

Chapter 29

Re-entry Crisis to Revisit Yankee Hell

The boat pulled into New York and soon Lloyd was driving his poor little Renault into the worst filthy frightening hellhole he had ever seen. Calcutta, Bombay, Karachi, Rome, no place was anywhere near as ugly and evil as New York. It wasn't just the clustering together of the dregs of humanity, but the mean hardened vicious attitude of everyone. Maybe because it was founded by Dutch profiteers and later infiltrated by the worst of the Khazar Illuminati opportunists. People who seemed to be materialistically oriented and insecure, thus needing to be clustered with others like them seemed to have congregated there. A dreary spiritual darkness grimly hung over the whole city clearly marking it for total destruction in accordance with several Mormon prophecies. One forecast is that it would be destroyed by an earthquake; another that everyone would be dying of disease and choking of thirst; then another that a few of the buildings would remain but no one would be alive to inhabit them and yet another that people would pass by and wonder what happened to the devastated dump and the answer would be that sin destroyed it. Lloyd felt nauseated, almost cluster phobic and panicky until he was finally able to reach the other side of that cesspool and be freely speeding northward towards Palmyra.

There he visited the legendary town center where four churches of different denominations faced each other glaring in challenging antagonism. It was no wonder that 14 year old Joseph Smith wondered which church to join and finally made it a matter of prayer to find out and as a result was told not to join any and eventually was induced to restore the original religion Jesus that had been corrupted and lost. After Palmyra, Lloyd drove up to Sharon, Vermont to visit the Joseph Smith birth home where Lloyd found himself thinking "lucky Joseph and his family, all they had to do was fun farming." Then he caught himself remembering that in Rexburg his cousins Terry and Howard could be shackled with chores from dawn to dusk and sometimes beyond 6 days a week on their tiny farm. Lloyd quickly apologized "sorry brother Joseph."

A Pleasant Visit with a Peaceful Amish Preacher

Lloyd continued on the Mormon Trail west, but was sidetracked to visit Amish country in Ohio. From Canton, Lloyd was advised to continue south and go west towards Sugar Creek near Holmes County to find the Amish. When he approached Sugar Creek, he was advised to seek the local preacher Enos Miller and was given instructions to Miller's place. He drove up towards the simple log farmhouse and was greeted by a lady in a refreshing long pioneer or old German dress from whom he asked if Enos Miller lived there. She pointed to a clump of trees at the roadside saying "there he comes now." Lloyd looked and over and saw a charming horse-drawn wagon coming down the road. It was raining and Enos was eager to get his horse and wagon into the shed. Lloyd rushed to help him, enjoying a chance to experience traditional life the way it should have remained. While assisting with the shed door and unhooking the horse, he introduced himself as Lloyd Miller, maybe a distant relative, and said that he was a strong supporter of the Amish lifestyle and was a fervent believer in God. Enos loaned Lloyd a clear plastic raincoat which he later tried to send back from Utah but it was returned for lack of an exact address. Lloyd stayed a couple of days in Amish country and was invited a few times by Enos and his wife for a simple dinner. Lloyd explained his weird diet and they kindly

offered him some nice cooked vegetables. Lloyd didn't burden them by staying in the cabin since his car was all set up to sleep in. Before leaving, Lloyd asked Enos to preach a sermon and talk a bit in his German dialect on the new Uher tape recorder. Lloyd apologized for using a stupid electronic gadget to help him learn Pensylvyinee Daytch. Enos was forgiving and accepting, agreeing to a short recording session even if it involved modern electronics.

He began preaching "*es iss shreklik fer en man te shterbe in siyn sinda. Ik globa God-es veg fer leva iss de shayn veg fer leva un fer de freeda God-es; siy veg fer leva iss de gud veg fer leva.* (It is dreadful for a man to die in his sins. I believe God's way for life is the beautiful way for life and for God's peace; His way for life is the good way for life.)" He went on "*Leeve friynd, dee tiyd is kurts; vakha, shteydit un beydit* (Dear friend, the time is short; watch, wait and pray)." Enos told about other Amish orders living nearby noting that some of them used modern inventions but not radios or television. He said "*see brauke dee automobiles, tractors, electricity, telephones, aber kay radios oder kay TV.*" His group did read a small Amish paper printed in Sugar Creek called the Budget, which was composed of articles from all over the country. According to Enos "*dee tiyding vo hays de Budget, iss gedrukt in Sugar Creek un iss relatively klay; alles ufmarkt von articles von all over de United States.*" Lloyd asked about their organization and was told "*vee, unser Amisher liyt* (we, our Amish people)" he explained, were divided into a district group or "*gegend*" led by a bishop with two *mit dieners* or fellow servants.

Lloyd noticed that is was similar to the Mormon local community led by a bishop and two councilors. When Lloyd mentioned that he was a Mormon and his personal belief supported the Amish lifestyle of turning away from almost everything contemporary that has been forced on the world as a result of the industrial revolution, the petroleum conspiracy and the plague of electromania. Lloyd affirmed that he would be happy if all cars, radio, TV and especially the ugly pop and junk music records, would disappear along with all the junk food and half naked non-clothing. When Enos found out Lloyd was a Mormon, he said that the Amish in Ohio remember how the Mormons were driven from New York and ended up Kirtland not far north of there and how they shared similar concepts of life and some religious concepts as well. Then Enos asked Lloyd, because he knew some German, about a certain Biblical phrase in German. He wondered what Lloyd thought the translation would be for *durch Kristus*; would it be 'through Christ' or 'by Christ.' Lloyd suggested it could be 'by way of' which includes 'by' and is something like 'through.' Then Lloyd challenged Enos to a prayer together to find out which of their churches was right; Enos agreed and they knelt down. Lloyd started by asking "Lord let us know which of our religions is right" and Enos asked "if either of us is wrong, let us know." Lloyd found out later that neither was wrong because, although the LDS Church may have the authority and a more complete collection of truths, the Amish definitely have the correct lifestyle which the Mormons will have to re-adopt in the future if they don't want to be burned with the wicked at the second coming of Jesus. Lloyd eventually realized that it might be difficult, maybe impossible, for a bunch of money-loving, sports-worshipping, fashion freak, jeans-addict, Coke and Pepsi-slurping, burger gulping, gum-gobbling, smug, arrogant, mod-odd Mormons to survive the coming plagues and conflagration unless they drop all their mania for the mundane and abandon their role as product-purchasing puppets of the big companies. Mormons had been warned over and over again not to become like the rest of the evil nation around them; but they seemed to be just like everyone else, although Lloyd hoped that the ones at BYU might be like the historical old photos and thus very much like the Amish.

Following the Wagon Trails Westward

Lloyd set off driving northward towards Kirtland, stopping a couple of times to buy little maple candies even though he knew that concentrated sugar, no matter how harmless the source, wasn't a nourishing food item. In Kirtland, Lloyd visited the temple and had a lively yet respectful discussion with the Reorganized LDS representatives who were in charge. The main contention was the issue of plural marriage, which Lloyd fully supported but would never want to actually participate in since he couldn't even keep one wife alive as a starving musician. He avoided actually arguing and emphasized points of agreement and maintained his usual cheerful and accepting attitude. He became so friendly with the folks there that they offered him tea or coffee. He wondered about the Word of Wisdom; but they dismissed it as a Utah Mormon exaggeration. He politely declined the hot drinks and thanked them, keeping the conversation happy and friendly. Continuing on along the Mormon Trail, he next visited Jackson County and Adam Ondi Ahman which was believed to be the location of the Garden of Eden before the land was divided creating the obvious coastlines from Nova Scotia to Brazil and from Norway to South Africa that could almost fit back together. After the big split, when Noah's Ark was obviously whisked eastward ending up near Mount Ararat, place names from the old world were affixed to places in the Middle East so the original names of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, Tigris and Euphrates, were transferred to two big similar rivers in Mesopotamia. Other names were also likely transferred, so the theory goes. When Lloyd reached the former Garden of Eden, it was late in the day and as he left the area, he paused near a farmhouse where a friendly family was relaxing in the front yard. He chatted with them for a while then offered them a copy of the Book of Mormon, which they happily accepted demonstrating that things had really changed since the Mormons were massacred out of Jackson County in the 1800s. Of course it doesn't change the prophecies which promise that the states of Missouri and Illinois will be a total wasteland with no living creature in them. When the Mormons return to Jackson County there won't even be a yellow dog left alive to greet them.

Next, Lloyd drove off to Illinois and for one whole day was sort of racing another driver on the freeway. Since Lloyd's car was very weak, he had to slow down for all the hills. The contending car, also going exactly the speed limit, kept passing Lloyd on the hills; but Lloyd sped up a bit and passed them back on the down hill slopes. This went on until the other car waved a goodbye as the driver's wife was laughing when they turned off for dinner and also to end the crazy involuntary competition. In Illinois, Lloyd visited what was left of Nauvoo where a few people were still mean and nasty when he mentioned the word Mormon. He went to see the Nauvoo Temple and again shared lively discussions with the Reorganized Church people. When he used to travel around Illinois with brother Sarver during his days at Todd School, he had met various groups including several Reorganized Church branches; so he was familiar with their beliefs. For Lloyd, it wasn't important to try to make people believe what he did; instead he enjoyed discussing various concepts and sometimes preferred the roll of student rather than preacher. Since he wasn't fast talked into joining the Mormon Church but was slammed awake by a couple of undeniable miracles, he was completely confident in his convictions and thus could accept other people's ideas without being threatened or having the need to try to 'convert' them. He believed that everyone is still learning and far from the total truth; so no one should be scolded or disrespected for their temporary position on the path of life. After all, just a few months ago, he had been at the very bottom of the gutter.

Lloyd visited Cartage Jail where Joseph Smith was assassinated and finally Todd School up in Woodstock which was fairly abandoned. He hunted down the old headmaster Skipper who was living

in a small house off campus and was thrilled to see a former student. Lloyd gave Skipper copies of a few of the highly rhythmic and rhyming poems he had conjured up in Paris and told Skipper it was his weekly poetry readings that were such an inspiration. He asked what had happened to Todd and Skipper intimated that there was an incident. Lloyd realized that it must have been his prank and the police involvement that could have shut down that great school. Lloyd pretended he didn't know anything and then told Skipper about Mormonism giving him the literature and a strong recommendation to seriously consider it all. Skipper promised that he would read everything and then blurted "maybe I'll become a Mormon." Lloyd then hunted down his old music teacher's wife at the city library where she worked and gave her church literature to share with Mr. Henderson.

After further visits to various spots along the Mormon trail, Lloyd was finally in Salt Lake where he spent a whole day on Temple Square and visiting other nearby Mormon cites of interest. He then turned north towards Rexburg, Idaho where he was longing to stun and astound everyone who remembered him as a wild drunken trouble-making pest by vigorously preaching to them about being more fervent in their Mormon beliefs. All across America, Lloyd had noticed that the sky seemed bigger and the trees and leaves more glowing than in Europe and the air fresher in the countryside, although Switzerland definitely hard to beat for pleasant pastorality, fresh air and, most of all, charming traditional people. The Yankees didn't seem to be as mean and nasty as he remembered them from his early days; but he felt very uncomfortable with the arrogance, the low-class sloppiness and slovenliness along with the obvious money-hungry attitude everywhere. In Europe, there was more of a simplicity and humility. The comradery and helpfulness Lloyd had witnessed in the Middle East was totally lacking in America, except a little bit among the drunks in bars or the obnoxious macho maniacs at sports events. And even then it seemed that when the chips were down everyone would turn their back on you. Already Lloyd was hoping for a chance to get back to civilization like he found in Europe; but he hoped that at BYU everyone would be true saints and he would finally find Zion.

Lloyd set out northward towards Idaho late in the afternoon going through Logan and a beautiful canyon then Pocatello. It was late when he got to Pokey and he was fairly drowsy but pressed on so he could reach Rexburg for a good night's sleep in a real bed. He was nodding off and trying to stay awake and accidentally took the wrong road out of Idaho Falls. After the hundreds to drives back and forth between there and Rexburg back in the 1950s, it was really silly to have made such a stupid mistake. After a long drive on a quiet road, when he passed Roberts he wondered what was happening. Then when he came to cross road going to Mud Lake to the left and Rexburg to the right, he knew he had made a mistake so he turned right still trying to keep awake for the last few miles. As he was speeding along he noticed a tiny red glow in the middle of the road so he squealed to a halt and got out of the car, leaving it running with the headlights on. He approached the mysterious little glow until he came to a tiny mouse with terrified red eyes glaring into the headlights frozen in fear. Lloyd slowly reached for the poor little creature's tale and gently lifted it, then carried it to the roadside past the barrow pit to protective grass and nearby sagebrush. He set his new little friend down gently as it continually remained frozen in fear. Lloyd gently stroked the little mouse's back speaking sweetly in a high voice reassuring that everything was all right. Finally he let go of the tiny animal's tail and backed away reassuring that everything was fine. He climbed back into the car and slowly drove off as the mouse finally unfroze and scampered into the brush. Lloyd was now awake enough to make it to Rexburg hoping his mouse friend was safe and happy. In Rexburg his sweet grandma was happy to see him and had the usual toast and cookies waiting for him on his bed. He hadn't explained his new strict regime; so he later placed the plate in the fridge downstairs and found a couple of carrots.

The next day, Lloyd hunted down as many old friends and acquaintances as he could find to tell them how he had abandoned his sinful and destructive lifestyle and was now a fully active Mormon. He hooked up his tape recorders and worked on editing the hours of tapes of the Book of Mormon in the six European languages he had convinced various members to record. He followed the foreign texts tediously correcting errors on the tape and even occasionally creating missing words by using bits of sound from other recorded texts. Among the people he visited was his cousin Terry, various schoolmates, his former bandleader Hal Barton and finally Jode Sommer, Deanna's father. He spent a lot of time with Jode and his wife encouraging them to be fully dedicated to religion the same way that Jode had encouraged Lloyd during his bad days at Madison High. Finally he convinced Jode to take him to see Deanna way up north in some small community where she was living happily with her husband. Lloyd mainly wanted to let Deanna know that her kindness to him when he was really down and especially when he had lost all his memory had eventually resulted in him finally becoming an acceptable and useful person. They all had a nice chat and Lloyd was happy to undo one more bad impression he had formerly made in Rexburg. He was sad that, among all the people we visited, Marvin the cop was not available. Lloyd heard that he was a state patrolman in Idaho Falls or something; but Lloyd never had a chance to let him know about the miraculous conversion. Lloyd was being too good to be cited for speeding by Marvin in case he was on duty when Lloyd was driving through IF. One Sunday, Lloyd gave his testimony in his ward in Rexburg and told almost every detail of his sinful life, shocking everyone and embarrassing the whole congregation into cringing. Of course he didn't mention the Rexburg robbery, although several people had a suspicion he may have been the culprit. But it didn't matter now that he was a fire and brimstone preacher, something like Enos Miller in Ohio, except in English rather than Pensylviyne Diytch; even though Lloyd could preach in several languages if necessary.

As for Lloyd's cute little Renault 4L with the funny push-pull shift, he eventually was able to sell it to a car lot who owed Gramp a favor and then Gramp bought him an old but good car from his secretary Rhea so Lloyd would have something to drive to BYU and to use his during his years there. Meanwhile, since Lloyd's transcripts from Madison High were really bad with lots of C- and a few D-grades and only a couple of B grades mostly in band, it was doubtful that Lloyd would even be accepted at BYU even in 1963 when the policy was to accept almost any good church member who had any possibility. As always, Lloyd's dad wrote a nice letter to Brother Orrin Jackson at the BYU Admissions Office praising Lloyd's exceptional skills and accomplishments in Iran and Europe, his language expertise and studies at University of Geneva and *Langues Orientales* also mentioning his recent fervent missionary work in Europe. His dad noted that, although Lloyd's high school records demonstrated just above a C average, according to the letter "he has tremendous ability which evidently was not challenged while in high school." Whether Brother Jackson had been referred to Lloyd's dad by a mutual Lions Club friend or was inspired to act positively on the letter, Lloyd was allowed to be admitted to the Y which thrilled him immensely because he didn't want to go to school anywhere else. A later letter in 1972 from then BYU president Ernest Wilkinson to Lloyd's dad mentioning mutual friend Edna Crowley who was a neighbor of the Callisters and a member of the Glendale West Ward who had driven Ernie to Laguna Beach in search of Lloyd's parents after they sold their house there, demonstrated that Lloyd's dad had other connections as well. As a golf partner with Richard Nixon's brother and having several important friends in the Southern California Blue Book, Lloyd's dad was able to access valuable opportunities for Lloyd over the years like setting him up to work with TV producer Peer Oppenheimer, fashion diva Helga Oppenheimer and producer George Seaton in Europe.

Chapter 30.

Oriental Jazz and Asian Studies at BYU

Where are the Mormons? What Happened to The Saints?

Finally it was fall and time for Lloyd to leave Rexburg and drive to Provo, Utah to start out as a freshman. After studying with the top world scholars in Geneva, at *Langues Orientales* and at the Sorbonne, along with music masters at the Center for Study of Oriental Music in Paris, it was a real insult to have to start out as a little freshman. It was nerve-wracking to be in classes with little kids that Lloyd viewed as the same namby-pamby silly adolescents who plagued Europe as the obnoxious ethnocentric missionaries who Lloyd had to endure when he lived there. He cringed at the thought of having to be with those little brats, but realized that humility was important and so he was ready, or so he thought, to face the misery. When he arrived on campus, he was so excited to find what he hoped was a perfect world, gentle kind and sweet humble girls in long pioneer dresses and a few highly advanced spiritual giants among the young men. His first walk across campus was like jumping from a Finnish sauna into an outdoor ice cold freezing lake. Not only were there no sweet humble quiet girls in long dresses, but instead he was emotionally assaulted by a plethora of what appeared to Lloyd as sleazy slutty looking senseless slobs strutting about in mini skirts more revealing than the prostitutes around the Madeleine or the pigs in Pigalle in Paris. Then there were the horrid hideously glued-up high hairdos not to mention and incessant nauseating gnawing and chomping on disgusting gum. Lloyd perceived them as loud-mouthed, cheap, haughty and naughty little twits that slinked around blurting out stupidities like “ooooo, are you going to the dance tonight” and “oooooo, I have a date tonight, with a returned missionary.” Or worse “oooooo, he’s so neat, he kissed me on the first date” and “oooooooooo, I got him on the sofa of my dorm on the second date and we made out a lot.” Lloyd had noticed evil in the eyes of some of the trashy sexpot babes in Paris; but for him this was far worse and he almost had an anxiety attack and had to sit down somewhere. He had left the kingdom of the Devil where the church of the devil reigned to descend into what appeared as Dante’s inferno instead of the happy heaven he had hoped for.

He gasped for breath and then tried to walk over to the library again being pummeled by the blatant boisterous prattle of adolescent idiocy coming from the same silly missionary type bratty boys and wannabe haughty sex queens at every turn; but at the Y, the little brats often wore the most ridiculous goofy knee length Bermuda shorts that made them look like total idiots. The imbecilic ‘conversations’ were riddled with disguised profanities and cover-up expletives like ‘Jeez!’ ‘Gol!’ ‘shoot!’ ‘fudge!’ ‘scrud!’ and other stupidities were shouted at the top of their lungs or muttered with the same spirit as the profanities or filth they were camouflaging. He couldn’t believe it; what happened to the Mormons, where did they go and what were these apparent invaders from the depths of Hades. At least the worst of the social refuse in Paris had some type of humanity and humility. In the lobby of the library he caught his breath and tried to understand what was going on. As someone who had come from serious alcoholism, chain smoking and a life of sexual promiscuity, he was sympathetic to the shackles of sin and enthused about helping others to be freed from evil. But this wasn’t even full out sin but a parody of it. He wondered “how could anyone even explain to these supercilious sickos that they were worse off than sinners because they had no major infractions to repent of, so they would never understand how horrible they were acting.” And if Lloyd tried to explain how dumb and sinful everything was at the Y, they would just laugh him off as a crazy and

resent him. But since Lloyd couldn't ignore the sludge all around him, he began preaching anyway, shouting down groups of boisterous kids, occasionally making an impression due to his powerful personality and his burning glow of righteous indignation. But more often he just made everyone mad; so he eventually had to give up.

