on the cheek. Then Karimi danced with his bride initiating general dancing by the public. Karimi sat down and his brother who had helped arrange everything so perfectly came over to Kurosh and mentioned that the groom wanted to see him. Kurosh quickly went to Karimi's side declaring "*bali qorban* (yes sir)." Karimi mentioned in Farsi "Safvat is over there, go see him." Kurosh had been too shy to go greet Safvat since the girls were sitting next to him; but he timidly made his way to where his beloved *guru* was sitting. After the traditional bowing with the right hand over the heart, Kurosh glanced over at Hurshid and stated to Dr. Safvat "*bilakhere ba Cheshman-e Zomorodin ashna shodid* (finally you have become acquainted with Emerald Eyes.)" The all laughed and Hurshid's eyes glowed as if reflecting the sun. Kurosh sat next to Dr. Masoudie who had been working on notating the book of Karimi's full vocal *radif*. Kurosh suggested he hurry and publish that book because everyone needed to have it. He asked permission to use some of the transcriptions he had done in the vocal class for his PhD dissertation in case the book wouldn't be published then. Little did Kurosh know that it would be many years after his return to the University of Utah before the Arab conspiracy that was to later take over the Middle East Center would ever allow him the PhD he had to earn several times over. It was only after the Graduate School Dean seriously threatened the Center that they finally released Kurosh and a few other PhD candidate victims from indentureship as an eternal tuition-paying student prisoner.

Then Mrs. Safvat invited Kurosh, Parisa and Hurshid to the table of food items where the girls took a cucumber and a few cherries each while Kurosh took some peaches. Mrs. Safvat encouraged the shy girls to talk to Kurosh who was also too shy to start a conversation. Hurshid broke the ice with "*pas chetori aye Kurosh Ali Khan* (so how are you Kurosh Ali Khan?)" Kurosh fumbled a bit and responded "*khub* (good)." Then Mrs. Safvat stunned everyone with "*bayad yeki az ina ro begirid* (you should marry one of these.)" Kurosh cringed and shrunk turning red with embarrassment. Then Parisa kidded in Farsi "he wants to marry us both." Again Kurosh was cringing with his head down, then sadly bemoaned "*akhe emkan nadare* (but it's impossible)." Hurshid, pointing towards her dear friend Parisa politely offered "*uno begir* (take her.)" Still immensely embarrassed, Kurosh gazed at beautiful Parisa in her elegant long white gown, her handcrafted silver necklace, her dark intoxicating wine-hued eyes and her long lustrous lovely locks. Then he shared the wise truth of the matter in fluent Farsi "it is impossible because she is a national treasure, a rose that should not be removed from the rose garden." Also Kurosh was aware that in reality she had a potential fiancé who would be much better for her than a crazy starving musician ethnomusicologist or whatever.

Kurosh and the girls wandered back to the center to the party where some guests were attempting to dance the twist or some other outmoded western silliness. Dr. Safvat came back from his deep discussion with inner circle members of the traditional music community and led the way over the charming shaky little bridge to the tables full of food. Dr. Safvat started handing out plates to his group as Parisa gently queried Kurosh in Farsi "do you eat Iranian food like *chelo khoreshht*? Kurosh cautiously responded "*khorak-e Iruni ra dust daram, ama* (I like Iranian food, but)" Parisa finished his sentence "*gusht nemikhori* (you don't eat meat.)" Kurosh explained "*are, vaqtike man o aye Doktor ba ham dar Paris budim, sabzikhhar shodim. Man edame dadam ama Doktor az dast dad* (when Mr. Doktor (Safvat) were in Paris together, we became vegetarians. I continued but Doktor gave it up.)" Kurosh noted "*intor javun mimunam* (this way I stay young.)" Parisa agreed in Farsi "when we asked

Dr. Safvat how old you were, we couldn't believe it." Then Kurosh asked Parisa how old she and Hurshid were and found out Parisa was 21 and her friend 20.

Then Dr. Safvat mentioned that when he first heard a tape of Parisa's singing, he was very impressed. He then said that she should come to the Center and work with the music group there. He noted how he and Mr. Porturab of the National Conservatory along with others interested in preserving traditional music were trying to start an Iranian music organization that spanned the whole country. Kurosh became enthusiastic about the possibility of Parisa with her genius and skills in pure tradition working with Safvat's Center where the perfect instrumentalists for her authentic efforts would enhance the work of both. Kurosh piped up in poetic Farsi "these two ladies were princesses and queens before they were clay." Dr. Safvat added "you mean in that world" to which Kurosh affirmed "yes, I knew them there. They are perfect angels." Then Dr. Safvat shared his wise understanding "now that they have become shining lights, they need to be careful not to be lead astray musically by modernizers and fame seekers." He went on to note, his eyes widening, that when he was in the Ministry of Culture, he saw things that were shocking. He warned "when you try to be good and do good work, you have plenty of enemies." Then Kurosh offered his prosaic description of the girls "*Parisa mah; Hurshid khorshid* (Parisa is the moon; Hurshid is the sun.)" The girls discussed the philosophical aspects of Kurosh's statement about who gets light from who, etc. They were giggling when Kurosh offered his silly little Farsi verse about Hurshid which was not in a correct meter. "*Cheshman-e zomorrod chetor konam vel; chetor ke birun konam dusti az del* (How can I abandon the eyes of emerald; how can I cast affection from my heart." Mrs. Safvat excused the lack of a correct meter but assured that the thought of the heart was most important.

Dr. Safvat asked if the girls wanted any desert and they politely replied that they didn't. Then he asked "what if Mr. Kurosh Ali Khan brings it, then will you?" Parisa said "in that case we might." Kurosh immediately rushed over to find two plates, two spoons; then he cut small slices of the whipped cream jello that seemed to be favored, artistically placed the slices on the plates and quickly returned. Dr. Safvat then wondered if Kurosh was having any desert to which he replied in Farsi "these two are so sweet that I don't need anything more." The group finished desert then recrossed the shaky bridge to the patio in the garden. The 'band' was playing some urban pop folk tunes and Mrs. Safvat entreated the girls to dance. They shyly declined then Mrs. Safvat brought Karimi who officially requested that they dance, a request that they couldn't decline. The girls drifted onto the floor in their flowing white gowns tenderly gliding, floating to and fro like flowers in the wind. As Kurosh gazed in a daze, Karimi broke his trance by asking him to join the dancers. He made a strong protest but was sternly coaxed into action by everyone. So he attempted to do his Persian and Afghan routine which seemed to be entertaining since he was a tall goofy guy, somewhat klutzy but with a bit of style and charm. Then the 'band' played some silly western tune and Kurosh returned to his chair to observe the girls try their luck with that then give up to return to the group.

Before they returned, Kurosh had asked Mrs. Safvat if it was taboo for a man to invite a lady to dance together. She indicated that at such an occasion it would be permissible. To be certain, he asked Dr. Safvat is it wasn't sort of sinful to dance with a girl and was assured that in this case it would be allowed. As he was attempting to conjure up the courage to ask Hurshid, Mrs. Safvat saved him the embarrassment by mentioning in Farsi "Mr. Kurosh Ali Khan would like to dance with you." Kurosh expected to be turned down but Hurshid slid her purse on Parisa's arm and turned to Kurosh waiting to be led onto the floor. As they walked out onto the cement, Kurosh was incredulous and stunned. Then as if my miracle, Hurshid melted into his arms like a high school date with her head against his chest and her tiny hand near his shoulder clutching his. He didn't know if this is how she usually danced

with a gentleman or maybe she somehow liked him a little. They clumsily clopped about until they finally got used to each other's steps. He whispered into her ear in Farsi "only for your hair I would have married you; please never cut it short." She giggled sweetly then smiled nodding her head back and forth indicating agreement and whispered '*chashm* (OK)." Then he asked her when she had moved from Rasht to Tehran and she said "when I was nine."

As they walked from the dance floor, she grasped his hand until they neared their group. They spotted *santur* master Heidari who was decked out in a flashy white suit and tie. The group went over to chat with Heidari who started his very uncool kidding about Kurosh being with his darlings which he wasn't; they were just very skilled artists whom he deeply admired. Then Heidari tried to pull Kurosh close to him to whisper in his ear but he held back and refused to be part of any possible semi-scandal appearance that Heidari was possibly speaking disrespectfully as he often did. Then Mr. Golzari turned to Hurshid and jovially chastised her for not being nicer to Kurosh; how much nicer could she have been? The girls drifted away from Heidari's group and so did Kurosh eventually approaching them and finally boldly addressing Parisa with "*biya beraqsim* (come on let's dance.)" She answered "*in mikhad bere* (she wants to go)" to which Kurosh replied "*na ro, zud e* (don't go, it's early.)" Hurshid asked "*aqaye Kurosh Ali Khan, mashin darid* (Mr. Kurosh Ali Khan, do you have a car?) He answered that he did and his heart jumped as he offered "*beresandametun* (shall I drive you?)" Then he added "Farahabad?" Hurshid quipped "*mishnasid* (you know it?). He responded that he hadn't been there and then stated that he could find it with his map even if they had to driver around all night. She giggled gleefully at the idea then the matter was temporarily forgotten as Kurosh and Parisa went onto the dance floor. He felt like a star-struck schoolboy from the 1940s (which he had been) dancing with Audry Hepburn or Elizabeth Taylor. They kept the Aurthur Murray polite dance position as if he was back at Sacred Heart under the watchful yet loving eyes of the sisters. As they gently moved about the floor, Kurosh told her that she was the best lady vocalist in the whole Middle East because she was true to the sacred tradition and was spiritually advanced. He described Khatere's concert at the IAS and noted that everyone infinitely preferred Parisa's singing. When Parisa wondered what *dastgah* Khatare sang, he noted that one was a traditional Chahargah. When Parisa asked which pieces, he answered that they were things that she had learned from her mother. Kurosh said that the IAS wanted Parisa back for another concert.

The dance ended and they left the floor hand in hand finally reaching the lawn where Dr. Safvat and his wife were waiting. Somehow it worked out that the Safvats were to drive the girls home which was an immense relief for Kurosh who had been apprehensive that, if he drove them home, some scandal might erupt especially with that prankster Heidari around. The Safvats and the girls left and Kurosh wandered over to the fruit table to nibble on some treats as he mused and offered a prayer in his heart that somehow Dr. Safvat with his wonderful spiritual powers and kind wisdom would be able to convince Parisa to join the Center's music ensemble and possibly the secret sacred Monday night meetings. His prayers must have been heard because the next day when Kurosh was invited into Dr. Safvat's office to learn what had happened, he was overjoyed to learn that Parisa was very interested in being active as the female vocalist in the Center's ensemble and that her finance (Kurosh was not aware that she officially had one) had been a member of Ostad Elahi's *khaneqa*. So eventually Parisa became active there as one of the vocalists occasionally invited to sing sacred spiritual poetry accompanied by Dr. Safvat's celestial *setar* playing. Kurosh left his dear master's office floating in spiritual bliss at the good news. The next week when Karimi stopped by his apartment to drive to vocal class, Kurosh shared the great news about Parisa wanting to join the Center's ensemble. Karimi sighed and explained that it would be very difficult at this point because she had a debt to the Ministry of

Culture who had given her vocal training. She couldn't leave them and go work for the competition which was the radio and television. Kurosh fell into a depression for the next few days until he saw Dr. Safvat again. He shared his sorrow with his spiritual and music master wondering how the problem could be solved; it seemed that only the Shah, if even he, could resolve it. Dr. Safvat sat back and smiled his dervish smile and offered his standard wisdom "*khoda dorostesh mikone* (God will fix it). Kurosh new never to doubt his master's wisdom which had always been correct. He went back to his apartment to meditate and pray for guidance and an opportunity to somehow assist the situation.

Iran's Soon-to-be Top Vocalist is Freed from Indentureship

In one of his long and cruelly honest articles for the Tehran Journal, as usual Kurosh bemoaned the destruction of traditional music in Iran. He wrote "one problem was that masters such as Safvat, Karimi, Borumand and others would spend years training a fine young talent who would then be corrupted by the Ministry and turned into a Westernized pop performer." When in the early 1970s, as Karimi lamented, his best student, Parisa, was being slowly destroyed by the Ministry's pop musicians, a full scale war was declared and all writers took the problem to all the print media. Parisa had received years of training at the Honarestan in exchange for an indentureship at the Ministry to be one of their pop singers. Due to the incessant crusade spearheaded by Kurosh eventually, high government officials became aware of the Center and its artists due to the many articles in the media and reports on radio and television. The result was finally several prime bookings for the Center's musicians at the final years of the Shiraz Arts festival and at other events, including tours outside Iran. But first Parisa had to initially be freed from the shackles of the Ministry of Culture who had enslaved her with the plan of turning her into a cheap westernized pop crooner. Finally out of the blue, when Kurosh was called into the office of Ms. Sarlak at Rudaki Hall and asked what was needed to end the war, Kurosh promised that freeing Parisa and sending her to Safvat's Center where she belonged then taming Payvar's wanton westernization mania would be the start of an era of peace in the media for the Ministry.

The next day when Kurosh entered Safvat's Center, he was pleasantly surprised by the familiar charming girlish giggle and soothing smile from Parisa who was humbly sitting, dressed elegantly awaiting an interview with Dr. Safvat. Basking in the miracle of the impossible, Kurosh politely and warmly greeted her and they spiritually gazed into each other's eyes frozen for a moment in the joy that the aspirations of both had been fulfilled because now Parisa could be launched into her rightful place as Iran's foremost lady vocalist working in conjunction with Iran's top young masters. The interview with Dr. Safvat was very successful and Master Karimi reported everything to Kurosh that evening on one of their drives together to his vocal class at the Conservatory. Of course Karimi administered one of his fatherly reprimands scolding Kurosh for meddling in the affairs of the Ministry of Culture and creating a major shift in their policy which now had become one of mutual cooperation between the Ministry and Television. This, Karimi admitted, was a wonderful change; but Kurosh as a meddling foreigner (which he wasn't anymore because he had become part of the society) shouldn't have jumped in creating temporary turmoil. Then Karimi wondered how Kurosh could do what no one else had been able to accomplish and how he was able to free Parisa from her indentureship which was to last for years to pay off her scholarship for her study at the Conservatory. Kurosh told Karimi that he had promised to be polite and fair in future reviews of all Ministry concerts and projects and to seek out all the good he could to rebuild their reputation in the media. He honored his promise by positively reviewing some of the excellent folkdance performances by Robert deWaren's Mahali Dance

Ensemble and praising Payvar whenever he organized a mostly traditional concert and then writing positive reviews about other Ministry concerts when and if they deserved it.

CBS A and R Job Opens the Door for the Center's National Triumph

The culminating point in the rise of the Center and Parisa to their rightful place as the main representatives of the authentic national musical tradition came when CBS Records set up an office in Tehran. They were seeking an A and R (Artist and Repertoire) person and someone suggested Kurosh as a main candidate for the position. When he heard about it, he had hopes to be able in such a capacity to coordinate cassette releases by Parisa and the Center musicians by CBS Iran. He was invited to a meeting with the CBS representative and he prepared a plan to convince him of the value of the Center and their musicians. At the meeting he dressed to the max and put on the charm he learned from his dad and had seen associating with classy and successful people all over Europe. The CBS agent was very impressed with Kurosh and his vast knowledge of music from all over the world and his associations with some top artists from various traditions. He thanked Kurosh for coming to the interview and promised to inform him of the decision soon. A few days later, Kurosh was invited back to learn of the result of the interviews. He didn't really expect to get the position because he was too involved in Tehran's arts scene as a fully dedicated artist, a high-level scholar, a traditional arts promoter and a news person. But he never would have guessed what the reason would be that could negate Kurosh as a candidate. He entered the room and the CBS agent warmly greeted him then explained why he was not chosen. He explained that Kurosh was way over qualified and the thing that made him a bad choice for the job was that he was too knowledgeable and he was way too convincing of his ideas, even if those ideas were true and good. But CBS couldn't have someone as A & R person who already had his mind made up about what was great music and just pabulum. Kurosh was dumbfounded because he thought that a big company would want to have someone picking music who could tell the difference between what was great and what was not. He thanked the gentleman and left in a confused daze; too qualified, too much expertise and too much good taste? How could that disqualify an applicant. But in any case, Kurosh didn't really want to be tied down working for one company instead of working in many capacities trying to save valuable traditions at every opportunity. He did learn who was chosen for the position, it was Marsel, the pop (incorrectly dubbed 'jazz' pianist) who had his own TV show and might have been considered a main competitor of Kurosh, although the music Marsel brought to the Television was nothing at all like what Kurosh was doing. When he informed Dr. Safvat about the CBS decision and, in his Sufi wisdom, Safvat promised that everything Kurosh wanted to do will happen according to God's will.

Strangely, a few days later Kurosh was at a gathering of arts personalities and Marsel was sitting at the other end of the dinner table. Kurosh got up and worked his way through some of the guests, greeting and sharing sugar-tongued *ta'rof* whenever possible. Finally he reached an empty seat next to Marsel who had been suspiciously eying Kurosh's leisurely approach. Kurosh sat down and finally struck up a conversation with Marsel. Kurosh had always been completely against using piano in any type of so-called Iranian music unless it was played totally Iranian, in other words using two fingers and striking the keys as if with *santur* mallets. Nor chords or arpeggios or anything from the western piano tradition; just straight traditional *dastgah* performance. So Kurosh had to strain every moral principle to treat Marsel as an honored colleague because Kurosh couldn't stand Marsel's piano playing and westernized 'arrangements' of bad Persian pop. But that didn't prevent Kurosh from engaging in warm conversation and being complimentary about Marsel's good qualities unrelated to his pop promulgations. Soon the two were quite friendly and then Kurosh shared his experience applying for the CBS position which he

admitted he actually really wouldn't be happy having to expedite. He thanked Marsel for having won the job thus saving Kurosh from being restricted by a day job. Marsel was impressed with Kurosh's honesty and good nature. Then Kurosh revealed that his real purpose in applying for the CBS position was to help the best and most authentic traditional musicians in the country who deserved a chance to have their skills brought to the public. Kurosh then humbly pleaded with Marsel to just visit the Center and witness the beauty of Parisa's vocal genius and hear the virtuosity of young *tar* master Talai and others of the Center's artists. He warmly grasped Marsel's arm and admitted that he only wanted the CBS job to be able to release tapes of Parisa and the Center's musicians and would Marsel please, as a dedicated musician, help in this rightful cause. Kurosh promised that from his analysis of the music scene in Tehran, people were waiting for a brilliant discovery of a true artist and Parisa was the one. He promised that he would recruit all the media in the country to promote any potential CBS tape of her and the Center. Kurosh then thanked Marsel in advance for working towards this admirable goal. Then he tried to affirm in Armenian "yes *kidem vor Asdvadz guzay. Ayo parigamis, jashmarid e; ais navakakhump shād lāv e* (I know that God wills it. Yes my friend, it is true; this ensemble plays very well)." Finally, Marsel promised that he would look into the matter which he did and found Kurosh to be correct in his analysis of the certainty of the success of Parisa and the Center's musicians once a tape of their work was released.

Kurosh left the matter to Allah's grace and Safvat's promise of an eventual positive outcome. Eventually Marsel was seen on occasion at the Center in friendly affiliation with Safvat and the young artists and finally CBS released, not only one tape, but four important cassette tapes of traditional music by the Center. These were: Parisa and the Center's instrumentalists performing Nava, Tork and Mahur and also Sayyed Razavi Sarvestani singing Dashti and Homayun. Kurosh was ecstatic that authentic traditional Persian music was finally offered the public and he pushed their tapes with all his might in the media. In a very short time, Parisa and the Center's excellent young virtuosi almost immediately hit the top of the charts among Tehran's fans of the performing arts. The group was invited to perform at various respected venues including tours abroad including a Japanese recording deal. Kurosh was so thankful to Marsel for his role in the whole saga and realized that, even if his piano styling was a bit corny, he was a wonderful promoter of true art and should be admired for his part in saving Iranian traditional music. *Mersi Marsel!* This was just one more example of how joining forces with a perceived competitor as in the case of pianist Preston Keys and the Oriental Jazz innovation, can be tremendously successful. Kurosh realized that again following the path of Jesus who showed love and kindness to and truly cared about everyone can be the smoothest way to success although worldly success is not what Jesus promoted. Yet worldly success can attend when humbly treading the path of celestial wisdom while working for a good cause.

Later after Parisa and the Center's ensemble became the most popular music effort in Tehran, thanks to their best-selling CBS tape releases, she was invited to do an interview on NIRT. Consequent to her amazing rise to the top, she was asked that now that she had become famous, even beyond famous, if she considered fame negative or positive. Her answer was typical of a humble saint on an inner-circle mystic path. She shyly offered "*man shohrat ra motlaqan be hesab-e khodam nemizaram* (I don't credit myself at all with fame.)" She continued "*Va man faqat yek vasile-ye nachiz budam baraye shenasundan-e musiqi-ye Irani.* (And I was only an insignificant means for making Iranian music known.)" *Va in sabet mikone ke bar khalaf-e un chizi ke hame migoftand ke musiqi-ye Irani ghamanghiz e va mored-e esteqbal qarar migire, in mitune sabet bokone ke intor nabude* (And this (success) proves that, contrary what everyone was saying, that Iranian music is sad and not acceptable; this can prove that it was not that way)." She specified the type of music she presented: "*Markaz-e Hefz o Eshae, barnamehai ke ejra karde khob sad dar sad sonati bude bedune ke sai daresh bashe ke mardom-pasand bashe. Va in vaqan mored-e esteqbal-*

e mardom qarar gerefte (the programs that the Center for Preservation and Propagation has performed are, well, 100 percent traditional without any effort therein to be people-pleasing. And this [purely traditional music] has become what people have actually accepted).” Then addressing the subject of how she really felt about her fame she said “*qalban hich gune esas-e shadi nesbat besh nadaram; hata mitunam begam ke narahatam barinke kar-e asliy-e man tadrise e* (in my heart I have no feeling of joy about it, in fact I can say I am unhappy about it because my real goal is to educate)” This deep perceptive wisdom which Dr. Safvat always promoted was further reiterated in her next statement. “*Vali agar yek kesi hadafesh in bashe ke be shohrat berese, pay-e karesh ru in bezare ke be shohrat berese, be mahbubiyat berese, be manafe dunyai berese, in sad dar sad asar-e manfi dare benazar-e man* (But if a person’s goal is to rise to fame, they base the purpose of their work on rising to fame, on being adored, on worldly profit, in my opinion this has a 100 percent negative result.)” When asked what she would think of a singer that might be able to work in her genre, she chuckled and responded “*agar khanade bashe ke dar sabq-e man kar mikone, khob, hamkar-e samimi-ye man khahad bud va che behtar ke dar in reshte honarmandan-e ziyatari bashand* (if there might be a singer who would be working in my genre, they would be a colleague; what could be better than having more artists in this field of pure traditional music.)” She didn’t care about staying famous and had no desire to ever continually perform crowd-pleasing tunes because that was not her mission and, if she performed just once a year, that would be sufficient. She affirmed that all masters from the past were known for their spiritual intentions, not their technique. She noted that the talents and skills of all the great past masters came from God. She fully understood, but didn’t mention in the interview, that when an artist perfects themselves spiritually and seeks only the divine, their technique soars to unbelievable heights, even without much physical effort. Parisa finally was at the top of Iran’s music world even though she had been a pure simple saint before having been elevated to top lady vocalist in the Middle East. That is the way a true divinely-inspired artist succeeds, first by abandoning all that is not divine, then unburdened with mundane cares becoming lighter and being able to ascend towards the divine without caring whether they are successful or not. As the mystic poet Hatef Isfahani stated of the divine instructor in a verse sung in Chaharpare of Abu Ata “*hame az to khosh bovad ay sanam, che jafa konid che vafa konid* (everything from Thee is pleasing, O Lord, whether you torment or whether you are faithful.)”

Chapter 43 ***Submerged in the Subcontinent***

Now that Kurosh had been in Iran a while and his idol Parisa and the wonderful young masters of his beloved master’s Center were at the top where they belonged, his main mission was accomplished. Now he only had to continually praise and promote Parisa and the Center in all the media so that everyone everywhere would finally know them and be drawn to pure traditional music. In this regard, he took it upon himself to seek out all the main music academies or government music efforts in the countries surrounding Iran with the plan of delivering to the main representatives of those entities copies of the extensive book of transcriptions of the full *radif* called *Radif-e Musiqi-ye Iran* by Musa Marufi with informative introductory notes in Farsi and French by Mehdi Barkeshli. He had Dr. Safvat sign each copy that he planned to deliver to music centers and academies in Beirut, Istanbul, Kabul, Lahore and Delhi in order to familiarize those locations with Dr. Safvat and the wonderful work of his Center in preserving and propagating authentic traditional music. So since he had already delivered a copy to Ustaz George Farah at the National Conservatory of Music in Beirut (*Al Conservatoire al Musiqi al Watani*) and also delivered one in Istanbul, it was time to visit the Subcontinent and Afghanistan to continue his work to connect the efforts of Dr. Safvat with other similar efforts in nearby lands. No Ruz was approaching and

nothing significant seemed to be happening for Kurosh in Tehran except maybe a couple of parties here and there. He felt it might be a good time to visit the Subcontinent and Afghanistan, traveling by land from Kabul to Herat. That was his first visit to Herat, the second longer trip was on a rugged drive over the then severely rutted washboard dirt road rattling in the backseat of Jean Doring's VW. He had mentioned the idea to the LDS branch president who actually suggested he visit India where it was warm since Tehran was still snowy and cold.

