

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 waving 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 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 misch nischt 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 stick to your belief no matter what." 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 borne 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 “*tschüss 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 *Université 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 Mariage*. 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 duvais 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 starring 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 financer 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 sägar?*” 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 trollkvinnor!*" 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 *sluka 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 Färnlov, 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 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 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 creatures' 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 kaihen?*" 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 liteför 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 morotcycle 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 d,u 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 kom* (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 plaît 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 Dauphine 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 Powel 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 Pêche and the Caméléon 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 Jaspar. 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 drudged 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 piges; 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 brûlé!*” 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 bonheur, 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 bidoo 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 ascent 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 vayse.”

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 reformatting 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 outre 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-Gypsy 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, piguez? Il était emmerdé; il croyait que nous devions crever dans la rue. Au contraire, moi je disais que je suis très content. Et par conséquent . . .*”

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 in Seine?”

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 boozier 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 loosing 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 boozier 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. Après que je le vends, je viens en Amérique 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 *baguette* 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 feverously 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 Saintly

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 looser.

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 brokenheartedly 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 Mabillon 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 Hendesi 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 Hendesi'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 chérie*” 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 defendu 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 tranhs*. 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 then 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 administering.

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 around 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 - d’emp - teur! Que ces mots ré - chauff - 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 Héléman 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’abattrait 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 grande ville, voici, je ferais en sorte que le feu 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 tried 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.

Sufi Saint & Swinger: photos for Section B, Europe, Chapters 17 - 23

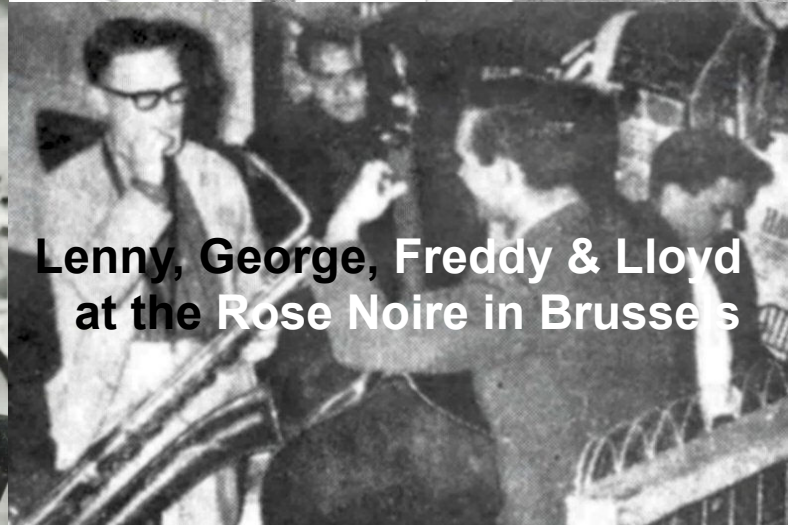
- Geroge Solano & Lloyd Miller in the Mainz jazz keller



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



2. Prénoms LLLOYD

3. Date et lieu de naissance 1/11/38
LOS ANGELES CALIF. (U.S.A)

4. Domicile 48 RUE DE LA SOLIDARITÉ
VITRY s/ SEINE (SEINE)

Signature du Titulaire


5. Délivré par :
Préfet de Police
Paris

6. A _____
le 21/2/63

N° 75/1119465
Signature de l'Autorité
LE DIRECTEUR

la Circulation: Jes Transports et du Commerce

Sceau ou cachet de l'autorité



Lloyd & Katia in Geneva in 1961

Lloyd's nearly unobtainable French license



Master Daryush Safvat & Nelly Caron

Lloyd as drummer in *la Vallée Promise*