Lloyd continued his first weeks at the Y in semi-silent rage over the universal appearance of sin and sexual promiscuity without any real illicit activity except for the rumors of unwanted pregnancies, numbered way beyond reality by some of the ex-Mormon anti-Mormons in town. The Interpreter's School at University of Geneva may have been called '*bureau de mariage*' or a dating bureau; but nothing was more of a silly matchmaking machine than the Y; but why? Lloyd wondered if his mission was to try to clean up the mess on campus; but who would believe him and who would listen to him he wondered, since they felt they were all saved in the Celestial Kingdom just for being born and having attended church all of their lives. Should he stand in a prominent place like Samuel the Lamanite and try to explain the overwhelming appearance of evil on campus and the haughty stiff-necked attitude of most the students, or would he be arrested and kicked off campus? Eventually Lloyd decided to just wade through the sludge and try to understand why. He thought that here they had been given everything, the restored full gospel, nice cars, nice clothes, loving families (too loving because everyone seemed to be over-spoiled), no political riots or physical dangers, no war, no problems at all except for their own egomania. How could they have become so messed up? Was it because they were pampered and spoiled by their parents into obnoxiousness by having been told how saved, how special, how superior, how brilliant and better than everyone else they all are? They should live under a bridge on the Seine with the *clochards* for a few months, he surmised, or live in a car like Lloyd had to for years, or starve on the streets of Beirut like the Palestinian refugees; then they might become real people instead of empty plastic inhuman husks.

As Lloyd sadly shuffled from class to class devastated that there were seemingly no young Mormons left in the world. He prayed continually for understanding because he was so confused, this was supposed to be Zion, the true church and the righteous people; but they were more lost than beggars under a bridge in Paris, more lost partly because they were just zombie followers of worthless American 'culture' and because they thought they were so saved and perfect. At least Paris beggars knew they needed help; from Lloyd's perspective, these little twerps thought they were already gods and would listen to no one not even the church leaders when they subtly tried to get the message to them that they needed to be humble and open to continual self-improvement. Lloyd's prayers were eventually answered when he met a gentle humble couple among the student body. One was a fun and sweet Dutch girl named Edie who soon was assigned the Dutch endearment title of Etje and her boyfriend Stan who was called Stantje. They immediately became friends with Lloyd or Lloydje and he taught them to play percussion and were included on the few little performances Lloyd would do around campus.

Here and there Lloyd discovered a few more sincere real people usually from foreign backgrounds or from other states and he began to have a glimmer of hope of Mormonism's future. But the main problem he witnessed was that, to ever really be the 'true church' Mormons would have to eventually completely separate themselves from any and all aspects of the American cultural cesspool to be able to become a church again like they were in the days of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff. The difference between John Taylor, as a powerful vibrant missionary, compared to the little pansy wimps Lloyd had to endure in Paris was just laughable. However, when Lloyd eventually discovered the French speaking returned missionary ward on campus, he found them to be a lot more grown up and serious than the ones he had met in the field. At the French speaking ward he

felt more at home singing the songs and speaking French because he wasn't raised a Mormon but learned everything he know about it in Paris. Later he began visiting the Spanish-speaking ward in Provo where the spirit seemed stronger and the people more sincere than on the Y campus.

Music at the Y

As for music, Lloyd had sworn off jazz or performing at all except for an occasional demonstration of *santur*, *zarb* or some other Eastern instrument. He felt that his life as a jazzman in Europe was too fraught with abuse of alcohol, occasional drugs and tobacco along with illicit sexual encounters for him to feel right about continuing in jazz no matter how much of a musical genius he had been portrayed as in the media and on an album cover. He felt he would give up performing music for God; but God never really required that of him. Lloyd had given to BYU library, his invaluable collection of rare records of world music. These included very rare 78s of Vietnamese classical music, many rare LPs from *Boite a Musique* and other valuable LPs including the best of traditional jazz by Bunk Johnson and George Lewis as well as cool jazz LPs by Miles Davis, Horace Silver and many more. The third generation Armenian intellectual who was usually at the library front desk was thrilled to get them; but a few weeks later regretfully informed Lloyd that they just threw them away or gave them away because they had no need to such odd music. Both he and Lloyd were devastated, but couldn't do anything about it. Lloyd had also visited the music department several times where he was sloughed off as a weirdo; there again no one had the slightest interest in Persian, Vietnamese or any music other than Western classical and a little bit of big band jazz. The department discouraged him from ever trying to teach world music or jazz at the Y. But they said that if he got an M.A., he might be able to teach one class part time if the interest ever developed. But they warned that he would have to round up students himself and the class would never count toward any degree.

Lloyd eventually discovered the Programs Bureau where Janie Thompson had developed performing groups, mostly shallow and commercialized, but still a valiant effort. Her assistant Norm Nielsen took a liking to Lloyd and decided to have him demonstrate his *santur* expertise at an upcoming concert they were producing. When it came time for Lloyd to play his well-rehearsed nearly perfect Segah mode that he learned from Dr. Safvat, he completely astounded the field house full of several thousand students with his fast flying mallets and sensitive interpretation. During the exciting fast 6/8 *Chahar Mezrab* section, Norm who was sitting at the corner of the stage stood and started a thunder of applause that seemed to shake the very walls of the field house. After the show, Norm came up and shook Lloyd's hand informing him that Janie wanted him to join their company and tour schools. Lloyd was excited and understood that the Lord had something for him to do in music even if he was ready to abandon it to serve the Lord in some other manner. If the Lord wanted Lloyd to serve as a performer, an example of how being or trying to be pure in thought, word, deed and diet could be part of being a musician, then he was ready to accept that as a potential calling. He had hoped that his calling would eventually be straightening out the whole world by convincing everyone to turn away from all silly detrimental products so widely promoted in all modes of media.

For the Programs Board tour, Janie asked Lloyd if he could throw in a few phrases of some silly pop tune in the middle of playing his classical Persian mode on *santur*. He wanted to scream and shout that no one should ever be playing that pop slop much les polluting real music with it. But he took a breath and quoted a few names of the micro-melodies or *gushe* of the modal systems, names such as Christian, Nestorian, Zoroastrian, Regal, Frankish Tromp, Heroic, Supreme Spirit, Spirit-increasing, etc. He humbly smiled and seriously stated "this music is based on spirituality and holiness and can not

be mixed with the mundane.” This was a conviction Lloyd firmly held throughout his life even when he did finally put Eastern music and jazz side by side without sacrificing anything from either. Months later, one of Janie’s more schmaltzy shows that had apparently disrespectful mockery of praying and being good as a sort of BYU afterthought, was scathed in the Daily Universe for lack of decorum and demonstrating disrespect for sacred things. Poor Janie was just trying to represent BYU campus life; but Lloyd thought that probably a little more taste could have improved the presentation. Lloyd had hoped to improve, maybe save, the world by replacing slimy and stupid pop music with intellectual jazz and spiritual world traditional music and by replacing wormy poison putrefied meat products and other worthless so-called drink and ‘food’ concoctions with wonderful fresh vegetables, fruits and their juices. Of course, he never realized even later in his old age, that this was a total impossibility and that the world would just get worse and worse until it would have to be totally burned to a crisp leaving only a handful of people to meet the Savior when he returns. What a shame for the few crazies like Lloyd who thought they could actually do something about the hopeless world situation; they waste their whole lives trying to make a difference and just end up as sad bitter failures.

One day when Lloyd walked into the BYU Bookstore, he noticed a record album displayed in several places with what he determined were four stupid slimy little freaks with dumb looking mopy hair pictured on the cover. He felt they just oozed with creepiness and had evil eyes, like they were possessed by devils not to mention grubby girly straggly hairdos and really dumb so-called clothes. The title on the album mentioned Beatles and Lloyd smirked “yea, really, these idiots look like disgusting bugs.” Later he finally heard the so-called ‘music’ the perceived little pukers put out and he was totally nauseated. Lloyd found it was loud, stupid, silly, jumpy and, worst of all, completely musically incorrect with absolutely wrong changes and very dumb non-melody lines. No one could know at that point what horrors lay ahead for real musicians in the future, how this horrid fraud band would become a musical leprosy that would eventually eat away jazz, blues, folk and any other legitimate musical tradition wiping out almost every vestige of musical sanity and snuffing out any opportunity which emerging jazzmen like Lloyd might have had to succeed in their work. Although Lloyd had sworn off playing because he felt God had some important mission for him, he resented seeing the four evil imposters glorified at the Y Bookstore when, to him, they were obviously apostles of Satan promoting a very evil type of noise that could be spread like a plague.

Silly Kiddy Classes and a Worldclass Scholar

Mostly classes at the Y were as silly as the students and nothing like the highly intellectual offerings back in Paris at the Sorbonne or *Langues Orientales* or even at University of Geneva. At the Y, students were treated like the little babies being forced to do two hours of homework for every hour of class credit. Lloyd later learned from a school official that the purpose was to keep the kids out of trouble by working them to death. The assignments were wasteful busy work and more like painful punishment than any learning experience. Lloyd swore that if he ever taught a university class, he would never assign homework but instead just gently share information by psychic implantation so students could learn by osmosis like in Europe. He suffered miserably from the dumb assignments and longed for the brilliant deeply instructive lectures by professor Benveniste at the College de France. For the second quarter that Lloyd was at the Y, he decided to defy his advisor and to seek out classes that represented real scholarship. Instead of the basic required religion classes, he discovered a superb world-class scholar, Dr. Hugh Nibley, who was teaching Book of Mormon for Islamic students. The class was superb just like the best lectures he had attended in Europe. Nibley was a genius and

someone Lloyd could look up to and continually learn from. He took Nibley's class over and over each time learning more about all the Semitic terms and Middle Eastern lifestyle in the Book of Mormon, things Joseph Smith or anyone else could never have made up. He learned details about the ancient cultural and philosophical concepts of the Israelites and Babylonians brought over to the New World in the two major excursions from the Middle East.

Nibley would read a line from the Book of Mormon then discuss how it was similar to something in the Quran or in Egyptian texts which he could read fluently in the original. He explained how the Book of Mormon name Zarahemla was just the Semitic term *zara'* (harvest) and *hamla* or (bearing) and was Semitic for Bountiful. The compass called Liahona was just *lia* (to) plus *hona* (here). So it was the thing that brings you here in other words a compass. The fertile place by the Red Sea which Lehi's family called Shazer is likely *shajar* meaning 'tree,' a rare item in the barren desert except in the Qara mountains near the Red Sea. Then the central star of our universe called Kolob is obviously Semitic *qalb* meaning 'heart.' Dr. Nibley divulged other details like, for the Egyptian name Nephi, the 'p' and 'h' are pronounced separately or else Joseph Smith would have used an 'f' instead of the two separate letters he saw through the seer stones. And how the two brothers Laman and Lemuel were typical of the Middle Eastern tradition of using similar echoing names for children near in age. Lloyd had seen examples of that tradition in Iran where two sisters would be named Shireen and Simeen or two brothers would be Hassan and Hossein. Lloyd felt that everything Nibley said in his lectures was so true and so valuable. So when the Arabs and Persians sitting at the back of the room would disrespectfully chatter among themselves, because they really couldn't appreciate the specialized scholarly English that Nibley rapidly spouted, Lloyd would often screech out "*khafe sho!* (shut up!)" in Persian or *uskut!* (quiet!)" in Arabic. Then he would explain how vital the information was and, when necessary, translate a few concepts for the dumbfounded Moslems. Lloyd became one of Nibley's main disciples and even drove him down to Glendale, California where they both visited relatives. Lloyd drove him by Nibley Park near Rossmoyne and Dr. Nibley admitted that the park and another Nibley Park in Salt Lake were both set up by his family. During the week they were together, Lloyd learned volumes of information about the Middle Eastern, Semitic and ancient Egyptian influence and references in Mormon scripture.

To resolve the required baby work in his languages classes, Lloyd decided to sign up for the highest level courses he could find listed under French and German which were: Romance dialects taught by J Ruben Clark Jr. and Germanic dialects, both 700 level courses that only graduate students, usually teaching assistants, could barely comprehend. Although an insignificant freshman, Lloyd was the best student in both those classes from his advanced studies in Europe. He loved learning the subtle differences in Swiss dialects and comparing them with High German and also Platt German which was somewhere between German and Dutch. Lloyd was right at home and felt like he was back in Europe. Brother Clark was inspiring and Lloyd signed up for Old French with him as well. In the linguistic class, brother Clark gave an assignment to everyone to try to find out who Clothawegu was. After a week of effort, no one was able to find the answer until Brother Clark explained that it was Clovis.

Since there was no Swedish taught at the Y, Lloyd signed up for an informal class in Norwegian, which he enjoyed and also augmented his grade point average, which had started out miserably. The first quarter, Lloyd got mostly Cs with a few Bs. He did most miserably the required PE classes because he had always despised sports as a tool of the Devil and a government diversion to keep people dumb and busy. Every quarter, Lloyd went through torment trying to find something in PE he could stand. He tried volleyball and other nonviolent courses; but in PE, he couldn't sneak into the highest-level classes to get A grades because he would never make it there and he hated sports any way

and could never excel in PE. He felt that a bunch of guys together on a team would be horrible for him since he basically hated almost all men and couldn't imagine having to touch the creeps in wrestling or football. He tried golf and wasn't any good at it; but at least he didn't have to pretend to be macho. Finally he found archery that at least had some survival value. And then finally he discovered an actual survival class where he learned how to live on strange plants in the desert and mountains and how to build a fire with nothing and to improvise a living area.

As for music study, Lloyd stunned everyone in the jazz studies division of the music department; but they were not interested in his Eastern music expertise or in him being a jazz major or even minor because of his unconventional unorthodox ways. Since there were several jazz studies classes at the Y, Lloyd decided that maybe God would not be too upset if he affiliated with good Mormon musicians who played jazz but lived by Church standards. Maybe it would be acceptable for Lloyd to return to playing jazz for the few more years that jazz might survive before being blasted to oblivion by the obnoxious and obscene raunchy rock invasion.

An Attractive Teacher and Uncouth Guth

His other worst nightmare was freshman English which he was doomed to fail just like he had done all through his life; so his first semester he did miserably. When asked to write a report, he would describe adventures in the Middle East or Europe and the mean TA, who was younger than him, gave him and E every time with remarks on the paper like "I can't grade a short story" or "this isn't a poetry writing class" and "I don't care how English came from Saxon, French and Scandinavian, just spell correctly." Lloyd could never get English spelling right after having lived in Europe; he had seen house spelled 'haus' hundreds of times Germany and 'hus' in Sweden hundreds of times; so how could his brain, which was half burned out in the Denver nut house, keep it all straight. After constantly seeing many French words with 'e' at the end like *develope* and *classe*, he never got those spellings right and he just couldn't give up his French spellings of words like *musique* and *couleur*. When a person sees certain spellings on signs, in books, documents and newspapers day and night for three years, the influence is permanent.

Lloyd finally found an answer to his English problem; he had been advised that for his second attempt to pass to English, he should go to sister Marilyn McMeen who was very nice, a writer and a poet. So he went to the class and was impressed by the fun, high energy and pretty young girl who was the teacher. In fact, he was so attracted to her intelligence and upbeat personality, that he began to hang around with her every chance he got. Thanks to Marilyn, Lloyd was able to understand some of the gibberish in the class handbook by, as Lloyd termed him, 'uncouth Guth.' He learned what a comma splice was, but he didn't always implement that valuable discovery. He learned the tedious regulatory straightjacket methodology for footnoting research papers or books. He was taught how to use note cards for writing research information discovered from books in the library. These skills served him well the rest of his life especially in writing his MA thesis, his PhD dissertation and several books on music and culture. Those skills also helped him in preparing legal papers to defend himself against a wrongful conviction and eventually being able to have it overturned. Lloyd hung around Marilyn much more than a student really should; they went places together, they had lengthy discussions about life and he met her family. When he met her sister Elaine, Lloyd was stunned because he remembered that she was the lady missionary in Paris that he had an inspiration about when a still small voice said that she had something to do with his future wife.

After Lloyd just barely passed freshman English, he and Marilyn became more deeply committed friends and eventually they recorded an album of Eastern music together with Marilyn on flute and Lloyd on several Eastern instruments. When Lloyd learned that Marilyn had also spent a short time in a mental institution in Colorado due to some minor problem, something to do with water on the brain, he was completely convinced that spiritually she would be a perfect wife. He knew she was intelligent and wise so, just like happened to him, she must have been wrongfully put into that hospital for being too brilliant. So because they had so many common traits and experiences, and were both a little crazy (artistic genius crazy), Lloyd decided to convince her that they should get married. One reason was that, when he was converted in Paris, all the missionaries and church officials instructed Lloyd that he had to go to the Y to get married. Back then Lloyd had been praying to find the perfect wife, someone who was intelligent, played music, spoke Persian and European languages, was a vegetarian and health food promoter. Marilyn played flute, piano and had learned a little on a couple of Eastern instruments from Lloyd; she was intelligent and, after reading professor Ehret's *Mucusless Diet Healing System*, adopted a vegetarian diet because of Lloyd's insistence that it was better for her. But she didn't know any European languages and hadn't picked up Persian.

When Lloyd had prayed for a wife with various vast and exacting qualifications, he didn't realize that it would be nearly impossible for one person to be everything. But later in life he realized that we must be careful what we ask for because it may actually happen. Since no one person could be everything Lloyd thought they would have to be, he ended up being married a few times, which was very traumatic but very educational. His sequence of various wives added together had all the qualifications he prayed for and more; but it was a sad series of broken marriages before his prayer was answered. It showed him that usually it is best to only give thanks in prayers and to completely trust God in planning the future and to just stay out of trying to advise God.

Lloyd later realized that he had been a real jerk in general at the Y and more so by stampeding Marilyn into marriage. Her mother tried to explain to Lloyd that Marilyn wasn't really aware of what was happening in their relationship and, unbeknownst to him, Lloyd had no clue what was happening either. He thought he could just have faith, get married, hurry up and have a family and God would get him a job teaching at the Y. Oh ye of futile faith. That hope for success in his field of expertise, even after a PhD and more experience and knowledge than anyone should ever require, almost as much as Nibley or Palmer, nothing could ever make his goal to be a professor become a reality, not with all the faith in the world. It seems he could move the whole Wasatch Mountain Range before he would ever be able to become a professor at the Y or the U or even at Timbuktu U if there were such a school.

But Lloyd was a new convert with a burning conviction that he knew best in everything and that he shouldn't listen to any advice from any living person. His parents had taught him by their sneaky control mania not to trust anyone; so he would always do the opposite of what everyone advised. Thus right or wrong, Lloyd decided he and Marilyn should be married and have a family and then he would become mission president of the Middle Eastern mission and convert millions of happy Persians, Arabs, Turks, Armenians, Kurds, Afghans, Pakistanis, etc. Little did Lloyd know that God didn't want to have those people leave the correct path of Islam that God had sent Mohammed to reveal to part of the world who at the time were lost in the grim clutches of pagan error. Lloyd later realized that Moslems were supposed to continue as the only people who actually lived the rules of their religion until Jesus returns to give them and everyone further information. Islam was there to chastise the evil Church of the Devil in the form of so called Christianity that had morphed into a continuation of Roman paganism. But Lloyd had to learn by experience that his enthusiasm was not always beneficial, would not always generate positive outcomes and could even be contrary to the will of the Lord.

So he continually cajoled Marilyn into agreeing that they get married, more like a rabid missionary than by way of romance and sweetness. She was the only really brilliant young lady at the Y who Lloyd had encountered and the only one who seemed to maybe be able to share Lloyd's mission in life, whatever that was and if ever that were to be. He had always been with a female companion over that past several years and was going crazy alone. Marilyn eventually agreed to the idea and so Lloyd's mother came to the Y to meet her and, partly to Lloyd's joy and partly to his chagrin, the two immediately hit it off. Lloyd's mom had written a book on the family living in Iran and had been invited back by the Shah to receive a medal of honor for the book as the first correct and positive representation of Iran by a foreign writer. In fact, Marilyn and Lloyd's mom became too close for his liking because he suspected his parents of always trying to direct his life and control him by recruiting his close associates.