Beirut had been an option for this visa and music research trip; but Kurosh felt he should follow the advice of the local church authority. He had to go to India eventually to get *tablas* and other instruments for the class back at the U of U and he also needed to expand his understanding of Indian and Afghan music. He had a ticket that said Tehran, Karachi, Bombay, Delhi, Kabul, Tehran; so now was as good a time to use it as any to use those flights then take a bus across Afghanistan saving the last flight coupon for a later trip. After chatting with the branch president and his counselor at church, he asked for a blessing to be sure he would be safe, successful and that might be able to share facts about church history with a few people. He felt elated after receiving the blessing and was ready for a new although somewhat worrisome experience. In preparation he asked his Tehran Journal editor Vahe for a letter introducing him so that he might have more access and occasional help in the places he would visit. Then he went to the Pakistani and the Indian embassy to get the necessary visas. The Afghan embassy suggested he get a visa in Delhi where it would be faster; so he postponed seeking that visa. Kurosh went down to his reliable Jewish moneychanger on Lalezar Avenue to get inexpensive Pakistani and Indian rupees as well as some Afghanis. He packed his suitcase lightly with a few clothes, and some minimal food items then found a ride to the airport with his kind vocal mentor Karimi. The plane roared off eventually landing in Karachi.

Warm Weather in Carefree Karachi

Kurosh landed in Karachi to feel the refreshing warmth and relaxing verdant tropicality. The customs agents at the airport were quite relaxed and the only contraband seemed to be recorders and radios. But the taxi-*walas* and change-sharks at the airport were real crooks. They offered 8 maybe 10 Rupees for a dollar when at the change shops in Kabul Kurosh could get over 12 or, at the worst, in Tehran he got 11. Of course the standard bank rate was something like 4, but no one in their right mind ever entered a bank to change money. The taxi sneaks tried to charge 10 chip to take travelers to town which was way too high since 5 was the correct rate. On the way into town, Kurosh noticed all kinds of green and foliage, palm trees, white, yellow or pink houses and see-through brickwork was common. Both Muslim and Hindu architecture was common as well as some modern buildings. Unfortunately, beggars were common in Karachi and some were quite poverty-stricken. It was typical to see people sleeping in the streets; but fortunately the warm weather lessened the potential discomfort. The people appeared friendly and many spoke English even though Kurosh preferred to practice his Urdu (what little he could actually use). Although Moslem, their inherent subcontinentality caused them to be a bit less punctual in prayers than Afghans and Iranians. Yet they were fully infused with the typical brotherly kindness of Islam and would grasp a fellow Moslem with both hands sharing a warm smile followed by a satisfied nod of the head from side to side and a caring "*acha*." The streets of Karachi in the 1970s were fairly clean bustling with all types of transportation. This included modern taxis, small three-wheeled taxis which cost from ten to twenty cents to go almost anywhere, even the beach, and horse drawn carriages which were quite expensive. Then there were ponderously plodding camels drawing four -wheeled wagons with car tires for wheels, small donkeys clamoring and clopping, either alone or in pairs, pulling small carts. But the crazy British left-hand driving was bothersome and sometimes dangerous when crossing streets for

Kurosh who never got used to it even after a year in Stockholm where left hand traffic was the rule.

The gentle women were attired in elegant sari-type dresses with light clear head scarves (*dupata*) draped across the throat and both ends flowing down the back past the waist. They often sported beautiful long long single, or sometimes double, braids. Or they would allow their black silken hair to cascade straight down past their waists sometimes in a pretty ponytail tied with a thin cloth. *Alhamdulillah* (praise God), the atrocious Western infidel evil of short-cropped men's hair on women hadn't yet taken hold in Pakistan and if it ever does, Kurosh thought, *estafrullah* (God curse them) and may they be vaporized by one of their own nukes for following Satan's wicked Western fashions. A few women wore Afghan-type pleated *chadri* with the elegantly embroidered mesh window at eye level. Other veil dresses had a fine see-through cloth over the face and other women wore just the loose silky trousers with knee-length dresses which were often highly embroidered accompanied by the inevitable *dupata* elegantly flowing down both sides of the back. Men were attired in white of dark pants and white shirts, either tucked into the trousers under the influence of the Brits, or just hanging out over the pants in the typical Eastern fashion. Many had real Pakistani shirts which were decorated by simple or intricate embroidery on the front, around the buttons and where the sleeves attach. Men's headdress could be a narrow white cap, either embroidered or vary thick like a Neru cap. Some northern men sport the Hunza or Pathan roll hat (*gharmi*) or a turban. Pakistani Khyber turbans are wound around a sometimes high golden or bronze brocaded somewhat mushroom-shaped cap that is round on top; then the turban end might be tucked up into a pleated fan sticking up a half foot or higher above the cap. Some of the more simple Pakistani turbans might be wound without a cap underneath.

Kurosh found that food in Karachi was somewhat less expensive than in Tehran or Beirut. A large papaya almost the size of a cantaloupe or melon was only ten cents. A dozen huge sweet tangerines could be purchased for only twenty cents. Oranges were equally reasonable but not as juicy as the tangerines. Below the United Hotel, the United Bread Shop actually sold whole-wheat bread, a pleasantly surprising phenomenon for Kurosh who had been gagged by worthless white bread in Iran, Lebanon and Turkey. The five cent loaves were quite tasty and they would gladly slice it for customers. Kurosh was hesitant but did partake of a few fried chickpeas and beans with sesame seeds and pepper. The Hotel United was reasonably priced at only a dollar seventy for simple rooms and three dollars for better rooms; very fancy rooms could be as high as five or ten dollars. In search of ethnic clothes items, Kurosh often visited Buri Bazaar which was the central shopping area. But most items seemed to be bad European junk copies of fine Afghan-style hand work. Bargaining didn't seem to be a common practice in the big stores and it was rare to get more than a couple of Rupees off an item. Kurosh discovered that Id Gah clothes market near Allah Walla Market was better. There he found that a person could purchase a two and a quarter foot or so piece of cloth for from ninety cents to a dollar twenty-five, then take it to a tailor who, for fifty cents to a dollar, could make a woman's dress or a mens' long shirt for only between fifty cents and a dollar. So a full dress would only be bit less or more than a dollar. A few people wore the pointed curled-up-toed shoes but Kurosh later found the authentic intricate beautiful gold brocaded version in Peshawar. In Karachi, Kurosh was clever enough to obtain very reasonably priced airline tickets using black-market rupees for future trips to and in Pakistan. One of the destinations cities for which he bought a round-trip ticket from Tehran was the interesting ethnic village of Quetta.

On that trip, Kurosh was enchanted by the beautifully embroidered and brocaded long Baluchi folk dress worn by a Pak girl on the small plane. When they arrived at the airport, he and other travelers boarded same minibus with her and he somehow found out what part of town she was going to. Later after finding an inexpensive hotel, Kurosh went to that quarter and asked around about her. After advise from helpful neighbors, he finally found the house she had gone into and knocked on the gate. A friendly young

man came to greet him and he explained that he was infatuated with a very elaborate dress a young lady wore on the plane and wondered where he could maybe buy such a dress. The boy invited Kurosh in and chatted a while about Baluchi culture although the boy sort of boasted that his family were regular Paks not Baluchi. He did note that he had established a Baluchi dance company and was one of their lead dancers. Although he was swomewhat swishy, thankfully he never intimated the slightest interest in any romance with Kurosh. After a half hour or so, the girl came down from the second floor in that same elegant dress and just walked around the room a while then scampered back upstairs refusing to speak to the big weird foreign guest; of course it would have been *haram*. The boy noted, “she is my sister and those dresses are rare and cost many rupees.” Kurosh realized that he would not be able to buy one on that visit and unfortunately he never returned to Quetta to add Baluchi dresses to his vast collection of folkwear which became the basis of his own unforeseen Eastern ethnic dance company established decades later. He chatted more with the girl’s brother about dance and costuming then left to search out Baluchi music. At one tape seller’s tiny shop, he asked in Urdu then Pashtu for Baluchi music. The salesman was a big burly Pathan who must have disliked Baluchis because the mention of the word made him sneer, scowl then growl like an angry bear. So without any Baluchi clothing or music Kurosh left the next day to continue visiting other places on his itinerary.

Bothersome Bombay, the Bay that Should be Bombed

Bombay seemed to be one big con scam to cheat and rob all foreign tourists and even local people whenever and however possible. Indians were naturally very nice people; it’s just the tourist-tempter, tourist-tormentor mindset that ruins it for foreign guests, especially dirt-poor ethnomusicologist scholars. A person couldn’t sit five minutes in a park or go anywhere without having to chase off a shine boy or two and other predators. And the little swindlers kept bugging Kurosh and wouldn’t acknowledge “beat it brat” in English, Hindi, Urdu, Tamil (who knows that weird one anyway) or whatever. The miserable few days Kurosh suffered there, convinced him that Bombay was a bay that should be bombed and thus its name. It seemed like one big nightmarish slum, worst than anywhere he had ever been or even imagined, even horrible New York City. But His arrival at the airport was wonderful. The officials were extremely kind and helpful. No customs person wanted to inspect his suitcase and all they asked about was how much cash he was bringing which almost made them laugh then worry about his welfare when they learned how little he came with. They didn’t care at all about traveler’s checks. When he mentioned he mainly came to Bombay because his *guru* was from there and had sent him to buy *tablas* and visit a couple of his best students, the officials brightened up. They got a taxi for him at the airline’s expense and the driver wouldn’t even accept a tip. In downtown Bombay, the hotels were ridiculously overpriced but Kurosh noticed a dumpy little boarding house on the fourth floor of an old building. It was called Chateau Windsor, a wildly exaggerated title. He took a tiny cell-like room for twenty rupees, about two dollars a day at the black market exchange rate. As for Indian money: a rupee was worth about 10 cents and 100 paisa = 1 rupee. 4 annas = 25 paisas; 8 annas = 50 paisas; 12 = 75 and so on. An ominous sign hung in the room declaring “no alcoholic beverages, no guests after 9 PM, no ladies ever allowed to visit men, no washing clothes, lights must be shut off when leaving the rooms, etc.” Kurosh was fine with all those rules; he especially concurred with the ‘no ladies’ policy because the poor wretched skanks that everyone on the streets were trying to vend probably had every disease known to man including the black plague or worse.

Food in Bombay had its good and bad points. The good thing was that, for once in his life, Kurosh was not the only vegetarian in town. But all the food seemed so filthy that he didn’t dare touch anything

without thick peelings. He knew that all the water everywhere was just sewage; so he couldn't dare drink anything but just relied on tangerines and oranges for liquid. Because it felt like a horrid hundred and twenty degrees miserable muggy sticky oven, he was often nearly choking of thirst. So the street vendors who were selling coconut water provided the only actual liquid that he dared touch. For a rupee (about ten cents), the vendor could hack away the outer covering of a coconut with a huge knife, then he would cut around and tap a small lid in the top then hand it to the customer with a straw to sip down the refreshing treat. Kurosh became a steady customer, almost a friend, of the coconut vendors on Churchgate Street and down on the waterfront. Kurosh was really appalled at the filth everywhere in the early 1970s and he imagined if it wasn't cleaned up some day, the whole place would sink and stink into a massive cesspool, which it seemed it already was. Starving beggars were sleeping on the streets, under freeways, on the sullied waterfront wall, just everywhere. They would swarm over Kurosh like filthy flies, incessantly hissing and yelling for coins. He was hounded by hordes of *changewalas* trying to cheat him into an exchange scam. Then there were the pimps hunting victims for their likely kidnapped enforced "vedy clean college girls" if any sane person would touch one of the unfortunate sleazes. The streets were ridden and riddled with garbage and, inside every building, the walls and corners of the walls, especially staircases, were stained raunchy red from the horrible beetle nut gunk everyone disgustingly chewed and spat like Afghan *neswar* or Yankee chewing tobacco of a past century.

Down by the waterfront, the stench of sewage could choke a person if the thirst, heat and humidity hadn't. As Kurosh walked along the waterfront the first day in Bombay, he saw three dead pigeons and a huge ugly mean-eyed straggly gray rat pattering along beside him. Later one of the street vendor pimps warned him that those rats could run up a person's pants leg and bite them leading to possible death due to potential rabies and worse. These weren't the cute sweet little cuddly pink-eyed pet rats Kurosh loved in his youth; these guys were vicious with mean aggressive eyes. He passed a dead rat whose nose had been squashed and bloody and several packs of them were feverishly scavenging garbage on the beach front. On the way back to the hotel, Kurosh was hostilely harassed by horrid *shinewalas* hissing at him and screaming "wan shine *sa'ib*?" He would occasionally shout back "no wan shine SOB" but they didn't get the sarcasm of what 'sob' meant spelled in capital letters because it sounded like *sa'ib*. Back in his rotten room, in the wee hours, Kurosh woke up from a nightmare wherein he was being attacked by a huge terrifying rat screeching "wan change money *sa'ib*!" Then a gigantic repulsive snake wrapped around him accosting "ssssssss; shine *sa'ib*!"

In his hotel room, Kurosh was horrified at the two-inch long cockroach type creatures scampering to and fro on the bathroom floor joined by other hideous bugs. His room faced the street with its noise and nauseations while the other side of his room faced the inside open air square courtyard enclosed on all sides by dirty walls. What was that courtyard for? It was the garbage pit for the whole building and did it ever stink; rotting fruit peelings, rotting food of all kinds and every other type of rotting garbage imaginable. But not to worry, it was very ecologically engineered, by accident of course. When Kurosh first looked down, he was horrified by the specter of hundreds of raging, ravaging, rabid, raunchy rats accompanied by mangy skinny creepy cats and thousands of flies and cockroaches wildly scavenging over the whole area, munching and crunching down anything that wasn't made of metal or glass. All night long, Kurosh was serenaded by those mangy unpaid garbage collectors adding to all the disturbing street noise. After a few days, Kurosh moved to the Sea Green Hotel which was the same price and just as grubby but a little less noisy. If it wasn't for his *guruji* Pandit Taranath Rao suggesting he visit Bombay and purchase some excellent *tablas*, Kurosh would never have had the 'pleasure' of visiting Bombay and would never have known what hell might be like. It made sense that this was the birthplace of the disgusting non-art junk Bollywood film industry that was the bane and pain of every true

ethnomusicologist and ethnochoreologist throughout the world. It seems that nowhere in the world had ‘entertainment’ sunk to below the lowest level of the hell in Dante’s Inferno or Zoroastrian tradition. Nothing could be more slimy, skummy, fakey, phony, etc. etc. just every negative adjective and adverb in the dictionary ad Bollywood. Gag! Since Bombay was a place totally ridden with garbage of all types, of course it would certainly also be replete with garbage in the form of so-called ‘music’ and ‘dance.’ Sure the rats were huge, menacing and innumerable; but not all animals in Bombay were unpleasant. Fun oxen and peaceful bulls were pulling two wheeled carts, the cross pole of which rested nicely between the humps of the oxen. The reins were a rope that was string through the oxen’s nostrils. To start the animal moving, the driver would press his thumb on the oxen’s hind end.

In spite of the myriad discomforts and sickening surroundings, Kurosh achieved his goal of finding some nice *saris* for gifts and for his future clothing collection. He was even more convinced than ever that a stunning *saris* the type with no bare midriff, along with the typical beautiful long black braided pigtail made a woman appear angelic and perfect. But the same woman with hideous jeans and sloppy T-shirt with hair cropped off like a dastardly dyke would immediately become the most repulsive thing ever to insult the eyes. He shopped around at Rohini in Tardes, Handloom House on Fort Street and other places where he found nice *saris* for from three to twenty dollars. He sent half a dozen beautiful saris to his ex-wife Yona in Belgium because he knew she and her mom would appreciate them and because this way he could do something for them with the meager funds he was living on. Unfortunately the saris and all the musical instruments he sent to Utah never got there and probably were pilfered the moment they left the post office. As for instruments, Kurosh finally located the shop of master *tabla* maker Mangesh who was highly recommended by *guru* Taranath as Bombay’s best drum maker. Kurosh ordered two sets of *tabla* for only ten dollars each and a *pakhawaj* for twelve, unbelievable prices compared to the \$100 or more for *tablas* in San Francisco. After the three days of waiting for his drums to be made, Kurosh took one of the *tabla* sets and the *pakhawaj*, all packed up in special wooden boxes made by the drum maker. Kurosh found his way to the main post office and stood in line for an hour. Outside there were gangs of swindlers offering to guide him to the right window or to sew a cloth covering on his wooden boxes for an outrageous twenty rupees *bakhshish*. Then he met a very helpful man who offered to assist him with the bothersome forms. He led Kurosh to his office and had his sweet little secretary type them all up. Kurosh tried to invite him to dinner, but he politely refused. Finding a clean and safe place to eat would be nearly impossible.

Although not legitimately authorized to be patriotic for the local culture, one day while standing in a long line to mail a package back to Utah, Kurosh became weary of hearing English spoken by everyone with their heavy Hindi accents. He finally climbed up on a low ledge near the counter and, raising his arms like President de Gaulle, angrily bellowed “*ap log ki pas koi dorost zaban nahin!*” Then he repeated the thought in English roaring out at the crowd of stunned Indians “don’t you people have a real language; why do you have to use stupid imperialist English all the time!” As he stepped back on the floor and slowly calmed down from his mini rage, a kindly old gentleman in a Nehru cap quietly approached him and explained. “Of course *saib*, we do have own language here, actually hundred of deefrunt dialek; dart is vay ve mus resort to English so ve can talk eech udder.” Kurosh meditated a moment on that thought realizing how many languages there were on the Subcontinent including the dreadful Dravidian types. He thanked the gentleman for his wisdom and hunched in humility realizing his misperception of the problem. But he still hated to see Brit-Yankee imperialism in the form of stupid English invading the whole world. He was willing to learn any language and was happy to escape the wretched recollections of past persecutions while living in an Anglo-imperialist dictatorship disguised as an alleged ‘democracy.’ But since English was a low form of an almost grammarless pigeon blab resulting from simplifying

Saxon, French and Norse all scrunched together, it was obviously an easy form of communication around the world even if Kurosh hated it because of his misery-marred memories of an appalling adolescence. In any case, nothing Kurosh sent from Bombay ever made it to its destination but all was stolen. Not even a letter got through.

Before leaving the blatant bilge of Bombay, one morning Kurosh tried to escape the filth by a trip towards Virar, stopping at Santa Cruz station and taking bus no. 231 to the favored Juhu Beach which was a refreshing relief for the tormented ethnomusicologist. Later that afternoon, Kurosh went to the radio station where he met the enlightened and friendly music producer who shared wisdom about Bombay and India. He talked about the early morning train rolling into Churchgate Station belching forth thousands of passengers who mechanically trod off to their meaningless jobs only to return home in the evening having accomplished nothing of any real value but just helping the ugly materialist system to continue. He told about an author who had traveled around wrenching melodies from stingy *ustads* noting that getting something from a teacher was more difficult than extracting milk from a tiger. Kurosh confirmed that fact having tried for two months to get a sitar lesson from Amyo Das at Kinnara school in Los Angeles. The music producer nodded lamenting that some *ustads* would not even teach their own children unless they were confident that they would be extremely serious. Kurosh added that there was some wisdom in that concept because the masters needed to know if a student was willing to spend the many years to correctly absorb the tradition rather than become a wretched pop star. He noted how in Iran, a properly trained vocal virtuoso, Golpaigani, learned most of the tradition then betrayed everyone and became a cheap crummy popslop-moaning crooner. And the myriads of unskilled, uncouth, worthless Beetle-type trash idiots with absolutely no IQ, no taste and no spirituality, only a stupid electric guitar a bad attitude, a greed for fame and a pocket full of barbiturates, had taken control of the world's music. And there is no chance of executing them all because they are way to many and the imbecile brainless creep skuzbag scum brat kids all worship these sewer rats. The producer and his staff nodded in agreement with Kurosh's assessment of the ugly pop non-music scene which had taken over the world. Then he added that the crappy garbage Bolywood phoney 'music' and 'dance' was almost as bad. To that everyone bemoaned "*han ji sa'ib!* (yes sir!)" Kurosh ended his crazy sermon with "too bad the stingy *ustads* couldn't prevent all those subhuman slime rock creeps from getting guitars; where are Stalin, Mao, Genghis Khan, Aurangzeb or some tough mad mullahs when there is truly an urgent need for a powerful dictator to wipe the world clean of really dangerous 'human' and 'entertainment' trash."

That last evening in Bombay, Kurosh visited Ashok who was one of *guruji* Taranat Rao's best students. He lived in a nice building in Tardes near Taranath's place. Ashok's father was a good harmonium player but had been paralyzed for three years and could only use one hand. Even with one hand, he invited Kurosh to accompany him on *tabla*. Kurosh was never much of a *tabla* player, but he tried. Then he wisely turned drumming over to Ashok who really had the skills. Then during a break, Kurosh asked if there was a chance of Ashok's father being cured. They didn't know of any remedy and Ashok's father asked Kurosh if he know of any cure. He said the only thing he knew of was healing through prayer and blessing as practiced in his religion. The father said "then please kind sir, give me such a blessing." Kurosh was hesitant, not feeling worthy enough to really do any good. But he went over to where the old man was laying down and put his hands on his head and gave him a blessing promising that if he had the faith he could be helped. During the blessing, the old man would occasionally chime in expressing agreement with what Kurosh was saying. After the spiritual experience, Ashok generously offered Kurosh a few *tabla* patterns. One was: *tiri kit' t'k't'k' tirikit' tagitit' kit'taki tirikit' t'k't'k' tiri kit' dha s s s*. The next day, Kurosh packed up his belongings, went to the airport and took the plane to Delhi.

Delightful Delhi

Delhi was a beautiful garden of flowers, grass, trees and fountains, a dreamy city. New Delhi was very clean and modern, but not ugly modern, while Old Delhi was almost as quaint and exciting as Kabul or any other really Eastern city. As the bus pulled away from the new nice airport we went by lovely homes and clean outskirts before reaching the main part of town. New Delhi was built around a beautiful circle called Canaught Circus pronounced 'canart' by Indians. In the middle of the circular street was a large park or garden with many paths leading to a big pond with myriads of refreshing fountains. At the airport they told Kurosh to stay at the Hotel Ranjit because it was cheaper and government owned. He didn't know but just hoped they were right and later agreed. He talked a cab into taking his 80 lb. huge tin box of *tablas* and other treasures and tying it on the roof; then they finally arrived at what seemed like a country club in Hollywood or Glendale. A well-dressed doorman greeted them and the driver wanted 2.50 since he had a big box on his roof. The meter said 1.25 so Kurosh offered him two rupees and asked if it was OK. He said eight *anas* more (50 *paisa* or half a rupee) so he gave him a third rupee and then just told him to keep it. Three rupees was really too much and he hated myself for letting the driver get away with it; but anyway it only came to about thirty cents on the black market. With the help of bellhops, Kurosh lugged the huge box and suitcase in and he asked for a room. He noticed that, in the official book, twenty-four rupees, about \$2.40 was the correct price for a room; but they immediately quoted forty. So Kurosh strutted over to the airport phone and arranged a room somewhere else for twenty-four.

As he was about to leave to seek better lodging, they suddenly remembered their posted rate and said they did have a room for twenty-four chips. First they stuffed him into room Number Two which wasn't bad. The room was fairly modern and had a sort of brick screen leaving large holes for air and a kind of porch. It had the first hard bed he had slept on in India compared to the soggy sloshy 'bed' at Chateau Windsor in Bombay. Of course the bathroom was a cement floor with a shower coming out of the wall where he had to stand on the clammy floor under it, no curtains or tile. But the toilet was decent and the sink had hot and cold water. One bad thing about bathroom was the dripping faucet under the shower. It tended to drive Kurosh mad at night with its drup, blurp, drup, blurp, etc. ad infinitum. But worse yet, in Room Two, all he could do at night was lie awake serenaded by the chatter and cackles of taxi*walas* who would intermittently slosh water on their taxis then noisily polish the vehicles with all their might outside the window. So the next morning, Kurosh went to the front desk to gripe about the dripping and the drips, that is about the boisterous taxi*wala* slob mob and, most of all, about the sneaky hidden 10% surcharge on his bill for service and tax which he thought was a dastardly devious ploy. They quickly offered to move him to a better room in the same price range. But he couldn't talk them into a weekly rate; so altogether it ended up costing around twenty-seven rupees a day. So they gave him what appeared to be about the best room in the hotel, so far as he could deduce, for only twenty-four chips. Of course there was much better lodging in the higher price brackets. His room was just in front of the cool pleasant fountain in the pool set back in the lawn garden. Room One Twenty-Three, was one of the nicest accommodations he had since he was a kid. Although they still hadn't fixed the leak, Kurosh would wake up to the pleasant shushing of the tall fountain that nearly reached the porch. He had a hard bed, a wall table for writing and other features he had long forgotten. There was no traffic noise because it was outside of New Delhi. There was a TV in the air conditioned lounge and chairs on the lawn to sit and relax.