In spite of these suspicions and strong hesitation by Marilyn's parents, the marriage went forward. Lloyd insisted on no wedding rings because he felt that was too worldly and no reception or party because that was too socialite and silly. He wanted it to be serious not giddy and social. They planned to go to the Salt Lake Temple early in the morning. Unfortunately, the night before the ceremony, Lloyd was harassed by the stupid bratty jerky bums; yes BYU students, who lived in the apartment above him. Every night the idiots insisted on tromping around, yelling and carrying on like little babies until way past midnight. So this time Lloyd calmly and politely knocked on their door and asked that, since it was his last night there, if this one night he could be allowed to get some sleep because the next day he had to leave early for Salt Lake Temple to be married. They agreed to calm down a bit but then the next morning he found his car completely vandalized with tin cans and bottles tied to the back bumper, spray paint all over with stupid phrases like 'just married,' 'hope she's a virgin,' 'don't break the bed' and other childish insulting dicta. Lloyd had never experienced so much trouble from obnoxious juvenile egomaniac imbeciles in his life before coming to 'Zion.' If anyone on earth needed to be destroyed by the wrath of God, he thought, it should be these creepy little loud-mouthed adolescent conceited counterfeit 'Mormons.' Eventually Lloyd learned that the problem was due to LDS parents who had spoiled their punk kids so badly that they became completely unruly and undisciplinable. The permissive parents imagined that if they sent their worthless brats to the Y, they would be cured. The truth is that their no-good jerk kids would just drag everyone else down without improving one tiny bit. Parents also would send their kids to the Y to marry other 'Mormons.' But from Lloyd's perspective, the girls tended to become like really cheap sluts trying with every trick of Satan to seduce (but not all the way without a ring and ceremony) anyone they could in order to get married so their parents wouldn't think they were failures.

The whole thing seemed to Lloyd like a miserable nightmare making serious study or serious spirituality nearly impossible. Lloyd knew that at least there were supposed to be dress standards at the Y. But the girls seemed to viciously defy them and showed as much skin or bulged out of their tight clothes as much as humanly possible. Lloyd had no idea that, decades later, the women would become even more trashy, grubby, and dirty looking by pouring themselves into grungy, raggedy torn, faded, ugly, sloppy and tighter than bearable, jeans. Lloyd always associated jeans with human garbage because they seemed only good for shoveling horse manure or maybe for low class rodeo hookers. Lloyd had thrown away his stupid jeans when he turned fifteen realizing that they were uncomfortable, hideous and one of the worst plots by the 'evil designing' big corporations to enslave the world to their most disgusting product. It seemed that every few years, the secret puppeteers of the world come up with some new hideous fad just to see if their zombie slave puppets will obediently immediately adopt

it. But the dirty raggedy jean thing was an enforced disgusting fad that drug on for far too many for miserable decades.

As a wedding present, Lloyd's gramp had arranged for Mary to donate her nice trailer that was formerly parked at Mack's Inn in Idaho for occasional vacationing. For their honeymoon, Lloyd and Marilyn went to a small cabin in Sun Valley, Idaho where they spent almost a week working 18 hours a day to prepare flannel board cuttings to accompany Lloyd's new Islamic-oriented mission plan. Also Lloyd tried to give Marilyn intensive instruction in Persian, Kurdish, Arabic and Turkish. She seemed to be able to parrot back a bit of Persian; but it didn't permanently stay in her mind. On the way to and from Sun Valley, Lloyd continually drilled Marilyn on Persian grammar and vocabulary until she was completely dizzy.

On the drive back, somehow the car mysteriously stuttered and stopped running. Lloyd was able to coast into a gas station where the friendly attendant worked on the car for an hour and finally gave up. Then Lloyd tried starting it once more and miraculously it ran perfectly. They gave the attendant \$10, thanked him and drove on their way to south. Just a mile from the station, they witnessed the aftermath of the most horrible bloody accident imaginable. They slowly passed a car that had been smashed by a truck and was mangled beyond belief. Lloyd and Marilyn stared at each other sharing the inspired understanding that, were it not for their mechanical trouble, that car could have been them. They shuddered seeing what was left of the victims of the tragedy being loaded into an ambulance.

On the drive back, Lloyd worked to help Marilyn realize that all the social whirling dictated by American society, and unfortunately blatantly manifest at the Y, was not necessary to develop self-confidence. He worked to convince her that simplicity and inner beauty are the most valuable character traits; so long silken straight hair was much more beautiful than glued-up blobby cow paddy hairdos like the horrid Beehive. He talked her into throwing away her gaggy mini skirts because they showed a person's bony, knobby knees in an unbecoming manner. Back at the Y, Marilyn eventually adopted beautiful floor length skirts or long dresses and looked very beautiful with straight hair and in long gowns. Lloyd would take her and Edie, who also wore modest long dresses, to discussions on religion or other public occasions where he could point them out as examples of real Mormon values. He continually railed against what he viewed as semi-pornographic women's attire and tried to convince everyone to return to true modesty, which unfortunately, no one ever listened to. As a married couple, even though they were a bit unusual, if not delightfully daft, Lloyd and Marilyn somehow gained the respect of the BYU community and were soon active in missionary work on campus although a few friends kidded that Lloyd had married his freshman English teacher so he could finally pass the class.

Asian Studies and a Stake Mission

Lloyd had met another wonderful teacher when seeking another good religion class to supplement Nibley's fantastic informative classes. He discovered a world religion class taught by brilliant and open-minded scholar Dr. Spencer Palmer. The first day of class, Lloyd became a permanent devotee. When he wasn't following Nibley around, he was hanging out with Palmer enriching his already deep knowledge of Eastern culture. Palmer's class was a positive presentation of Eastern religions as if they were all basically true relying on the statement in the Book of Mormon "Wherefore, I speak the same words unto one nation like unto another . . . and I shall also speak unto all nations of the earth and they shall write it." Lloyd had always believed that concept and Dr. Palmer had done the deep research on various Eastern religions and found that they were basically true, even though on some subjects, they appeared not to be as fully informed as the restored gospel espoused by

Mormonism. So his philosophy was not that Mormons needed to ‘convert’ people away from their basic truths; but that the mission of Mormons should be to just add a little more information to that which is already there. He had a chart with God at the top and lines going down to the major religious founders like Mohammad, Zoroaster, Buddha, Lao Tse, Confucius, etc., indicating that God had inspired all of them with information and principles that were specific to the people they led within the cultural context of a certain time and place. Thus by gathering all the truths from world religions and matching them with truths revealed in Mormonism, a richer and deeper understanding of the whole truth could be discovered. Palmer even accepted the fact that Mormonism could learn from other religions, for instance, about how to live some of their common principles more correctly. Lloyd was totally in agreement on the fact that the Word of Wisdom, modesty, humility and respect were in dire need of improvement in the Mormon Church and the dietary codes of Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, Islam and even Judaism could be cited for inspiration. As for dress standards, Islam and other traditional Eastern religions were a great source for discovering what God really means by ‘modesty,’ something it seemed that Mormon girls would never understand until all the ugly blatant bare skin is eventually burned by eventual amplified radiation from the sun or atomic fallout. Even then, it seems those silly sleazes will cling to their mini skirts, halter-tops, hot pants and blatantly bearing their ugly tummies even if it would mean certain immediate death.

Dr. Palmer had been set apart to administrate missionary efforts to BYU students from Eastern countries and Lloyd was chosen along with an Iranian Armenian convert to be companions in teaching Moslem students. For this stake mission call, Lloyd was encouraged to develop a mission plan that would use quotes from the Quran and Islamic principles rather than the Christian-oriented plan that was being used (or abused) all over the world. Lloyd was ecstatic because he just despised that horrible boring memorized mess that the stupid little missionaries would drone on with no feeling eventually tricking unwitting contacts into baptism often followed by eventual apostasy. Lloyd never really felt that potential new converts should be fast-talked into joining the Church until all the phonies already in the Church were straightened out or cleaned out. But that would be nearly impossible, because the Church and its members had been forced to be pawns of shallow and evil Yankee ‘culture’ wherein no one could dare to oppose the big corporations and refuse their worthless and often deadly products.

Lloyd felt that the value of Mormonism’s message was mostly centered around Lehi leaving wicked Jerusalem and sailing a boat to Central America and the Jaredites voyaging on eight boats and arriving in Central America after abandoning wicked Babylon ruled by the harlot mother goddess Semiramis with her child prostitute cult and her illicit husband Nimrod with his stupid Tower of Babel. Lloyd was convinced that the restored truths found in LDS scriptures served to clarify how Jesus really wanted his religion to be even if the Mormons themselves couldn’t really implement that dream. So Lloyd was completely convinced that Moslems should know about Mormonism as another witness to truths which Islam espoused; but they shouldn’t be dumped in the waters of baptism and ‘converted’ out of their correct inherited path. Actually he felt that it would be a big step backward towards sin for Moslem women to abandon their humble sincere modest sweetness to become rowdy brash obnoxious purveyors of feminazi hatred, flashing skin in mini-bikinis, teasing men by exaggerating their sexual extremities and making out like minks all over BYU campus, dancing the Twist or the Frug, slopping down huge amounts of wormy pork, ham and bacon while guzzling venomous Coke and Pepsi and becoming more stupid than Valley gals. So Lloyd’s prime purpose in teaching about Mormonism to Islamic students was to reaffirm the truths of Islam especially the many truths shared in common with Mormon philosophy.

Thus Lloyd embarked on the vast project of photocopying the whole Quran in English, gluing various passages on note cards and then organizing all the cards according to subject. Then he picked the strongest quotes in the Quran that agreed with Mormonism and organized them into chapters by subject. With advice from Dr. Palmer and his immediate supervisor in the missionary work, he began with Abraham and traced religious lines like Judaism, Christianity and Islam from there with reference to Zoroastrianism as another true religion revealed by God to ancient non-Semitic peoples. Then he cited comparisons of various common beliefs and practices setting forth some of the same postulations in the standard mission plan but without the droning memorized boring phraseology. Then Lloyd sought out some of the Bible quotes used in the standard mission plan and found them in Arabic, Persian, Turkish and Urdu and glued them into place in his rough draft and presented it to Dr. Palmer who was president of this small stake mission on campus. Everyone was amazed at how close Islam was to Mormonism in many ways and thus Lloyd's plan was approved by Dr. Palmer. Lloyd cleaned it up and made a few copies to share with students. Eventually the research project became a book that Lloyd published under the title *Mormonism and Islam* which flew off the shelves of the BYU Bookstore and a store in Salt Lake depleting the whole stock of a few hundred in just a few days.

Marilyn was called to be part of the missionary effort and the couple were assigned to teach information from the Mormonism and Islam research project in a campus ward where it was hoped that Iranian, Arab and other Islamic students would attend. What actually happened was that, although Islamic students might have been interested in the concept and were thankful that someone at BYU appreciated their religion and honored their lifestyle, they were not interested in becoming very involved with the Church to the extent of going to Sunday meetings. Instead, members of the campus ward and other wards began to flock to the class until it was necessary to find a very large room to accommodate all the enthusiasts. When finally the bishop and his councilors started coming to the class and all the other classes were empty so that those other teachers were even coming to Lloyd's exciting and informative lectures on Islam, campus church authorities decided that the class had to be cancelled to be fair to the other subjects that were supposed to be discussed.

Lloyd and Marilyn continued to try to share their valuable information with the small Islamic student community making solid friends with many Persians, Arabs and Pakistanis but not converting anyone. President Palmer was very happy with the experiment and was convinced that someday the method developed by Lloyd under Palmer's influence would be the proper way to present the Gospel to the Islamic world, more as information but not necessarily for conversion. Lloyd always felt that the instruction was to 'warn' and inform not to force people to become members just to build statistics. Many people are better off and can serve the Lord better remaining in their inherited paths, those who are not part of the pagan corruption incorrectly dubbed 'Christianity.' Dr. Palmer eventually published his own book called *Mormons and Moslems* using some of the information compiled by Lloyd but presenting it in a different manner. Lloyd was never released from his stake missionary calling, so he surmised that he was still officially on a mission to Islamic peoples for the remainder of his life, not a baptizing calling, but an informational mission, which is the only kind that would ever or should ever exist in the Middle East. Aside from working with Middle Eastern students, Lloyd's hard work on behalf of international students and on the International Night at the Y earned him a plaque for service to international students, which he cherished as one other intense effort that he had been appreciated for.

Meanwhile, Lloyd and Marilyn continued playing Middle Eastern and Far Eastern music on the Programs Bureau tours to schools around Provo and they worked to get a class in Arabic started at the Y. They created a large sign that read "chance to learn Arabic" and passed out hundreds of homemade

fliers until they rounded up about a dozen potential students for the class. The teacher was a nice looking friendly Palestinian boy named Amer Salti who eventually founded an Arab student club. At the first meeting, one of the members asked “what are we going to do about the dues?” Since the student had a British accent, everyone thought she said Jews not dues. Lloyd piped up, the nice ones we can make leaders and the Hitler types should just be dumped in the Mediterranean.” A titter of laughter went through the group as the student emphasized “I mean dues, how much should they be and how will we pay them.” Eventually an official class in Arabic was established at the Y; but Lloyd and Marilyn could never initiate a language class for Persian there.

Lloyd’s struggle to inform the Y campus and the Church about the beauties of Middle Eastern culture and arts and his struggle to find any opportunities in jazz performing was so discouraging that he wondered what he was doing in the Church. He knew that the gospel was true and he had been converted to it by miracles rather than missionaries; as his beloved band leader Jef Gilson put it describing the missionaries “*pas par deux idiots* (not by two idiots).” So no matter how much they persecuted Lloyd at the Y for stating frankly the need for improvements, he wouldn’t think of leaving the Church because he knew his main mission in life was to help clean up the mess in the Church even if it seemed impossible to do and was strongly opposed by nearly everyone. He knew the leaders were righteous and inspired; but the general juvenile contingency was in dire need of a good spanking, a few hard slaps or maybe a solid Old Testament whipping, or better yet, 40 years wandering in the Arizona desert suffering hardships and just living on grass like Nebuchadnezzar, or on grass dew like the people of Moses, if that is what manna was supposed to be. He also became very discouraged at the poverty in which he and Marilyn were struggling and began to doubt that God was even at all interested in their plight

He continued to endure the chill of the cold shoulder from the Music Department and recently the Language Department, which had been infiltrated by one of those stupid neo-linguist phonies that Professor J. Ruben Clark Jr. indicated, was an intellectual imbecile. The whole historical and comparative linguistic field of authentic scholarship as instigated by Lloyd’s beloved professor Benveniste in Paris was disappearing at the Y. No one in music had any use for Lloyd’s expertise in Eastern music or jazz and he was being brushed aside by everyone except his gurus Nibley and Palmer. It appeared that he wouldn’t be able to pursue a graduate degree at the Y since there were no classes in Middle Eastern languages. He was able to tell his friends, what few he had, that he had been called to be a missionary to the most evil place on earth. When anyone asked where that was, he would answer “BYU of course.” It was a good joke but no one really understood how true that was.

Despised as a Food Faddist freak

Lloyd had also been constantly harassed and insulted, accused of being an apostate, a servant of the Devil and an anti-Mormon, etc., etc. because of his vegetarian diet. Almost everyone despised him for favoring what was considered food faddism, quackery and Satan’s philosophy of following what the LDS Word of Wisdom actually says. The only part of the Word of Wisdom that was accepted by Mormons was that alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee were bad. Any of the things that were indicated as good like fruits, vegetables and grain and no, or nearly no, meat was considered blasphemy even though it is written in black and white in a document that the Church supposedly firmly supported, Section 89 of the Doctrine and Covenants where the Word of Wisdom is found.

In the required health classes, the teachers were rabidly hateful against anyone daring to suggest that white sugar, white bread, overuse of salt and devouring dead bodies was unhealthy and they had a

whole series of insulting names for anyone who didn't eat three meals a day consisting of platefuls of fried greasy slabs of animal corpses. Nothing or no one in the world was going to tell Lloyd that there was anything evil about the diet that God revealed to him after he had prayed fervently in Paris for days and days to find a solution for his stomach troubles that resulted from years of alcohol abuse. He cringed and gritted his teeth in every health class where the teachers mostly railed against food faddists and evil vegetarians like they were the worst scum that the Devil had ever created.

What it demonstrated to Lloyd was that the big companies, maybe U and I Sugar and other insidious greedy conspiracies were controlling the Church and forcing their hatred against healthy living on Church members when such a philosophy was completely contrary to the scriptures supposedly espoused by the Church. If something could have destroyed Lloyd's testimony of the Gospel, that would have really done it. But rather than drop out of the Church, he knew he had to stay in it and fight against the lies and falsehoods that were being forced into the Church by 'evil designing men' because of financial greed. He knew that Brigham Young warned against Mormons eventually becoming wealthy and going straight to hell. He also was well aware of Brigham Young's statement that the day would come when you "couldn't tell a black leg from a saint." And Lloyd's nightmare of persecution and ridicule at BYU demonstrated that brother Brigham's words had come true. If Brigham Young's statue could come to life, he would lift his cane and, in a violent rage, would angrily start whacking the obscenely dressed bimbos with huge beehive hairdos and the little punk spoiled boys in their ridiculous fruity Bermuda shorts.

None of the original founders of Mormonism would stand for the grotesque mess that seethed all over BYU campus in the mid 60s and Lloyd couldn't stand it either; but he was helpless to do anything. In his health classes, he had to shut up and answer the test questions incorrectly to even get a C-. After he had barely passed one class, he visited the teacher and kindly and politely bore his testimony of how God directed him to a mostly raw fruit and vegetable diet as a result of fervent and constant prayer. It was the same spirit that guided Lloyd into the Church and he knew that it was from God. He apologized for being a 'satanic' 'food faddist' and a diabolic 'quack;' but he knew God had led him to that path and challenged the teacher to pray about it. The teacher was stunned and embarrassed not knowing how to respond since his whole field of study had condemned people like Lloyd as the worst possible evil, even worse than Communism. They parted friends but the grim cloud of prejudice and abhorrence still hung over him every day. Even Church authorities on campus like Marilyn's bishop intimated that Lloyd was becoming an apostate or was influenced by the Devil because he wouldn't eat meat three times a day. Several people threatened that he would surely die in a few months if he didn't start eating huge slabs of decaying flesh three times a day. Humorously enough, all those hate-mongers were likely dead when Lloyd was still in perfect health in his 70s, appearing and acting and feeling almost the same as he did when he was an undergraduate at the Y.

When Lloyd was taking one of the anti-health hate classes, the teacher related a purportedly true stupid story of how a girl went into a health food store, bought a can of concentrated carrot juice, drank it and keeled over dead. That same lying health teacher probably died before the year 2,000 of pork poisoning, cholesterol, salt, sugar, McDonalds, Coke, Pepsi or cancer from all the above, otherwise they would have died of a heart attack after being horrified to eventually see wheat grass juice actually being sold on the Y campus in the Wilk decades later. It is almost certain that most of the hate mongers who threatened that Lloyd would be dead in a few weeks if he didn't start eating masses of meat were definitely dead by the year 2,000. And who knows how many of his enemies that said he was an apostate are still active in the Church while Lloyd still hung on patiently waiting for the Church to be

eventually set in order while he continued trying to offer his observations on the problems even though no one wanted to hear anything he said.

So when he went to the campus bookstore to buy the required so-called 'health' text for the bogus hate class, he was dumbfounded to discover a beautiful little book called *Walking in Obedience*. He perused the text and was delighted to find that it told the real truth about diet and the Word of Wisdom, actually advocating a vegetarian or near vegetarian diet. He looked around waiting for the campus security to arrest him for looking at such a book or for a gang of thugs to burst into the bookstore and wrench it from his clutches and confiscate all the others on the shelf for immediate burning. But no one knew about it yet, so he looked into his wallet and calculated his meager finances so he could buy a few copies of the wonderful book. He sheepishly paid hoping that no one would catch him and confiscate the rare precious texts. He rushed to the trailer and showed Marilyn his discovery. She was thrilled and told him that he should get a few more so they could share them with their friends and a few of their harshest critics. They both scrounged around the trailer, in their coin bowls and wherever they could find a few more dollars so Lloyd could rush back to campus to buy more of the books. A few days later, Lloyd had scrounged up a few more dollars and rushed into the bookstore to buy more, but he found that they were completely gone. He knew no one had bought them up; so he timidly asked the manager and learned that they had been removed from the campus because the health department had banned them. Of course, it was obvious that no dietary truth could ever be allowed on the BYU campus, it might corrupt potential customers of the poison non-food junk that the big companies were foisting on the whole nation. The big corporations, the 'evil designing men' described in the Word of Wisdom, had all power over the Y campus, even over the Church as a whole, and eventually those 'evil designing men' were able to force the Y into sponsoring Coke on campus after years of it having been banned because of the caffeine and because it started out as an obvious deadly poison concoction of tar, sugar water, paint and cocaine, thus the name Coca-Cola.

It seemed that the Mormon Church was suffering the same fate as the Catholics who adopted paganism and Roman power mania shortly after they crucified Jesus. Similarly at BYU, the world was seeping in and taking over almost everything but the most basic religious doctrines. Evolution was accepted by some factions on campus, many accepted that the Indians came from Mongolia not Lehi's family, half the campus voted for Johnson and hated Goldwater insisting "bury Goldwater," almost everyone on campus was completely convinced that any vegetarian was an apostate and should be immediately excommunicated and driven from campus if not assassinated. And all this in the face of the enlightened book entitled *The Word of Wisdom* authored by vegetarian apostle John A. Widtsoe and a similar pamphlet by Apostle Mark E. Peterson who condemned putrefaction of meat in the intestines and encouraged healthy diet. Strangely, with the all the wholesale spite for vegetarian or health minded individuals at BYU, it seems odd that they would eventually name a building after vegetarian Apostle Widtsoe. Weren't all vegetarians apostates and weren't they all supposed to be excommunicated or executed if that were possible?

Lloyd had never felt so alone and despised not even in Germany or anywhere he had been in the world. He felt that he had been blessed to be able to experience in some tiny degree how Joseph Smith must have felt having almost everyone against him everywhere even in the Church. Then it didn't help that Lloyd was so vociferous about his resentment of the campus being littered by what he described as dirty little sextop sleazebag 'babes' depicted in a little poem he sent to the Daily Universe and which was read by several thousand students. The poem expressed his distain for the slimy look almost all the girls imagined they absolutely had to adopt:

SLIMEDERELLA

Oh mirror there upon the wall,
you like my hair greased up so tall?
A little blue around the eyes;
spray on more glue, it catches flies.
The fellows think I'm right in style;
they like the stink, the pasty smile.
I'll slop more slime upon my mug,
more greasy grime, how sickening, ugh!
My lips so red they blind yer eyes;
I'll knock 'em dead, those dumbbell guys.
More stinky stench from phony France,
a Paris trench . . . the Seine by chance.
Those shoes I hate, my feet get sore;
but I'm too great to touch the floor.
I have to try with all these tricks
to catch a guy, those stupid hicks.
They spend their dough to please my quirks
and never know I hate the jerks.
The sludge, the smell, o what a mess;
I hate as well myself I guess.
Alas I dread the truth to be:
no man would wed a slob like me.

Because of his outrageousness and total honesty, Lloyd was invited, or more correctly barely allowed to read his social comment rhymes at various gatherings around the Y campus. Another set of verses that describe the horrible disgusting big bully corporation inflicted filthy habit by which almost everyone in America had become mind-controlled zombies, was chewing gum. Lloyd lambasted this nauseating food mafia enforced addiction with its ghastly bubble popping and deafening cracking accompanied by putrid spraying of germy spit all over everyone in the vicinity in the following verses which was purposely intended to offend the retarded guilty girls:

GUEY GLUEY CHEWING GUM

Some people spend their dough for smokes,
I spend for just as big a hoax;
no matter how you beg and coax,
I'll never quit my grubby gum.
Whenever I go on a date
they are in for an awful fate'
and soon, I'm sure, will learn to hate
my greasy gooey gluey gum.
I chew so hard my fillings show,
no one could miss their silver glow

and sickening shifting to-and-fro
of icky sticky gicky gum.
How can they say that I am dumb
and that I come right from a slum
just 'cuz my mouth is full of scum,
my sloppy slimy grimy gum.

But the verses that became the big hit all over campus were about the evils of smoking, something that everyone at the Y could agree with because it couldn't be a description of their shortcomings and social failings. Lloyd knew very well how hard it could be to quit smoking because he tried it over and over starting in Sweden in 1960 finally conquering the addiction later in Paris with divine assistance. This was his most popular set of verses:

THIS ONE'S MY LAST

Well, thanks J.B., you smoke my kind.
I quit, you see; but never mind.
Just one more then I'll have the guts
To quit again; no I'm not nuts.
Why, you know me, the 'Iron Man;'
just wait and see. I know I can.
I quit last year ten times or more;
I have no fear, I've quit before.
It's sure that I'm an expert now;
I learn each time a new way how.
I'm telling you to quit's an art
'cause all I do is quit and start.
Or course it's right all that I've said,
I quit each night to go to bed.
So thanks J.B. for that last one;
It's half past three, I have to run.
I've got the will, this time I'll win;
I've quit until . . . I start again.

Marilyn was also a poet but more esoteric, writing in the weirdo modern format that Lloyd and most of the public had difficulty in fathoming. Lloyd was bitterly opposed to all mod-odd innovations in the arts and other subjects. He hated so-called modern 'art,' the grotesque variety of modern dance, modern classical 'music' with all its cacophonous ugliness, anything that contemporary counterfeit wannabe artists would latch on to so they could pretend they had a bit of talent when they were really just awful. By hiding in the mod-odd fraud, phony non-artists could deceive everyone into thinking their lack of any skills was just their form of 'personal expression.' The worst case of this trick of scamming the public was by fake pop and rock and roll 'artists' who couldn't even play a C scale and didn't know more than two or maybe three chords. Lloyd cited the Beatles as a perfect example of 'music' fraud that deceived the whole world eventually spelling the end of any intelligence in music for decades and permanently damaging the world's tastes which could never be healed. But, although

Marilyn dabbled in weird unstructured modern poetry, she was definitely a legitimate and skilled writer and later authored valuable historical novels.

A Vengeful Poly Plants Poison Ivy

Lloyd's crass and offensive manner of informing some of the more trashy girls on the Y campus of their shortcomings (short skirts, short hair, slutty attitude, ghastly gum, etc.) one time got him into real trouble. He once told a girl, who he decided was a trollopy type, that she looked like a whore with her super-tight micro-mini skirt and overdone makeup. He emphatically stated that she couldn't be a Mormon looking like a harlot and shouldn't pretend to be LDS. When the poor girl related the incident to her big bad Tongan boyfriend, a tough guard on the BYU football team, he started mouthing off in the locker room how he was going to smash that hot shot \$%#@ Lloyd to bits. One of the teammates, who was a peaceful mellow fellow, overheard it and quickly reported it to the school authorities.

The afternoon that the big old Tongan finally hunted down the Miller trailer; luckily Lloyd had been invited for a chat with one of the university officials in the administration building. During the conversation, the phone rang and the official was informed by campus security that the rowdy Tongan had left the trailer. The friendly official quickly ended the conversation and thanked Lloyd for the visit. Marilyn later informed Lloyd that a mean-looking scary Poly guy had angrily banged on the door and was looking for Lloyd because he had insulted his girl. Marilyn sighed and sympathized noting "oh he always goes around preaching to everyone and he can sometimes be really insulting." Later the Tongan must have planted poison ivy in the little garden Marilyn was tending near the trailer because she got a bad case of it.

When Marilyn and Lloyd were at an Asian arts camp in Idyllwild, California learning to paint in the ancient Chinese style watercolor from Emil Shaw, a descendant of the famous Southern Sung master Hsia Kuei, at the end of the camp the poison ivy rash slowly appeared. Lloyd and Marilyn had become quite adept at the Southern Sung style starting with a bob of water on the paper then dobbing black ink on the blob with a paintbrush in various ways to create the far away mountains and the horizontal white stretch of mist in the foreground. Marilyn became concerned when her rash was worsening; so Lloyd thought back of his days at Dr. Pottinger's health camp in nearby Monrovia. The camp ended and they rushed to Monrovia where Lloyd looked up Dr. Pottinger who was luckily still a practicing health minded natural physician. The good doctor remembered Lloyd who had been sent to his stringent camp as a youth where the young boys had to do dozens of set ups, push ups and other strenuous exercises at the crack of dawn every day before they were allowed to eat their plain mush with a few nuts and raisins in it. It was like a military camp, unpleasant but beneficial.

Dr. Pottinger immediately recognized Marilyn's rash as the result of poison ivy and wondered where she had any contact with it. They imagined that somewhere in the mountains she might have touched it; but later Marilyn discovered it was growing in her little garden at the side of the trailer; so she and Lloyd realized it must have been the vengeful Poly. The doctor had the perfect natural cure; he gave her a mild injection of poison ivy which almost immediately solved the problem without needing any uncomfortable topical products. The visit was only a few dollars and Lloyd was very pleased that one of the only natural doctors he had ever known was right there when needed.

Lloyd and Marilyn returned to Idyllwild while she recuperated for a couple of days during which Lloyd took private music lessons from the Chinese art teacher who was a master ancient *chin* as well as the *cheng* or flat harp similar to the Vietnamese *dan tranh* Lloyd had studied in Paris. At the camp, they had also learned about Japanese Haiku poetry and everyone was challenged to try their hand at

writing in that format. Of course goofy Lloyd created a Haiku just using the syllables 'hi' and 'ku.' It went something like "hi cuckoo, coo high, high cuckoo; coo a high coo, high cuckoo, coo high," etc. Marilyn composed an excellent verse because she was an official graduate candidate in English as an English teacher and a poetess as well.

The New Marriage Begins to Crumble and a Canadian Sojourn

Back in the trailer, the months wore on and something strange was happening. A wall seemed to be growing between Lloyd and Marilyn with her acting strange and distant. Finally Lloyd insisted they have a prayer together to discover the reason. After the prayer, Marilyn broke into tears and confessed she had been keeping something from Lloyd and felt terrible about it. Lloyd's parents had continually harassed the couple about never having children because Lloyd was likely not be able to ever find a real job due to his having had his brain partly burned away from shock treatments at Mount Airy Sanitarium in Colorado. To make absolutely sure that they would never have any children, Lloyd's mother had a grim talk with Marilyn and forced her through financial pressures and sweet talk to accept a diaphragm that Lloyd's mom had brought from California. But Marilyn just took it and hid it somewhere because she never would use a thing like that. Lloyd and Marilyn, under Lloyd's influence, had sort of decided to mostly keep sex out of their relationship except for children. So they rarely got physical and were proud to be living a spiritually advanced almost celibate, companionship. In following the admonition of the Church, Lloyd wanted to be a good member and to have children soon, even though he couldn't and wouldn't be able to support them. He always resented his parents bribing, threatening and cajoling his friends to be their spies or to try to force Lloyd to do their will. So when he found out that Marilyn had ganged up with his mother, that was the beginning of the end of the marriage. Lloyd knew that Marilyn and his mom had become really close and that Marilyn was easily influenced by his mom; so every thing that happened, every thing Marilyn said or did was suspect as a plot by Lloyd's parents. Lloyd's pernicious paranoia drove him into a state of near insanity suspecting every little thing as a continuation of his parents' non-stop plotting to remake him as a puppet of their mediocre social climbing.

One day Lloyd's bishop called him in and said "Lloyd, I can't tell you not to pay tithing; but I am obliged to say that your family don't think you should pay it on the small amount they send you to use for your education." Of course, if his parents were against tithing, Lloyd would surely pay even more than ten percent just to spite them for their hypocrisy. His schoolwork suffered, he felt very alone, which he already felt because everyone at the Y hated 'food faddists' and had no interest in anything Lloyd valued. He had no hope of doing graduate work at the Y and with only a couple of real friends there; he just didn't know where to turn. Now his best friend and closest associate, Marilyn, was a potential spy for his parents and Lloyd wished he could be back in Europe where no one snooped on his private life nor tried to trick him into being the opposite of what he was, whatever that might be. Lloyd decided that he and Marilyn should have a baby to show his parents that they had no power to dictate his every move.

So the insecure and mentally imperfect couple worked on a pregnancy for a while then gave up because Lloyd was too confused and depressed to know what he should do in life. He just knew that the Lord would provide and that he would be teaching at the Y or be hired to do Persian translating or something. He had total faith because the Lord had wrenched him from the gutter in Paris and cast him into the Church with the vigor of Hercules; so of course the Lord could cause a minor miracle of inspiring some Church official to discover Lloyd's special skills and invite him into the Lord's service

in an employee capacity. But no amount of faith, or no amount of hope and effort could do anything for Lloyd then or even towards the end of his life. The Church had absolutely no interest in anything about him or could care less if he starved to death in the street. But this never diminished Lloyd's testimony of the Gospel or for LDS officials. He always knew, from the time he was converted by direct divine intervention, that the Church would have to undergo a rabid revision before any real spirituality like in the days of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and John Taylor could ever return. But just one tiny mini miracle so Lloyd could somehow gain a modest income from his many skills should not have been too much to ask, or would it? Unfortunately a mini miracle never happened and Lloyd continually sunk lower and lower on the financial ladder that he had not even begun to climb.

The couple's financial situation was disintegrating because he was defying his parents and he was trying to get along without much of their assistance, which always came with strings (or more like a hangman's noose) attached. The mission to Middle Eastern students and the Islamic gospel class in their ward had evaporated and Lloyd's usefulness on campus was questionable. All too often, Lloyd and Marilyn would have to put pennies and nickels together to be able to buy fresh fruit and vegetables on special at Ream's market and Lloyd felt his whole life or reason to be alive was fading away. Once in a while bassist Grady Edenfield would call Lloyd to play a dance band job on piano for \$12 or \$15 which helped keep the couple barely alive. Marilyn had become somewhat rebellious about her former habit of wearing makeup and using fingernail polish and once an argument devolved into a shouting match where a bottle of Vaseline was thrown, chipping poor Marilyn's tooth. Another time when they were arguing over Marilyn's mother's extensive involvement in their marriage, which Lloyd felt was excessive, Marilyn became irate at Lloyd's bullheaded stupidity and caustic tongue and she sunk her fingernails into his cheek leaving a permanent scar which he later treasured because it showed she cared. Her mother chastised her for becoming violent; but the bad feeling, in combination with other similar negative memories, lingered within the walls of the trailer as things became more tense and less hopeful. Marilyn realized that Lloyd was really hard to live with and he was afraid that she was snitching to his parents ever day; so the original happy giddy joy and deep friendship was dangerously waning. Marilyn's friends were suggesting that she might have to leave him and he was suggesting that she stop seeing those treacherous 'friends.' She would occasionally sneak out and eat something they had agreed wouldn't be part of their diet such as fried fish or some other similar junk food item.

To try to help Marilyn break from the chains of Yankee society and to gain some depth plus learn French, Lloyd decided that she should spend time in Quebec since a trip to Paris would be too expensive and too far away. So after a few discussions about the idea, Marilyn thought it would be a beneficial experience; so off they went in the little black Chevy, visiting Mormon temples wherever they found one, first stopping off near Denver to visit Marilyn's birth home. They visited Nauvoo and Carthage; Lloyd showed her Todd School in Woodstock then he looked up Jean's address in Oak Park outside of Chicago and stopped by. Lloyd was shocked to find Jean living there and talking the same jazz slang they had shared years ago as if they had never been apart. Marilyn was a bit weirded out meeting Lloyd's ex, especially since Jean was so bizarre. She could see how that marriage didn't last long and tried to be friendly. Then Jean's fiancé came over because they were getting married the next day. Lloyd and Marilyn were kind and caring wishing them lots of luck and Lloyd explained how he found Mormonism which helped him abandon his harmful habits.

Eventually Lloyd and Marilyn reached Montreal and then they went all the way to Quebec City unsuccessfully searching for a Mormon Church branch there. Eventually they located a branch back in Montreal and found a couple that were willing to have Marilyn stay with them for a few weeks. Lloyd gave them some funds to cover some of the expenses. But since the couple was American, it wasn't

quite as helpful for Marilyn's hoped for intensive French experience of being totally immersed in the language. Also, the crazy dialect spoken in French Canada was almost as removed from Parisian French as Pensylvayne Daich is removed from Vienese German. When Lloyd was sure that Marilyn would be OK there, he drove back to Provo traveling through Canada to Idaho then down through Rexburg where he visited his grandparents then to Salt Lake and finally the trailer in Provo.

While Marilyn was on her French intensive residency, Lloyd decided to work on becoming more spiritual. He attended a Church general conference in the famed tabernacle and sat right in the middle of the balcony. During the financial report, everyone was bored to death and some seemed to be dazed or dozing off, bored to slumber hearing all details about the Church income. Finally president McKay finished the report and, with an impish glint in his eye and a fun loving smile stated "and now we will sing We Thank Thee O God for a Prophet." The whole tabernacle immediately came alive with laughter at the clever pun, then everyone vigorously sang with the renowned Tabernacle Choir. It was a great feeling to be among so many saints and for Lloyd it was nice to be away from the improperly attired BYU coeds and their shallow kiddy cohorts. Then at the end of the conference, when it came time for president McKay to give his final discourse, he rose feebly and his two counselors rushed to each side to help him towards the podium. He angrily waved them aside and sternly quipped "I can do it" as they quickly returned to their seats. For Lloyd, this was proof that President McKay really was a prophet because he had spunk and a lively temper when needed, just like the prophets of old. Although Lloyd always saw things differently than everyone else, the conference experience was very beneficial to his testimony. During the break between sessions, Lloyd wandered around Temple Square where families and couples or friends were sitting and chatting quietly or sharing a simple repast all dressed elegantly like Lloyd thought real Mormons should dress all the time. It gave him hope that possibly the Church could be more spiritual than mundane; at least two times a year, a more spiritual tone could be enjoyed by those who feel oppressed by the encroachment of the monster of modern materialism.

Also during Marilyn's absence, he was able to read from his collection of alternative spiritual books, one of which was titled *He Walked the Americas* written by a non-Mormon. The book shared a collection of many legends about a pre-Columbian white-robed prophet with reddish hair and sea-colored eyes who strongly resembled Jesus and had visited various Native Americans. Legends of many tribes and peoples from all over the American continent offered proof that Jesus really did visit America after his resurrection as claimed in the Book of Mormon. Stories from Oraibi, the Dakota Sioux, Cheyenne, Pawnee, Choktaw, Cherokee, Chickasaw, Creek, Chinooks, Chippewa, Shawnee, Algonquin, Senecas, Zuni, Dene, Seri, Puans, Papago, Yaqui, Toltecs, Mayans, Polynesians and others demonstrated this fact. The white-robed prophet was attributed with healing, raising the dead and teaching love for others whether friend or foe. He was known by various names including Tla-acoma, Tacoma, Acoma, Wacoma, Tlazoma, Azoma, Mahntazoma, Wakea, Esecotl, Kate-Zahl, Quetzal Coatl, Teo-wahkan, and interestingly, Chee-Zoos.

Lloyd actually needed no proof of the truth of the Book of Mormon and its similar reports of Jesus visiting America. Lloyd's familiarity with Semitic languages and the several examples of nearly unknown Semitic names in the Book of Mormon would be sufficient to convince him even if he had not been converted by an undeniable personal miracle. He became aware of the Los Lunas, New Mexico stone where the Ten Commandments were engraved using an ancient Semitic alphabet. He also became aware of the stone engraving from southeast Colorado where they discovered ancient Semitic letters exactly like those found on the Arabian Peninsula. There are so many physical proofs of Mormon claims that America was inhabited by peoples from the ancient Middle East; but Lloyd needed none of those although he was always happy to learn of them. He decided to write a letter to

the author of the inspiring book who was living in New Mexico to thank him for his research. Lloyd included a Book of Mormon that he suggested would be one more document proving Jesus had been on this continent. The author wrote back thanking Lloyd for the Book of Mormon, which he promised to read. That proved that his research was completely independent of any Mormon influence. Lloyd also read some other of his unusual books which are not exactly approved by the Church but which would not distract him since he was not influenced by anything but his own inner understanding which, although often not at all in agreement with the general opinion of the masses, was what he knew to be true no matter what.

A European Intellectual Enters the Scene

Marilyn returned from Canada and afterwards Lloyd met a few new people at BYU who slightly ameliorated his depression to a slightly more positive outlook. He finally found a live solution to his longing for his former successful and happy, although sin-ridden, life in Paris without the sin of course, with those huge successful concerts and tours in the Jef Gilson band including the camaraderie with the band members and with everyone around the Latin Quarter near the Hotel Saint André. One day when he was hanging around the Language Department office, he noticed a provocatively dressed yet interesting mysterious young lady chatting flauntingly in French. She had some of the negative characteristics of the teenage show-off sex queens in Paris, but offset by charm and disguised innocence. As always, Lloyd felt it his duty to criticize her short skirt and highly piled hairdo, so he muttered something about it in French but not quite as insultingly as usual. She haughtily countered that it was none of his business and then asked where he learned to speak with such fluency. He told her about his years in Paris and his concerts with Gilson. She mentioned that her dad was a big impresario in Belgium and booked famous artists to perform at major venues. Lloyd warmed up to the strange girl and asked more about her and learned that she was Dutch of Portuguese Sephardic Jewish royalty and Indonesian background and was living in Belgium before the family was converted to Mormonism. She could speak fluent French, Dutch, English and some German. Lloyd was blown away that there was someone like him with a diverse European experience and a connection with the performing arts. He also learned that she was a jazz fan and knew about Miles and other important jazz greats.