Transportation in Delhi was either taxi starting out on the meter with 80 paisa; small rickshaws, otherwise a person could get a non-meter rickshaw (most had no meter) but then there would be no hope of not being gyped. Gyped was the word one comes to know well in India; it stands to reason

since the Gypsies originated in India. It was necessary to put up such a high wall for self-defense against crooks that it prevents getting into the real culture. Old Delhi was better for blending in. The best means of transportation when available were the large four-seater motorcycle rickshaws or three-wheelers with two seats facing forward and two backward with a flat top covering the seats. For thirty *paisa* Kurosh, would hop a four-seater near the hotel and ride to Old Delhi. In Dehli, food items like tangerines, sweet limes, papayas were more expensive than in Bombay. In Delhi there were no fresh coconuts or coconut water. They had what seemed like long skinny cucumber type things which taste like cucumbers but more delicate. Also they had the world's weirdest melon type objects that had odd flower-form sections inside that are edible, but whether sweet or sour, Kurosh never found out because he was scared to try anything that might be somehow polluted with sewage water which was everywhere. The main drinkable clean mineral water was called Bisleri and, of all the polluted places, it was made in Bombay. Had he known, Kurosh wouldn't have nearly died of dehydration fiendishly glugging down coconut water several times a day to keep from becoming a dried fig. He made it a point to ask for the Bisleri 'silent' water not 'bubbly' so he wouldn't have to fight the fizz every glug. Kurosh wondered when he left good old Bombay, if a grimy gray rat or two might have sneaked into his suitcase. But luckily when he unpacked, he didn't see any, not even a two-inch long cockroach. If a rat did end up in Delhi by mistake, the poor thing would feel lost and out of place because there were no piles of garbage, no litter, no filth.

Delhi was a good place to buy sitars; so Kurosh visited a couple of shops in Old Delhi in Nay Sarak a bit beyond the end of the four-seater line. Bina was about the only place with a selection in a possible price range. He found that *sitar*s were only about \$10 each; but shipping to the US was \$40 and completely untrustworthy. *Sarods* were about \$35 at Bina and Kurosh couldn't get far trying to bargain prices down. They had a *sarangi* for \$25; but both seemed too high for the quality. Bina's *tablas* were not at all the quality of those made by Mangesh in Bombay. On the way to Chandi Chok, Kurosh found another shop called 'Lahore' before the turn to go towards Chandi Chok. They had a *sarangi* for \$22, but their *sarods* were too expensive. Eventually, Kurosh ended up with a nice *sarod* and a *dilruba*, so he bought a big tin box to be able transport those purchases plus his *tablas* and other treasures to Kabul on the plane and by bus and land all the way to Tehran.

Kurosh Helps Cops Round up Creepy Cheating Change-Wala Crooks

Change sharks were a real nuisance in India and Kurosh was always looking for a good rate. In Delhi their trick was this: They would claim "Sa'ib, I geev tirteen rupee for dollar" then they would ask Kurosh to show his travelers checks. Then they would say "let me take two minute show boss (who was a creepy looking crook in an alley; they seemed to work in pairs). And anyone who was sucker enough to let their travelers checks out of their hands, even unsigned, should just start walking to the American Express to report them stolen because they definitely were. But Kurosh fell for an even trickier scheme. He wasn't really interested in changing money since he had gotten his rupees from his Jewish *saraf* (money changer) pal on Lalezar Ave. in Tehran who always gave him the best rate in existence. But a crummy sneak with an mean looking pock-marked face kept bugging him offering him the impossible sum of fifteen rupees for a dollar. Then the guy said he would be back at 2:15 with cash; so Kurosh stupidly fell for the scam and decided to see if it was for real. When Kurosh showed up, another thug dressed like a Sikh appeared informing Kurosh that he was a colleague of the first guy. He led Kurosh around a corner near the Punjab bank where he carefully but suspiciously counted out 1500 rupees in fifteen hundred note bills folded in half. After he counted them out a

second time, Kurosh was still clutching the \$100, reluctant to give it to him without first counting the rupees himself. Then when Kurosh showed him his last one-and-only \$100 bill, the little creep nervously declared “someone is coming;” then pressed the rupees in Kurosh’s palm, grabbed the 100 and scampered off. Kurosh ran after the thief because, if there wasn’t something really wrong, he shouldn’t be fleeing. Changing money illegally was not that major of a crime. Sure enough, as Kurosh chased after the bandit, he noticed the sneak only gave him a stack of 10 rupee notes with a couple of hundreds on top instead of fifteen 100 rupee notes. Kurosh didn’t run fast enough because he didn’t want to alert the bandit that he was being chased; so the rotten rogue got away.

A very nice Sikh fellow saw it all and helped Kurosh try to locate the robber in the theater where he apparently disappeared. They hunted, asked possible witnesses and waited around for two hours before finally reporting it to the police. Kurosh and the Sikh witness went to the police station and reported it to inspector Sundar Lal who was a great guy and one of the most honest and dedicated men in Delhi. Initially, inspector Lal chuckled that Kurosh ended up with four hundred rupees which was the actual official bank exchange rate, so it would be difficult to categorize it as theft. Kurosh laughed for a moment at how he had been cheated into being honest but didn’t like the way it all happened. He declared that since he felt he had been swindled out of the \$100, he was ready to spend as much time as possible to help round up all the change sharks he could find. Inspector Lal chuckled in his easy going manner and set up an appointment for the next day at ten in the morning in front of the American Express where the change cheats hung out. The inspector sent two of his policemen the first day. Cops in India didn’t carry guns just a long canes. Plain-clothes men carry nothing and have to wrestle with crooks occasionally to drag them manually to the Parliament Street station. Crime in those days in Delhi was usually small stuff; no organized crime or gruesome things like thrive in the US.

The first day on the beat, they didn’t find any illegal money changers right in front of the American Express. But while walking around the circle, they were able to pick up a couple of greaseballs who were trying to con Kurosh into changing money. The system was that Kurosh would just walk around looking like a big dumb Yankee tourist to bait the hook. Ten when a *changewala* sidled up to him mumbling “wan change money *sa’ib*,” Kurosh would wave to the policemen lurking a few yards behind him. Kurosh wished they could arrest the whole town because ninety percent acted like crooks and were definitely cheats of one kind or another. But Kurosh’s definition of a crook was anyone that makes money on other people, which puts everyone in that category except a small minority of *sufis*, *gurus* and the like. Although he felt that buying and selling for profit was dishonest and stealing, on occasion he also had to participate in materialism to survive. The next day they caught a devious tour guide who was a crook in his own right but wasn’t the full-fledged thief type they were after. Kurosh identified a few suspects as not being the two crooks who ripped him off, much to their relief. Kurosh enjoyed working for Inspector Lal who resembled Kurosh’s beloved Persian teacher Mehdi Hendessi at *Langues O* in Paris. One evening Kurosh and the cops wandered around in New Delhi a couple of hours and picked up a couple of *changewalas* and one hard core crook, a *changewala* who was peddling girls too. Kurosh knew that inspector Lal be happy to get him off the streets if the guy actually showed up in front of the BOAC the next day at 10:30 as planned. So that made four illegal change shops counting the two in the Red Fort plus a free lance street hood. Kurosh felt a bit bad having to turn them all in; but if they got busted, then guys like the hardcore robber that swindled him wouldn’t be able to victimize others. After a few days they finally caught up with Kala who was the first con man who wanted to run off with Kurosh’s traveler’s checks. Now if he knew the target thief, then maybe they might get the main bad guy. Anyway Kala was a known crook; so Kurosh busting him on Canought Circle for inspector Lal was a real boon and they hauled Kala off to the clink. But in

Delhi, they could only keep an arrestee for twenty-four hours then they would get out on bail to wait for trial. At the trial they decide on the bail and most crooks just got out again. I seems that they needed something like a tough ex-Chicago police chief man to head up the Indian law enforcement for a few months then it might straighten out.

Haggling and Hollering in Hindi

Kurosh was sick of being treated like a tourist and a scam victim; so he decided to get serious about gaining more capability in Hindi. He went shopping for an easy beginning book in Hindi, of course he would have to revive his former familiarity with the alphabet from his Paris studies. He decided to use only Hindi and actually got away with it because the many Arabic and Persian words made Hindi like an extension of knowledge he already possessed with the addition of some grammatical specialties which at times also resembled Persian. Plural *on* instead of *an* in Persian, the imperative form of “to do” was *ko* instead of *kon* in Persian. Thus by using expressions and terms which were familiar to him from Persian and Arabic, although they might be used in unusual ways or pronounced differently, Kurosh could rattle off phrases that hopefully would prevent him from always being cheated as a tourist. He wandered into a trinket shop and began looking at jewelry. When the shop keeper muttered something in English, Kurosh noted “*ye chiz badsurat hai* (this thing is ugly).” Then picking up a fake silver bracelet with nice filagree designs stated “*magar ye bhat khubsurat hai* (but this is very beautiful). The shopkeeper quoted the price of fifteen rupees for the bracelet to which Kurosh responded “*lakin, saib, main bahat fakir adami hon; tabla aur sitar wala hon.* (but, sir, I am a very poor man; I am a *tabla* and *sitar* player). Then picking up a huge clunky bracelet, he remarked *ye bhat bura hai, ap ki pas choti chiz nahin* (this is big, don’t you have something small?) The shopkeeper produced a simple little bracelet with a couple of fake jewels on it which Kurosh thought might be nice as a *soqati* (traveler’s gift) for one of the girls in Karimi’s class in Tehran. The shop owner’s eyes danced and sparkled as he affirmed “*ye bhat khubsurat hai; ap ki liye, das chip* (this is really beautiful; for you 10 rupees.)” Throwing together words that he wasn’t sure were correctly positioned, Kurosh stammered “*bahana nahin; magar kushesh ko, ek kampaisa admi ki liye, panj rupee ko* (it isn’t an excuse, but for a person of little funds, try to make it five rupees.)” The shopkeeper chuckled and, slowly turning his head from side to side, politely reprimanded *meri piari dost, ye chiz panj rupa ki liye koi makan kharidna sakta nahin* (my dear friend, this thing can’t be bought anywhere for five rupees.)” The kind old man gazed out into the busy alleyway for a moment then smiled offering “*achha meri beti; art rupa tik hai* (fine my son; eight rupees is fine.)” Kurosh dug into his pocket and produced a cherished ten rupee note as the shop keeper wrapped the bracelet in a piece of newspaper and handed it to Kurosh along with the two purple rupee notes in change.

Kurosh visited three bookshops then one in Dariba Kalan, a quaint little bazaar shopping area near the mosque in old Delhi. The shop was Punjab Pristak Bhandar and had beautiful children’s books in Hindi with lovely color pictures. He bought a couple of children’s books and also a book with small treatises on Indian languages including weird Dravidian languages. The store manager asked, “*ap ka maksud kia hai?* (what is your purpose?)” Kurosh said in English “so I won’t get cheated anymore.” It wasn’t a very deep or kind answer; but was how he felt after losing \$100 and having to fight over pennies several times a day with *taxiwalas* and everyone else. Also in the Dariba Kalan which was near the end of the four-seater line, Kurosh found several silver stores with many more types of bracelets and other things of interest. This was a chance to pick up a few things for friends at the Honarestan in Tehran who had begged him to buy trinkets for them. Wandering the dusty streets and

alleys of Bombay and Delhi all day for almost two weeks had bestowed Kurosh with a deep tan which was evident when people continually addressed him in Hindi rather than the English they used on him when he first arrived in Bombay. And when he would try even just a few words of Hindi, people would refrain from using English unless and until Kurosh was obliged to switch.

Old Delhi, a Treasure of Times Past

Kurosh found Old Delhi to be refreshingly quaint and fairly traditional. Tiny shops clustered together side by side all along the streets created a busy yet quiet scene. The narrow streets and alleys were seldom marred by motor noise and the transportation consisted of three-wheeled bicycles with a small cart in back for passengers, or bicycles, some horse drawn two-wheeled carriages, an occasional ox-cart and a rare motorcycle. The little shops in the market area were like high steps or porches raised above the street where the merchants set cross legged arranging wares or awaiting customers. Some shops were no more than a yard wide but were deep and sometimes had a large upstairs warehouse from which an assistant would toss any samples that are not in stock on the main floor. People sat on the ledge to bargain with shopkeepers. Fruit and vegetable merchants set up out on the street with their wares piled in pyramid stacks. Some upstairs second-floor shops were available only by climbing a very narrow steep staircase. Bina music store was one such place. The sound of bells on three wheel rickshaw bikes and on regular bicycles, blended with an occasional clapping of horse carriages and the jingling of bells hung around the horse's neck, was the main soothing sound in the depth of the bazaars. Rarely an ugly honk of a car horn reminded Kurosh of the horrors of 'civilization' which he wished would all soon dissolve in a huge atomic holocaust so people could return to the simple and meaningful life of the past.

Outside the red fort, cows and people sat relaxing and laundry was strewn out in various places drying. Inside it was like a whole city; it really was still a fort although the architecture reflected a distant past. An army base and soldiers were housed inside as well as tourist trap shops along with old buildings, gardens and pavilions. Beautiful carved stone screen windows, engraved walls, artistic arches and architectural attractions were abundant. Old Delhi was a place for brass bands and often some band was parading down the street. One interesting thing was the fact that, although they used trumpets and other western instruments, the music was very Indian. The most surprising of all was how Indian *dhol* and even *tabla* beats could be rendered on bass and snare drum. Even the typical rising 'doomp' sound of the left hand on the *dhol* was achieved by hitting the bass drum head then quickly pressing it with the other hand. The inevitable tonic was also prevalent and somehow they were able to tune the snare drum to the tonic. At least India has a fairly groovy Indian style national anthem as opposed to the horrible westernized weirdness that the Iranians and some other countries had gotten stuck with.

At the door of the Red Mosque in old Delhi, a man was offering to safeguard shoes; but Kurosh just took his off and carried them which he felt was safer and cheaper. A little girl with beautiful eyes quietly wandered over to the wall of the mosque complex over-looking the red fort and clutched a pillar. She gazed a moment at the park and fort then, although not even 8 years old, with the poise of a well-trained Indian dancer, she turned and wandered off across the wide courtyard of the mosque. Kurosh noted that, in the East, children are not children; they are actually grown ups in children's bodies. Although several beggar kids chanting "*baksheesh*" pestered those who sat near the wall, the Red Mosque was about the most peaceful place around. A cool breeze passed through as Kurosh sat at the wall opposite the domes watching a flock of doves alight and then hover off. Grain was strewn on

flat patches to invite the birds while dove sellers and other merchants sat on the steps outside the mosque where little chipmunks scurried about on the walls. The dome of the mosque was similar to mosques in other countries but had a special Indian character. One large central dome of white gray stone and two smaller ones on each side formed the roof of the arch door and main area of the complex. Two high minarets of red stone guarded the outer edges which blended into the walls and corners of the whole complex. A pool was in the center of the courtyard and the side room housed alleged relics of Mohammed. These included: 1300 year old Quran pages written on parchment by Ali and another section by Hassan. Also on display there was a hair of the prophet's beard which was red explaining why men dye their beards red after the Hajj. Also on display was a footprint of the prophet which they say miraculously melted into marble. There was also one of the prophet's camel skin sandals. One could believe or doubt the veracity of the relics.

Kurosh noticed that it was nearing prayer time. The *wuzu* pond was surrounded by the faithful washing arms and feet. A group of believers sat in a line inside the mosque listening to a *mullah* quietly teach religious precepts. For prayer, all heads were covered with turbans, caps or cloth. Shoes were placed bottom to bottom behind the faithful who lined up in the prayer line. The lead *mullah* gave a sound and everyone including Kurosh raised their hands to ear level and then back. Then they bowed with hands on their knees and a sound signaled a return to upright position. Then again a sound signaled that it was time for the faithful to fall to the ground and press their heads against the floor. The upright sitting position, another time foreheads to the floor, sit then rise. Then prayers were mumbled or whispered often accompanied by a rocking motion from side to side, possibly a left over Hindu custom. Occasionally hands were placed in prayer position reminiscent of a Christian or Hindu practice. After the prayer two or three times standing and sitting and face down, all heads turn right, then left and then hands are placed in open position like holding a book and then stroked over cheeks and downward as if stroking the beard.

In the corner far on the other side of the mosque complex, an old lady kissed a large Koran, placed it in a book rest then began rocking slightly from side to side as she recited verses. She wore a black Pakistani-type scarf veil similar to a *dupata* which was common among Muslim women throughout the Subcontinent. But full Afghan-style *chadri* veils that go from head to foot with the artistically embroidered mesh screen window were also common. Veils were usually dark white or gray color and silken colorful pants were often worn under their veils. Women there wore saris; but many also pattered about in billowy pants and long beautiful dresses like in Karchi with the ever-present scarf (*dupata*) cascading over both shoulders. Some devout ladies were in veils, may Allah bless them. The men were clad in white shirts and white or other color pants; a few ties but no coats. Women had one bad quality, they had adopted the atrocious horror of gluing their lovely long dark illustrious locks up into horrid huge cow paddy blob buns. With the beautiful silken hair with which they were naturally endowed, how could they ever wish to degrade it into a hideous glob of gunk sticking up, out and all over. After the prayer the men broke up into two groups to hear the *mullah* discuss points of doctrine. The gray-bearded *sheikh* was soft-spoken and wore a white turban and a white thin cloth waistcoat. His turban tail fell over his right shoulder as he read with an inspiring smile and discussed points in a fatherly authoritative manner. He then held up the book covered in a cloth and the group recited after him for a few minutes. Then everyone placed hands in open book position then the *cleric* clasped everyone's hand and the group disbanded. People were also lying around the courtyard catching a nap. After prayers, for a small fee people could accept the offer of a chair to facilitate putting their shoes on.

Misfortune From a Freaky Fortune Teller

Before leaving Delhi, Kurosh was accosted by a so-called fortune-teller in Chandi Chok. He pattered up beside Kurosh and trailed along exclaiming “You verdy good time now, verdy good estars, one telegram it have money, one lady love you.” Kurosh tried to brush him off but he seemed like a nice gentle fellow so Kurosh slowed down and let him feed the baloney. He said, “You verdy good man. I no say give it five chip ten chip, only you give it two, tree chip I tell.” Kurosh reprimanded “no forget it. I need all my rupees;” adding in Hindi “*nei Sahib, mera sab rupia zururi hai.*” Then just to see if the guy was real, he asked him what happened to him the day before, the day he was beat out of a hundred dollars. He said “Yesterday you loosing many ting and you again loosing many ting in future if you listen sweet talk.” He went on “You have one habit it bad, you having open heart, not can travel many place and keep dis habit ... there one lady she no can live without you dat place you live she is” (which could be several places). The ‘yogi man’ trailed Kurosh around as he bargained to get four tangerines for a rupee and other cheap buys; then the fortune teller came with a piece of paper and wrote a bunch of designs on it which looked like four groups in a square or circular area. He said “Purt two chip on paper; it tell future.” Kurosh said “No I need money for shopping” The fortune teller affirmed “purt! And my master say prayer you in ashram. Purrt!” Kurosh hesitated; but the yogi insisted purt!! Purrt !!! Purrt down only two chip. Purrt!!!!” So to get rid of him, Kurosh did ‘purt’ two chip down. The yogi added sort of incoherent supplementary information then Kurosh went towards the four-seater stop. The yogi reappeared and said that there was something more to tell then reiterated “purt only two chip more in poor yogi man hand.” Kurosh insisted “no pal, I spent it all.” The yogi declared “I see in forehead you ten rupee note,” He was right but Kurosh wasn’t going to blow anymore on fortune telling. So instead Kurosh told the yogi **his** fortune. Kurosh told him he should seek Brahma’s guidance and he would find another line of work where he could have peace but still earn money without forcing people to ‘purt’ rupees in his hand. But the yogi wasn’t interested in his own future, only in Kurosh “purting” a chip or two more in his “poor yogi man hand, purt only one chip!” Kurosh stressed that he didn’t have any more but the yogi declared “don’t break a poor yogi man heart.” As Kurosh jumped into the four-seater and took off, he hoped he was rid of him.

But a few days later when he was walking towards the Red Fort, up popped the fortune-teller behind Kurosh with another guy. “*Saib, Saib*” he whined “ he come bring good luck.” Kurosh said “what was it?” He said, “I see you face, he much run catch you ... master pray for you; give me this give you” He took a little black pressed image and thrust it into Kurosh’s hand then ordered “purt in right pocket, bring much luck, it Kali, bring luck.” Kurosh was very hesitant; he knew Kali was an evil Goddess like the horrible mother goddess cursed by the ancient Israelites and despised by God. He explained “I give you chips before so now I must give to other people.” The yogi’s answer was “then give him” pointing to his sidekick. then the yogi declared “I no say give five, give ten chip; jus give two chip and purt Kali in right pocket.” Kurosh adamantly affirmed “no, I don’t need it, no good!” The yogi anxiously demanded “purt!!! Purrt in pocket!!! Kurosh, who was not a pushover, stuffed the little black Kali in the yogi’s right pocket loudly retorting “you keep it, you get luck; you keep in right pocket!” The yogi insisted “no you take” and shoved it back into Kurosh’s hand declaring “you give only one chip, last time, no more meeting, no more see, jus one chip.” Kurosh was sick of the little pest so he gave one last purple rupee note in hopes he never would see the creep again.

The Cutting Curse of the Delhi Belly

Kurosh foolishly forgot and left the cursed Kali in his pocket and soon had a big row with the four-seater driver over what amounted to about one cent. So that horrible Kali was definitely a curse that Kurosh should have never touched. But the real curse was to hit him the next day. He got back to the hotel and then realized he had been carrying the evil image and accompanying papers with weird scribbling. He put it all on the bathroom sill to keep it away from him. The next day it rained sheets of cool rain and he had to put on a coat instead of the long white shirt (*kurta*) and pajama-type cotton pants (*shalwar*). He witnessed beautiful parks, fountains and Indian architecture on the way to the Afghan embassy where he was promptly furnished a visa within four hours, which was really fast compared to two days in Tehran. But Kurosh made a mistake somewhere either by eating hands full of cashews or foolishly drinking some sugar cane juice or something. He had been very careful all during his time in India to drink no water that wasn't guaranteed bottled at some spring or was fresh from coconuts, or eat no food that wasn't protected by full thick skin like citrus fruit or bananas. So partly he made a foolish mistake in food selection the last days in Delhi, or the horrid Kali thing or both had clobbered him and he was attacked by the dreaded Delhi belly. The day of his flight to Kabul, he barely had the strength to get downtown to pick up his custom made Indian clothes. He had to keep returning to the hotel to use the bathroom time after time. He had packed up all his instrument treasures which consisted of two sets of *tablas*, a *sarod*, a *dilruba* and several *saris* and some men's clothes. It all went into the typical tin box used in the subcontinent and Afghanistan and weighed a little over 70 kilos which was too large for Kurosh to carry even when he felt really healthy.

Somehow, with the help of the hotel staff, Kurosh was able to struggle the huge tin box and his suitcase to the minibus where the driver and his assistant tied it on top. Kurosh staggered up to his room one more time to use the bathroom since his dysentery had become nearly unbearable. He sat for a moment on the bed in painful anguish wondering how he would be able to make it to the airport much less on the flight to Kabul. He said a prayer although he hated to bother the Lord with his personal problems; he didn't like being selfish. Then it dawned on him that the stupid little pagan Kali and the scribbled gibberish could have caused this cursed infirmity; so he found the evil items, tossed them into the toilet and flushed them away hoping to be free from further foul fate. He didn't even want anything to do that fortune-teller misfortune-maker anyway. Kurosh wobbled down the stairs to return his key and check out. He struggled to the minibus and sat in the back so he could be miserable alone. Then he decided that, since he might die or at least he felt like he could or maybe should, he would have to do something totally crazy and break LDS perceived policy. He decided he had to give himself a blessing since no other priesthood holders could be found probably for hundreds of miles around and they wouldn't be able to get to the minibus in time since it was scheduled to drive off soon. He checked to see that no one was looking at him; then he placed his hands on his own head and quietly whispered as powerful a blessing as he could muster in his weakened state. Then he rested his head against the window and seemed like he went into a dazed trance only slightly recognizing that the minibus was driving off. He regained consciousness when the minibus pulled up to the airport and his box and suitcase were unloaded and given to the Ariana ground crew.

Striking Stewardess and Cruisin' to Kabul

Kurosh struggled and stumble into the airport, slid his ticket onto the Ariana counter and obtained his boarding pass. A very kind Indian official rushed Kurosh's box and suitcase through customs

without them even having to be opened. Then another helpful man, Mr. Gopal, brought a doctor who gave Kurosh three pills for his problem in case it got worse. Kurosh then shuffled into the waiting area to a sofa where he stretched out glaring at the departure desk in a dizzy daze. He lost all track of time and reality when, as if in a dream, a strikingly beautiful creature, an angel in a elegant Indian white *kemiz*, *kurta* and *dupata*, darted past as if blown by a celestial breeze. Kurosh wondered if he had finally died and was in an extraterrestrial waiting room before being shipped off to a lesser destination where sinners like himself end up. But all the mundane passengers passing by indicated that he was still in the Bombay airport. He couldn't figure out who and what that exquisite you lady with long silken locks and sparkling almond eyes was. Too exhausted and ill to care, Kurosh returned to his daze until finally his flight was called and a kind American lady (yes there are a few out there) helped him to his feet and out to the plane.