This new exciting friend named Jona (pronounced Yona) Pimentel was a refreshing encounter in the wasteland of spoiled adolescents at the Y and Lloyd found out that they were both signed up for a couple of French classes together one being History of the French Language. Wow, Lloyd was ecstatic and rushed home to inform Marilyn that he had discovered one more of the handful of human beings among the shallow children on campus. Marilyn was mildly interested but a little apprehensive because Jona was a girl and possibly a potential threat. Lloyd didn't perceive her as a girl and didn't like her showy appearance; but rather he perceived her as a European language expert with a potentially helpful father.

Lloyd spent many hours chatting with his new friend after classes and in between classes. She explained that her father was a close affiliate with an important New York agent Jay Hoffman who had originally brought the dance company of Uday Shankar to America and then was also the agent who brought Ravi Shankar and his virtuoso musicians to America. Lloyd was astounded that he had finally come into contact with someone who was indirectly in touch with the big time in the ethnic music field. Jona finally changed the spelling of her name to Yona since no one was familiar with the Dutch pronunciation. When Lloyd found out that Yona was a strict vegetarian, although following the

Ohshawa macrobiotic system where everything was supposed to be cooked, he was totally convinced that she had to be part of his inner circle of best friends. He introduced her to Edie so the two sophisticated and intelligent young women could share ideas in Dutch.

Finally Marilyn met Yona and they appeared to have a lot of common interests and definitely were in the higher intelligence bracket. The three visited the Provo health food store and attended a few campus events together and were becoming like a family. But then Marilyn found that she was finally pregnant and her whole worldview changed. She lost interest in the things that were so important to Lloyd due to her pending serious responsibility of becoming a mother amplified by the common characteristic she shared with Lloyd of exaggerating things beyond reality. She was so worried about the future of the baby and about Lloyd's inability to focus on being a father that it became difficult for Lloyd to become part of the whole parenting possibility. It wasn't Marilyn's fault at all, just a situation that frightened and alienated Lloyd. In fact, Lloyd had such a disappointing childhood and had been so turned off to having children by his parents' insisting they never have any, that he became panicked and withdrew into an emotional shell. He was devastated that Marilyn had been obliged to set aside interest in studying Middle Eastern languages at the U of U with Lloyd and had decided she needed to remain in Provo where her parents could help her with the baby. This would mean that Lloyd would have to try to work a menial manual labor job in Provo around the adolescent artificial Mormon kids at the Y and give up any graduate degree or anything to do with music. It was so depressing to Lloyd that his big hope would be maybe becoming a janitor at the Y (if he were lucky), that he became almost suicidal.

He was totally lost and leaned heavily on his few friends, mainly Yona, Stan, Edie and his mentors Palmer and Nibley, both of whom were too involved in scholastics to give him as much time as they would have liked. Yona was also deeply depressed over the break up of her parents and so she and Lloyd spent many hours commiserating over their individual problems. Yona tried to convince Lloyd that he could become a good father even if he had been turned off from the whole family thing due to a miserable childhood. He tried to convince her that her parents could maybe get back together someday and to be hopeful about it. Lloyd had tried to do everything right, to go to the Y, to get married there then have a family and finally be hired to teach Eastern music and/or jazz. Without the last part, none of the other things meant anything but a nightmare. Without a solid good-paying teaching position somewhere so he could afford to have a family, his life was finished before it had even begun. With no chance for a graduate degree and no possible job so as to join the ranks of his beloved mentors Nibley, Palmer and J. Ruben Clark Junior, he was finished. The Y let him know that without a PhD, he could forget about ever teaching there; but if he got the advanced degree, they would be happy to have him teach. Too bad the officials who promised that eventually disappeared or died; so even years later with a PhD and further honors, Lloyd never got a professorship at the Y and never would unless Jesus were to appear in person and command it. But with Lloyd's luck, even then he would still be shunned.

Oriental Jazz and Lloyd's Rise to Fame

One day Lloyd was alone in the trailer and knelt sadly and, in a desperate prayer, warned the Lord that he was losing all hope, although never losing his belief, and that if something positive didn't happen soon, he might become even more of a disappointment than he already was. When he rose from praying, the phone rang and Grady had another dance job for \$15 which was merely slightly encouraging. As for jazz performance opportunities, he had heard about the Intermountain Collegiate Jazz Festival and how a BYU jazz pianist named Preston along with a charming sweet vocalist Cheryl

had won the year before. Lloyd wondered if he should enter a group; but he didn't have a group. He heard that last year's winning pianist Preston had formed a trio and was intending to enter again. Although Lloyd was quite a strong pianist with years of experience and successes throughout Europe, he decided that two pianists from the same university bitterly battling it out would be counterproductive. He found out where the pianist was practicing and decided to meet him and suggest collaborating. He went to the music department band room and there he met the nicest guy he had ever known in the jazz field. The pianist named Preston Kies, ironically dubbed Pres Keys, was so humble and mellow that Lloyd just knew they would be a great team.

He suggested to Pres that, rather than two pretty good pianists fighting each other, they should join forces and maybe beat the U of U and everyone else. Pres wondered how they could collaborate and Lloyd, drawing on his experience with the Jef Gilson combo, suggested that he play other instruments while Pres would handle the piano. Then he suggested that the other instruments could be cornet, clarinet, hand drum and two Middle Eastern instruments, the Persian *santur*, a hammered dulcimer which was the ancestor of the piano and the *oud* which was the ancestor of the lute and guitar. Lloyd added that he could also play Vietnamese flat harp or *dan tranh*. Pres liked Lloyd's enthusiasm and good nature, so he agreed to get together the next week for a trial run of the potential band. At the next rehearsal, Lloyd met the bassist and drummer who were also humble and mellow along with being virtuosi on their instruments. This was much more serious than Lloyd's short-lived stint as pianist for the Y jazz band called the Transatlantics Jazz Octet.

The next week, Lloyd brought his instruments and scores he had been writing for just such a potential group with the exacting piano parts. He was a bit hesitant about Pres being able or willing to read the difficult piano music; but was pleasantly surprised to find that Pres was not only a highly skilled improviser in the vein of Bill Evans but was also a perfect sight reader and could interpret the notes with some of his own feeling. They worked through tricky arrangements of a Persian folk tune *Gol-e Gandom* for which Lloyd played an extensive introductory solo using the Segah mode that he had learned in Paris from his master Daryush Safvat. Then the melody came in with Pres joining him in rendering the theme. Pres took a great solo passing the spotlight to Lloyd who played a Persian modal improvisation without paying any attention to the jazz chords and beats then finally ending with the melody in unison. They also worked on a Turkish inspired creation that Lloyd dubbed *Güzel Gözler* where he did a substantial Turko-Arab *oud* introduction before the combo came in with a Miles Davis type modal white-note single chord background on piano. Lloyd quickly switched to clarinet and wailed out a simple modal Coletranesque solo until the rhythm changed to a Turkish repetitive refrain with the drummer Dick Beeson changing to *dumbek* struck with a jingling tambourine in one hand, a little trick Lloyd had invented. After the Turkish rhythm was set, Lloyd came in with a very convincing Turkish clarinet *taksim* before everyone returned to the Miles/Coletrane modality ending in a Turko-Arab tag with Lloyd on *oud* in unison with Pres.

Two other compositions they worked up included a Vietnamese blues blend called Hue Wail; since the Nam mode of Hue is in a very bluesy scale. Lloyd set the mood with a *dan tranh* (flat harp) improvisation in the Nam mode before the bass and others came in to divulge a blues theme. Lloyd improvised over the blues backup using twangs and fast vibratos from the Vietnamese tradition in a convincing blues manner before Pres took over with an excellent cool jazz blues improvisation. The other piece was a Javanese-based Sundanese creation inspired by Lloyd's new solid true friend Yona who was part Indonesian. The piano started out playing repetitive motifs typical of the flat harp or *kajapi* with the bass quoting the lower *kajapi* notes and drums furnishing alternating cymbal patterns and tom tom accents as would be played by the Javanese barrel drum or *kendang*. So Pres Keys'

Contemporary Jazz Quartet featuring Lloyd Miller entered the Intermountain Collegiate Jazz Festival that was held in Salt Lake City and they completely dumbfounded the judges with their strange but pleasing music, so much so that they awarded Lloyd the 1967 Best Arranger-Composer trophy. As a result, the group was invited to perform for the BYU music department where some of the professors who didn't know what to think of Lloyd realized that, however unusual he may have been, his musical talents could not be denied. The band was also invited to perform on a KBYU TV special of which Lloyd was able, through much difficulty, to obtain a kinescope that he eventually took with him to Iran where it was broadcast on National Iranian Radio and Television various times and was highly acclaimed.

The Marriage Dissolves

Meanwhile Marilyn was emotionally abandoned because Lloyd was too involved with his success in music and new jazz pals, including his Belgium female friend Yona. Lloyd was drifting into a dream world and didn't realize that Yona and Pres were replacing Marilyn who he mistakenly imagined had become a spy for the Miller parents and thus some kind of enemy who was fighting against Lloyd's weird ideas and music mania. He felt that Marilyn and her mom along with his parents were all out to get him. His irrational paranoia had taken over and he didn't sympathize with the lonely situation Marilyn was enduring. She began to feel threatened by Yona and, the more she suspected some romance was afoot, the more Lloyd perceived a cold shoulder from Marilyn. She and her parents were so involved with the new problem of an impending baby that Lloyd clung to Pres and Yona for friendship. Finally Yona became his only real confidant and advisor while she tried to be neutral in advising him on his disintegrating marriage and kept somewhat distant. Even though Yona was attractive, warm and friendly as well as intellectual and possessing all the good qualities of a European woman, Lloyd was so immersed in his exaggerated spirituality and supposed mission to clean up the Y campus and to enlighten Middle Eastern natives, that he didn't really think of Yona in a romantic way. But Marilyn noticed the possibility and it added to her isolated feeling and her own paranoia about becoming a mother which role had become her main emphasis somewhat excluding everything else. Finally she decided to move back with her parents so she could concentrate on preparing for the baby without Lloyd's craziness and arguing with him.

Lloyd was devastated that she had left him even though the dumb jerk should have known it was inevitable since he was not at all into children even if he insisted that they have one. He should have realized that his parents were right that, maybe due to his mixed-up childhood, the brain toasting trauma in the nut house and his resultant inability to do anything but music, added to his mental instability from birth that resulted in that nut house sentence, and for other reasons, he should not have had the arrogance to suppose he could raise a child. He should not have involved poor Marilyn who was a saint and didn't deserve to be emotionally abandoned by Lloyd over the baby issue. As things got worse, Yona felt obligated as Lloyd's only close friend, to comfort him more and more. They had a few hugs and were becoming like sweethearts although they made a special effort to keep the relationship platonic. Lloyd leaned on Yona way too much and, silly emotional weakling that he was, he began to unwittingly develop a crush on her. She initially wasn't really his type; she was too outwardly self sufficient, too into the latest European fashions which involved appearing sexy, too hung up on her parents and not interested in Middle Eastern culture or in ever playing an instrument. Also she seemed to lecture him too much as if she were the guru. But she had a warm heart and more

life experience than most Y students; plus she had suffered her own humbling trauma over her parents breaking up.

Finally things got worse and Marilyn decided to move to back to Longmont, her native small town in Colorado, so she could totally concentrate on the arrival of her baby. At one point she sort of indicated that Lloyd should marry Yona because the tradition of having a second wife was in the Mormon pioneer heritage although totally banned since the U.S. government made a law against it. Lloyd and Marilyn were both atypical, living in the past or in their own world. It seemed that they had been spirit twins because they shared so many traits both positive and not so positive. But since you don't marry your twin sister unless you are an ancient Hawaiian, they should have realized that, no matter how good a team they were as friends, in marriage someone has to be stable and sensible. And they couldn't be Hawaiians anyway because they were both way too thin.

So now that he was flung into Yona's caring arms, Lloyd didn't know what to do except work on keeping that friendship platonic and intellectual. After Yona realized that Marilyn was sort of tired of Lloyd's paranoia about her ganging up with parents against him and just wanted to have the baby in peace and to get away from Lloyd, Yona wondered what would be the future for Lloyd. One day she asked Lloyd "how would you like to travel around the world playing jazz and Oriental music and helping people?" He smiled and said that had been his dream since joining the Church. Then she suggested that her dad and his associate Jay Hoffman might be able to help that happen. Lloyd wondered if maybe Marilyn was right thinking that he wasn't able to be a father and he should marry Yona to just be a wandering musician. Finally Lloyd was ready for graduation having learned much from a few fantastic mentors and a lot more from life which had taught him that he wasn't yet the holy saint he had been trying to be and that he might never become such. He realized that for all his criticism of the trashy appearance and behavior of the immature kids on the Y campus, he should have been an older kind guide by mostly sharing his conversion story and an occasional harmless suggestion about not worshipping unbecoming fashions. Even though his wild-eyed preaching may have influenced a few, a more positive approach might have been more successful; at least he would have been less resentful.

One day he was sadly shuffling from the library to Wilk when he looked up to witness the girl he had scolded for "looking like a whore," as he had so unkindly phrased it. They approached each other and smiled then hugged as he choked back tears apologizing for his unfriendly remarks. She answered that he was right and that eventually she realized for her own reasons that modesty was important. She was wearing a beautiful granny dress without the big old beehive hairdo. Lloyd felt like a jerk that he had impolitely reprimanded the poor kid who now had become an angelic saint while Lloyd had proven to be a lousy husband and a terrified non-father coward. As they went their separate ways, he realized that everyone has their own pace of moving forward and, although he had miraculously jumped from the dregs of sin to simulated saintliness, the real voyage would take much longer than he ever imagined; in fact it would never end.

Chapter 31

Middle East Studies & Jazz Trophies at U of U

From Blue to Red, Moving from the Y to the U

The dreaded moment finally arrived when Lloyd had to leave the Y, abandoning his beloved mentors, his handful of friends and leaving his broken marriage to move to the terrifying University of Utah where they smoked and sometimes drank booze in class and where they resented Mormons and all religion in general. He was fearful of having to face frantic feminazi freaks, commie coddling leftwing liberals, drunks and drugged-up dregs along with girls who actually were perniciously promiscuous not just pretend sex kittens like at the Y. He had registered for a Persian language class by correspondence from the U in 1965; he had visited the Middle East Center there and was excited about their excellent study program; but he was very depressed that he had failed in marriage and that his dream of studying Middle Eastern culture and languages with Marilyn had vanished.

He was also apprehensive about associating with rabid anti-Mormons all day and having to choke on smoke while avoiding dangerous babes on the prowl. But he wouldn't have to worry about being totally alone, because his new friend Yona had also transferred to the U for her graduate work since there wasn't a graduate program in French at the Y. Meanwhile, Marilyn had realized that Lloyd would be pretty worthless as a father and she had come to terms with the fact that a divorce might be necessary. Although Marilyn suffered from the whole trauma, she was later blessed by encountering a wise and kind widower who was a successful realtor with kids of his own. He was a great father and a stable good person, exactly what Marilyn deserved especially after the misery of trying to deal with an anti-social financially challenged jazzman goofball. Bill was much better father for Marilyn's daughter than inept Lloyd. Lloyd, however, was quite a positive addition to the Middle East Center at the U of U where his linguistic skills and vast information about the Middle East, its culture and languages, finally found a forum. Eventually the sad divorce became a reality when Lloyd's grandfather sent papers to Marilyn and she purposely didn't respond which made it official without a hearing or any other problems. The trailer had to be sold since Marilyn was not coming back. Lloyd's parents helped with a reasonable financial settlement; but the pain for both parties took a while to subside. Lloyd kept wishing that maybe Marilyn could have moved to Salt Lake but that was really not feasible.

Lloyd found an apartment near the U and, although at times he had to struggle to survive, thanks to his parents and grandfather, he was able to barely subsist. The Middle East Center director, Dr. Khosrow Mostofi, immediately took a liking to Lloyd and set up a program for him to be the first recipient of a Masters degree in Persian. But since the Center had been created by one of the Arabic language instructors, a kind old Egyptian gentleman, Dr. Aziz Atiya, the other Arabic professor, Dr. Hanna, was apprehensive about having Persian become too important at the U. He was also suspicious about Lloyd as a student because of his unusual way of viewing and doing everything. So Dr. Hanna invited Lloyd to take Arabic then flattered him along telling him he didn't have to do anything in the class since he was so smart. Then at the end of the class, he gave an impossibly difficult exam all in Arabic and, of course, Lloyd failed the class along with several other Persian and Turkish studies students. Dr. Hanna rushed into Dr. Mostofi's office and gloated over Lloyd's miserable exam waiving it at Dr. Mostofi challenging that Lloyd should be dismissed from the program.

Mostofi was upset and scolded Lloyd, putting him under scholastic surveillance. Lloyd's school record was so tainted that it took years to undo if it ever really was undone. So the dirty trick Hanna

pulled was designed to completely annihilate Lloyd at the U and to prevent him from ever completing his MA in Persian, thus a victory for the Arabs which held Lloyd in limbo for almost 30 years before he was finally awarded a PhD. Hanna appeared to be the type of Egyptian that was easy to hate because he was sneaky and mean, clinging to the evils of Westernization while demeaning Middle Eastern traditions. Poor Lloyd, even though he was a goof-up and did things the wrong way (according to society); he didn't deserve to be continually assassinated. So with Mostofi becoming unenthused and the Arab department a thorn in his side, Lloyd had a struggle to survive at the U. Thankfully, his Persian language teacher, Dr. Mahmudi was a kind old gentleman who helped Lloyd along and reported positively on his language skills to Mostofi.

Teaching Eastern Music and Playing Jazz at the U of U

After the first harsh year, Lloyd was able to convince the head of the Music Department, Dr. Stohl, and Mostofi at Middle East Studies that they could set up a rotating class in Persian, Turko-Arab and Afghan music. Lloyd would teach a little about the theory of the music and about the instruments within a cultural context and then organize performing groups. He had a large collection of instruments from his travels and, now with a reasonable size apartment, he was continually collecting more. The class was initiated and Lloyd began to round up students from all over campus with persistent fliers and even ads in the Daily Chronicle. Soon he had some 15 students for the first quarter which was the class on Persian music. He quickly trained the students to play quite well and they soon had three pieces ready to perform in public. At a Middle East Center event, Lloyd had his class performed, which amazed and delighted Dr. Mostofi. Even Lloyd's enemy Dr. Hanna was pleased and afterward asked if Lloyd was going to train an Arab group to which Lloyd replied the next quarter would be Arab and Turkish music. Again, as always during his life, through music Lloyd was able to turn one more bully and enemy into a friend, or at least a less belligerent enemy.

His classes grew and grew with Lloyd desperately driving to California to hunt down instruments in various stores and from various individuals that he could buy at reasonable prices for the class. He visited UCLA to investigate their ethnomusicology program in hopes of maybe working on a graduate degree there; but was disappointed to find that a complete background in Western music was necessary to even be accepted in the program. Lloyd had absolutely no interest in Western anything especially music. So he gave up on UCLA, but did have a pleasant encounter with Thai music expert Dr. Morton and others. Lloyd spent a few rehearsals playing *gender* in the Balinese *gamelan* where he was not able to learn the tricky technique of grabbing the metal bars after striking them to limit the ringing, at least not quickly enough for the more seasoned students who kept sternly glaring at Lloyd. In the Los Angeles area, he was able to round up a few instruments for his classes as well as a series of photos of instruments at UCLA later to be published in a book he wrote on instruments of the East.

As for instruments for his class, Lloyd also visited the BYU wood shop where he had made several instruments while in his BYU Asian Studies program, there to make much-needed instruments for the classes. The class that became the most popular was the class on music of Afghanistan and India. India because of the Indian cultural explosion during the hippie era of the late 60s. Lloyd was tired of the constant smoking and choking associated with the inside classes, so during warmer weather, he held his class outside on the big grass plot in front of the Music Department. People would walk by and sit for a while to listen and many were recruited for future classes. When he finally had over 30 students for a Chinese/Far East instrumental class, he had to drive the off to China Town in Frisco to hunt down a couple of dozen instruments like *pi pa*, *cheng*, *er hu*, *yang chin*, *ti*, etc. Then

each class day, he was obliged to stuff them in his trunk and wedge them all over the back and front seats and floor of the car, until he could hardly squeeze in himself, then haul them off to class. Eventually he would be obliged to lend a few to students, sell a few and keep a few in the glass display case near the front door of the Music Department.