Once situated on the plane, Kurosh was beginning to feel a little better, maybe the crazy unorthodox idea of giving himself a blessing was working. He sat and gazed at the flight crew when the same beautiful girl in white who had whisked past in him at the airport approached kindly advising passengers to fasten their seatbelts. This time she was adorned in a beautiful traditional Afghan ensemble that consisted of a long intricately embroidered top, silken billowing trousers and an embroidered scarf with dangling fluffy tassels. She stood right in front of Kurosh and with a girlish voice and a sweet little accent requested that he make sure his seat belt was fastened. Their eyes locked in a temporary timelessness which seemed to infuse him with a refreshing revitalization and a reason to keep living. If there were such beauties in the Persian speaking world, maybe someday he might be blessed with the honor of marrying one such person. That thought, kept him going all the way to Kabul as he observed the delightful damsel darting about like a bewitching butterfly. Her intoxicating eyes like pools of wine reminded Kurosh of the words in a Logari song he had often played "*rokhsart golabi, cheshman sherabi, cheshman sherabi* (thy cheeks are fragrant, thine eyes like wine, thine eyes like wine.)"

Kabul, so Cool

When the plane landed at Kabul airport, Kurosh was still too weak to even get up. After the last passenger deplaned, one of the Aryana gentlemen asked if Kurosh was getting off and Kurosh muttered that he was quite ill. The Aryana fellow was very helpful and carried Kurosh's bag as Kurosh fumbled into the terminal. There he sat in a semi-daze waiting for a turn at the passport check. He asked an Ariana ground crew girl if she knew Mrs. Sharifi and her daughter Fauzia who was hopefully meeting him at the airport. He added that Fau was a former student of his and a friend at the University of Utah. The girl said that she did know Fauzia and had just seen her outside. Kurosh thanked her and felt a little better. He had written to Fau that he would be arriving on the 21st; so even though he was deathly ill, he had forced himself onto that flight in order not to miss Fau. Kurosh knew he would be able to pull through the Deli belly with the help of Fau and his other former U of U student and friend Bill Barlak. Bill was one of Kurosh's most faithful students who took every class Kurosh taught at the U. So as he sat half conscious, Kurosh was treated to one last spellbinding view of the lovely stewardess who stopped to chat with the ground crew girl for a moment before drifting off. Kurosh asked the ground crew girl who that stewardess was and he thought she said "Nesrin." So much for potential impossible not even romance in a traditional society where the bride prices are more than a huge home.

Finally it was Kurosh's turn to have his passport stamped by a friendly official and then to stumble over to customs to declare his belongings. He offered to show them his suitcase; but the customs official said "don't open it, I believe you." But then they saw the monstrous tin box and wondered what was in it. Kurosh told them that they were musical instruments. The customs officials suggested that he just leave them there until he was ready to fly off but Kurosh explained that he would be taking the buss to Kandahar, Herat, Mashhad and Tehran. He added that he would probably be playing them while in Kabul and why didn't they just write everything in his passport so at the Iranian border, the Afghan customs could check that everything was there and that nothing sold illegally. Kurosh pulled out his U of U Impressions of Afghanistan LP and explained that he was taking several instruments back to the US to use in his classes. The customs man, likely preferring not to be writing dozens of items in a passport cheerfully exclaimed "you are university professor, so I believe you." So, struggling with his huge tin box and suitcase, shuffling and sliding as he snailed out the door and was thrilled to see good old Fau. He had been living through that horrible day of agony just hoping to get to Fau because he knew she wouldn't let him die of the Delhi Belly. He wanted to just run up to hug and kiss her, but never in Afghanistan. The two never had any mutual physical attraction, so it shouldn't have been misunderstood; but it certainly would not have been proper in Kabul. Then Kurosh noticed that Bill was there too, so he felt very relieved and thought maybe he might live yet. Fau introduced Kurosh to a friend who had driven them to the airport and everyone took over struggling with the luggage and getting it into the car for a ride into town. It was so great to be with friends who Kurosh had known for years. On the drive into town, Bill told about the new big house he was renting for only \$22 a month.

They arrived at Bill's mansion and Kurosh was stunned; it was more plush than his nice home on Silvan Ave. in Salt Lake. It had a large a walled garden and the classiest bathroom Kurosh had seen since leaving the States and that included many first-class hotels he had been in. Bill put Kurosh in a large corner room with several windows, a big expensive Afghan carpet, a table and chairs. The bed sheets were more like fancy embroidered tablecloth; Kurosh was so happy to be away from plastic which seemed to be almost non-existent in Kabul then and the electronics which had not taken over yet. The young fellow working in the garden was clothed in an intricately silky embroidered long shirt, silky trousers and a silky turban. Finally Kurosh was in a country where the clothes had character opposite the boring monstrosity of drab Yankee wear or the horrible hideousity of Commie drab fatigue style. Bill had a cook and servant who he paid about \$19 a month; they sent out for fresh fruit for Kurosh because of his diet even though he was still too sick to even think of food yet. Bill's landlord dropped over to see the guest and he immediately hit it off with Kurosh. They talked for hours about history, culture and music. He explained that Shah Mahmud couldn't give Ferdosi the huge amount of gold that he had promised for composing the famous Shah Name (Book of Kings) because his ministers said it would be unfair to give so much to one person because the treasury belonged to all the people. After chatting, the landlord revealed that he would be leaving Kabul for Herat where he had been hired to be the school principal. But before leaving, he promised to do some improvements on the property like getting the well water pump set up with a motor so Bill's hired help wouldn't have to pump it by hand.

One of Fau's friends dropped over to meet the guest and felt sorry for Kurosh who was laying in bed in his suit. So the friend sent over a fancy embroidered *kemiz* (shirt) and *tumban* (pantaloons) which Fau brought over when she stopped by. Then she had her little servant girl bring over some rice and cooked vegetables for Kurosh. It was all like the old pioneer hospitality in late 1800s Utah and Idaho before the curse of money took over. The scarcity of money in Afghanistan was a beautiful blessing because

everyone helped and shared with each other. In those days, on the black market a person could get 90 Afghani for a dollar. They had various color paper notes for 10, 20, 50, 100, 500 and 1000 Afghani. Coins were 5, 2, 1 and ½ which was called *yak gran* and there were 100 *pul* in one Afghani as if anyone dealt in amounts so small. Wages were as low as a dime a day; so \$6 to \$8 a month was normal, \$20 to \$50 a month was good and above that was fantastic. The trade off was that prices were so low that life could be simple and somehow affordable. With \$100 a month, life could be very comfortable and with \$200 a month, a person would be almost wealthy. With more than that, a person could have three or four wives, if he could ever afford the bride prices. Kurosh knew which four wives he would pick, an Afghan, an Iranian, a Turk and maybe a Pak. He would have to make sure they all knew what yes *saib* meant and how to say it frequently. But with his crazy unsure wandering life, Kurosh couldn't drag one wife around with him even if she was a totally spaced-out hippy. That evening, one of Bill and Fau's friends came to visit Kurosh and stayed late. Kurosh was tired and drained from his sickness and kept falling asleep. The faithful friend sat on the corner of the bed until morning to make sure Kurosh was alright. Actually, Kurosh would have been happier just to be alone; but Afghan hospitality customs would not allow a person to enjoy solitude to recuperate. So Kurosh couldn't just say "*bekan!* (beat it!)" no matter how exhausted he had become from talking and being polite. Mainly Kurosh was very thankful and really lucky in Kabul to have such nice accommodations which in future trips would not always exist.

After hearing hundreds of hours of Dari, Kurosh thought he could get the fun accent and had learned many unusual vocabulary and grammar items. He was ready to try speaking some hardcore Dari; so he tried a bit out on the cook. He began "*bara chasht, mai ka nan-a khoshk khosh darum; maska wa burae ro ne mekhorum mugur shat khosh darum. Banjan-a rumi ro ech wakht nemekhorum mugur zardak, kachalu wa jawari kata morch pokhta bara mo bitar as, famidi?* (for dinner I like dry flat bread; I never eat butter or sugar, but I like honey. I never eat tomatoes but carrots, potatoes and corn for me are best cooked with red pepper, you understand?)" Then he added "*kho, chasht chan bijas? Az kol chez mo kinu, malta wa kila bishtar khosh darom* (So when is lunch? More than anything I like tangerines, oranges and bananas). Then chuckling, he continued "*sai ko, metani kalkino waz koni ba chi ka buy-a chars u koknar bsyar a; wa ru-ya jay namaz neswaro tuf na ko* (look, can you open the window because the smell of hash and opium is too much; and don't spit *neswar* on the prayer rug.)" The last part was in jest and everyone got a laugh out of it; so finally Kurosh was learning to communicate in Dari. Then he excused himself from the guests to go to the restroom blurting "*ejazas ka mo yak daqa borum; tez tashnab mirum wa desti pas meyom* (can I leave for a moment; I will quickly visit the restroom and will return soon). When he returned he sat up and took the *dilruba* he had purchased in Delhi and, after tuning it, offered a demonstration. He explained "*I ka khub chez a, bsyar dil chasp a, bezanum?* (this is a nice thing, really interesting, should I play it?) The answer was "*dila shmas; konsart-a raegan mesha, manda nabashin, zinda bashin* (whatever you want; it will be a free concert, don't tire yourself, thanks). One of the guests razzed Kurosh that playing music was sinful kidding "*magar saz haram as* (but instruments are forbidden)." Another guest shouted him down with "*khamush; elash ko! shmo Tasankheil asti?* (shut up; forget it! Are you stupid?) Kurosh noted "*mo mefahmum ka mo kharabshakhs om, az meskinkhana astom wa* (I realize that I am a corrupt person, I'm from the poorhouse and) they interrupted urging him to stop talking and play.

Kurosh demonstrated a bit on an instrument then dinner was served after which the Bill suggested Kurosh conduct one of his fun music jams like in his classes at the U of U. He hesitantly consented and got all his instruments gleaned from his trip to India and from Shur Bazaar in Kabul. He passed out the two *dilrubas*, the *sarangi*, *sarod*, two sets of *tabla*, a *rebab* and small *zerbaghali*. Everyone started trying to make some type of sound on the instruments emulating sick or dying cat or cow noises. Kurosh, even after years of training beginning eastern instrument ensembles at the U or U, was horrified and asked

everyone except Bill and Fau to stop screeching for a few minutes. He quickly retuned the sympathetic strings on the *tambur* he just found in Shur Bazaar explaining that they were going to play an easy melody from Kandahar. He called out “*tal-e moquli*” which is the typical 3+4 7/8 beat and began playing soon joined by Bill and Fau. After a few times through, he stopped then went from one guest to the next showing them how to hold and play the instruments. After decades of teaching eastern instruments in various settings, Kurosh had become a genius at making totally unmusical klutzes into musicians in a matter of moments. Of course they wouldn’t be invited on TV, at least not until they had played a little longer. Then one of the guys decided it was time for the *atan*, the typical national dance. Kurosh began the easy melody very slow with Bill and Fau solidly accompanying him. Soon the others joined in and were playing acceptable since everyone knew the tune. The dance started with the one boy who soon was joined by the cook and his assistant since everyone else was playing. The dance started with a hop on the right foot, left foot raised and right arm held high. The second beat, the left foot stamps as the right arm lowers in preparation for the clap which is done leaning over near the ground on the left in consort with stamp on the crossed-over right foot just below the clapping hands. Everyone follows the leader around in a circle as the music slowly accelerates to a final frenzy. More and more guests joined in the wild dance until only Kurosh and Bill were left playing. After the *atan*, of course someone called out “Logari,” the omnipresent famous stop dance. Anyone can do it because it consists of everyone using their own vocabulary of Afghan dance moves or something similar, moving energetically until suddenly the music stops and everyone has to freeze and not move a muscle until the music starts up again. Of course the musicians try to fool the dancers leaving them frozen in sometimes grotesque twisted stances before resuming. A couple of sessions of Logari dance and everyone seemed fairly tired. Eventually nearly everyone left and Kurosh could unwind and enjoy a comparatively restful sleep.

A few nights later when he was again visited by the kind young man who had often sat at the corner of his bed trying to be a comfort during his recuperation, Kurosh learned the true meaning of hospitality. When the young man was ready to walk home some blocks away, Kurosh offered to accompany him in the traditional hospitable manner. Then when they reached the young man’s house, he in turn insisted on walking Kurosh back home. This continued each one insisting to allow the other to walk home alone until by dawn they decided to part company half way between their abodes in order not to break the code of hospitality. This was so refreshing to Kurosh who was from a country where, for instance, in heartless New York City a person could be lying dead or near dead in the street and people would just curse him for being in their way until he rotted there. In Afghanistan, it seemed that everyone acted like a big loving extended family, every member truly caring and helping out whenever possible even though their material means were usually very limited. Kurosh was very happy and relaxed in Iran and Afghanistan far from the fast and furious mean and merciless money-grubbing US. As he quietly strolled back through the peaceful traditional streets, he was overjoyed to be in the part of the world where fathers and ex-husbands have rights to see and even keep their children when and if a divorce is ever cruelly forced on them which would be rare in Persian speaking lands. There the father is only required to offer three months support to a divorced wife and wives can’t just dump their husband so they can financially grind him to dust with the help of those vicious heartless Jew lawyers and Jews are not worshiped as gods in Islamic lands like they are in America. Wives can’t fly away to some far away country with the children like happened to Kurosh because wives needed the husband’s written permission to leave the country especially with his children. At least some places in the world have a few fathers’ rights. Satan’s kingdom of America, that modern evil Roman Empire which and the wicked present-day Babylon, offers absolutely no rights to fathers but does everything to annihilate them to oblivion. The malevolent plot is to destroy all families and religions so the wicked government can be a diabolic

dictator over their crushed and crippled incarcerated enslaved masses. Kurosh muttered to himself “God will surely sorely curse and deftly destroy that hateful greedy miserable mass-murdering nightmare that America has become.” And decades later America’s sins started to be punished. A few dumped and divorced crazed fathers, miserable to the point of insanity, were to continually appear in the media for vicious bloody acts against their divorcing wives and even against their children. The problem, other than and along with drug or alcohol abuse and accompanying mental derangement, is the result of absolutely no justice for fathers nor any way to remedy their dismal despair after being forbidden to see their children. It is what can happen when good men and some bad ones, are continually being trampled to dust by dissatisfied wives in the courts because the husbands are not millionaires or rich enough to satisfy product-addicted wives and thus become discarded fathers who had become America’s most cursed, persecuted, maligned and mistreated minority victims.

After Kurosh had fully recuperated from the Delhi Belly, he and Bill wandered through the bazaar. There was a mysterious atmosphere penetrating the old ancient alleyways with their antique architecture. They stopped at *rebab* maker Juma Khan’s shop and watched him delicately inlaying mother of pearl pieces all over a beautiful *tut* (mulberry) wood *rebab*. The finished price would be ten thousand Afs something like a hundred dollars, an impossible price for most Afghans. He settled for a small run-down looking old *rebab* for only 250 Afs. At the drum maker’s shop, Kurosh bargained for an agreeable sounding *zerbaghali* getting the price down from a very reasonable 50 Afs to 40. He felt a bit bad for trying to whittle down the price of a nice little green fifty-cent drum. As they wandered on in the bazaar, they heard music from an upstairs *samowar* (tea house). As they approached, some music lovers gazed down at them and noticing the drum motioned for them to come up. So they wound their way through an old warehouse up creaky stairs to the teahouse which was a tiny room with about 15 Afghans clustered around. The guests were seated and offered tea which Kurosh politely refused. Then they began playing a two stringed *dambura* and *zerbaghali*. From his years of study, Kurosh knew that *dambura* is only used by northern Turic Ozbaki musicians and he knew several tunes from that area. Kurosh couldn’t resist joining in on his newly acquired drum, following the driving 4/4 beat adding an occasional roll from his Iranian drum skills. At one point, the other drummer stopped to sip tea so that Kurosh could take over. He accompanied one then another string player who also sang a tune Kurosh had heard many times on his UNESCO LP of Afghan music. After jamming a couple of more tunes, Kurosh and Bill left with many hand shakes and bows promising to return someday.

They went over to Fau’s place in a plush section of Kabul. They were warmly greeted by her very kind mother then suddenly Fau entered the room stunning Kurosh with her charming Afghan traditional dress and long silken black hair, finally grown out from that ugly American chop job she had in Utah. He kissed her on both cheeks, a daring act in Afghanistan, and even added a firm hug. Finally the old friends from Kurosh’s Afghan music class at the U of U were reunited. Fau and Bill had taken that class over and over becoming quite adept at playing all the tunes and also becoming two of Kurosh’s best pals at the U. Then all three went to a fancy restaurant for lunch, a place on the top of a hill that had formerly been a plush palace. It was such a lavish place but still it was difficult to spend more than one dollar each there; food prices were just great anywhere in Kabul. As they ate and chatted, Kurosh gazed out the window to see a sweet little girl cheerfully and gently pulling a camel along by a large long rope. The lead camel had half a dozen other camels tied to it and they all obediently slowly plodded along the alleyway with their loads of goods. No one else but the happy tiny little girl was attending them. Kurosh was stunned realizing that in real traditional societies, children grow up immediately taking on full responsibilities long before they have time to be pampered, spoiled and destroyed by those American groveling slave parents who turn their kids into horrible rotten little

demanding selfish brats that never grow up and remain little monsters until they end up in old folks homes to finally realize that it isn't all about them and their selfish excesses, or do they ever get it. There was so much to learn from the East; but the arrogant Western world only wants to exploit, enslave, rob and destroy traditional societies thus missing many vital lessons and valuable wisdom to be learned and incorporated.

Back at Fau's home, Kurosh had a chance to chat more deeply with her highly educated father. He offered his wisdom and his interpretation of history of the area. He discussed ancient Afghanistan and the city of Balkh, anciently known as Boghdi mentioned in the Avesta as a city of flying flags. Near there in Tokharistan was the birth place of Molavi (misnamed Rumi by Europeans but affirmed as Balkhi by Afghans). Tokhari Persian became present day Dari spoken in Afghanistan, Tajikistan, and various neighboring areas. Balkh was there the Arians established their first empire of Aryaveja and about 500 B.C. and the kings were called Boghdishah. According to Mr. Sharifi who relied on information from noted scholars, in those days the Aral Sea, Caspian Sea, Dasht-e Lut, Sistan depression and Persian Gulf were all connected with the Arabian Sea separating Afghanistan from Iran. The Dravidian race, which inhabited India before the Arians, came all the way up to southern Afghanistan and Sistan. Then he shared the story of a problem between Afghan ruler Mir Wais and Safavid general Gurgan Khan from Georgia over his request for the daughter of Mir Wais. Mir Wais held a huge banquet and invited Gurgan Khan who was assassinated and his head carried out by the Pashtuns who then wiped out the unsuspecting Iranian army and declared independence from Iran. Then by treachery they wiped out the leaders of the 20,000 man Iranian army occupying Kandahar demoralizing and defeating them. Next they went to Isfahan and besieged the city until the people were starving and weak. The Afghan leader Shah Ashraf commanded his soldiers not to unsheathe their swords because it would be mass murder to kill the Iranians in their extremely weakened condition. Ashraf went mad demonstrated by his thuggish act of turning a beautiful golden Persian palace into a stable. Since Persians were highly educated and skillful administrators, the ministers in Ashraf's court were Persians. Ashraf went onto attacked Turkey but eventually was driven out of Iran so he took over Herat. Mr. Scarify explained that Herat area was the birthplace of many important saints and scholars of the Christi order of *dervishes*. The Chastise eventually moved to India where they were more free to meditate because they wouldn't have to gather firewood to keep warm. He noted that during the Kushan Empire which extended from near Delhi up to Uzbekistan, Peshawar was the winter capital while Paghman above Kabul was the winter capital. He discussed art and crafts reaffirming what Kurosh had learned from his visits to Isfahan that traditional miniature paintings of past centuries were done with a brush of only one hair. In Iran Kurosh had witnessed how the Isfahan miniaturists used a cat hair. Mr. Sharifi claimed that the Rajistan school of miniature painting was the oldest. From there the skill went to Herat then Iran. Plant juices were used for various colors and lapis powder was a source for dark blue; of course gold was also employed. He spoke of the glazed tile art noting that Samarkand was a city of tiles. His assessment was that blue tile started in China in a crude form then from there developed in Persia using lapis and gold for color and becoming common in Herat and Samarkand. As for music, Mr. Sharifi affirmed that classical Eastern music was kept alive by Maharajas and other political potentates; aristocracy not democracy kept the arts alive in the past. Of course it is obvious that arts of the intricacy and eternal value that were common in past centuries have been replaced by contemporary clamor for crude, rude and lewd.

The next day Kurosh found Radio Afghanistan where he met Mr. Zoland, the official to whom he delivered the book of Iranian modal systems inscribed by Dr. Safvat. Kurosh explained what Safvat's Center was doing and how successful they had been in salvaging authentic old traditional music. A

couple of years later, Kurosh recorded a full hour TV show with Mr. Zoland's son Farid who was a good tabla player. His dad was an Afghan pop crooner although a nice gentleman. That afternoon, Kurosh went to Fau's and for an intellectual chat with her brilliant dad. They served him a late afternoon snack with his first taste of *pakora* and *bolani* which were both vegetable filled treats, the first being small hot and spicy pockets and *bolani* being like a vegetable-filled flat bread. After eating, Kurosh went up on the roof to see the mountains and get some of that wonderful non-polluted Afghan fresh air. But after he situated himself and was gazing out over the city, the neighbor began yelling at him to get down. He even tried to enlist a passer by to explain to Kurosh in English to get down off the roof. Finally when Kurosh came down, the neighbor knocked on the door and apologize for being so aggressive about the matter but explained that there were several women, some young ones, in his family and couldn't allow anyone to be looking at them. Kurosh explained that he hadn't seen any women anywhere and wasn't interesting in looking at any. He noted that back in his *kafir* (pagan) sinful country that he had rightfully abandoned, women strut around with nearly no clothes on as if they are fulltime blatant prostitutes and that the neighbor was lucky to live in a country that honors God and His laws. Kurosh noted that he had seen just about everything in the wicked US and that he had no need of gazing at a modest proper Moslem lady but would instead respect their privacy. If he ever did gaze, it would be in unbelief that somewhere in the world women dressed properly and believed in God. The neighbor gentleman hugged Kurosh and welcomed him to Kabul and to Islam praising Allah that such a God-fearing person could come from a non-believing infidel country. In the same spirit of honoring women in Afghanistan, Bill had warned Kurosh to never mention Fauzia's name or even hint at her existence to anyone or never to mention to anyone that he knew anyone female because everyone would tell everyone else about anyone that anyone might know and ruin their reputation without anyone having any real facts about anyone other than everyone's exaggerated imaginations. Kurosh had been in Islamic countries long enough to be familiar with the respect of silence about any female acquaintances.

That evening Kurosh went to the Spinzar (white field) hotel where he had been told he could hear the top *zerbaghali* player in the land, Malang Nejrabi, accompanying vocalist and *ghichak* player Baba Naim. Kurosh wandered into the nice hotel in central Kabul and was told that Malang was playing in the Afghan Room on the 5th floor. He arrived at the 5th floor and entered the traditionally decorated room and noticed that cheerful *zerbaghali* master's hands feverishly flying over the small single-headed clay drum as he would occasionally smile acting as if it took no effort at all. Kurosh took a seat and was mesmerized by Malang who had immediately become his drum idol. Malang could play intricate *tabla* patterns with ease and would rollick and rumble through rhythm patterns that seemed impossible to accomplish on such a simple small drum. Kurosh finally was able to speak a moment to Malang and the *ghichak* player vocalist thanking them for such fantastic music. Years later, Kurosh was able to arrange for Malang and other top instrumentalists to perform at the last Shiraz Arts Festivals in Iran where Malang and *dholak* master Gol Alam stunned everyone with their unbelievable wild drum duel where they exchanged short passages of highly intricate rhythm patterns. After the Spinzar Hotel, Kurosh went to Shahr-e Nau, the new fancy section of Kabul where he was told he could find the home famous Indian style vocalist Sharif Parwanta, a place renowned for late-night Indian and Indo-Afghan music jams. Kurosh was hesitant going to a jam where he would not be one of the virtuoso instrumentalists but instead might end up appearing like an armature hack especially if he ended up doing anything on tabla. He found the big luxurious house and knocked on the door but no answer. Then a small boy came up from outside, opened the door and invited Kurosh in. The large living room was plush with expensive vast carpets. Soon an attractive girl appeared explaining that she

was Ustad Parwanta's daughter. She was quite westernized and didn't follow the long string of proper politenesses. She asked a couple of questions then sat down. Then three more girls entered the room, one was another daughter of the master and the other two were mod-odd Indian girls with ugly cropped hair which Kurosh felt was a disgusting disloyalty to an honorable culture. In drab western clothes and butchered hair the poor girls looked like drowned rats or street urchins, about as attractive as old donkeys.

After a pleasant chat with the girls, a brother and a couple of regular musicians wandered in. An older man started tuning up his *tambur* to the harmonium adjusting F, C then G then the sympathetic strings from there on up to the highest *paran* or reference string. The youngest Parwanta boy came in with a set off tabla and soon the music was going. Eventually an expert tabla player entered and took over. Then someone brought down the large vocal *tampura* which the daughter played. They noted that other daughter was a *sitar* player. Another vocalist came in and took over the harmonium then later the *tampura*. Then they all started pestering Kurosh to play the tabla set he had drug to the session. One of the gentlemen took them out of the sack and set them up. Kurosh was really uncomfortable after hearing real masters of the Indian tradition. He struggled to get the tabla tuned up to C and the *banya* to G. The next *rag* started and for the *gat* Kurosh attempted to follow the real *tabla* player occasionally throwing in a few little fills he learned from his beloved guru Taranath Rao back in California. After a while, Kurosh felt less out of place and actually didn't disrupt the session to radically. A new vocalist joined the group and Kurosh sat out deciding to visit the restroom. On his way down the upstairs hall, he was assaulted by some raunchy rock trash oozing out of the Ustad's other daughter's room. Kurosh stopped for a minute to cuss her out for playing such worthless garbage when there was a wonderful session of real music going on downstairs. Like all too many creepy kids who had become victims of wanton westernization, she declared she liked rock more. Kurosh tried to calm his rage as he muttered "then yer gonna love it in hell." Eventually Kurosh packed up his tablas and after a string of *b'mana khudas* and respectful bows and hand shakes was on his way back to Bill's.

The next day Kurosh went shopping with the son of the owner of the Khyber Pass Restaurant in San Francisco. Kurosh learned of incredible prices for flights to the US. His friend flew round trip San Francisco Kabul through Moscow for only \$200 using Aeroflot, the Russian airline. But was this only good for Afghans, that was the question that Kurosh never found the answer to but did take a reasonably priced Russian flight back to the States a couple of years later. In the bazaar, Kurosh found a beautiful elegant pleated white silk *chadri* (long veil shawl), but the price was a very high 550 Afs. Kurosh used every trick he could think of to get a discount but failed since white *chadris* were very rare. He regretted that he never got a white one for years after. He did buy a couple of strings of prayer beads or *tasbih* even if he paid too much for them and he got a usable sword with a sheath. Kurosh was going crazy over the beautiful embroidered shirts and other elegant clothing items that were beautiful beyond anything in any other country in the world. He also loved the fantastic silky turbans or *lungi* and the colorful beaded or brocaded caps called *araqchin* they were wrapped around. He quickly learned how to wrap a turban as fast as anyone and was very comfortable in the billowy pants (*tumban*) and the intricately embroidered shirts or *kemiz*. He became addicted to the clothes and insisted in wearing Afghan clothes in Iran for a few months after he returned and even in Salt Lake City for a few weeks until everyone bullied and razzed him to quit. Wrapping an Afghan turban starts by letting the end of the long thin cloth fall down the back to about the waist or farther then holding the cloth on the side of the cap and wrapping counter clockwise around and around shifting the angle a bit each time until a nice shape is formed. When the cloth runs out, the end is tucked in from the top between the

turban and cap probably on the right side. To keep it tight, it might be necessary to tuck in a bit more than just the end, pushing the extra down farther. Some let the end stick up a bit; the Paks and Indians take the sticking up turban tail to the extreme by having a few inches high, fanning it out and pleating maybe starching it. Then the men's ensemble is completed by a *vaskat* (sleeveless waist coat) and a white or colorful, usually embroidered shawl which is flipped around over the right shoulder across the chest then over the left shoulder hanging partially down the back. The shawl constantly slips down so it can be continually rewrapped with fervent gusto. In colder weather, a *chapan* or long coat with long sleeves that hang way beyond the ends of the fingers is hung on the shoulders with the sleeves dangling unused. But there are there in case of very very cold weather so the arms can actually be put into the sleeves that hang beyond the hand to be folded back to become like gloves. When the coat is worn, the shawl can go over it. In the high mountainous areas of Nuristan and Badakhshan as well as in the neighboring mountain areas of northern Kashmir, the inevitable roll hat called *gharmi* in Pakistan is very handy in case of snow storms when it can be rolled down to cover the ears and even face in a bad blizzard. In severe cold, the shawl would be worn over the cap. The roll hats are common through the Pashtun part of Afghanistan and can be seen nearly everywhere. But in warm weather, the fun gold brocaded shoes with curled up toes or *paizar*, best purchased in Peshawar on the Pakistani end of the Khyber Pass, can be seen beneath the womens' *chadris* and even on some sporty Pashtun men. When a harsh dust storm hits the dusty desert areas of the country, the turban tail can be drawn over the face and tucked in the top to keep from choking.

Similarly, the colorful beautiful pleated *chadri* the women wear is actually necessary protection from the harsh elements and guards the face from the choking dust. Long before Islam, women covered their faces to survive the onslaught of dust and sand which can suffocate and kill from the germs that end up in the street and then in the dust. Silly arrogant westerners, especially the ridiculous dykey fat feminatzi freaks that rage against women choosing to modestly cover their faces, need to be in the Takla Makan in East Turkistan or some similar deadly desert to be sand blasted or dust blasted to death by raging winds. Then those ugly hatemonger lesbo Yankee feminazi witches can keep raging against face coverings as they sink to their well-deserved deaths in graves of sand and dust. Those slovenly sloby witches in their unbecoming tight short shorts with rollover muffin top flab and tank tops can also smolder bitterly with their ugly pork-stuffed skin burning in the above 100 degree desert sun before being finished off by choking on dust. Some day the whole country of America with all the egomaniac nearly naked nudy nuisance sleazebag sexhags can be burned to crisps by the future heaven-sent ultra blazing sun that will soon severely punish their whorable phony fashion-worshipping sickness. When they all lay scorched and shrivled on the searing pavement, their bitter loathing of Islam and all other sensible traditional lifestyles in the Third World will not have helped them one bit. Eventually Allah will reclame the world that He created and most of the hot-shot bully Yankee know-it-all tyrants will thankfully disappear, never again to be heard from or ever remembered in any way. Kurosh could only feel good about life clinging to the knowledge that someday the evil non-culture of the west, mainly America, will finelyh permanently vanish receiving the promised dreadful reprisals for all the torments they have continually heaped on the humble innocent traditional societies of the world who they incessantlyh try to turn into enslaved replicas of their immeasurable iniquitous impiety. "The wickd will destroy the wicked" and "the sooner the better" Kurosh would often reflect.

In the bazaar area of Kabul, a mysterious and awe-inspiring atmosphere permeated everything; Kurosh felt like he was in a dreamworld of former eras. The lack of most of the obnoxious nuisances of the electromanic petrol-enslaved machine-age engendered a magical serenity-enciting calmness. As Kurosh was slowly wandering along an alley a young cheery-eyed Asiatic boy greeted him and a

conversation ensued. Kurosh told of his past in a materialistic Godless pagan country before he accepted (actually added) Islam. The boy had explained that he was ‘*azaragi*’ from one of the 1,000 (*hazar*) families of Genghis Khan’s hordes who decided to stay in Afghanistan and were eventually driven to the barren central part. When Kurosh mentioned Islam, the boy asked “*char ya panj?* (four or five?)” Kurosh was not sure what that meant guessing he was talking about Sunni or Shia Islam so he answered “*char o nem* (four and a half). The boy broke out in wild high-pitched cackling laughter repeating *char o nem* then laughing again and again. Kurosh tried to get off the hook of being either since tough Sunni Pashtuns were continually passing by. Kurosh loudly stated “*mai ka sufi astum* (I’m a Sufi)” which put him beyond the standard titles of Sunni or Shi’a. Later Kurosh learned from his colleague Peter Wilson that four or five meant the four rightfully guided Khalifs of Sunni Islam or the five Imams of Shia Islam.

As he wandered through Kabul, he was approached by a white girl who spoke English with an accent which Kurosh recognized as Swedish. He chatted in English and Swedish learning that she was on the run because the Afghan government gave her one day to leave the country. Kurosh asked why and was told the sad tale that she had applied for a residence permit and submitted her passport for the procedure. Unfortunately there was not Swedish embassy in Afghanistan then so they claimed that she was a spy because they imagined that no European would ever want to live in Kabul when they could have a luxurious life on the Continent. No one would believe that she actually wanted to live in Afghanistan and no one believed she could have actually become Moslem; so of course she had to be a spy. And why was she hanging around a grade school to perfect her Dari conversation skills. Kurosh was totally sympathetic having been decried or suspected as a Yankee spy in Iran. When the problem began, she was taken to the police station, questioned and had been under observatrion ever since. Her picture was even printed in the paper with the caption “dangerous spy.” Actually she realized that one official wanted her to become more friendly and as a good Moslem she was harshly adverse to the idea. Then she went to his supervisor and reported him which made him loose facel in a major way. So the official had declared war on her and was trying to crush her. Since they both were shopping, she offered to take Kurosh to some good shops where she could get good prices. As they went from place to place, Kurosh was dumbfounded at her perfect command of Dari, as perfect as a native. For the first time Kurosh could almost feel jealous if her were the type of some other ‘white’ person’s linguistic superiority. At one shop, Kurosh saw a beautiful original old Ghichak, not made from a tin can, for 4,000 Afs. Then in the new section of Kabul (*shahr-e nau*), Kurosh found a tambur for 500 and another better one for 900. His Swedish shopping partner found two leather suitcases for her escape trip at only about \$5 each. At a shop where the Swede was a friend of the owner, Kurosh found a nice sharp old Afghan sword and sheath for 600 Afs and some nice clothing items but couldn’t afford the beautiful white *chadri* which was 550 which he hoped to buy on a future trip but never could find another one. Finally Kurosh’s Swedish acquaintance said she had to hurry to her hotel and pack to be out of the country within a few hours. She didn’t explain how or where and wouldn’t shake hands in public which Kurosh completely understood as they bowed and parted.

Memories of Escape from Peshawar with a Goofy Green-eyed Girl

Kurosh remembered another later time he had flown to Peshawar to experience a drive through the famed Khyber Pass. At the airport, the passport and customs officials were very friendly seeing that Kurosh was a scholar and interested in music. He checked into the International Hotel which had been referred to him by hippy tourists and Pak officials at the airport. The friendly manager gave Kurosh a

great room with a hard bed, nice sink, shower and toilet for only 16 chip when the listed price on the wall was much more. After a pleasant chat with the manager in English and some Urdu, Kurosh was given directions to the Afghan consulate where he would obtain a temporary tourist visa to travel through Afghanistan to Iran. While waiting outside the grated window with other travelers, hippies and Paks, Kurosh noticed a ragged-looking goofy green-eyed Yankee hippy type. Feeling sorry for the poor thing, Kurosh asked her if she had the necessary forms to fill out and she responded negatively with a whimpering “uh uh.” Then recognizing something familiar about Kurosh, she asked if they hadn’t met someplace before. He wondered “Tehran?” Then she sparked up and nodded “yes, the Iran-America Society, in the jazz group.” He acknowledged, right, weren’t you the drummer Phil Shutzman’s girl, Marjorie or something?” She blushed “uh huh.” Then she poured all her travel woes on Kurosh as he listened sympathetically with a little wry smile from having experienced many such fun problems all over the world. She explained how she had driven all the way from Kabul to get her car out of the country before it became contraband and to get her Afghan residence permit at the Peshawar Afghan consulate plus some inexpensive coconut oil for her hair.

Suddenly Kurosh thought of how much more comfortable it might be to enjoy a pleasant drive up the Khyber Pass in a car with a mellow female traveling companion rather than being sardined in with a motley gang of wild and crazy *neswar*-spitting gun toting yet mostly friendly Pashtuns. She was complaining that she was traveling alone, which could be frightening for a young almost, but not quite, attractive young lady. Kurosh decided it would be better to check out of his Hotel, abandon the 100 plus degree heat and help her get to Kabul safely; so he offered to help drive and maybe scare off potential Pashtun mashers. She said that the were a couple of those at the border station other way down. She was relieved at the possibility then declared that she was suffocating from the horrible heat and begged to just stand under the cold shower in his room for a few minutes. He agreed and promised to stay outside the door like a noble Khyber guard from the old Brit *raj*. Even if many of the goofed-up hippie tourist chicks in the 70s lacked strict moral structure, Kurosh was working on becoming a Sufi saint or something and was already an austere Mormon uncalled-for stake missionary, so he would be the perfect fatherly protector and clever linguist assistant. He figured that the friendly and helpful manager at the hotel would, after years of dealing with goof-ball hippy tourists, allow her to use the shower for a few minutes while Kurosh guarded the door of the room. They went to the hotel and no one was manning the desk, so he let her in the room and took some of his things out into the hall to pack them into his suitcase. A few minutes later he was mostly packed and she came out of the room dressed and refreshed. Kurosh offered her half of his precious huge tangerines, myriads of seeds and all, while he finished packing most of his things but still needed to add a few purchases. So he locked the room and off they went to Kissa Khana Bazaar where Kurosh had priced a complete traditional Pashtun outfit. He ordered the white *kemiz* (long shirt) and *shalwar* (billowy pantaloons) from the helpful tailor. Then he went to another shop to bargain for a long wool embroidered cloak. Then at the shoe *dukan* he found some intricately embroidered gold curled-up-toed shoes for a final price of 25 rupees.

They returned to the hotel where Kurosh parked Marjorie in the air-conditioned restaurant and helped her order an omelet and flat bread with boiled water from the hotel well. He told her to relax an hour or so while he returned to the bazaar to pick up his clothes. At the shop, he got the shirt of only 9 chip (less than a dollar). He tried again toboggan for the light tan wool cloak at the shop next door and finally fought it down to 80 rupees even though he knew a real Pashtun with a loaded double barrel shotgun might have mumbled through a mouthful of *neswar*, spitting as he went, until it went down to maybe even 50 if he was in the same tribe or maybe a family member of the shop-keeper. Still less

than \$8 for a fancy cloak was a good deal. Kurosh also picked up four 7-rupee bottles of coconut oil Marjorie needed for her hair for the coming months. He packed everything up and hopped a rickshaw back to the hotel where Kurosh paid for Marjorie's inexpensive lunch because she had run out of rupees and Kurosh needed to get rid of his last few because they were totally worthless anywhere else. Anyway she had filled up the tank with her last rupees the day before, so it was sort of even. After packing the rest of his purchases and checking out of the hotel, they were ready for the adventure of driving up the Khyber Pass, or were they.

Up they went to the border station near the Khyber Pass where silly Marjorie has promised a ride tone of the guards on her way down. They sat a minute and Kurosh chatted in English, Pashtu and Urdu, trying to smooth everything at this difficult border crossing. Kurosh was proud that he could answer the typical question "*chiri zi* (where ya going?)" with a confident accent-free "*Kabol ta zum* (I'm goin' to Kabul)." They went on to the gate and were asked for the 6 rupee toll for the car and one rupee each for the passengers. Then they were asked for their passports which were taken into the office. Soon an official came out and invited in to talk. A cheery yet serious gentleman at the desk, waving their passports warned that they didn't have the required exit visas. Kurosh incorrectly became perturbed and angrily argued in his messed-up Urdu "*eksit wisa kya hai, saib?* (what's an exit visa, sir?) *Eksit wisa koi molk main malum nahin, wujud nahih saib!* (You can't find exit visa in any country, it doesn't exist!)" Then in Pashtu he added "*dagha qanun lewanay aw deir zalim dai!* (This rule is crazy and very cruel!)" The official, bobbing his head back and forth in sympathy, kindly and calmly soothed "I am so sorry my dear friends, it is our regulation. I know it is difficult, but this is an important and sometimes politically problematic tribal border area." Kurosh hung his head down muttering that he couldn't find a passport policeman in Peshawar to get the visa because they were gone from the office that day. Marjorie, starting to cry, said that she had only been in Pakistan a few hours, so why this? The official attempted a futile call to headquarters and was instructed to send the two back to Peshawar for their exit visas. They gave instructions to send an official with them to help them find the exit visa policeman. It seemed that even if Kurosh would ever allow himself to participate in the stupidity and wrongful act of trying to bribe his way through, this would not be a situation where that would do anything but get him jailed. And of course, he never had more than a pittance in cash of any kind, so that was not even a possibility.

Off they drove, the discouraged travelers and the friendly official, down that dusty road all the way back to Peshawar. Finally they arrived in Peshawar and found a government office where they stopped to inquire the location of the Foreign Registration Bureau. Suddenly, the stupid little cat the silly Marjorie had drug all the way from Tehran, scampered out of the car, so they had to spend useless precious time hunting and hunting for the little monster. Kurosh sighed to himself that Yankee chicks with their worthless cannibal predator pets needed to be fixed. Eastern ladies didn't seem to be hung up on dumb dogs or cats, especially dogs which were rightfully *haram* in Islam. Finally when they were ready to give up and Kurosh had offered to continue searching while Marjorie and the official went to find the bureau, the little cat creep showed up. One of the employees of the government office where they stopped found it and carried the furry white trouble-maker to the car laughing. Thanks to the cat, they arrived at the Bureau at two minutes after 5 p.m. They rushed into the Bureau and were bluntly informed that the officer who had the stamp had just left and no one else there could do a thing for them. Kurosh was adamant to get out of town that day rather than staying in a hot car all night because they had spent all their rupees and Kurosh was not going to be gypped by changing their handful of dollars in a thieving bank at the ridiculous rate. So he urged their guide to run after the Bureau official who was leaving for home to find out where the guy with the stamp lived. He returned with the

information that he lived some 10 miles outside of Peshawar. The haggard pair didn't care but just wanted to get out of Pakistan if that were even possible. They didn't want to be driving up the treacherous pass in the dark of night. Little did they know that years later after the rotten Russian Commies started their mass murder of Afghans followed by the wretched Yankee aggressor imperialists continuing more mass murder of Afghans and some innocent Paks as well, that the Khyber Pass would be the last place in the world anyone would want to be. They could have been counting their blessings but in the over 100 degree miserable heat, they couldn't feel too grateful yet.

They found the rutted dirt road into the countryside where not other cars dared to tread and only an occasional two-wheeled *gadi* drawn by bedraggled horse bumped along or a couple of oxen plodded. At a suspicious fork in the 'road' they stopped and waited for a passer-by from whom their official could ask directions. They were directed to an unbelievably chokingly dusty path, so dusty they couldn't even see each other sitting close in the car. Continually coughing and incessantly wheezing, they pressed on against the clouds of dust and rabid ruts rattling the car and their ragged nerves. After what seemed like hours of torture (the CIA and SAVAK could have used this one on the dissidents in Evin Prison), they arrived at what was supposed to be a police station. After asking the location of the house they were searching for, Kurosh asked their accompanying official if anyone could stamp the passports. The big dumb crude and rough Pashtuns just laughed at them mostly in wonderment seeing a young blondish girl without the appropriate pleated *chadri* or even a modest scarf, but instead only a somewhat tight semi-revealing Yankee dress. Then suddenly panicky Marjorie in a terrified gesture pointed to one of her tires which was hissing. In a flurry of fear of maybe being cruelly murdered as unwelcome foreign *kafirs* (infidels), fiendishly coached Kurosh on where the jack was under the mini-van. Kurosh heroically rushed through the ritual of tire changing and was part way done when he became overly agitated with the big dumb slob Pashtuns just laughing at us like high school bully brutes. Marjorie, not realizing that, according to the strict *pashtunwali* (Pashtun code), she might as well have been in a spaghetti bikini wiggling along the beach at Ipanema or the Cote, shouted at Kurosh to shut them up. Well a half dozen big wrestler looking hairy honkin' hood types, all with loaded and cocked double-barrel 12 gage shotguns threateningly hanging on their muscular shoulders, would not accept any lip from a skinny gangly, probably *kafir* wannabe 'scholar/artist goof.' So Kurosh realized that when all else fails one must use their brain (no matter how burned out in a nut house it may have been). So he sadly lamented to their official in clear English "these people are not Muslims, they're infidels." Then he loudly attempted to restate it in Pashtu declaring "*duy khalak Muselman ne dai, kapir dai.*" Suddenly, the crowd of jeering jerks jumped into action; one was holding the spare tire while another quickly tightened the nuts and another was helpfully supervising. The others crowded around Kurosh offering *neswar* and cigarettes which he kindly refused, all warmly demonstrating their sincere and kind brotherly love for a fellow Muslim in distress. Soon the tire was on, the jack correctly put away and the new friends were hugging and kissing Kurosh and the accompanying official (never a woman as Marjorie cowered in the car) on both cheeks being careful that their cocked and ready shotguns didn't accidentally blow his head off.

As the van sputtered off into menacing dust clouds, the new friends waived like loving family members. After more choking and wheezing on dust, they approached an old gentleman tediously trudging along the side of the rutted 'road.' The accompanying official recognized him as the man with the official exit stamp. They stopped and invited the kindly gentleman to ride with them; but first the accompanying official and Kurosh jumped into the back seat respectfully leaving the seat of honor in front for the new guest. The forlorn travelers were delirious with joy as their fateful story was unveiled for the gentle old man while he chuckled, and with a broad smile. Then bobbing his head back and

forth, he assured in a fatherly manner “don’ worry my dear friends, I vill fix eet for you.” Then he repeated in Urdu what Kurosh remembered as something like “*meri aziz doston, fekr na karo, main ap ke liye asi dorost karenge.*” From living in Tehran and hearing a lot of Farsi and even speaking a bit, Marjorie could understand a couple of common words like *dost*, *fekr* and *dorost*, enough to relieve her troubled mind. They arrived at the house and were invited in. The kind old man took the passports and holding them fondly declared “you are guest in our country, I must help you.” The travelers sat in his small garden for a few minutes before he reappeared with the passports stamped, signed and ready to go. They bowed several times thanking him for his kindness then returned to the van and began their long drive back to where they had been delayed. They dropped the accompanying official at his office with many thanks for his patience and continued on up the Khyber Pass. Kurosh paid the 6 rupee car and two rupee passengers tax as all the Pak officials came out to wish them a safe and successful trip hoping they would not be stuck somewhere for the night. Kurosh calculated all the expenses of traveling by car rather than miserable buss and figured that paying almost double the 450 Af buss ticket was still worth not having to be squished between *neswaris* smoking and spitting everywhere during the whole trip and other discomforts. He did miss the constant stops and reminders for prayer; Marjorie would flip if he had insisted “*namaz, namaz*” five times a day. He mused with a wry smile “these *kafir* chicks just don’t get the value of real religion.”

They reached the final Pak border station just before dark where the officials tried to wave the travelers into a parking spot warning that they couldn’t get over the border. Kurosh authoritatively insisted that they had to so they said to talk to the authorities who were resting in the back of the office. Kurosh left Marjorie in the car and recognized one of the fellows who they had offered a ride to the pass before their exit problems. He opened the office and fixed up the car slip and other papers. Then Kurosh went to the next office where they asked for the car slip. Kurosh had given some of the papers to Marjorie but she couldn’t find them. They reopened the office but found nothing so Kurosh frantic but appearing calm, went out to the car where that spaz Marjorie found the car slip on the floor. Kurosh went back to the second office and they filled the names of the two travelers and finally they were allowed to go on. They were stopped by a shotgun-toting bearded Pashtun tribesman and they were finally out of Pakistan and on the way to the Afghan border station. Kurosh went into the station and with his fluent Dari, good nature, respect for others and love for Islam was quickly signed through the passport check. They still had to wait to wade through the customs check. While they were waiting, a young hustler type official with the stupid faggy 1970s scraggly western hair style, sauntered over and started flirting with Marjorie. It was a guy who she had explained to Kurosh back in Peshawar had tried to plant a bag of hash in her car and blame her for smuggling. His former purpose was obviously to blackmail her into some illicit sex in order to not be arrested. She caught his scam and immediately had thrown that hash bag far from the car where they may not have ever found it and yelled that he was trying to set her up. He cowered away from that attempt when his scoldingly colleagues glared at him. But he was the same creep and was still harrassing Marjorie. Kurosh authoritatively lectured him in fluent Dari, defiantly waiving his pocket Koran as he rabidly railing like a mullah preaching a fire and brimstone *khotba* in a mosque after prayers. As Kurosh’s voice became more fervent and loud, some of the other official were smiling and sort of cheering him on with their nods and agreements of “*ha (yea)*” and “*sahih (right).*” Finally the little punk gave up and left. Meanwhile Marjorie was bickering in English over what she considered as an outrageous charge of 320 afs for compulsory insurance. Kurosh went over and shouted her down ordering her “just pay it so we can go! OK?” He sighed at what crabby naggy griper she could be even if she was the cutest chick on the border at that time, and that was because she was the only one, so there! Actually with the added character flaws, Kurosh

concluded that she was the most unattractive woman he had ever traveled with. And how could that guy even be interested, she was way skinny as a toothpick and flat as a board; how could the Paks or Afs have any interest in her at all. Probably because there was no one else around at the bottom of the Khyber Pass at least no one they could see uncovered.