During the 60s at the U when the hippie thing was really big, Lloyd was aware of classes where the professors would pass a pocket flask of hard liquor among the students and, in one case, even joints were passed around. It was a cultural shock and very unsettling for Lloyd after his conversion and major lifestyle change and his years at the Y where at least tobacco and liquor were banned even if sexual showiness wasn't. At the U, there were even rare reports of sex in the classrooms of very liberal or anti-moral teachers. Lloyd did his best to work around the rampant sin and degradation, which he found was the rule in most American universities during those times. The whole hippie cult of drugs, sex and obnoxious non-music noise which he felt was initiated by the satanic scum rat Beatles, was taking over the whole country and it was a struggle for Lloyd to even express his opposition to all of it. However, the whole weirdness with returning hippies and druggies who had wandered the hash route through Afghanistan and India to Katmandu, added a few extra students into Lloyd's Afghan/Indian music class all wanting to play *sitar*. He had rounded up a half dozen sitars from vendors in northern and southern California; but he had to sell a couple to students since they insisted and because he couldn't haul and fund all the instruments for the class on his meager teaching wages. Lloyd was teaching through a work-study grant, which was a minimum hourly wage and not really much to speak of.

Lloyd really despised the whole garbage 'culture' engendered by the bastard Beatles and their later evil cacophonous musical retard spawns. He loathed the noise, the drugs and the rampant sex. Once a semi-religious friend asked Lloyd "so if you are really religious and believe in love and fairness like Jesus exemplified, just try and see if there is anything good you can find about those whom you really resent." Lloyd thought for a moment then ventured "OK, I guess we could be thankful for the Devil because he keeps us on our toes and lets us know our shortcomings. And I guess he is necessary because without bad we can't know and appreciate good plus he does his job really well and never lets up for a second. We could learn about dedication for him." The friend then asked "how about humans you can't stand?" Lloyd thought for a moment then offered "you mean like the four main apostles of the Devil, the filthy scum bum Beatles? Well, that's a bit harder because they have done more damage to the world than all the mass-murdering tyrants in history put together. Those tyrants only murdered millions, maybe billions, of innocent people; the Beatles have caused a complete global musical and cultural genocide by totally destroying whole musical cultures passed down over the millennia having emanated from a divine source. To me what they have done by destroying the whole world's music forever is worse than anything the Devil could have done; anyway, if it was the Devil's doing, he did it through the Beatles. I can't think of anything good to say about those skuzzy creeps." His friend encouraged "just try really hard to find one little thing" Lloyd wracked his brain and finally came up with "well maybe using, or should I say abusing, the Indian *sarangi* on their stupid Lonely Hearts Club album, the one where their homosexual Satanist guru Allister Crowley is pictured because he actually is Sergeant Pepper. Then maybe using, again abusing, an Indian *sitar*, played badly, on their dumb Norwegian Wood tune. Still, misusing and blaspheming sacred traditional music when they are promoting the worst immorality, obscenity and filth ever known to mankind, is more of a bad thing than good. And all of their so-called compositions are stupid non-musical nonsensical trash with no logic in the chord changes; it represents total musical imbecility.

No, I guess the Beatles are worse than the Devil and I am sure that they will probably teach him a few things when they end up at his side for eternity. They have deceived almost the whole world with their fake non-music noise and they have morally destroyed a whole generation that will never be repaired and thus will have to be burned off the earth in the final soon-to-occur holocaust promised by all religions. Well, OK, maybe they are doing the Lord's will by trashing to world so it can finally be burned." His friend responded "O.K., you tried, but if you just can't see anything good about them, what can you do." Lloyd knew after that conversation that it was up to him to work every waking hour the rest of his life to try to salvage what little was left of jazz and ethnic music all of which had been poisoned by the whole rock horror holocaust and which was fast fading into the abyss of oblivion.

Some very valuable students came to Lloyd's classes and continued to reregister every semester. They were jazz saxophonist Mike Johnson, drummer Ken Breinholt and a nice helpful couple, Paul and Margaret Smith, all of whom became quite skilled. Margaret was good on *santur*, Paul played *oud*, Mike played *sitar* among other instruments while Ken became a *tabla* and *zarb* enthusiast. Lloyd and his students, either the whole class or a selected cadre of experts, played several concerts on campus or around Salt Lake. Lloyd and Marilyn had played a few concerts on the Y campus and produced Lloyd's second LP album called Near and Far East with Y students from the appropriate countries, his first having been the 10 inch LP with Jef Gilson. The Near and Far East LP included an Iranian *tar* player from Shiraz, Manuchehr Paydar, Vietnamese vocalist Tu Trinh Dam, Thai vocalist Dusdi Siwicharn and Marilyn on flute. Although the LP was a fairly accurate representation of most of the cultures represented, obviously it was not a big seller especially at the Y. Lloyd had found a company in Phoenix called Wakefield who were willing to make 300 LPs for only \$300. He sold of few for \$5 each or less; but mostly gave them away.

As for jazz, Lloyd found a few opportunities in Salt Lake, the best place to jam being the Quarter Note at about 9th South and State Street. The place was formerly known as the Latin Quarter and most of Utah's skilled jazz players congregated there to jam. Occasionally Lloyd was actually hired to play solo piano when no one was jamming and to be the main backup for the jam. The wage was not anything to brag about, but it helped. One night when the place was packed with fans and musicians, a new sax man came in and took out his alto. He introduced himself as Joe Muscolino and asked if he could jam a tune. Lloyd indicated of course and kicked off a blues in F. The alto man blew some really strange notes and 'changes.' Lloyd tried to work with it and make him sound good; but sometimes it just didn't happen. One by one, the musicians packed up and left since it was late and Joe had sort of dowsed the session by playing way too amateurishly. It was time for a break and Lloyd invited Joe to run a few changes with him. After a half hour of working on a few typical jazz tunes, Joe began to show some nice ideas although nothing really hip. The next few days, Joe would occasionally drop by the club and Lloyd worked with him during breaks and tried to follow his patterns during jams. After a while, Joe became involved in other activities and he didn't show up much at the jam sessions. Decades later, he became one of the most sought-after bandleaders in the Salt Lake Area. He had discovered the best musicians in the Valley and always booked top players on his gigs using tasteful arrangements. So Joe went from a pain in the neck of the jazz community to being a positive force providing welcome work for deserving players. He never became an instrumental virtuoso; but his band played a lot of gigs although they took opportunities from Lloyd who decades later developed exceptional arrangements and also used virtuoso players for his performance. In spite of the hardships of disseminating LPs, Lloyd produced another one called The Middle East and eventually one more called Impressions of Afghanistan including some U of U student talent for both. Of course those LPs were also very slow movers and boxes of them languished for decades gathering dust.

In the 1960s, Lloyd was also able to become friends with the U of U jazz studies director, Bill Fowler, who eventually added Lloyd to his Young Audiences concerts in elementary schools where he discussed music and had musicians demonstrate. Lloyd hauled around a plethora of Eastern instruments like the Japanese *shamisen*, the Chinese *pipa*, Vietnamese *dan tranh*, occasionally the heavy Thai *ranad*, the Persian *santur*, Turkish *saz* and Arab *oud* to demonstrate to the kids. He was very successful on the Young Audiences series and later, when Dr. Fowler wasn't able to continue his participation due to teaching and administration responsibilities, Lloyd was asked to continue the series for which he used his friends Mike Johnson, Ken Breinholt, and sometimes Yona, who by this time had become his fiancée since she had been such a helpful supporter. Dr. Fowler was just great in assisting Lloyd find a few jazz gigs.

Billed to Blow at Bilzen Jazz Fest

Yona and her father were also very helpful to Lloyd's jazz efforts. Her dad used his booking expertise and connections in Belgium to arrange for Lloyd to play with a jazz combo at the famous Bilzen jazz festival in 1967. He would be playing with his old friend, fabulous bassist Freddy Deronde and a very cool drummer called Vivi Mardens. They were to play Lloyd's Eastern jazz music and also to serve as backup trio for Zoot Sims and Al Kohn as well as jazz fiddle player Stuff Smith. At the mini rehearsal with Sims and Kohn, Lloyd had a little trouble with the changes for the tunes, one being Red Door. They weren't difficult; they just didn't follow a logical pattern like Autumn Leaves, Summertime or Lover Man, tunes that Lloyd easily related to. The trio sounded pretty good with Zoot and Al, but weren't that as successful with Stuff Smith. For that performance, a review in one Flemish paper called the trio 'the rickety rhythm section or "*de gebrekkige ritmesectie van Lloyd Miller.*" It was true that Lloyd and his cool jazz rhythm section were not able to access the sound that Stuff really needed; it wasn't cool jazz, not exactly swing and not at all New Orleans or Dixieland which Lloyd would have been comfortable with. But Stuff was a nice guy and the trio tried their best to back him up even if they ended up sounding 'rickety.' But another article cited Lloyd as "*de enige originele vedette van het festival* (the only original star of the festival)" referring to his Oriental Jazz innovations. It was during Lloyd and Yona's visit to Belgium for the Bilzen festival and other gigs that Yona's intellectual and artistically savvy mom, Maria, encouraged using the term 'Oriental Jazz' to describe what Lloyd had been doing since 1960. He had used the name here and there, but Maria helped him decide to use it exclusively from then on. Others have appropriated the term Oriental Jazz; but no one else has really represented that title correctly or like Lloyd meant it when he first adopted the description of his music.

Due to the expert and excellent promotion skills of Yona's dad, Joseph, all the media at Bilzen wrote abundant positive previews and reviews about Lloyd's work. He had a minor problem getting the bass and drums into the whole East-West non-blend but placing side-by-side concept. At one point drummer Vivi said "*je sent que je suis completement seperé de vous autres* (I feel I am totally separated from you others)" when trying to back up the *santur* or Lloyd's Turkish clarinet. That was the point; nothing was mixed or blended but just coexisting. They did get the tunes together and everyone wrote that, with Lloyd's Oriental Jazz combo, the festival really started. Under the title "*le Festival Demarre* (the Festival Begins)" one writer described Lloyd's performance as "*une série d'arrangements remarquables, influence par le musique orientale, magistralement interpreté par le trio, brisérent le glace* (a series of remarkable arrangements, influenced by Eastern music, masterfully interpreted by the trio, braking the ice)." For his work with Sims and Kohn, Lloyd was described as "*l'excellent Lloyd Miller.*" One Flemish writer noted of Lloyd's jazz piano, that he played in "*een*

echte 'funky' stijl (a real funky style)” while another writer noted that his piano bore “*sterke reminiscenties med Errol Garner* (strong reminiscence of Errol Garner).” Actually Lloyd would have described his work more like Horace Silver with some hard honkin’ boogie and hard blues influence. Other jazz names at the festival included Dakota Staton, Stella Banks, Peter Trunk, Dave Pike and the Dutch College Swing Band. The festival impromptu jam sessions were fantastic just like at Comblain years before with Peter Trunks’ solid and crazy bass soloing, Zoot and Al with their treasury of standard jazz phrases and themes. Lloyd felt he was home again and appreciated by cool and cognizant sophisticates.

At one of the live radio interviews, Lloyd was asked if he was in Belgium because of what was called “the Negro problem.” He turned to Dakota Staton who was waiting to be interviewed next and retorted “what ‘Negro’ problem? How about the language riots here in Belgium? The only problem I might have about ‘Negros’ is that they are not given the proper respect for bringing most of the roots of jazz to America and working hard to built up the country while teaching us hard-hearted whites how to have a little soul.” He nodded to Dakota asking “right, sister? Honkies ain’t got much soul and they don’t really swing. I’m tryin’ and maybe I’ll be cool someday.” She chuckled over Lloyd’s attempt at a ‘Negro’ accent. Then the announcer again asked “so it wasn’t the Negro problem?” Lloyd quipped “what ‘Negro’ problem, I never had one and where I live we don’t know anything about it if it even does exist.” He then delineated the contribution of African culture to jazz until the announcer politely thanked him and asked for a brief description of Oriental Jazz. Lloyd gave a short description in fluent French then tried to say a bit about it in Dutch to be fair and equal at a time when people were almost killing each other over which language was most important in Belgium. Lloyd liked both languages, but had a lot of work to do on his Dutch. He got a lot of help just listening to Yona chatter with her parents and people everywhere they went. Belgium Flemish was different than standard Dutch in that it was mumbled and gruffly grumbled apparently eating up parts of words.

Yona and Lloyd had been staying at the Pimentels’ fancy seaside home in the resort town of Knokke-le-Zoute way up the coast in the Flemish speaking part of northern Belgium. One day a Flemish worker with an obvious lack of much schooling came to the house and muttered something about *aardgas* (natural gas) which Yona couldn’t understand at all. It took Lloyd’s imagination and linguistic intuition to figure out what he was asking about. Lloyd would tell Yona what he thought the man was muttering and she would answer him in her high class Amsterdam Dutch. Somehow they figured it all out and left the place for a while so they would be safe from breathing gas while the man worked on the pipes. Later that day Yona was sitting sorrowfully at the table and her mom came in asking “*Jonaka lieverdje, wat is het meisje* (Yona sweetie, what’s wrong girl?)” Yona was still not happy that her parents weren’t all the way back together living in the same place. Lloyd butted in and tried to explain it in his feeble Dutch. Then Maria became distraught and nervous exclaiming “*maar det oude rotzak Jop, ik kan het niet tegen* (but that old rot sack Joe, I can’t take it)” referring to her ex having his secretary still living with him in the apartment in Brussels. Yona countered with the fact that Maria was still involved with her painting-vending partner Humphrey or Humpf. Yona then added that she was unhappy they couldn’t drop their outside romantic interests and patch up the marriage. She added “*ik ook, ik kan het niet tegen* (I can’t take it either)” referring to the broken marriage. Silence reigned for a while then silly Lloyd offered to help them patch it up as if he could do anything. But eventually, somehow, everyone’s desire to fix the problem finally resulted in the family getting back together. But not before Maria and Humpf had a week long blitz to sell hideous ugly paintings by some wacked-out sicko modern ‘artist’ named Servranx who had a fetish for creepy slimy snakes that slithered all over his canvases in gruesome gaudy colors. Later that evening, a poor little baby bird fell from a tree and Lloyd and Yona did everything in their power to

save it by feeding it through an eye dropper and trying to keep it warm. Finally the little thing died leaving both Lloyd and Yona holding each other in tears as if they had lost a child. Maria put her arm around Yona comforting “*maak je geen zorgen, Posje* (don’t worry, Kitten)” then made a nice dinner for them.

Could Not Tie the Knot; so Married by Mail

Since Lloyd and Yona were certain that Marilyn was not interested in trying to resurrect a dead marriage, they decided they should go ahead and tie the knot. But soon they found that the impossible red tape and regulations were worse than in Switzerland where Lloyd and Jean had to suffer through numerous impediments to finally get married. Lloyd had written to his grandpa describing the problems: something like Protestants couldn’t marry Catholics or Jews or whatever, or nationals couldn’t marry foreigners and Mormons were not even recognized as being human. Then they got a letter from gramp saying that on their last visit to Idaho before the trip to Belgium they had indicated that they were married to someone in his office to avoid a misunderstanding. He said that, according to an old Idaho law, if a couple holds themselves out to be married, then they are officially married without needing an actual ceremony or anything. Lloyd and Yona had been careful not to become very physically involved so as to adhere to their moral standards; but they were having a problem sharing a room without appearing to be living together. The news was a big relief because now they could tell everyone they were married and avoid any rumors. They were glad they didn’t have to try to travel to Gretna Green in Scotland or some other such crazy place to be able to tie the knot. In the letter, Lloyd’s grandpa promised a real wedding reception in Rexburg with relatives and friends when they got back from Europe.

Meanwhile, Lloyd played a few gigs and jams with his old pals Freddie Deronde, Jaques Belzer and Benoit Quersin, all of whom he shared his conversion story with. A jazz gig that Yona’s dad arranged for Lloyd and his combo was at the Blue Note in Oostende where Lloyd was a huge success like the good old days at the Rose Noire. Yona’s dad, Jop as they called him, also tried to insert Lloyd’s musical skills into a modern dance creation against drugs by ballet choreographer Lydia Chagoll. Lloyd was asked to play some jazzy piano here and there, but he couldn’t really get the gist of it. It was as frustrating as the time Jef Gilson was trying to create music to a hideous ‘dance’ piece by some evil dreadfully devil-possessed homo freak in Paris that also didn’t work out. The way Miles Davis played the background music to the 1958 French film *Ascenseur pour L’échafaud* (Elevator to the Gallows) was a perfect example of hauntingly cool sensitive film music. But trying to force special jazz improv to backup some very odd dance creations, just didn’t work. Even Miles probably couldn’t have come up with something for Lydia’s choreography. But her regular cutesy corny schmaltzy pianist seemed to be able to when he finally came near the end to save the day; so Lloyd was off the hook.

After planning with Yona’s dad for future performance possibilities, enjoying a vacation and meeting relatives, it was time to return to Salt Lake. Yona’s dad promised that he would turn Lloyd over to his colleague, major impresario Jay Hoffman in New York, to arrange bookings in the States. It was looking like Lloyd’s life might take a turn for the better after the unfortunate experience of trying to fit in at the Y and failing in many ways. The newly weds took the long flight back to Utah to recuperate and return to their school activities. They did have the wedding reception in Rexburg and gramp went all out to make it nice. His law partner, Mary, and everyone who met Yona, all remarked how much she reminded them of Deanna, Lloyd’s first unrequited romantic interest at Madison High. Maybe it was some kind of *déjà vu* or *déjà voulu* or some other mysterious phenomenon. Lloyd’s grandma and grandpa had

always been wonderful which partly made up for his not having had a normal childhood with attentive, or at least interested, parents instead of people who were trying every scheme to stop him from being a musician and to remake him as a phony social climber and money grubbing 'success.'

Failed but Later Famed Oriental Jazz and U of U Jazz LPs

After the reception in Rexburg, Lloyd convinced his grandpa that if he could release the music from his TV tapings plus some multi-track tapings done by Jef Gilson in Paris in 1960 and a couple of other items under the title Oriental Jazz, the album would be a big success. Gramp agreed to 'loan' him the \$300 to do the pressing; so he began working on editing the tracks and laying out the jacket for which he used a photo of Yona. He could have pressed 500 for \$500 for the first run, but he was too timid to ask his gramp for that much money. Soon the LP was released and Lloyd drove to Phoenix to haul back the boxes of records all nicely shrink-wrapped. Although he had a few fans at the U, he couldn't sell as many as he had hoped. He tried putting them in the U of U and even BYU bookstores as well as a few record outlets in Salt Lake. He took them to conferences, gigs and everywhere. His friends would see him coming and mutter or think "here he comes again, Lloyd and his goofy LPs." He managed to get rid of about 100 the first few months but he had to give a lot of them away and sometimes he had to take friends to dinner or do them a favor to get them to buy an LP for one dollar or take one for free. He even put some on consignment in various stores in the L.A area and the Bay area costing him more in gas than he could ever earn from the sales. He rarely returned to the stores and when he did only one or two had sold giving him a profit of maybe \$3 each. He never would have dreamed that in the 2000s that Oriental Jazz LP would sell on ebay for over \$600 in some cases after he had gotten rid of almost all the ones he had left and so he had to pressure friends and family to get back the ones he had forced on them in the 60s. Too bad he didn't ask his gramp for \$500 so he could have pressed 500 in the first run; but then he would have just had more to give away or pay people to take off his hands.

Lloyd had become close friends with U of U Jazz Ensemble director Loel Hepworth who was a wonderful sax player and also skilled on clarinet. Lloyd wrote a few big band arrangements in the Oriental Jazz format. One was the piece Yona with a Sundanese Indonesian introduction for flute, vibes and rhythm section called *Njonja Mirah* which amazingly represented Sundanese *suling* (flute) and *katjapi* (flat harp) music with appropriate percussion. He also arranged his Turkish jazz creation *Güzel Gözler* (he entitled Amber Eyes in English) for stage band. One day he was invited by Loel to bring his clarinet to stage band practice and try his two charts along with another one called 60 years of jazz which musically traced jazz history from Bunk Johnson to Bebop Dixieland. The jazz history chart included intricately transcribed performances by Bunk Johnson, King Oliver and other landmark jazz bands. The U of U stage band was an all-star combination of Utah jazz greats or those who were later to become famous in the state. These skilled instrumentalists included Greek sax and clarinet man Jerry Floor who became a key figure in Salt Lake's jazz scene; Ray Smith who later became director of jazz at BYU; drummer Don Main who became percussionist with Utah Symphony, trumpet man Clint Frohm who became a leader in music education in Salt Lake schools and Merrill Smith whose piano expertise was continually sought after for decades to come. Lloyd recorded the session and also an after session with a quintet playing more of Lloyd's tasteful jazz scores. For the quintet, Loel himself played tenor and Lloyd was on piano. The recordings turned out very well; so Lloyd decided he would make an LP called Jazz at the U of U adding a few recordings with a quartet featuring Mike Johnson on saxes and Ken Breinholt on drums, both continuing students in Lloyd's Eastern music classes. Finally after the same hard work editing and laying out the cover, Lloyd had 500 of the LP pressed by

Wakefield. He used a red cover representing the U of U colors Red and White and he titled it Jazz at the U of U. He had a little more interest in this LP because several of the artists had friends and family who wanted a copy. But again, Lloyd had to give away dozens at first then later hundreds to get them out of the apartment, another failure even though the music on all his LPs was really good according to anyone who actually listened to it.