The travelers finally cleared the Afghan border and drove on to the supposed lake that she had mentioned seeing on her way down. The missed one turn that should have gotten them there. Instead they came upon a soldier asleep on a low bed. Kurosh apologized and they sped out of there in case they had trespassed on some military territory. Finally they arrived at the dam, crossed it and parked near the lake where they made cucumber and tahini sandwiches from Marjorie's meager food stash. She got out her bedding which consisted of two quilts and two pillows which Kurosh spread out in separate adjoining areas. Nagg Marjorie begged Kurosh to rub her neck and back a little to relieve all the stiffness from driving two days and from panicking overall the problems. They fell asleep on their separate quilts. In the morning, Kurosh contemplated the stark stars glistening in the clear sky, fell asleep for a while awaking a few times to view the black turn to blue then later turn yellowish. Marjorie eventually came over and gave Kurosh a sisterly thank you kiss for helping them to escape Peshawar and he responded with a harmless hug. They shared a bleak breakfast without any of the wonderful fruit they didn't have time to buy in Peshawar. They drove right up to the lake where crazy Marjorie decided to skinny dip which sight Kurosh avoided witnessing because it would have been more like seeing a Second World War death camp victim and which could have been a major catastrophe if any Pashtu tribes men or Afghan soldiers saw her. Then they seriously worked to try to wash and scrub away all the dust which became mud before finally leaving the van. Kurosh worked like mad to clean up the mess with naggy Maggy constantly griping "no man not there" or "hey what about that spot," etc. She epitomized Kurosh's image of the typical whiny crabby Yankee woman, the kind he had run away from the States to get away from. But, he surmised, the poor kid didn't know she was an ugly American; none of them dumb Yanks ever do, he thought. That's why the whole world hates them and rightfully so. No humility at all is what makes Americans unable to ever become real humans and finally join the world community rather than destroying and micro-managing country after country so they can puppeteer the whole world. Well there is someone more powerful than those egomaniacs, Kurosh mused; and He will soon blow most of them off the face of His globe which they have polluted beyond recognition. After working a couple of hours on the inside and outside of the van, they were ready to go into Jelalabad to purchase some fruit including two tasteless watermelons and some wrinkly plums. They stopped at a hotel where Marjorie could get an omelet. They then drove up the canyon to the cool air and Kabul. There Kurosh had various problems with his new female clinging vine traveling companion. The first was introducing her to Bill who had locked himself in his room for 10 days to escape contact with any ugly Americans, something Kurosh could fully sympathize with. Bill met Marjorie who Kurosh had decided should be dubbed Panickella. After some problems over her lousy cat and working out living arrangements, they all ended up as guests in Bill's huge house, all with their separate comfy rooms. Finally it was time on that trip for Kurosh to travel on back to Tehran which he wisely decided to do on his own without the 'pleasure' of the company of the green-eyed dragon lady Marjorie.

Rumbling and Rattling through Kandahar to Herat in a Beat-up Bus

Back to the former trip with the huge tin box of instruments, the next day Kurosh vainly attempted to travel to Herat by airplane, but when he went to the airport to catch the noon flight, he discovered

that the plane had improperly snuck out early. Kurosh hastened over to the dinky little Bakhtar Airlines office to learn that there wouldn't be another flight for a week. So he was sentenced to a miserable bus ride across the whole country. He had no idea how rough that trip would be for a semi-spoiled yet tribulation-toughened former white guy. He got to the spot where the bus was loading up with travelers, some short distance and some all the way across the country to Herat. Kurosh bought a ticket then timidly tugged his huge tin box towards the bus and motioned to the driver indicating that they had one more item to add to the pile of luggage that seemed about the same height as the colorfully painted bus. The driver yelled at the *klenar* boy "*o bacha, I ra bala ku!* (hey kid, put this up there!)" Aided by two other assistants struggling and straining, the boy got Kurosh's enormous tin box on top of the bus. After a few more tattered suitcases, the monstrous pile of luggage was covered with a weathered tarp which was tied down. Next was the drama of getting the passengers, especially some of the rough and gruff Pashtuns, to take their seats. It seemed that many travelers, especially the independent and tough Pashtuns would not go to the seats numbered on their tickets but were ready to start a war over their 'right' to choose some other seat even if it wasn't as good. Loud arguments, shouting matches and physical pushing struggles ensued for about an hour as the driver, his assistant, the bus company representatives and other passengers tried to appease the crazy wild Pashtuns who were not to be tamed by anyone. Later Kurosh learned of the much more comfortable minibus line Haji Hazar Gul when he could share the ride with a few polite wealthy businessmen but for a much higher fee.

Finally Kurosh who became tired of waiting used his status (as if any big white goof could ever have such) as a foreign 'guest' to sweet-talk a couple of the rougher Pashtuns. Of course since the more hard core types usually didn't speak much Dari or wouldn't out of pride, it was a challenge for Kurosh, linguist or not. He put on his best kind respectful politeness, bowing and appearing apologetic as possible as he approached the gruffians. In a stumbling effort at Pashtu he began "*tsengeyi saib, enshallah dair sha*" with a kindly loving smile. Clutching his heart humbly with both palms flat on his chest bowing in an attitude of respect as if addressing a minister or relative of the king. "*sta chauki chiri dai?* (where's your seat?)" The Pashtun gruffly motioned towards the back. Pointing towards the fellow's assigned seat, Kurosh stated "*dagha sta chauki wa deir sha chauki dai.* (this is your seat and it is a very good seat.*)" As the gruffian winced a sneering grimace of surprise seeing a big pale dufus 'white' (although Pashtuns are the original Arians) guy attempting to speak their somewhat internationally insignificant Indo-Iranian dialect. Then Kurosh motioned to his window seat offering "*dagha zema chauki aw sha dzay dai* (here's my seat and it's a good place.*)" Then Kurosh offered the ticket he was clutching and with a humble innocent smile stated "*zma chauki, sta chauki dai; pa shisha dai.* (my seat is your seat; it's at a window). Then reaffirming in Dari in case his limited grammar and feeble vocabulary was not up to par "*a saib, nazd-a kelkin a, fahmedi?* (yes sir, it is near a window, understand?*)" Somehow Kurosh's childish charm and cheery personality had melted the ruffian who muttered something starting with "*sha, sha, zoy*" (OK, OK, son)" as he wandered to his appointed seat. Kurosh again brandished his ticket, but the Pashtun waived it away with an appreciative grin. Finally everyone slowly took their seats and the bus was ready to stagger away. As the driver ground in to first gear, everyone chanted in unison "*Allahu akbar* (God is great)" then all stroked their right hands in a circular motion down their chins over a full or imaginary beard. The poor old bus, which definitely needed that prayer and probably many more, thumped and rattled along as if it was on its way to the junkyard. The passengers bumped and swayed as the poor old machine with its mountain of luggage on top stumbled onto the road towards Ghazni. The bus wasn't one of the better models like on the Qaderi bus line and for later trips from Herat to Kabul, Kurosh found that he could go non-stop

by minibus which was a somewhat more expensive. The bus was not completely full, so from time to time it would stop for passengers who wanted to go to the next village or even all the way to Kandahar or Herat. Then occasionally the bus had to stop at a road block and send his assistant to scamper over to the tiny clay hut that served as a type of toll booth to pay a small commercial road tax. He would jump back into the bus shouting “*burro b’khair* (let’s go) then “*yak namaz bekhair* (a prayer for the good)” and everyone chanted “*Allahu akbar*” with the characteristic stroke of the beard or bare chin. This action was repeated every time the bus passed a cemetery, a sacred spot or a shrine.

They arrived at Qalat-i Ghilzai (Ghilzai fort), a one-street village at the foot of the ancient high-walled fort on a hill opposite the highway. A restaurant had been set-up to receive the guests and, although urged by the driver and some of the passengers with “*beya aqa; nan b’khor!* (come sir; eat!)” Kurosh politely refused standing by the highway eating tangerines he had brought along. He was scared to touch any food anywhere because of his almost vegan vegetarian diet knowing that animal products were the staple in Afghanistan. He had found that the whole-wheat flat bread didn’t make him ill, indicating that the food there was not as deadly as in the Subcontinent. On the road to Ghazni, Kurosh witnessed many little green villages of clay huts and fort-like houses, some so old that they had been abandoned. Although built of dried clay, the buildings had glass windows; some houses had domed roofs or were square compounds. The *kuchi* (nomad) bands had their animals loaded down with their flat black tents that would be open on one or more sides. The *kuchi* women, even when old and wrinkled, insisted on wearing their colorful, embroidered or brocaded long tattered yet elegant dresses and, although sun-baked and weathered, had more charm, grace and inner beauty than most of the tough and hardened American women who had plagued Kurosh all his youth while he suffered in America which had long lost its roots of original freedom to become a big bad business oppressing its citizens and turning them into heartless mean machines. Herds of goats and camels could be seen moving purposely, sometimes partly following the road where the bus was stuttering along. When they reached Ghazni, again Kurosh was kindly invited to join them for dinner but he politely declined and just bought a small slab of the whole-wheat bread and three more kilos of tangerines at 10 Afs a kilo from a small shop nearby. Since he didn’t and definitely wouldn’t drink tea made from the sewagey water oozing through ditches, his only source of liquid was from *kinu* (tangerines) and *malta* (oranges). The bus again trudged off again with a prayer past camels lumbering along or munching and occasionally men riding donkeys sometimes sideways with their legs dangling in rhythm to the trotting.

Horrible Hassle over Hash

The next occurrence was a perfect example of how Kurosh, although cursed with being born in the country that was the world’s horrible and obnoxious mass-murdering bully, had absolutely no resemblance to any of the typical American drugees who wandered across Afghanistan. As the bus started off from a stop, one of the rough and rugged Pashtuns sitting on a front seat with his legs curled under as if he was sitting on the ground quickly twisted the tobacco out of the end of a cigarette and replaced it with a big blob of green hash. Then he lit it up and took a huge toke before blowing the smoke and a threatening cloud that spread through the bus. In a rage, formerly peaceful and calm Kurosh jumped up whipped out his pocket Koran and waved it in the guy’s face yelling in Dari “*u charsh a wa ba din-a Islam bsyar haram a!* (that’s hash and according to Islam it is forbidden!)” To make sure he was understood he added “*charsh haram dai, deir haram dai, saib!* (hash is forbidden, very forbidden, sir!)” He was about to accuse the hash-head of being a *kafir* (infidel) but the guy had

his loaded double-barrel shotgun in the overhead rack above him and Pashtuns have no qualms about using such things to defend their good name. The smoker boldly stood up and, although shorter than 6 foot two Kurosh, defied him with his own accusation pointing to the tie Kurosh was wearing with a turban “*kravat ba lungi chera?* (why a tie with a turban?)” Then he glared at Kurosh’s unclipped finger nails and added *nakhun-a boland wa chatal dari!* (you got long dirty nails!). The bus driver ground to a halt at the roadside in case a fist-fight or a shooting was to occur. Kurosh countered that he needed fingernails to play *rebab* momentarily forgetting that playing an instrument could be considered forbidden according to fundamental Islam. The hash-head sneered and chuckled along with his neighbors remarking *pas rebab haram nees?* (so *rebab* isn’t forbidden?) Kurosh knew he was trumped and he defeatedly sat back in his seat as the driver exclaimed in Dari and Pashtu “OK no more smoking hash on the bus! It offends our foreign guest.” Kurosh was happy with the decision even if he felt deeply insulted by the word ‘foreign’ even if he was dressed crazy and his nails weren’t clipped to the skin like everyone else. And it seemed insane that a foreign traveler wouldn’t be the worst drugee hash-head on the bus like all the hash route hippies who slithered across Afghanistan to Nepal trying to be ‘cool’ but failing miserably.

Soon after the incident the young *klenar* (driver’s assistant) shouted out *namaz, namaz!* announcing the late afternoon prayer. The bus rattled to a halt and everyone slowly shuffled out the door and took places next to the bus spreading their shawls out in preparation for prayers and prostrations. Kurosh proudly spread his embroidered turquoise shawl then horrified everyone by placing on the center top of his shawl a thin rectangular tan clay prayer block (*mohr*) on which Iranian Shi’as press their foreheads. The hash-head who ended standing next to him to check out how good a Moslem Kurosh really was grabbed the *mohr* and waived it in Kurosh’s face belligerently bellowing “*I chi balas?* (what the hell is this?)” Kurosh grabbed it back from him and put it in his pocket muttering a feeble apology. Then the prayer began and everyone seemed to be checking out of the corner of their eyes to see if Kurosh grasped his right hand over his left in the proper Sunni manner. He had almost mistakenly stretched his arms and hands straight down at his sides according to the Shia method. Then with hands at the ears, palms facing forward and thumbs at the bottom of the ear lobes everyone recited “*Allahu akbar.*” After a few prostrations wherein Kurosh was doing his best to follow everyone and mutter the lines they were saying rather than possibly revert to the Shi’a way he was used to and preferred. When the prayers were over and everyone had turned their heads to the right declaring “*sallam aleikum wa rahmatullah*” then to the left with the same pronouncement, the formerly belligerent hash-head grasped Kurosh’s right hand with both his hands and smiled “*sha, zoi, deir sha* (good, son, very good). As they walked towards the door of the bus, he held Kurosh’s hand and they shuffled along hand in hand like best friends. Of course men holding hands could brand a person as a homo in the States; but in Afghanistan the wildly fierce and crazy Pashtuns were the world’s toughest men and were far from being fruity. Kurosh realized that even if they had become buddies, the guy would never admit that hash was *haram*; but at least out of respect he wouldn’t puff the ghastly stuff in Kurosh’s face on the bus.

Back on the bus before the driver was ready to set off again, a few passengers had gathered around to see one Kandahari man’s fighting bird that he kept in a little homemade cage. Then everyone’s attention was drawn to an open gun case in the overhead rack where a vicious looking AK47 had become the object of admiration. Kurosh was stunned that in Afghanistan anyone whether, a kid or an old man, could pack a machine gun and no government goon could wrench it away from them and jail them for life. The US brags about their freedom but doesn’t even come close to offering the freedoms enjoyed in 1960s Afghanistan, a country Yankees deemed as a worthless backwards wasteland to

eventually be crushed and usurped. Kurosh glared at the weapon then sat down thinking that if either Russia or the US were to attack Afghanistan, they would just crash their own country trying to win which they never could nor could any political predators. It would be like Lydian king Croesus who believed the oracle's promise that, if he attacked Persia, a great country would be destroyed which of course meant his own. The owner of the AK was boasting "*Rusi a, ba Mazar b'griftom* (it's Russian, I got it in Mazar)." He quoted a ridiculously low price that would easily fetch a used 22 revolver in any pawn shop in the States. Finally the bus jolted off towards Kandahar.

The bus rattled to a contemporary version of a *mehmansara*, a stopover place of hotel outside of Kandahar. Kurosh hoped that his huge silver tin box tied on top the bus with everyone else's boxes and luggage would be safe so he checked into the place for a few Afs then hailed a horse-cart to take him into town for a short shopping spree. As the horse clopped along the narrow street with bells jingling in rhythm, Kurosh was overcome with an eerie yet spiritually uplifting enlightenment as he felt he received a message from higher realms that this was the real world, the world that had been established by God for mankind from Adam until the evil present full dictatorship of Satan accompanied by all the ills of post-industrial machine-age misery. Kurosh took a deep breath and sunk into the joy of being back a thousand or so years to a pleasant past of simplicity and true freedom, freedom from all the evils of technology and the misery of monetary-mania. On the outskirts of town, Kurosh saw a dead dog lying in the road which indicated the Islamic and obviously Abrahamic disdain for the dirty creatures so widely worshipped by Yankees and Europeans. As a vegetarian, Kurosh had no use for such predators who thrive on the rotting flesh of other animals. Then he remembered an Islamic story told him by an old Iranian scholar about Jesus when he and his apostles saw a similar dead dog. The apostles were noting how ugly the scene was when Jesus remarked something like "see how beautiful his teeth are." Finally they arrived at the *charsu* or bazaar and Kurosh handed the driver a ten Af note and scanned the colorful shops on both sides of the street. The little shops all shared walls and had floors raised one or two feet off the ground. He found a few desired items like a sparkling *araqchin* (turban cap) and a long silky turban (*lungi*). It was getting late and Kurosh wanted to get back to his room soon so he bargained like a mad fiend. When the shopkeeper quoted 150, he quipped 50. Then the owner said 120 and Kurosh countered 60. Then it became 100 and 70 which ended up settling on 80. Kurosh paid and went to the next shop and continued gathering up a beaded cap, a gold embroidered cap, a white one, a couple of brocade dress fronts. He then accosted a horse cart and rode towards the city center. They trotted or galloped along the muddy dirt street with myriads of quaint little shops on both sides and absolutely no modern garbage like cars, plastic, electronics or ugly western clothes. The spooky mysterious but fascinating feeling of being transported back one or two thousand years to an enchanting hidden but finally rediscovered ancient past common to Afghanistan, Iran and India. This was the real world without all the mechanical materialist monotony of the inhuman contemporary false illusion which has nearly completely engulfed the whole globe much to the detriment of all humanity. Kurosh bought a slab of flat bread which lasted him the rest of the trip then he returned to the inn for a night of sleep.

The next day the driver and the *kleenar* had folded back half of the tarp covering the massive mountain of luggage on top of the bus and were adding a few suitcases of new passengers. The driver would push a suitcase up as far as he could shouting "*i ra bala ko!* (lift this up there)" and the assistant would reach down and drag the luggage to a spot where it could be wedged among the other items. When the luggage was all in place and the tarp folded back and tied down, it was time for the bus to head off like an ancient caravan. Just before he boarded, a sneaky acting roadside vendor sidled up to Kurosh and flashed him a large apparently two-kilo block of hash. Instead of lusting after it and

starting to bargain, Kurosh whipped out his tiny pocket Koran and scolded “*i haram as, bsyar haram as* (this is forbidden, very forbidden).” Then with a look of disgust and anger he turned and boarded the bus and waited for the imminent departure. The familiar “*yak namaz b’khair*” by the assistant signaled everyone should chime in as the poor old bus clattering into action. This part of the trip, Kurosh was plagued more than ever by the cursed *neswar* that wretched green gunk that was some type of horrid chewing tobacco that too many Afghans, mainly Pashtuns, keep under their tongues then spit in gooey grubby globs all over the floor of wherever they might be. The crazy thing is that they would spit huge slops of it out the bus window where it could fly back through the window behind them right in the face of some poor victim or even their own face. Even more insane, they would spit it out the window when the window was closed resulting in a long trail of green slime sludging down the glass. They didn’t even realize or care that the window was closed. Sure they were mostly wonderful honorable kind and helpful people; but this was one habit that could be banned without doing any harm to tradition. The *neswar* plague was very annoying when Pashtuns would babble their difficult language which already sounded like gargling pebbles under water. With a load of the green gunk under their tongues, Pashtu speakers would jabber nearly totally unintelligibly intermittently spitting the ghastly green goop while Dari speakers tried in vain to make any sense of it. The nasty habit was almost as disgusting as the slimy scummy colored gum sickeningly shifting in the gaping ghastly mouths of stupid little Yankee teeny twit imbecile idiot Skaggs back in the States. At least the Pashtuns didn’t spit it at you like those dimwit dames who shower you with stinky spittle as they try to talk in their totally stupid whining wail while spraying their poison gum breath at you. Kurosh felt blessed that he was among the more sensible Pashtuns instead.

Outside of Kandahar, the poor old bus sputtered to a halt and it was hours before they driver and assistant somehow got it going again. The last portion of the long drive to Herat was very uncomfortable for Kurosh between the horrible *neswar* all over the bus and the lack of any drinkable liquid. He had been able to obtain a few tangerines and oranges at first but after Kandahar he wasn’t able to replenish his fruit supply. So at the last restaurant stop near Herat, Kurosh noticed a small grove of mulberry trees nearby. He went over and used his tree climbing skills learned at the Topanga Canyon school to access higher branches where he could sit and devour mulberries by the handfuls after blowing on each one to hopefully chase away any tiny bugs before moving to another area of the tree then to another tree. After almost an hour of feasting on the berries, he had ingested enough liquid to avoid potentially passing out although he had once gone without water or any type of fluid for about 6 days during his long fast in Paris in the 60s. The bus filled up with its passengers and they carefully made their way towards Herat with a fervent hope that the bus wouldn’t totally give up the ghost. Near Herat, refreshing green fields and pleasant peaceful villages greeted the travelers as the bus finally trudged into town.

Herat, Magnificent Mirror of a Precious Pristine Past

Herat itself was a treasure trove of ancient culture and an escape from the miseries of modernization. Its philosophical and intellectual inhabitants carry on deep discussions but also industriously work from early morning to after dark following occupations handed down over the centuries. Carpet weavers, embroidery and brocade experts, clothes makers, metal workers, leather workers, *chadri* pleaters and other small businesses abound. Tiny donkeys laden with huge-bulging loads, horse carts, men in turbans, *tumban* and *kemiz*, ladies in beautiful flowing pleated silken *chadris* (veil shawls) and children accomplishing various chores all move purposefully about the quiet city in

an organized yet free manner. Heratis are either engaged in useful labor or are involved in worthwhile philosophical discussions about poetry or in playing or singing music in shops or *samowars* (tea houses). Influence of sophisticated Persian culture over the centuries seems to have polished Herat like a turquoise necklace strewn out over a fertile valley. Kurosh checked into the Behzad Hotel at 50 Afs a night for a single room. The place was bearable but certain rooms, especially inside rooms with not windows, seemed to have a bed bug problem. Maybe it was just the fleas that sometimes find their way from animals to people. But that and the sanitation situation with lack of easy accessible pure water were the only drawbacks in Herat. Otherwise the simple geologically sane traditional lifestyle and prevalence of music and culture made it the most pleasant place Kurosh had ever visited. Tangerines and oranges were just a few As a kilo; slabs of flatbread was about 3 As each and horsecarts were 10 Afs for most destinations.

One of the cultural aspects of Herat which Kurosh truly adored were the many charming and ecologically sensible horse carts. The cheerful clopping hoofs and hypnotic jingling bells along with the placid easy sway of the cart had convinced him from the first second he rode one that this was the transportation God intended for mankind before the selfish evil contemporary conspirators forced the gasoline engine on everyone. And that came with the cost of numerous foreign intrigues, assassinations, corporate engendered wars and the wholesale slaughter of millions of innocent families who happened to live in countries cursed by the presence of oil and the resultant invading imperialist corporate genocidal murdering thieves. Kurosh wished that horse carts could be brought back and cars, especially those huge ghastly ego-lift gas-guzzling monstrosity trucks and SUVs (actually SOBs) could all be dumped in the ocean. But that could cause further pollution and bother whales and porpoises who didn't deserve persecution by us inhuman humans. The whole auto industry and the greedy scum who force gas-guzzling on everyone should all be nuked, but that would also cause pollution. Steam trains and steam ships were much more sensible and never should have been compelled to adopt oil addiction so some Luciferian thugs, mostly Texas total trash, could become obscenely wealthy while destroying the environment and the planet as they mass-murder innocent peaceful Moslem families. Kurosh was totally convinced that on judgment day when Stalin, Mao, Attaturk and other diabolical dictators are politely questioned on how they felt about their actions, the evil oil barons will be counted more guilty than anyone who ever lived including Satan's four mopyy-haired beloved disciples who destroyed the world's music with their silly stupidity then jump-started the whole horror of the aggressive hate-mongering rock plague.

Once when Kurosh was on a horse cart ride through Herat, a policeman halted the driver, jumped up in the cart and confiscated a harmless short stick with a two-inch soft little strip of leather wanabe whip then harshly slapped the driver on the head a couple of times, Kurosh was furious. He stood up like an insanely incensed Ayatollah screaming an angry *fatwa* and in fluent Dari cursed the policeman as a puppet of the *kafir* (infidel) West and the Commie USSR trying to destroy the honored traditions of Islam and ancient Aria. He lectured the cop so rabidly that the trembling officer returned the harmless whip to the horsecart driver and deeply apologized. It would be logical that, if 'wealthy' (not in this case) tourists preferred horse carts and were spending money in Herat riding them, that should be more important than some perceived pain a horse might have felt if a harmless tap of soft limp leather was even something anyone could feel. Kurosh then turned on the charm and offered a ten Afghani bill to the officer explaining in Dari "this is for the driver's fine if he has done something wrong." The officer, who turned out to be the Herat police chief, after trying in vain to return the money, explained that the governor wanted to implement a policy of kindness to animals since he had lived in the West and wanted to be modern. Kurosh countered that if they were going to try to replace

horse carts with those ugly smoke-belching obnoxious Godless Commie Russian cabs, that would be the ultimate unkindness to horses because they would be out of work and then just caused to die in misery since they would be of no more use. The cop hopped up on the cart and sat next to Kurosh in the back seat to further discuss the ‘problem’ and to hear what “*mualem saib*” (Mr. Professor) had to proffer on traditions, tourism, saving culture and maintaining Herat’s village charm as a sensible financial ploy. Kurosh swore that he and all the European tourists loved riding horse carts, chatting with the drivers and basking in the peaceful placidity of a non-mechanical society. People would come from thousands of miles just to escape the nightmare of modernization for a few days in placid Herat; so why ruin that charm by turning this little village into an ugly crass copy of the West or Commie Russia?