Close but no Segah, Perfidious Promises by Recalcitrant Record Labels

Always in a semi-disheartened state over his failing efforts to promote his music, Lloyd boldly continued to push his product knowing that it was valuable, very high quality and a necessary alternative to the totally worthless and evil sludge of rock and pop. One day, he sent off his jazz LPs to Atlantic Records director Nesuhi Ertegun who was Middle Eastern and would surely appreciate the value of the Oriental Jazz LP with the Segah *santur* intro and the Persian folk melody Gol-e Gandom. Well Lloyd was right, Mr. Ertegun seemed to love it, but not enough to release it on Atlantic. Lloyd later heard what happened: Mr. Ertegun was preparing to leave for the Airport in New York when he put on the Oriental Jazz and Jazz at the U of U LPs just to see what kind of stupidity some crazed musician had sent him. After the first minute, he called and cancelled his flight and carefully listened to the LPs in amazement, not believing anyone could come up with such a fresh way of placing Eastern music and jazz together without altering either. In any case, Mr. Ertegun must have felt it was not marketable; so he sent off a rejection letter including the following words. "Thank you for your letter of April 23rd, and for the two LPs you enclosed. I enjoyed listening to the material you sent us, especially since my own background includes Near Eastern music. It was not very clear to me whether you were interested in having these recordings released on Atlantic, or whether it was your intention to make us familiar with your musical accomplishments. If you were thinking of interesting Atlantic in the possible release of these recordings, I regret to inform you that we will not be in a position to do so, as our schedule of releases is already set for the coming months. With best wishes and regards, Cordially Nesuhi Ertegun."

Another disappointing encounter was with World Pacific Records. At first Lloyd received a letter from World Pacific manager Richard Bock that stated the following. "I am currently organizing an extensive Asian product for our September release and I would like to discuss with you the possibility of including some of your recordings in this series. Please write or call me at your earliest convenience. Best wishes, Richard Bock General Manager/Vice President World Pacific Records." Needless to say, that invitation never came to fruition. Another false alarm was from Commodore Records in Texas who wrote the following. "Dear Mr. Miller, one of our talent scouts suggested to us that we might be interested in signing you to a recording contract. If interested send us full information on yourself together with audition tape and 8 x10 glossys. Sincerely Yours, Phil Bernard, President Commodore Records." Even Jay Hoffman, with all his connections and influence as major agent in New York, couldn't get a record company to actually release Lloyd's music. In a letter in 1968, Jay wrote as follows. "Dear Lloyd, I haven't gone quiet without reason. RCA is seriously considering the Lloyd Miller Group - - so we'll see soon. Here's the Festival Souvenir Book. Best, Jay K. Hoffman." Lloyd appreciated a copy of the Philadelphia Folk Festival book, which contained his long article on the musical heritage from the East in jazz and Occidental music.

So these and other potential recording possibilities came and went unfulfilled adding to the many disappointments Lloyd underwent and would continue to suffer all through his life as a musician with a mission that would never have any real effect on the world. Still, 1968-69 was a busy year for Lloyd

musically. He decided to reenter the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival with his new Oriental Jazz Quartet consisting of musicians from the U of U. Dr. Fowler was supportive as usual and Loel encouraged the rhythm section of the jazz ensemble to be in Lloyd's combo. Lloyd rehearsed his main pieces, which were Gol-e Gandom on which he played *santur*, Amber Eyes where he played *oud* and clarinet, Hue Wail on which he played *dan tranh*. He had also discovered his genius at scat singing one night during a break when he was playing with his jazz combo and the famous Sojourner club up on Highland Drive in Salt Lake. He had gone outside the club for his usual breathing break away from the choking smoke. Suddenly he began scatting a solo on the changes to Indiana and was taken over by some mysterious force. His ideas became more intricate and wilder as he discovered ways to create crazy runs and furious phrases. This newly discovered scat expertise, likely another consequence of the brain burning at Mount Airy, catapulted Lloyd into the limelight as winner of the best vocalist trophy at the 1969 Intercollegiate Jazz Festival with a free trip to St. Louis to compete in the national finals.

Meet Me in St. Louis, But it Ain't no Fair; It's the St. Louis Blues

A special to the May 25, 1969 New York Times by world-renowned jazz critic and author John S. Wilson described Miller's performance at the Saint Louis finals as follows. "Most of the small groups at this festival and Notre Dame followed the routine patterns of most contemporary small groups. One startling exception was a provocative mixture of musical styles and instruments associated with the Middle East, with Europe and with the United States by Lloyd Miller who led a quartet from the University of Utah. Mr. Miller, who lived in the Middle East for six years, surrounded himself with an exotic group of instruments - - a santur, or dulcimer (a triangular string instrument struck with mallets) a dilruba (which looked like a fence post and was played with a bow), an oud (a mandolinlike instrument played with a quill) and a tabla (two small drums). He also played clarinet and piano and sang in Persian, English, French and pure bop scat. Accompanied by piano, string bass and drums, Mr. Miller moved with fascinating facility through two original compositions and his own arrangement of "Autumn Leaves." In each selection, there was a constant shifting from East to West that heightened the effectiveness of both elements. A jazz clarinet solo suddenly turned Turkish. The keening wail of Arabo-Turkish vocalizing, accompanied by an oud, gave way to jazz scat singing while the oud played on. A distinctly Eastern chant over the beat of a tabla evolved very logically into a strong, shouted blues. Mr. Miller showed that his unique approach to mixed music was not limited to crossing the East and the West because he applied the same methods to "Autumn Leaves," playing the piano, singing in French and in be-bop, and projecting the same sense of exciting discovery that came from his more exotic material. But, despite his ingenuity, versatility and skill, Mr. Miller was not chosen among the winners." Lloyd learned of this exceptional article when Dr. Fowler walked up to him the day he returned from St. Louis and handed it to him with a big congratulation for his excellent work, adding "you will never get another article like that." Dr. Fowler was so right because the possibility that a great jazz writer like John S. Wilson would review another one of Lloyd's concerts somewhere would be nearly impossible. Along with submitting articles to the New York Times for four decades, Mr. Wilson was also often heard on the radio commenting on jazz.

So what happened to Lloyd in St. Louis and why did the judges totally ignore him? One of his mistakes may have been that the first day of the event he noticed the judges eating lunch at a common table and he couldn't resist sitting and chatting with them. With his years as a jazz figure all over Europe and before that in the L.A. jazz scene, he easily fit into the judges' discussions and could add enriching musical comments. He often joined the judges at their table for discussion because, as an

older student, he had little to say to any of the college kids at the festival. So after becoming a friend of the judges, when they saw him leading a group, a couple were miffed and thought he had been buttering them up to eventually win a trophy. That was not at all Lloyd's intention, nor did it even cross his mind. He was totally confident about his abilities and naturally felt he fit in with the big time jazz experts, and so did they at first. Then two of the judges, Oliver Nelson and Clark Terry were looking for things to correct in Lloyd's performance. One thing that the judges were able to conjure up as the weak criticism was that he played too many instruments; so logically how could he play them all well although he did as was stated by everyone else at the festival, many of whom thought Lloyd was a multi-instrumental genius. The other point was: why did he have a group if he didn't let them do anything? Well, he had chosen the vocal category because there was no category for Oriental Jazz or multi-instrumental maniacs; so since he was supposed to be a vocalist and he couldn't spend the precious few minutes of the performance on a bass solo or something. Also his band members were good but not world-class virtuosi on their instruments like a few of the other entrants almost were.

Another issue that was at play, although no one would ever admit it or maybe even realize it, was that Lloyd was a white guy (even though he had been accepted by the musicians on south Central in L.A. or in New Orleans as a brother) and it was the end of the 60s when African-Americans were struggling to gain full equality. The main vocal contestant was Don Smith, a skilled African-American student from the excellent University of Illinois jazz program backed by their exceptional big band with fantastic charts. His singing was in the standard jazz genre and definitely more acceptable than Persian or Indian inspired strangeness. So although two African-American judges preferred standard jazz vocal, a white judge who had recorded with Indian musicians, Paul Horn, should have supported Lloyd, but also probably felt it was time for an expert African-American jazz singer to win, after all jazz was basically transferred from Africa. So Lloyd was voted down and treated as if he hadn't even been there which angered John S. Wilson resulting in the huge article in the New York Times praising Lloyd's work and saying nothing about anyone else. Of course it was right that Don should win, he was just great and the right race at the right time. Lloyd was happy that a brother won and, as a result of winning in St. Louis, Don went on to record with jazz greats like Dizzy Gillespie, Art Blakey, Benny Carter, Archie Shepp, Jackie McLean, Pharoah Sanders and Roland Kirk. Lloyd went on to record with no one except finally near the end of his life; he appeared on a little CD where he was a gimmick soloist with a rock/hip-hop oriented garage band in London.

Had Lloyd won in St. Louis, he might have been offered an authentic massive recording contract for a change and he could have become an international figure for his powerful piano playing and Eastern expertise, something that might have launched him into an orbit that would have continued on for decades. Maybe his Oriental Jazz would have become an international genre that could have offered continuing opportunities for skilled real musicians who actually could play their instruments and knew more than three (if even that) chords while the deadly disease of rock was infecting and dumbing down the whole world. St. Louis was Lloyd's last chance in jazz because, soon after that, jazz was wiped from the face of the earth by the ugly nasty satanic specter of rock. Lloyd was basically finished and never made it in jazz since jazz was soon gone forever. The story should really end here except Lloyd did go on to have many more experiences even if he could never have a real job or any international musical success. He didn't know then that his life actually ended at St. Louis and that he would only continue dragging on as an empty husk. So jazz soon died and along with it Lloyd's last hope for success.

He did however appreciate reading the positive remarks of two of the St. Louis jazz festival judges on the evaluation sheets. Clark Terry wrote "fine group, fine vocalizing, enjoyable listening" and

guitarist Johnny Smith stated “your scat came off well – good lines & ideas. I do not feel myself qualified to judge your performance as a vocalist but your musicianship is obvious so I have to give you a 1, very nice.” As sort of a booby prize, Dr. Fowler made sure that Lloyd’s composition for stage band entitled Yona with its Javanese introduction was entered in the national collegiate jazz composers’ contest dubbed Sounds of Young America. Lloyd won the national trophy for that composition which became a nice decoration on top of his old upright in the basement along with his three regional Intercollegiate Jazz festival trophies. Accompanying the trophy was a letter written by Intercollegiate Music Festival director Bob Yde the text of which was as follows. “The winning entries are currently in New York where some of our friends in the music and publishing business are reviewing them. We will let you know just as soon as we get the reaction of these people.” Of course nothing happened and nothing ever would happen for decades to come as far as a genuine recording contract.

M.A. Mix-up and Marital Misfortune

Meanwhile Lloyd continued his work at the U of U teaching and completing M.A. his degree. When he did complete the degree and was awarded his diploma, suddenly the university realized that they didn’t have such a subject. A mention of the situation in the Daily Utah Chronicle stated, “University of Utah student Lloyd C. Miller filled all the requirements for his masters degree, only to find out after he’d already graduated, that the subject he’d majored in wasn’t in the catalogue. He lucked out, though, in a special vote, the State Board of Higher Education decided to let him keep his sheepskin.” Typical of Lloyd’s situation, he always seemed to be pushed aside or shunned because his expertise and field of interest was not part of any standard acceptability and nearly no one wanted anything to do with his work or with him. After the M.A., Lloyd signed up for a PhD in Persian language and literature with the plan of writing his dissertation on Persian music and the poetry of the song texts used in the *radif* or collection of traditional modal systems. During his study at the U of U, brilliant scholars were invited from Iran due to the hard work of Dr. Mostofi. Lloyd was able to take classes and spend many hours of discussion with masters such as Dr. Moqadam, Dr. Minovi, and others. At the same time, Dr. Fowler was inviting noted jazz experts to work with jazz students. Lloyd had a chance to work with jazz pianist Marian McPartland to whom he gave a copy of his recently written book on jazz piano chording and rhythms. The next year when she came back for another visit, Lloyd asked “hey Marian show me some cool chords.” Her reply was “I don’t know any more chords than those in your book that you gave me.”

But the financial situation in Lloyd’s life was still grim with his insignificant work-study wages and few little gigs putting a strain on his relationship with Yona at the Chateau Apartments. She recently gave birth to their first child, a son named Amaury, a name that was a compromise between an Islamic name and a Medieval European one. Lloyd had failed as a father in Provo and he was determined to be a good dad this time. But no amount of determination could change his lack of any good example from his weird childhood. He had been constantly shipped off to fancy reform type schools and camps, had been continually locked in his room as punishment for the most trivial things and his parents had been working against him and his music since his birth. Even with all the examples of loving relationships around him in the Mormon church, he never ever felt that feeling of family and, after his miserable destructive sentence to a toasted brain and daily death and revival insulin torture at Mount Airy Sanitarium, he didn’t have the personality to be a father or to be much of anything for that matter except a jazzman and a linguist.

Then when Yona took their son to a doctor who insisted the child eat bottled meat, Lloyd was infuriated. Why should two completely convinced vegetarians have to destroy their child by stuffing him with dead rotting decaying flesh; Lloyd thought it was totally crazy. Every time Yona would try to feed Amaury with a spoonful of liver or something, Lloyd would clown around and make faces to get Amaury laughing so he wouldn't be able to eat the poison flesh. The relationship became very strained, again a repeat of the same situation that happened with Marilyn. Lloyd wasn't that interested in raising children especially since they could end up to become detestable Yankee pigs after the school system turned them into stupid zombies. He realized he would be wasting his time because he felt almost no one can survive the Yankee school system without becoming an ego-tripping scummy creep that just does what the insidious capitalist/socialist conspiracy dictates. Having a child in America was just bringing evil into the home because Big Brother would make sure all children would be brainwashed by the prevalent filthy trashy 'culture.' The children would then bring those sinful habits home to pollute what little peace and joy might have been there. If they had been back in Europe, Lloyd, Yona and Amaury might have become a happy family with little governmental interference and limited influence by corporate dictated product and lifestyle tyranny. Lloyd would never stand for candy bars, burgers, cokes or any other putrid poisons anywhere near him or his family; so it would become a real war with the system having a child at home who was brainwashed by 'the Man.' Eventually Yona moved out of the apartment to see if Lloyd would finally get a job (as if he ever could in the cruel Yankee system) and to see if he would lighten up about his strong anti-system attitude.

Woodstock, a Rendezvous of Raunchy Rotten Rubbish

Meanwhile, a big event that Jay Hoffman booked for Lloyd to play at was another total failure for Lloyd. That was the first famed (or infamous) Woodstock Festival originally called the Aquarian Exposition in White Lake, New York. The letter from Jay Hoffman's assistant Debora Steinfirst stated "it will be excellent exposure for you." Since he never actually performed there, the only exposure (or indecent exposure) Lloyd experienced was to the putrid presence of the most horrid dregs of inhumanity he had ever seen. These subhumans were in the form of the ghastly scummy rock 'star' creeps who were supposedly 'musicians' but were just human trash so abominable that even the very Devil would be offended, except he obviously had his people possessing their depraved dirty bodies. The motel near the performance site was rife with these horror-flic freaks and Lloyd felt like he had been thrust into the lowest degree of Dante's inferno. The whole cocky attitude of these counterfeit non-musicians was deplorable. One black rock 'star' shouted at a couple of sleezeball girl vocalists "we're gonna rape all you bitches;" and that was one of the kinder string of expletives heard at Woodstock. The only redeeming thing about those days of misery there was that Lloyd was classified as a guest of their ethnic music group leader, the famous Ravi Shankar. Lloyd also was a roommate of Nubian *oudist* Hamza el Din. But even that was a problem because Hamza had picked up some chick who he had in his bed at night carrying on so loudly that Lloyd couldn't even get one decent night's sleep.

Finally it was the last day when Lloyd was supposed to be flown out to the stage to wake up everyone with mellow Eastern music. Before arriving at the Woodstock hell hole, the thought of maybe singing the Islamic call to prayer had crossed his demented mind to be immediately cancelled by an inner voice strongly warning "*ya haram*" in Arabic and "*khak bar sarei*" in Farsi indicating "shame on you!" Now he realized how true that was; the crowd at Woodstock was almost all human garbage and he didn't know what he could perform that would even be heard since they were likely

nearly deaf from the nauseating noise they had been subjected to during the whole miserable monstrosity. So when he approached the helicopter pilot who was to fly him out to the site, and the driver stated "I ain't flyin' in this weather" Lloyd was actually relieved. What good would it have done to be famous among the kind of scum that would attend such an ugly obnoxious gathering? That afternoon Lloyd was glumly sitting in the lobby of the motel when Jay came over to commiserate. Lloyd noted that because Raviji had played a rainy season *raga* to go with the threatening clouds; that must have been what brought on the torrents. Jay smiled and comforted "don't worry, everyone is getting paid." So Lloyd got the free trip, motel and meals plus the whopping \$150 honorarium along with a view of what hell could be like; except the Devil would have to be a lot more intelligent and probably a lot more classy than most of the creeps at Woodstock.

More Gigs and a Swarthy Swedish Sweetie Reappears

Meanwhile Jay Hoffman was still working to launch Lloyd as a national artist and had set up three important performances for him. One consisted of conducting a Middle Eastern music workshop at the famed Philadelphia Folk Festival along with Nubian *oud* player Hamza el Din. Lloyd authored a lengthy and informative article on Western heritage from Eastern music for the festival bulletin which was greatly appreciated by everyone. Lloyd's success at the Philadelphia Folk Festival provided him with some credibility on the East Coast. Another memorable concert which Jay had arranged earlier that year was at the Jewish Museum on Fifth Avenue in New York City. There Lloyd played various instruments from Middle Eastern cultures such as Iran Afghanistan, Turkey and the Arab World accompanied by a percussionist Jay's office had found. The drummer, Laslo Kubyini, was of Slavic descent and knew most Eastern rhythms, although Lloyd had to show him the Afghan version of 7/8 counted 3+4 with the characteristic accents and the pickup. The two spent hours discussing music and philosophy in the park the afternoon before the concert which was lightly attended but this time by intelligent and classy people. Lloyd played and discussed music, then at the end went around to the audience to shake hands and chat.

As he walked towards the back, he was dumbstruck at the sight of two beautiful dark haired ladies, one older and one quite young. He stared at them for a few moments wondering how he knew them, when the older one gently reminded in Swedish "*d'ä' jag, din Inger* (it's me, your Inger)" Lloyd gasped in unbelief as the young striking beauty added "*o' jag, Vony* (and me Vony) " He couldn't believe it was his old girlfriend from Stockholm and her teenage daughter now grown up and one of the most beautiful and charming women Lloyd had seen in New York or maybe anywhere. He stuttered as he approached "*men* (but)" then he grasped Inger in his arms and held her tight; then hugged Vony sharing a significant kiss. Of course, the Jewish Museum, a perfect place to find an old Jewish consort from his previous wild days in Europe. They sat down and Lloyd forgot about his fans and instruments as the girls told of their immigration to the States and Vony's flourishing career as a top photo model under the name Alexandra. The name was after her father and her fame was spreading like wildfire; at the time she had apparently become one of the most sought after models in the City. Eventually Jay came over, totally stunned that Lloyd knew two such beautiful and classy ladies, who Lloyd introduced as his old girlfriend from Stockholm and her photo-model daughter. Jay had to go somewhere near where Inger and Vony were going, so they decided to share a cab while Lloyd was to go back to Jay's with all his instruments were he was staying as a guest. Lloyd got the addresses of the girls and promised to visit them the next day. In the cab, Jay and Inger had a great talk about Lloyd's escapades as a crazy jazzman trying to break into the scene in Stockholm.