The chief noted that there were 600 horse carts in Herat and the policy was to eventually get rid of them all. He said his main problem with the drivers, other than ‘beating’ their horses with the harmless little ‘whips,’ was that they drive too fast. Kurosh questioned how fast can a horse go through the tiny alleys and cars would be much more dangerous. Then Kurosh began to castigate the constant sewage trickling through all the streets of Herat in the putrid *juis* (ditches) which in Zoroastrian times were likely more pure than melting mountain snow because of the former policy against polluting water, earth, air and fire. Kurosh didn’t quote Ivon Illych on ecology, but he did describe the horrid nightmare of Tehran traffic which had become a problem even in nearby Mashhad across the border. As they rode through the town, Kurosh asked the police chief if he knew of a spring of pure water near Herat. It had to be straight from a spring and not from a *karez* (similar to the Iranian *qanat*) which was a long underground waterway starting at the base of the mountains and going from village to village to supply water. The *karez* was a great idea for irrigation and other non-drinking or cooking uses; but was surely polluted and infected with disease by *qanat* rats another pollutants like nearly all running water in Afghanistan, unless it was found high in the mountains straight from a glacier or out of the rock. The police chief promised that the next day he would show Kurosh a spring on the outskirts of Herat. Then their conversation returned to the horse cart situation. The chief claimed “*I gadia saraqo chatal mekonan* (these horse carts dirty the street.” Kurosh retorted “*mugur taksia hawa ro chatalar mikonan wa mardom masmom meshan wa pasan memeran* (but taxis dirty the air more and people are poisoned and later they die.) The chief chuckled and advised “*kho, ba Wali Saib gap zan* (OK, then talk to the Governor). Kurosh affirmed that he definitely would go see the governor and complain about the wrong policy to get rid of horse carts. He passionately declared that instead they should ban all taxis especially those horrible Russian rattle-traps in Herat and make *gadis* the main form of transportation. The chief chuckled again and warned that such a policy would have to come from the Kabul government. Kurosh kept that in mind and eventually, when he found an Afghan fiancée and learned she was related to some government officials especially the Minister of Planning, he fervently pushed his idea of keeping at least one city, most likely Herat, as a monument of ancient traditions for everyone to visit and enjoy a fresh breath of Afghanistan’s past glories. The idea was eventually adopted by the pre-communist Kabul government, but the savage incursion of the vicious Soviets and later the uncalled for bloody invasion by the predatory greedy Yankee imperialists tradition-trashers halted any appeal for tourism. Kurosh enjoyed his visit to Herat and swore he would return often to enjoy the tranquility of traditional pre-machine age placidity. He bought up a few craft items to add to his huge tin box then prepared for the long grueling bus ride to Mashhad then Tehran.

Crossing the Border into Iranian Khorasan

Finally Kurosh was on a more reliable newer Iranian bus going to Mashad. He was worried about the border crossing because he had been in India and Pakistan where disease was more prevalent and he had some potentially valuable items like Indian instruments and saris. When everyone filed off the bus to have their possessions checked by the Afghan officials, Kurosh asked an official “*kho saib u ro payan konum*” offering to take his huge tin box off the top of the bus and was told “*a, saib* (yes sir).” Eventually a short gentle looking fellow came over to Kurosh and asked what he had. He pulled up the lid of his huge tin box and the official noticed the musical instruments and wondered about them. He asked to see the Indian *sarangi* as Kurosh winced worried that he would be in trouble for smuggling or something. Surprisingly, the official respectfully lifted the instrument and started playing expertly. Then he asked about the other things and commented favorably on everything informing Kurosh that he was a musician. Kurosh glared admiringly as the official noted that he played *dilruba*, *rebab* and other instruments. He noted that he had a very nice *dilruba*, more expensive than Kurosh’s 100 *rupee* version. He quickly signed Kurosh out and promised to show his instruments later. Kurosh put everything neatly back in the box and drug it back to where they were tying luggage on the top of the bus. He then went back to the customs office and learned his new friend was Mr. Sallami director of the Islam Kala customs.

Kurosh was cordially invited into the room and introduced to the director’s wife and mother which was really an honor since, out of respect, it was rare to see a woman in Afghanistan much less be introduced to one. The after offering the pervasive tea which Kurosh politely refused, the director opened the armoire in the corner and gleefully lifted a large good quality *rebab* and handed it to Kurosh. Kurosh played a bit but was always struggling with the strange Kaboli tuning where the main playing strings were not tuned logically to the 4th, the tonic and the 5th. Then Kurosh handed the instrument to the director who belted out a typical tune displaying excellent technique. He played in the style of Ustad Umar. Then the director drew out his *dilruba* from the cabinet and bowed out another melody. Kurosh felt like he could stay all day and listen to the director play. Kurosh noted that the director should give up the customs job and play on the radio in Kabul. He chuckled then pulled out an interesting looking *sitar* noting that he had bought it in Lahore. He strummed out another solo with agile technique. His wife then indicated that Mr. Sallami was also pretty good on *tabla*. After a little more discussion of music and instruments, Kurosh realized that he should get his passport signed out across the road which he did. He then rushed out to the bus and hopped on just seconds before the last passenger who was a Dutch fellow. The bus headed out on the short road over flat desert to the Iranian border station in Taybad, an actual village much more prominent than the Afghan Islam Kala border complex.

Kurosh remembered the friendly health official he had met some time ago on his very first trip to Herat in Jean Doring’s Volkswagon. He went to the quarantine office where he was greeted by the friendly health officer who looked at him with a suspicious yet friendly smile warning in Farsi that there was a problem. He shook Kurosh’s yellow vaccination card three times then handed it back scolding “*in kharab e, khub nist!* (this is rotten, it’s no good!)” Kurosh was stunned to hear that there was a mistake in his paperwork. The health official, Mr. Behruz Rahsepar, added that Kurosh’s vaccination card was outdated. Kurosh frantically blurted that the November 1970 date was still good. But Mr. Rahsepar responded that the last date was not correct and that he had better go into the office to discuss the problem. Kurosh kept his cool and thought a little prayer for help and retained his usual warm friendly attitude. He was asked if he could visit a hospital in Tehran in two weeks to be checked

out for cholera, but Kurosh claimed that he would be staying only a few days in Iran then needed to return to Afghanistan. That was partly true but the ‘few’ days would be more like a few dozen days maybe even months. Kurosh calmly and confidently explained that he never drank any water anywhere other than certified bottled spring water even in Switzerland or America. He added that he never ate anything that didn’t have a skin like bananas, oranges, tangerines, melons etc. and even then he was suspicious of everything in India and Pakistan. Then Rahsepar began to soften noting in Farsi “let’s talk a little more and see what to do with you.” Kurosh mentioned that he had accepted Islam then showed his LP records and the photo of his parents with the Shah and queen. He explained that he was in Iran on a special US government scholarship and had been working for the US as an arts advisor and organizer.

Mr. Rahsepar began to become very friendly and asked Kurosh how to say a few things in English to use on Pakistani, Indian and other travelers. The phrases were like “this certificate is false; you paid to get it.” Kurosh eagerly attacked the assignment and prepared polite yet firm statements to use on suspects writing them in clear English block letters and in the Persian alphabet trying to represent the English sounds as correctly as possible. He drilled Mr. Rahsepar a few times to get his pronunciation nearly perfect and also demonstrated how to cock his head sideways and squint his eyes to express doubt. He explained that in the Subcontinent, turning the head from side to side was an expression of positivity and noted that tossing the head upward as done in Iran and Turkey would not necessarily mean ‘no’ in countries east and south of Iran or in Europe. Kurosh also went over some of the glaring variances between Farsi and Dari, a number of which Mr. Rahsepar already knew. The Afghan bus driver burst in to warn Kurosh that the bus would be leaving soon. Mr. Rahsepar declared that Kurosh was temporarily quarantined and Kurosh acknowledged the warning and promised to hurry. He smiled and thought to himself that it was the first time he had been quarantined into teaching English which he always hated having to do. Finally Mr. Rahsepar released Kurosh with the promise that he would get his vaccination certificate fixed soon. Kurosh politely excused himself with promises to visit again soon and add more English and even other European phrases to the long list he had just written and taught.

Kurosh then scurried over to the customs office and was asked what he had. The friendly relaxed customs director was Mr. Hosseini who would become dear Kurosh’s friend after many future border crossings and long chats. Mr. Hosseini kindly looked into Kurosh’s soft childish eyes and a spiritual bond was immediately formed. He affirmed “*pas chizi nadarid* (so you don’t have anything.)” Before Kurosh could blurt out an answer, Mr. Hosseini declared “*midunam, hichi nadarid* (I know, you don’t have anything.)” Kurosh leaned back in his seat and added that he had a few inexpensive Indian and Afghan musical instruments. An assistant chimed in “*agha-ye Hosseini dutar mizane; mal-e Khaf e . . . ostad e.* (Mr. Hosseini plays dutar; he’s from Khaf . . . he’s a master.)” Kurosh’s eyes sparkled and grew as Mr. Hosseini’s head hung down in humility as he muttered that he played a little. Kurosh begged for a demonstration encouraged by a couple of his assistants but he shyly refused promising to play for Kurosh next time since the bus was ready to leave. But after dozens of border crossings, Kurosh never did have the chance to hear Mr. Hosseini’s *dutar* mastery. Mr. Hosseini had been totally trusting of Kurosh every time he crossed the border because he knew from one look that Kurosh was completely unattached from the world and uninterested in making money or any smuggling other than inexpensive musical instruments and craft treasures.

That also pertained to the time that Dr. John Baily asked Kurosh to drive him and a large trunk of precious books from Herat to Tehran. Again that time Mr. Hosseini just asked “so just books, right?” And Kurosh affirmed “that’s all” as Baily nodded in agreement. Kurosh had met Baily in Tehran at a

party where Roger Cooper made it a point to introduce his new compatriot acquaintance John Baily from the UK. Kurosh learned that John was a hobby rock guitarist and was interested in Indian music. On Cooper's urging that Kurosh help John in his music interests; Kurosh started by writing an article about Baily in the Tehran Journal then offered to take him on Kurosh's next visa trip to Herat where Baily would discover a folk music tradition that was partly influenced by the Indian tradition while still maintaining its basic Persian characteristic. After that initial trip when Kurosh introduced Baily to some of his music friends like Abdal Ghafur, Said Ahmad and others, that Baily decided that Herati music would be a good subject to delve into and they became a worldclass authority on the subject. Kurosh also eventually became a scholar on Herati music emphasizing the *chaharbaiti* vocal and *dutar* tradition on which he wrote his first PhD dissertation in the late 1970s. Of course, since he had been awarded a Fulbright to study Iran, his committee rejected that dissertation and he wrote another one on Iranian music and classical song texts. Again one of the times Kurosh was nervous about several large rocks he foolishly bought which had some low-grade lapis lazuli in them, Mr. Hosseini just waived him through. Mr. Hosseini's intuition went well-beyond Kurosh's innocent efforts to preserve old Afghan crafts because later Kurosh realized those rocks were too low grade that decades later they ended up as just garden ornaments and even then didn't look like much.

The bus stopped in Taybad to pick up some travelers going to Meshed (pronounced Mashhad) and some to Tehran. Taybad was a nice little village where men dressed almost that same as in Herat: white *amame* (turban), *kemiz* (knee-length shirt), *tumban* (billowy trousers tight at the ankle) and maybe *vaskot* (vest). Instead of the lovely silken intricately pleated *chadri* (veil shawl) common in Afghanistan, women wore a *chador*. The large modern restaurant was a huge financial gyp like everything modern. Kurosh walked around a bit then returned to the bus waiting until all the passengers eventually filled in and it was time to drive off to Meshed. The *ranande* (driver) nodded to the *shagerd* (assistant) who proclaimed "*befereest* (send)" and everyone recited "*salli ala Mohammad va ahl-e Mohammad* (praise to Mohammad and his family). Kurosh started to do the Afghan beard stroke movement at the end but noticed that it wasn't prominent in Iran so he refrained. Later on, when the bus came to a halt for prayer, Kurosh had been napping and was disoriented. When he lined up with everyone for prayer, he had to rummage through his pockets to find his trusty *mohr* (clay prayer-block) which was almost forbidden among the strict Sunnis in Afghanistan. Then when he almost grasp his left hand with his right in the Sunni manner, he noticed that everyone's hands were straight down at their sides and remembered that he was back home in Shia territory. The temporarily appointed amateur *moazzin* chanted the call to prayer as everyone stood with their hands at their ears, palms facing forward. After chanting "*allahu akbar* (God is greatest)" everyone quietly muttered the Fatiha then with hands on knees recited "*sobhana rabbi al azim* (praise my Lord the great)." After the appropriate recitations and prostrations, the travelers returned to their seats, a few shaking each other's hands as brothers in the faith. Several made the effort to shake Kurosh's hand and he felt the comforting comradery of mutual respect for the divine creator similar to that feeling of a Mormon temple session. After all, the true original religion of Abraham is what has been passed down through Judaism in a garbled version and Islam but was turned upside down and backward in so-called Christianity which is too much paganism but then revived correctly in Mormonism. Islam and Mormonism should and do have many shared truths and practices which are close to the original authentic Abrahamic religion as well as original simple unadulterated Christianity.

The bus drove off eventually approaching Meshed as tall trees greeted the travelers then the golden dome of the blue tile Goharshad (joyful jewel) mosque named after the wife of Timurid emperor Shah Rukh who funded the construction of the exquisitely beautiful structure. In 1405, Gohar Shad moved

the capital of the Timurids to Herat from Samarkand, Uzbekistan. She was a generous patron of the arts and literature. This trip Kurosh did not choose to stop and visit the holy shrine in Mashhad or do any shopping because he was burdened his huge tin trunk full of instruments. After having officially accepted Shi'a Islam as an addition to his basic beliefs, Kurosh undertook a later trip to Mashhad for a serious pilgrimage to the shrine. That time, for a cost equivalent to about \$5.50 he took the express train from Tehran to Mashhad thus discovering a different aspect of travel in Iran. When he found his place in a compartment on the train, he was at the window in the middle of a nice family. Soon after departing the train station in Mashhad, the gray-haired grandfather told the mother to offer Kurosh some cucumber and salt. She carefully and problematically peeled half a dozen cucumbers with a big clunky very dull chrome butter knife then cut them in long strips a handful of which she handed to her shy little daughter to give to Kurosh. The little girl sat in a daze when he mother quipped "*bedish, akhe mehmun e dige* (give him, he's a guest already!)" Eventually Kurosh learned to love and honor this tradition of unselfishness which was quite opposite the dog-eat-dog materialist capitalism of his shameful predatory birth land. Kurosh ultimately became a master at peeling cucumbers, slicing them in strips then offering them on small wax paper sheets along with an official travel-size saltshaker. He did cheat however, he actually used a real cutting knife that was sharp enough to skillfully skin even the customary wrinkled mushy apples.

That time he had nearly no luggage, so he had the luxury of decent lodging. On the street near the shrine, a gentleman advised Kurosh to stay at the Ibne Sina Hotel which sounded too expensive. Kurosh's hesitation prompted the man to add that the cost was only 100 rials (less than \$1.50) for a single room and 180 (a little over \$2) for a double. That was a good bargain, so Kurosh took the advice and checked into the Ibne Sina. The single room was clean with a solid bed, clean hot and cold running water in a sink as well as a nice table and chair. Kurosh put his limited belongings in the room, wrapped his white turban around his Herati turban cap, and with his yellow *shah-maqsud* prayer beads in hand, went out to the circle across from the hotel where the shrine was. After mentioning to the desk man that he believed in Islam and was going for a *ziyarat* (religious visit), on his way out the door a cheerful short gentleman took Kurosh's arm and led him across the street saying in Farsi "I'll take you on a *ziyarat*." With his right hand over his heart, Kurosh respectfully bowed declaring "*besyar sepasgozaram Agha, mersi* (I am very appreciative sir, thank you)." They walked through the bazaar to the courtyard and made their way towards a set of silver doors which everyone was respectfully touching as they passed. After checking their shoes, they slowly shuffled across the tiles from room to room with mirrored walls and silver doors to the tomb of Imam Reza. He was the reprehensively murdered 8th imam of the Iranian Shi'as who was and given a burial beside the grave of Harun and it is believed that a *ziyarat* or visit to his shrine with a humble request of assistance can be beneficial. The visitors respectfully faced the tomb and while continually facing the tomb everyone was slowly circumambulating it counterclockwise. A few hopeful visitors had ties small pieces of cloth of various colors around the bars of the elegant silver grating. Pilgrims would occasionally grasp the grate while muttering or thinking a prayer to heal a relative or to help with other problems. Some women raised their children up so that they could momentarily grasp the grates while some of the throng in the back would respectfully touch the walls. Kurosh slowly made his way forward to grasp the grates for a moment before backing away to the middle of the throng. His small wish was that he could be of some benefit to the people he would meet or influence, hopefully positively, and share what tiny portion of vast divine love that he might comprehend with whomever he could.

After Kurosh and his guide had circumambulated the tomb once, they slowly and respectfully backed away out the door into a hallway. They gradually moved through another mirrored room to the

outside courtyard where Kurosh suggested a prayer at the mosque. They borrowed some shoes at a small curb and made their way to the center of the courtyard to the pond for *wuzu* (religious washing). Kurosh removes his coat and hung it back over his shoulders with his arms free. He removed his socks and rolled up his long sleeves above the elbows and began the ritual washing: hands, arms, face, top of head and feet. The water seemed somewhat stagnant and rancid from the myriads of worshipers having washed there; but Kurosh knew he couldn't go to prayer without correctly performing the *wuzu* and there was not dust or sand available and no reason to resort to other than water when there was pond there. After the *wuzu* Kurosh and his guide went back towards the mosque, returned the borrowed shoes and located a spot for prayer. They unfolded their shawls, carefully set the *mohr* at the top where their foreheads could press against it during the *sojde* (prostrations). Then they stood respectfully with hands at their sides and hands to the ears reciting "*Allahu akbar*" and on through the various stages of the prayer. After the prayer, they collected their shoes, exited the silver doors respectfully touching them as they passed. Outside, a guard held on to a silver staff which some believers reverentially touched. As they left the complex, Kurosh offered his guide dinner but was kindly but firmly rejected with the explanation that his only purpose was to lead Kurosh through his *ziarat* (visit) and accepting any token of appreciation would be completely improper. Then he darted away explaining that he had to return to the hotel where he was head cook.

Kurosh wandered through the shops around the mosque seeking any memorable prayer beads for his music teacher in Beirut, but most were touristy cheap plastic. He bought a couple of sets which were either stone or maybe glass. As Kurosh meandered around, a young man noticed the well-wound turban on an apparently foreign visitor and struck up a conversation. Kurosh explained that he accepted Mohammad and Islam because his basic religion shared many common beliefs and some leaders of his religion realized the Mohammad was a true prophet for the children of Abraham and others who lived in the Middle East and that, since so-called Christianity had disintegrated to paganism, materialism, greed and every other type of sin, that Islam was a more correct alternative. He noted that at the religious university he attended, he took classes on Islam and the Koran (from Dr. Hugh Nibley) and the teacher sited many writings that confirmed their own scriptures. When the boy asked what religion it was, Kurosh said "Mormon" to which the boy explained "*pas, momen* (so, believer in God)." Kurosh acknowledged the similarity in sound and meaning and accepted *momen* as a good Persian title for Mormonism. It was a lot better than the term 'morbid' teasingly tacked on Kurosh by a few of his obnoxious rabid anti-Mormon 'friends' back in Utah when they accused him of being 'convicted to Morbidism.' Kurosh began to list the similarities between the two beliefs then he gave the boy one of his Farsi brochures which politely discussed historical points and principles without pushing anything. The boy stated that he would not let himself be influenced by other religions and Kurosh quickly confirmed that he must remain a strong and pure-living Shi'a because God gave religions and holy books to various of his followers and the most correct of those paths are had among all the descendants of Abraham and mostly the descendants of Joseph which includes Persians and also a few Europeans like Kurosh. The boy mentioned that in Iran they had a problem with the Bahais who were not really a religion but like communism and imperialism by forcing their so-called 'education' which was just a materialistic brainwashing and their fake 'democracy' and 'freedom' which was a way to make people choose evil and worship worldliness. Kurosh agreed that Bahai founder Abdul Baha seemed to believe "*la illaha ila ana* (there is no god but me.)" They both chuckled then continued discussing how rampant sin had become common mostly because of westernization in Iran as a result of the imperialism of Britain and America who were ravenous to steal all the oil they could glut themselves on.

But Kurosh was careful not to indicate H.I.M., yes him, His Imperial Majesty, so-called, in the whole diabolical plot to enslave Iran and maintain it as a product-purchasing puppet colony of America. Near the end of the bazaar, the two new friends parted company and Kurosh gave up on the high tourist prices for everything returning to the hotel for a comfortable night's sleep and his return train trip to Tehran now as a semi-*haji* who had done a *ziarat* at the shrine in Meshed. Now he could be titled 'Mash' (for Mashhad) Ali, maybe to his Yankee friends 'Mash Miller' or to his friend from the corner store by his Amirabad apartment 'Mash Milani' (the title of Milani was awarded him by one Mullah after not being able to understand Miller. Milani would mean he was from a village in west Azerbaijan between Maku and the Turkish border town of Bazargan. Kurosh was light complexioned like some Turks and he definitely could be a *khar* (ass). So he didn't mind being thought of as a *tork-e khar* or Turkish donkey (silly stereotype for Turk) except he hated to be associated with the really ugly horrible ravaging blood-thirsty Khazar Turks who in 740 a.d. pretended to become Jews then eventually became the Ashkenazi counterfeits and thus the mass-murdering Mongoloid Israeli imposter invaders of the formerly happy Abrahamic Jewish-Arab land of Palestine.

The next day Kurosh purchased the customary wrinkly semi-mushy apples, a couple of dull butter knives to peel them, several cucumbers, a couple of kilos of oranges and a few slabs of flat bread to offer to the traveling companions in his compartment. He hoped to give out most of the food in the Persian tradition of caring about others rather than one's self and maybe end up with a piece of cucumber and a bit of orange. He usually didn't care about food, so he easily adopted the generosity aspect of Persian and Afghan culture. As the train happily clicked along, Kurosh warmly befriended the sweet little family that shared the compartment eventually giving out nearly everything including the horrible dull butter knives and amassing several invitations to far downtown Tehran for dinner, lunch or a visit to the mosque. Outside of Meshed, the train passed by a beautiful green area. Near the Caspian by the border of Turkmenistan, there were lush forests, streams, green plants and when they neared the Caspian, pleasant rain. Near the Turkmen border, people wore folkwear, large pantaloons, prominent wide black curly wool hats for men, colorful dresses for the women. Afghan-type clothing could also be seen between Mashhad and the Caspian. That was a later more relaxed and enjoyable visit to Meshed; this time it was just a trip for hauling a heavy box or instruments and other minor treasures. So in the morning the bus loaded up with passengers, mostly Iranian but some Afghans. People obeyed the seat numbers on their tickets without semi-rioting as was a custom of Pashtuns in Afghanistan. The sharing of food, although not as easily accomplished as on the train, was common and everyone was like a big family. Occasionally at a signal or proper moment, everyone would chant the typical *salat* or good wish for Mohammad and his descendants. Finally the bus rolled into the station in Tehran and Kurosh had to recruit and bargain a *taksiran* to heft his obscenely huge Afghan tin box on the roof and grind up the hill to Amirabad for less than 10 *toman*. Finally Kurosh chatted up a kind old man who admired Kurosh for having visited Mashhad even if at that time he hadn't been inside the shrine. He accepted 8 *toman* but after the two of them hassled the tin box on the roof and tied it securely, Kurosh realized that he was being unnecessarily chintzy and at the front door of his Amirabad apartment, he gave the driver a red 100 rial (ten *toman*) paper bill and a couple of 10 *rial* (one *toman*) coins. The driver tried to gently refuse but Kurosh won the dispute and the driver kept the money.

Chapter 44

A Prolific yet Poison Pen with Immense Influence

As the plane purred on, Kurosh drifted into a daze and, instead of counting sheep, he reflected on his many articles in all the media and magazines in Iran plus publications in Beirut and London and other locations including a few books. Writings under his birth name Lloyd Miller included: *Aspects of Middle Eastern Languages*, M.A. Thesis, University of Utah, 1969; "Afghanistan" *International Music Guide* 77, 37-41. ed. Derek Elley. London: Tantivy Press, 1977; "Asheqs Well Loved." *Shiraz Festival of Arts Bulletin*, 5 September, 1972; *The Center for Preservation and Propagation of Iranian Music*, Salt Lake City: Eastern Arts (commissioned by National Iranian Radio and Television), 1976; "Collision East and West" *Middle East Sketch*, November 1976, 36-40; "A Drop in the Ocean of Eternal Godliness" *Middle East Sketch*, February, 1974, 38-39; "Early Sino-Iranian Art Exchange" *Around Iran*, February 1975, 14-15; "Early Persia and Its Music" *Around Iran*, November, 1975, 22-24; "Early Persian Music" *Around Iran*, January 1976, 19-21; "The Fascination of Vietnamese Music" *Around Iran*, August 1975, 9-11; "The Festival of Traditional Arts at Tus" *Middle East Sketch*, September 1976, 16-20; Fourth Tehran International Film Festival" *Middle East Sketch*, February 10, 1976, 16-25; *Indo-Iranian Music and Its Influence on World Music* (PhD dissertation manuscript, University of Utah) 1973; "International Scholastic in Kabul Honors Ansari" *Middle East Sketch*, June 15, 1976, 16-7; "Iran" *International Music Guide* 77. 89-90, Derek Elley, ed. London: Tantivy Press, 1977; "Iran's Musicologist" *Around Iran*, February, 1974, 12-3; "A light Snack and a Few Currents for Dessert" *The Middle East*, November 1979, 78-80; "Man and Eternity" *Middle East Sketch*, March 1974, 36-7; *Music of the East*, Salt Lake City: University of Utah, 1969; "The Music of Iran" *Caravan*, Inter-Continental Hotels, Autumn, 1973, 33-5; "Musical Delight" *Shiraz Festival of Arts Bulletin*, 5 September, 1972; "Musical Programs a Cultural Renaissance" *Around Iran*, June 1975, 10-1; "Music's Role, Shaping the Mind and Soul" *Middle East Sketch*, 8 March, 1974, 64-5; "*Musiqi-ye Irani, Yek Miras-e Ghani-ye Farhangi*" *Marzha-ye No*, March, 1974, 4-7; "Musiqi-ye Mazhabi, Palayeshgar-e Ravan" *Ettela'at*, 22 Ordibehesht, 2535/1976; "Musiqi-ye Sonati-ye Iran" *Sixth Festival of Arts*, Shiraz, 1972; "The Ninth Shiraz Festival of Arts" *Around Iran*, September 1975, 8-9; *The Ostad*, Salt Lake: Eastern Mysticism, 1978; "Persian Musical Instruments" *Iran Air Homa February*, 1973, 24-25; "Persian Musicians on Tour" *Around Iran*, January, 1974, 16 & 20; *Persian Traditional Music*, Tehran: Iran America Society, 1972; "Persian Traditional Music." *Iran Air Homa*, June, 1972, 4-6; "Preserving Iran's Music" *Around Iran*, June 1973, 10; "Pure Persian Music" *Festival of Arts Bulletin*, Shiraz, 30 August, 1976; "Recent Music Events in Iran" *Middle East Sketch*, 11 July, 1975, 32-33; "Rendezvous with Eastern Music" *Middle East Sketch*, 6 September, 1974, 32-35; "Rich Beauty of the Ages" *Middle East Sketch*, 20 September, 1974; *Roots and Branches of Jazz*. Salt Lake City: Eastern Arts, 1987; "Saving a Valuable Thread" *Middle East Sketch*, 14 September, 1973, 36-37; "Shiraz Arts Festival, for Intellectuals Not Crowds." *Tehran Journal*, 15 August, 1976; "Shiraz Festival of Art." *Around Iran*. September 1973, 6 & 15; "Shiraz Festival Music" *Around Iran*, August 1974, 12-3; "The Shiraz Persepolis Festival of Arts" *Caravan*, Inter-Continental Hotels, Autumn, 1973, 28-31; "The Second Tus Festival." *Around Iran*, August, 1976, 21-4; "Some Facts About Indian Music." *Festival of Arts Bulletin*, Shiraz, 30 August, 1976; "Some Thoughts on Our Heritage from Eastern Music." *Philadelphia Folk Festival*, 1969; "Sounds of the Past Live On." *Middle East Sketch*, 6 April, 1973, 42; "Spreading the Magic over the Airwaves." *Middle East Sketch*, 4 October, 1974, 40-1; *A Survey of Oriental Music & Indo-Iranian Music and Its Influence*, Salt Lake City: University of Utah, 1968; "Time for Musical Bridges" *Middle East Sketch*, 2 August, 1974, 44; "Traces of Babylon, Assyria, Egypt." *Middle East Sketch*, 21 September, 1973, 20-2; "Traditional Persian Music." *Iran Air Homa*,

June, 1972; "Turkish Music." *Middle East Sketch*, July 11-25, 1975, 24-30; "A Voice in the Battle for Tradition." *Middle East Sketch*, 12 July, 1974, 46-7; "Understanding Iranian Music." *Around Iran*, May, 1973; "Worth a Spell Out in the Cold." *Middle East Sketch*, 5 October, 1973, 40-1.

(Under the name Ali Asiabani in Tehran Journal & Journal de Tehran & Kayhan in farsi):

"Afghan Music, Its Origins Are Many" *Tehran Journal*, June 12, 1972; "Another Program Success" *Tehran Journal*, 29 April, 1972; "Arts Festival Carries Away Audience" *Tehran Journal*, 18 August, 1974; "Bravo Roudaki" *Journal de Tehran*, 24 January, 1972; "Food for Spirit" *Tehran Journal*, 16 May, 1972; "Food for the Soul" *Tehran Journal*, 23 January, 1974; "Gift for an Ustad." *Tehran Journal*, 27 April, 1973; "Goethe's Blind Musicians Outperform Rudaki Team" *Tehran Journal*, 9 May, 1972; "Golden Horde Hits Rudaki" *Tehran Journal*, 1 May, 1972; "A Good During Show" *Tehran Journal*, 22 April, 1972; "A Green Eyed Charm" *Tehran Journal*, 21 May, 1972; "Has Modernization Upset Our Ecology" *Tehran Journal*, 10 October, 1976; "Indian Music Related to the Persian." *Tehran Journal*, 23 April, 1973; "Iran, European Musical Link" *Tehran Journal*, 24 January, 1972; "Iran Team for Paris" *Tehran Journal*, 2 May, 1972; "Iran's Top Zarb Player is Back" *Tehran Journal*, 11 April, 1972; "Jarring Ensemble" *Tehran Journal*, 9 February, 1972, 3; "Journalist Turned Musician" *Tehran Journal*, 25 May, 1972, 7; "Like One of the Family" *Tehran Journal*, 9 March, 1972; "Measuring an Iranian Scale" *Tehran Journal*, 22 January, 1974; "Ministry Book on Music" *Tehran Journal*, 30 April, 1972; "Music from East and West" *Tehran Journal*, 5 September, 1976; "Music from Persia's Past" *Tehran Journal*, 25 January, 1972; "Music Galore" *Tehran Journal*, 25 February, 1972; "Music Knows No Frontiers" *Tehran Journal*, 24 March, 1973; "The Music Maker of Trabzon." *Tehran Journal*, 10 July, 1972; "A Musical Monstrosity." *Tehran Journal*, 19 May, 1972; "Musicians Hit High Notes in Kabul" *Tehran Journal*, 22 December, 1971, 2; "*Musiqi-ye Iran dar Khatar Ast*" *Kayhan*, 8 Shahrivar, 1351/1973; "*Musique folklorique a la Salle Roudaki*" *Journal de Tehran*, 19 May, 1973; "*La musique traditionnelle iranienne doit retrouver son authenticite*" *Journal de Tehran*, 16 March, 1972; "New Beatlemania" *Tehran Journal*, 23 January 1972; "NITV Enters Iran Fete." *Tehran Journal*, 2 May 1972; "NITV Starts Music Classes" *Tehran Journal*, 10 February, 1972; "An Old Master of the Ancient Setar" *Tehran Journal*, 20 February, 1972; "On the Roof of the World" *Tehran Journal*, 20 March, 1972; "Parisa" *Tehran Journal*, 22 December, 1971; "Parisa Must Beware." *Tehran Journal*, 8 March, 1972; "A Pleasant Evening" *Tehran Journal*, 10 April, 1972; "Popular but Painful" *Tehran Journal*, 15 May, 1972; "A Preservation Society" *Tehran Journal*, 2 March, 1972; "A Refreshing Evening at Rudaki" *Tehran Journal*, 7 May, 1972; "Rudaki's Rustic Renditions" *Tehran Journal*, 12 April, 1972; "Sadeghi Slams the Stagnant Stew" *Tehran Journal*, 19 June, 1973; "Santur Player, the Exception to the Rule" *Tehran Journal*, 19 June, 1972; "Saving Iran's Own Music" *Tehran Journal*, 12 January, 1972; "Le solo dans la Musique Iranienne" *Journal de Tehran*, 24 January, 1972; "Still Hope for Iran's Music" *Tehran Journal*, 1 January, 1972; "Tea and Symphony" *Tehran Journal*, 12 February, 1972; "That Plinking Tar" *Tehran Journal*, 30 December, 1971, 4; "A Three Nation Concept" *Tehran Journal*, 15 April, 1972; "Three Singers Get Well-Earned Success" *Tehran Journal*, 17 February, 1972; "Too Much of the West in the East." *Tehran Journal*, 26 June, 1972; "Traditional Persian Music" *Tehran Journal*, 13 December, 1971; "Traditional Persian Music at the Hafezieh." *Tehran Journal*, 30 August, 1976; *Traditionelle Iranische Musik*, Tehran: Goethe-Institute, 6 March, 1972; "Trio Swings at Shiraz Party" *Tehran Journal*, 7 February, 1972; "Tus Arts Festival Ends with a Whirl" *Tehran Journal*, 10 July, 1976; "Ustad at His Finest" *Tehran Journal*, 23 April, 1973; "We Must Return to the Source." *Tehran Journal*, 11 May, 1972; "What Makes Musician Emami Forget to Kiss His Tanbour?" *Tehran Journal*, 19 March, 1974; "When Pari and Parisa Sing" *Tehran Journal*, 20 May, 1973; "Where Music Matters." *Tehran Journal*, 26

December, 1973; "Where Tradition is Still Fostered" *Tehran Journal*, 9 January, 1973; "Yeganeh, a Story Teller from Quchan" *Tehran Journal*, 5 September, 1973.

(Under the name Kurosh Ali Khan):

"Iranian Traditional Music." *Iran Tribune*, March, 1972, 16-17; "Saving Iran's Traditional Music" *Iran Tribune*, August, 1972, 20-21; "Shiraz Festival of Arts" *Iran Tribune*, October, 1972, 8-9; *Modes and Melodies of India and Afghanistan*, Salt Lake City: University of Utah: 1969; *Modes and Melodies of Indo-China and the Far East*, Salt Lake City: University of Utah, 1969; *Eastern Drum Rhythms*, Salt Lake City: University of Utah, 1969.

(Under the name Ali Khan):

"The Glass Eaters of Kurdistan" *Salt Lake Tribune*, 23 March, 1980, H 15

(Under the name Kurosh Kamyar in Ayandegan): "Didar az Sharq o Gharb" *Ayandegan*, 20 Shahrivar, 1352/1972; "Jazbe-ye Musiqi-ye Iran bara-ye Yek Bigane" *Ayandegan*, 20 Khordad, 1951/1972; "Lakei bar Daman-e Musiqi-ye Sonnat" *Ayandegan*, 6 Tir, 1351/1972. "Musiqi dar Filmha-ye Jashnevar" *Ayandegan*, Ordibehesht, 1351/1972; "Musiqi-ye Asil-e Iran dar Khatar Ast" *Ayandegan*, 8, 6, 1351/1972; "Musiqi-ye Irani Rah Migoshayad" *Ayandegan*, 25 Mordad, 1351/1972; "Musiqi-ye Sonnat Khat-e Digari Darad" *Ayandegan*, 21 Khordad, 1351/1972; "Musiqi-ye Pop Faza ra Masmum Mikonad" *Ayandegan*, 25 Mordad, 1351/1972; "Musiqi-ye Sonnat dar Khatar-e Entetat" *Ayandegan*, 8 Mordad, 1351/1972; "Tajikha Khishavand-e Irani Khod ra be Vojud Avarand." *Ayandegan*, 26 Rajab, 1351/1972.

(Under the name Rostam Rastgu in Kayhan International):

"Acting on the Side for Music" *Kayhan International*, 26 August, 1975; "The Afghans Steal the Show." *Kayhan International*, 21 August, 1974, 3; "The Dotar Master." *Kayhan International*, 5 June, 1974; "Foremost Vietnamese Music Expert to be at Shiraz Arts Festival." *Kayhan International*, 26 July, 1975; "Pran Nath, Music is Sacred" *Kayhan International*, 19 August, 1974; "A Memorable Musical Event" *Kayhan International*, 19 February, 1975; "Musical Etiquette" *Kayhan International*, 30 January, 1975; "NIRT Music Center Stirs Interest" *Kayhan International*, 18 August, 1974; "NIRT Musicians a Big Hit In Tunisia" *Kayhan International*, 5 August, 1974; "Payvar's Music Spoils It" *Kayhan International*, 5 August, 1974; "Percussion Group Big Hit" *Kayhan International*, 18 May, 1974; "Persian Music at Baalbek." *Kayhan International*, 15 March, 1975; "Return to Tradition" *Kayhan International*, 25 March, 1975; "The Speed and Melody of the Dotar" *Kayhan International*, 21 August, 1974, 3; "Sultan of the Oud Plays Masterfully" *Kayhan International*, 19 August, 1974; "A Treat from Parisa" *Kayhan International*, 11 December, 1974; "TV Spotlights Iran's Musical Heritage" *Kayhan International*, 3 March, 1975; "Value of Persian Music." *Kayhan International*, 8 March, 1975.

A few yet unforeseen articles and books that were to come later after this final return flight included: *Music of the East, Music 327*, Salt Lake City: University of Utah Continuing Education, 1977; *Musical Instruments of the East*. Salt Lake City: Eastern Arts, 1978; *Sufi Sects, Saints and Shrines*, Salt Lake City: Eastern Mysticism, 1978. *Aspects of Afghan Music*. (PhD dissertation manuscript, University of Utah). Salt Lake City: Eastern Arts, 1980; *The Arabo-Turkish Musical Tradition*, Salt Lake City: Eastern Arts 1980; *Dance Modes and Melodies of Persia, Afghanistan and Central Asia*, Salt Lake City: Eastern Arts, 1985; *Music and Dance of the Silk Route*, Salt Lake City: Eastern Arts, 1987; "African and Turkish Roots of Jazz" In *Jazz Research Papers*, 1990, International Association of Jazz Educators annual conference in New Orleans, January 9-14, 1990, 61-74; "Persian Song Texts" Paper delivered at the Middle East Studies Association annual conference, San Antonio,

November 10-12, 1990; *Music and Song in Persia, the Art of Avaz*, London: Curzon Press, 1999 and finally *Afghan Music and Dance*, Salt Lake City: Eastern Arts, 2012.

Almost Back to the Belligerent Bullies and Sleazy Sex-Kitten Yanks

Kurosh drifted into a temporary daze waking one last time before landing in the U.S. to eventually face a traumatic series of disappointments, betrayals, prejudice, hatred and even emotionally and socially disastrous events that would curtail all his hopes and efforts to be able to contribute as a worldclass scholar and multi-instrumental genius (so they claimed) performer who would be condemned to complete failure in the university community where he would never be allowed that professorship he was promised by several university authorities at the U and the Y and had spent decades preparing for. But since this world was never anything he really valued, it was poetic justice for him to be rejected and discarded by the country which had persecuted him since birth and even by members of the religion he continued to honor and support in his uncalled-for role as a reactionary reformer. So since he probably would be doomed to gloom in the after life as well, at least he would have become accustomed to dire disappointments when he eventually got there. When, if such a fantasy were to be reality, Saint Peter will look him in the eye and declare “you, yea you, you’re goin’ down buddy!” He would be able to cheerfully chime “I know, I’m ready; been there done that for decades.” But he would be happy if suddenly someone else said, “hey he wasn’t so bad, I’ll take him; I’ll have him do a few millennia of hard labor for the good cause and maybe he can get his act cleaned up.”

Kurosh drifted into his last semi-slumber remembering a few more fun times in his abandoned adopted homeland, Iran. The Tehran International Film Festival staying at the plush Intercontinental Hotel and where he was assigned to host and translate for Arab stars like Hossein Fahmi, Salwa Mohammad and Zobeida Sarwat and also film maker Khaled Sadiq famous for his prize-winning film *Bas ya Bahr* (The Cruel Sea, actually means ‘Enough Oh Sea’). Or assigned to review all the African films and other interesting and educational responsibilities. Likewise the various Shiraz Arts festivals, where he was assigned to host artists from India and the Arab World as a translator and side-kick. His traumatic rejection by the hard-hearted harsh mean staff at the Shiraz Festivals which resulted in him becoming infected with serious almost cholera dysentery from having to sleep out on the grass behind the hotel. He preferred that to the dorms with horrors of Americanized Iranian teenage college ‘students’ yelling, screeching, giggling like hyenas, and obnoxiously blasting out the ugliest swill of bad Persian pop slop ever imaginable till way past midnight. Kurosh could never successfully accomplish a full days and evenings tasks of translating, hosting, writing articles for the Shiraz Festival Bulletin and various Tehran publications with no sleep. All other journalists, even third-string unimportant free-loader occasional writers were given real lodging in the *mehman sara* guest house. But Kurosh was viciously thrown into the hellish torment of the stupid dorm where no one should ever be sentenced. Kurosh never could figure out why the Shiraz staff, or at least one hideous bitchy westernized chick in charge of press relations, hated him so viciously. Sure some Iranians hated Kurosh for his fluent Farsi, multilingual and multi-instrumental skills, and vastly successful TV series, but not to such a cruel extent. At least Kurosh let the whole country know about it in the papers by his caustic articles and his influence among his journalist colleagues.

But even the few unpleasant events during his total of 7 years in Tehran and surrounding lands was only a tap on the wrist compared to what the evil Yankees had in store for him, not because he was assumed to be a camel-jockey loving Koran-reading scumrat, but just by eliminating, actually banning

him from anything and everything in the scholastic and music world. Since the invasion of America by the filthy Brit rock conspiracy, the entertainment dictatorship had slowly banned all and every other type of music from existence in so-called 'free' and 'democratic' America. Only the total screeching thumping noises of the dregs of hell was allowed to be accessed and any traditional forms of jazz and ethnic music in general were on the entertainment mega monopoly's kill list, finally to be fully eradicated throughout the entire nation forever along with modest and classy clothing, healthy foods and fundamental authentic religion of any type. America was set to become a perfect micro-manifestation of all the horrors and whores of hell and nothing seemed to be able to halt that effort short of a gigantic, mammoth, massive obliteration from heaven itself. That was the only hope Kurosh would have to hold until his death, the wish that he would see the end of Yankee Babylon. That was not his preferred wish of seeing the whole country deciding on a total reversal of: all ugly noise misnamed 'music', all ghastly 'apparel,' all incessant sexual teasing by every female who was capable or thought they were and by every mode of media and all enforced poison wormy slime slop that passes for 'food.' Could the whole country ever be capable of a complete about face? Kurosh doubted that any person or group of persons or group of nations or even concourses of angels could ever do a thing to halt the belligerent bullying by the Yankee world while it is swiftly sinking into the sludgy bottom of a dark dank dismal abyss. No so-called 'terrorist(s)' or even any big bad nuclear-armed nation could, even by launching all their missiles, do a thing to change anything in despicable Yankeedom. All those nukes would be merely a tiny splash compared to the volcanic and earth-shredding powers of the Creator and the promised fact that new destructive disasterous diseases will eat their way through the ranks of the wicked, less violent but quite effective and well-deserved. It has also been promised that the "wicked would destroy the wicked" which indicates another aspect of cleansing the earth of evil. So it appears that only divine power can ever halt the destruction of that once hopeful land of America; and that can seemingly only be accomplished by its quick and complete annihilation through some enormous heaven-sent catastrophic cataclysmic calamity. Like Rome, it will have to be annihilated to prevent its certain self-destruction through decadence and depravity. It is with this sad realization that Kurosh dozed off taking a seemingly last breath of true freedom one last time before being encompassed by the immense unflinching immoral arms of Big Brother, the shadow government driven by the evil designing men of the greedy Luciferian mega-monstrous vicious world-dominating caustic corporations that even the very devil himself has likely grown to disown.

Sufi Saint & Swinger: photos for Section E, 6 More Yeas in Iran Chapter 40



Dr. Daryush Safvat



Daryush Safvat and Nelly Caron



Dr. Jean During in Herat



Kurosh with setar he made and Dr. Safvat

۱۵ صفحه
سه‌شنبه ۲۰ مهر ۲۰۲۵ -
۱۲ اکتبر ۱۹۷۶ - شماره ۹۹۸۸

در تماشاخانه شهر

با زندگی در اتومبیل

آمریکائی مقیم ایران مشکل مسکن را حل کرد

گروه گزارش کیهان

او قصد دارد بزودی يك كاروان بخرسد و زندگی مختصر خود را به داخل آن منتقل کند

آقای لوییدیلر آمریکائی سرانجام توانست مشکل مسکن در تهران را حل کند. تعجب نکند ولی بدانید که این مسئله چندان راه پریش و خسی را پدیدال نداشت. این جناب که چندی است در ایران سر میرد و گفته خودش دکترای اپرانتاشی دارد، با خرید يك اتومبیل استیشن خانه‌دوش شده است و گفته خودش نه اخیم مساجخانه را می‌بندد نه نه گزایه سرسمااور میردازد.

Kurosh sleeping in car 3 years in Iran

Sufi Saint & Swinger: photos for Section E, 6 More Yeas in Iran Chapter 40



Parisa



Parisa & Ostad Karimi



Karimi, Hurshid & Rarisa

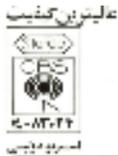


1970s IAS Debut of Hurshid and *tarist* Daryush Talai Organized by Kurosh



1970s IAS Debut of Parisa Organized by Kurosh

Sufi Saint & Swinger: photos for Section E, 6 More Years in Iran Chapters 42-44



پریسا
ماهور



پریسا ماهور

۳۰۰۰۰۰۰

۴۸

دولتی



تبریز خندان و اساتذته موسیقی ایرانی
مبارکباد راد بوشهر نیول علی ایران



Parisa's 1970s Hit CBS Tape

Kurosh's 1970s LP Jazz at the Anjoman



Kurosh's prime-time Tehran NIRT TV show Kurosh Ali Khan and friends



THE TRIALS OF A JAZZ SHOW IN IRAN

Within a few months, Iran has stepped from a country where authentic jazz music was almost unknown and nearly never heard of to a place where some of the most exciting jazz shows are enjoyed weekly by TV viewers throughout the land.

The new NIRT show on Friday nights at 6:30, called **Kurosh Ali Khan o Doustan**, has become a sudden focus of attention among music lovers and even a cause of lively debate.

Some musicians involved with commercial forms of music became severely critical of certain weak points in the first few shows. But other more circumspect classical music experts found many exciting moments in the creative production and masterful improvisations of some of the highly skilled artists.

One well-versed music critic from Tehran's formerly art-oriented English daily noted that never before in its history had jazz been given so much respect through top flight camera work, direction and lighting. The director, camera men and musicians all took the challenge of the freedom in this hitherto unknown art form in Iran to bring into play all their latent creative skills.

One completely unique thing about the show is the importance given, not only to every conceivable style of true jazz from the oldest New Orleans style to avant-garde semi-free form, but also to various traditions of eastern music. But the wonders of creativity do not end there; besides excellent renditions of Afghan, Turkish and Iranian music, some of these traditions within suitable jazz frameworks in a way never before tried also lends excitement to the show.

The common TV viewer, however, cannot possibly fathom the hours of painful preparation, dizzying disappointments and constant hassles and red tape that goes into each show. First, the music has to be written or planned; secondly, the group rehearsed and rerehearsed; then studio time must be arranged.

If during a recording day, which begins in the morning and ends sometimes near midnight, a musician doesn't walk out in dizziness or faint from exhaustion, or if the guys and gals in the motel or amplex rooms don't make too many goofs between cups of tea, an hour of actual usable recorded tape can be gathered. One day, Kurosh Ali and his piano trio were able to record up to an hour and a quarter of excellent material. An unprecedented feat at NIRT. The poor orchestra

is lucky to get a half hour, after that by phony "fly back" the music is recorded first for the radio, then by the musicians who only take their playing during the video taping. But with all the inherent difficulties in any highly creative venture, Kurosh Ali's show comes out with some unforgettable moments of genius never before presented by any form of mass media.

Other than Kurosh, who himself plays some 70 instruments from all corners of the world, some of Tehran's top talented young artists are invited to participate when possible, thus offering them a chance they might be afforded until they are old and gray or could work their way up in the entertainment world by hook or crook.

Kurosh who himself fought the bitter battle during the years of study in America where he says the music world is riddled with union-dictatorship, hood, false and swindlers, believes in giving a chance to those who deserve it. He prefers to work with young enthusiastic artists and doesn't seem like to be around the so-called big time stars. "I only want to work with soul people," he says. "I don't care whether a person plays perfectly or not, I only use artists who are spiritually excited. I would rather spend money training someone who has soul than have to play with some of the wretched phonies that aimlessly wander the halls of the entertainment world."

Kurosh goes on to describe some of the memorable moments while struggling almost single handed to get together two special folk groups. "I decided that the Iranian viewers would really dig some authentic Turkish music so I used all the power of persuasion I could muster to convince four young musicians that they could learn several pieces in a style they had never even heard in two weeks. I first convinced a talented Music Academy student, Linda, that her background playing the Persian *zafli* would make learning Turkish *dahli* a cinch. Then I assured her to the task of rehearsing the group and making sure they come to practice. I talked Iran's most promising *qasem* artist, Shaha, into learning the Turkish pieces and gave her some hints on Turkish style. After that I only had to sweet talk one of the two girls' friends, Maliba, to play *evad* with us and then train

کورش علی خان و دوستان
دوستان

گروه جاز نیول
کورش علی خان و دوستان

کورش علی خان و دوستان
کورش علی خان و دوستان

کورش علی خان و دوستان
کورش علی خان و دوستان

Kurosh on NIRT in the 1970s

موسیقی و تصویر