The next day as promised, Lloyd visited Inger and she showed him the copy of his sort of love poem he wrote for her, half in Swedish and half in English when he had first arrived in Provo. Somehow it had made it to her home in Hägersten when he sent it the early 1960s. She thanked him for the poem and he blushed then told her of his marriage to a wonderful saintly woman named Marilyn, which unfortunately dissolved; then his following marriage to the beautiful and brilliant Yona who had recently left him possibly permanently. His head was hanging in sorrow when Inger came from the kitchen and sat next to him then ran her motherly fingers through his hair and prophetically declared "*kanska du kommer att ha en fjärde fru* (maybe you will come to have a fourth wife)." Lloyd really didn't want to hear that because he really loved Yona and wanted her back. He had no interest at all in a fourth wife; actually he would have been thrilled to keep Marilyn but for his unparentlyness. Little did he know that he actually would have a fourth and even a fifth wife. For a guy who was sympathetic to the concept, although not the practice, of plural marriage, he had come to realize how impossible that could be while he suffered through a string of wives while also miserably failing in launching his music 'career.' The idea of one permanent and reliable wife had become his idea of perfection; but that could only occur in conjunction with a permanent and reliable job, something that unfortunately could apparently never happen for him. He couldn't even stand having one kid; so several wives and many children would never work for Lloyd unless he were to give up everything and live on a farm in the desert, and that would never happen. After visiting Inger who deeply apologized for dropping him in favor of girl-thievin' drummer George Solano, Lloyd went to see Vony and her formerly wild sister Helen.

Again Lloyd was dumbfounded at Vony's unbelievable beauty, even in broad daylight with not a drop of makeup or hairstyling. She had been a plain little teenager, kind of cute but nothing special. Now she was so striking that Lloyd begged to have copies of the various magazines with her pictures on the covers that he noticed around the apartment. Vony lamented that she only had one copy of each magazine so Lloyd never did get a souvenir picture. After a pleasant afternoon, Lloyd returned to chat with Jay before the flight back to Salt Lake. Jay was such a caring warm person as he discussed his work bringing artists to the States and launching local talent. Lloyd kidded "I guess as a Jewish agent, you can really clean up by booking all of us." Jay looked at Lloyd with full sincerity and declared "it is all to help my artists." Lloyd mused for a moment realizing that Jay's apartment was small and he didn't have a fancy car or anything realizing that Jay was right. Like so many classy and caring Jewish friends throughout Lloyd's life, again a wonderful Jewish friend had helped him as much as possible and offered him several valuable experiences. Lloyd put his arm around Jay and observed "you are the greatest; we all love and appreciate you, man."

Preservation Hall Comes to Kingsbury Hall

Back at the Chateau in Salt Lake, Lloyd looked at the empty front room where he had planned an exciting future with Yona and where he had enjoyed playing with little Amaury and wondered what his future would be. Then one of his few friends called and mentioned that the Preservation Hall Jazz Band was coming to the U of U to perform at the famed Kingsbury Hall. Lloyd perked up and decided that there might be something left to live for after all, pure and positive trad jazz. He rushed up to the campus and bought a ticket to the concert, returned to the Chateau, ate a simple fresh salad and paced the empty front room until time for the concert. He arrived early, sat on the front row and waited hoping to see some of his old friends from the Beverly Caverns days. The concert started with O When the Saints (and no one had to pay the usual \$5 tip required to hear it at Preservation Hall in New

Orleans). Lloyd noticed De De Pierce was on trumpet, but his heart was aching that his idol George Lewis was no longer on clarinet. Billie Pierce was on piano but Lawrence Marerro had been gone since '59. The band wasn't the same as the fantastic George Lewis band he had seen at the Beverly Caverns and in New Orleans in the 50s and it had never been as great as the original Bunk Johnson revival band with fabulous Baby Dodds on drums. At least trombonist Jim Robinson was still going strong; but where was he?

After the melody line and vocal, Jim slowly wandered onto the stage from the left side playing a vibrant solo as he came with enthusiastic applause welcoming his arrival. Jim's style was the usual, jumping on notes just before they would be expected, syncopating the beat and emphasizing contrary accents. As he approached the center of the stage to finish his powerful solo, he smiled at the audience and then noticed Lloyd, the dedicated teenage fan who had come to the Beverly Caverns, to Los Angeles Union Station and to New Orleans to see the old George Lewis Band. He shot a smile of recognition towards Lloyd who was dumbfounded how and why Jim would remember him. "Don't all white guys look alike?" he thought; and "who am I that anyone would ever remember me?" Maybe it was Lloyd's signature suit and tie that made him stand out. The band plowed through the typical repertoire of New Orleans favorites with Billie pounding away on piano and occasionally singing in her rugged bluesy manner. She was especially great on the slow version of St. James Infirmary, which she belted and growled out with vigor while pounding chords with both hands in a solid four-to-the-bar, adding occasional fills in the right hand. Of course they played "Just a Closer Walk with Thee;" but it was nothing like the fantastic Bunk Johnson 1945 recording of that favorite. And they also did "Just a Little While to Stay Here" as Lloyd silently sang along gaining a drop of hope for his apparent grim lonely future from the message of the lyrics. He figured he was ready for something really dangerous that could end up in death, which would be a gift after failing in two marriages and facing a defunct music career.

Then Billie and De De sang their famous French Creole tunes Eh La Bas and Sallee Dame. After three years playing music and studying in Paris, Lloyd easily picked up on the French lyrics except he wasn't sure what *coucoulions* were, obviously some type of food. The lyrics went: "*eh la bas, eh la bas, eh la bas eh la bas* (hey there)" four times repeated once. Then "*oui, mon chere cousine, mon chere cousin, on les mette en la cousine; oui mon pongit vingt m'en manger pain, c'est pas couter a rien.*" Disguised by an Afro southern drawl compounded by a strange Creole accent, Lloyd thought he understood the lyrics to be something like "my dear female cousin and male cousin sat me in the kitchen; I took wine, I ate bread and it didn't cost anything." Then the famous second verse that everyone sings "*non j'oux m'en mager coucoulions par cent en gonfler comme un ballon; et m'en roule, rouler, rouler, rouler, rouler, rouler. rouler comme u gros cochon.*" Lloyd supposed it meant something like "one day" or maybe "no kidding, I ate hundreds of coucoulions (whatever they are) bloating up like a balloon, and they rolled, rolled, rolled, rolled, rolled, rolled, rolled me like a huge pig." That was before he actually obtained a copy of the written text over a decade and a half later from jazz historian and record producer Bill Russell who first recorded Bunk and was selling music items in front of at Preservation Hall. Since Lloyd was unclear about the actual Creole lyrics and their meaning, he created his own very similar lyrics in French which he even sang at Preservation Hall later in the 1980s when he sat in two nights, one on clarinet and one on piano when Billie Pierce's sister Sadie was the pianist.

Lloyd's alternative lyrics, of which there seems to be a few alternatives out there, rhymed well and went like this: "*ma chere cousine, mon chere cousin, qui aiment manger bien; fait la cuisine, boit plein du vin et n'ecoutez pas a rien* (my dear femail cousin my dear male cousin who like to eat well; cook

and drink a lot of wine and don't listen to anything.)” For the second verse he came close to the text of the De De and Billie version. It went: “*un jour moi mangé combine poisons, moi gonflé comme un ballon; ils m'on rouler, rouler, rouler, rouler, rouler, rouler, rouler, comme un gros cochon* (one day I ate so much fish that I bloated up like a balloon; they rolled, rolled, rolled, rolled, rolled, rolled, rolled me like a huge pig).” Lloyd later figured out, or thought he did, the lyrics to another verse on a 1953 Alphonse Picou LP, which he thought went or meant something like this. “*moi l'aimé tant 'vec tour mon coeur et lui donné tout mon argent; elle fiché le camp et suis là alors 'vec rien q'un caleçon* (I loved her so much with all my heart and gave her all my money; she took off and there I am with nothing but my shorts).” Then Billie and De De did another Creole favorite “*Sallee Dame*” which, due to the pronunciation, could mean “Greetings Lady” or “Dirty Lady.” Lloyd figured it was from the New Orleans tradition where kids would follow someone and sing praises for a few coins or, if they didn't cough up coins, they would sing insults until they got a tip to go away. The West African tradition of praise songs obviously reemerged in New Orleans. So again, with the accents to wade through, Lloyd surmised that the non-sense tune was something like “*salut dame, salut dame, salut dame un bon jour; salut ... salut dame, salut dame un bon jour* (greetings lady, greetings lady, greetings lady a good day, greetings . . . greetings lady, greetings lady a good day).” Then the lyrics become a bit muddled. Maybe they were: *ça c'est bon que fail la patate, salut dame un bon jour; ça ce'est bon 'vec la tomate, salut dame un bon jour* (that is good to make potatoes, greetings lady a good day; that is good with tomatoes, greetings lady a good day). Lloyd remembered Kid Ory's song about Madame Pedo or Fedo or however it was spelled. He had figured out the meaning of most of those lyrics as well as the lyrics to a few other traditional Creole jazz tunes.

After the concert, Lloyd hung around and hugged his trombone idol, big friendly teddy bear Jim Robinson and remarked “when you came out on stage, at first I didn't know who it was.” Jim chuckled and added “sometimes I don't know who I am either.” They chatted about recently deceased George Lewis and the old days. Then Lloyd went to shake hands with De De who he hadn't met in person. He started chatting in his fluent Parisian French and De De responded in Creole as the conversation went on for a while before they realized that some of the trad jazz terminology didn't have French equivalents; so they continued in English. Lloyd chatted with Billie as well and she had joined in the French discussions. It seemed that many old New Orleans jazzpersons were fully conversant in French which makes sense since most North and West African peoples knew French. That was even before coming to New Orleans where they continued speaking it until the U.S. took over Louisiana and slowly pushed out the cultured traditions inherited from France. Unfortunately, Lloyd didn't think to get the exact lyrics and meanings of the Creole songs; but that might have taken too much time and he wouldn't have wanted to be a pest. Lloyd went home to his empty apartment somewhat elated realizing that he was first a jazzman and Eastern musician and second a person. So married, divorced, loved or despised, he was a jazzman and nothing else really mattered. But it still did matter, at least at that moment.

Unforeseen Fulbright and the End of U

The next day at the Middle East Center, Dr. Mostofi handed Lloyd an application for a Fulbright Scholarship to Iran and instructed him to fill it out because Mostofi said he would offer a very strong recommendation. Formerly Lloyd had not been interested in going all the way to the other side of the globe leaving his music career and everyone behind. But since he didn't have much of a music career and apparently no more family, he decided to apply. A few days later he had the application filled out

with all the necessary attachments, put it in the envelope, licked the stamps then walked over to the Middle East Center mail depository. He had no inclination one way or another about being accepted; in fact with another marriage collapsing, he almost had no feeling about anything. He was the only one left at the Center that evening, so he knelt near the mail receptacle and prayed “Lord, thy will be done not mine; whatever happens to this I will accept.” He then went back to the lonely apartment and called Yona to see if he could drop by her little apartment. She hesitantly indicated it was OK; so he climbed in the purple Camaro that gramp had given them shortly after their happy wedding. When he knocked on the door and was invited in, he could tell that Yona was also lonely and sad; but they were both too stubborn to find a way to fix the problem which was mostly philosophical. He mentioned that he had applied for the Fulbright and she sort of sneered sadly figuring that he would never get such a prestigious award.

Lloyd cooked a simple dinner and they sat and cuddled eventually surrendering to a physical encounter, which somehow eventually ended in an unforeseen and completely untimely pregnancy. They cried a lot and wished they could figure it all out; but when Lloyd showed Yona his new avocation, selling fifty-cent needle threaders at a profit of twenty-five cents each, she just couldn’t imagine any future for him or for them. Then when he left, she noticed a big rip in the back of his worn out suit pants and she felt like crying again for both of them. After he left to visit her neighbors trying to sell them needle threaders, she knew that she had to get back to Brussels where her parents were finally back together and happy. They had been asking her to come back home and this was the perfect opportunity. Lloyd did one good thing for Yona; he succeeded in his efforts to get her parents back together by kindly talking to each of them and helping them to see that they would be better off as a team. Of course he was not alone in this effort. So by helping get them back together he was partly responsible for instigating a situation where she would want to cut all ties with him and go back to Brussels. She had been teaching French at Westminster College where she became head of the program and has completing her M.A. in French at U. of U. She had to complete all her work in those capacities while planning her return trip and how to get her things to Europe.

During this time, Yona somehow strangely ran into Martha Lee, the American in Paris who Lloyd had originally thought would have been a great wife. One day Lloyd and Yona were wandering through a market in Salt Lake when he noticed a strangely familiar girl walk by them. Yona kept quiet about the fact that it was Martha Lee wearing a weird wig. A few days later, Yona took Lloyd to meet a French-speaking friend which turned out to be Martha Lee who, with her husband, was also packing to return to Paris. Lloyd was astonished that Martha Lee ended up in Salt Lake with the French Catholic boy she married and had become friends with Yona. He soon found out that her husband converted to Mormonism and was in some ways more enthused than Martha Lee. Yona had been keeping all this from Lloyd and must have shared some rousing conversations about how crazy and goofy Lloyd was.

Eventually, Yona was referred to one of those evil greedy divorce lawyers to try to milk Lloyd to death in the divorce. Of course Lloyd had nothing and could only offer a place to live and share simple food with a family; but he could never support anyone outside of the apartment. No amount of suing, jail time or even the firing squad could make money appear where it wasn’t. Yona’s creepy lawyer offered “she’s willing to just walk away.” But \$700 a month child support for a starving student and unsuccessful musician who was lucky to get \$300 from his teaching to pay rent, utilities, food and gas, in no way appeared like “willing to just walk away.” Lloyd was continually harassed, sent papers, delivered summonses by constables, phoned and threatened. The little creep lawyer even phoned Mostofi and the Music Department, Lloyd’s parents, his grandparents, everyone imaginable to offer

nasty insulting accusations about him. Whenever he would leave the apartment or return to it, he had to check for a constable or other harasser lurking to pounce him in the doorway. He felt like a murder on the most wanted list having to look over his shoulder every minute. What was his crime? His crime was getting married in the “land of the free.” What a joke, he thought. “Yea right, free for wives who dump their husbands, free for misanthropic womens’ lib feminazis, hate mongers with commie leanings, dopers, hippies, rock freaks, homos, crooks and other perfectly ‘acceptable’ Americans. Democracy? Are you kidding, only democracy for the sleazes and blood-sucking Masters. Former real Americans like George Washington, Lloyd’s ancestor John Adams, and the signers of the Declaration of Independence, traditional family-oriented clean living old-time Americans, have all become a detestable commodity and politically incorrect outsiders” he mused.

Lloyd was being tormented with restraining orders, visits by cops and calls from everyone instructing him to stay away from Yona and Amaury until he ended up hoping that he would never see either of ever them again; the family he had loved sincerely and wanted to do everything he could to make them happy in life. Finally Yona began to feel sorry for Lloyd and called off her mad dog lawyer after suffering a financial gouging for his ‘services.’ Lloyd’s parents tried to informally arrange a lump sum settlement for a few thousand in child support due to the fact that Yona was leaving for Europe and thus would be outside the jurisdiction of American courts. Then she found out she was pregnant and eventually bore a daughter who she named Natanie. Lloyd tried to be supportive and visited Yona a few times to see his little girl. But the whole divorce debacle and the resultant hurt on both sides made any real rapprochement impossible.

Yona wanted to leave Lloyd with a positive feeling; so she accepted his parents’ financial offer and arranged to see him once more before leaving for Brussels. It was a tearful last meeting of the former lovers who couldn’t stop caring about each other no matter how much the American system wanted to destroy them and their children by the whole divorce scam. How could Lloyd stop caring about the girl who was on the cover of his eventually famous Oriental Jazz LP, the person for whom he had written award winning compositions including the national composer contest winning piece “Yona.” Lloyd promised he would come to see Yona, Amaury and Natanie in Europe and wished they could patch up their marriage. She also expressed her wish that things could be patched up but knew she had to be with her parents again to help them stay together and also because they had a nice apartment and would help with Amaury. The two sad sweethearts shared one last long embrace and several tears then Yona disappeared from Lloyd’s life leaving only fond memories and an exceptional LP of great music in her honor. On the drive back home, Lloyd thought of the sorrow-scented French text to his favorite song Autumn Leaves. “*C’est une chanson, que nous ressemble, toi qui m’aimais, mois qui t’aimais* (it is a song that resembles us. I who loved you, you who loved me.” And the ending lines “*et la mer efface sur le sable, les pas des amants désunis* (and the sea erases in the sand, the footprints of separated lovers).”

A while later, as Lloyd was downheartedly dragging around trying to figure out how to complete the requirements for his PhD, he took a break and went to get his mail. He rummaged through the envelopes until he came across a letter from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. He suspected it was probably the Fulbright rejection; so he opened it and was amazed at what it said. “Dear Mr. Miller, on behalf of the Board of Foreign Scholarships and the Commissioner of Education, I am pleased to offer you a Fulbright-Hays Graduate Fellowship for advanced research abroad.” The letter went on to stipulate: “length of award: 12 months” and “country(ies) of research; France, Lebanon, Iran, India, Afghanistan.” Then Lloyd’s eyes popped out when he got to the bottom and saw the grant amount, \$11,292. Wow that was a lot of money at the end of the 60s. He was reminded of

one of the first classes at the Sorbonne he visited taught by the great Benveniste who asked him “Fulbright?” to which Lloyd responded with some gibberish in French slang like “I was hangin’ out, nothing to do so I jus’ wanned to check out your class, man.” Instead of ‘Fulbright,’ Benveniste must have thought ‘empty dull.’ Now that Lloyd had actually been awarded a Fulbright, he wished he could say “yes professor Benveniste, you are right, Fulbright.” He called his parents and grandpa to tell them the news; finally he had succeeded in something even if it was just for a year. But through Lloyd’s ingenuity, he was able to stretch that grant out for seven years through little things like reinvesting some of it in foreign currency then exchanging it at a better rate, buying gold coins and reselling them in the States; but mostly by purchasing instruments and craft items for resale on trips back to Utah.

Lloyd started to prepare for a long stay in Iran; as far as he was concerned, it could have been forever since he had nothing in the States worth returning to except his PhD exams and defending his dissertation. Two miserable messed up marriages, mostly due to finances, his inabilities and his unfatherlyness. All his musical hopes had permanently vanished, especially with the musical genocide consequent to the vicious invasion of satanic rock. Yes, he was really ready to live in a culture where women didn’t almost all dress like the worst hookers around the Madeleine in Paris or in Pigalle. He was ready for a place where a man couldn’t have his children ripped from his bosom and then be fined some horrible exaggerated child support by vicious greedy attorneys; a place where a wife couldn’t abscond with his children to another country without written permission from the husband. Yes a place where a husband was not treated like a dirty dog, just a slave to crank out money while his wife could steal the children, dump the poor guy then run around and party with creeps on his dime. So now just one more reason was added to why Lloyd never wanted to return to Yankee hell and was glad to know that, according to many reliable prophecies, that whole ‘wicked nation’ of America would soon come tumbling down in ruins when God smashes it with major disasters and plagues. Yes Lloyd was glad to get out of the stupid States, forever if possible. Yes, Lloyd was ready to say goodbye forever to the sludge-hole that America had become in 1969, who could have ever imagined how horrible it would eventually be decades later.

Lloyd ‘s parents had just purchased a nice house on Sylvan Avenue in Salt Lake not far from the U of U. He had moved all his things there and was hoping that Yona might reconsider now that they would have a home where they could raise Amaury and Natanie. But Yona’s parents needed her and she didn’t want to go back to Lloyd after all the bad feelings from the divorce, the vicious gold-digging lawyer and all that had happened. She didn’t think Lloyd would ever be able to succeed now that jazz had been assassinated by rock and because the U of U Music Department refused to hire him since they didn’t have ethnomusicology and weren’t planning to ever accept that field. Lloyd was at a dead end and had no hope at all for any future; so when he got the Fulbright, at least he could get out of America where he had been tortured in the nut house, where he had always been beaten up, tormented and emotionally stomped into the ground. Now he could move to Iran and eventually die in peace in a friendly country that respects scholarship and spirituality. So Lloyd packed everything he was taking to Iran, loaded up the car with most everything else and stashed a few valuables in a storage room in the house on Sylvan. He drove to South Laguna where his parents had moved from Royal Boulevard in Glendale to a plush retirement home on Sea Island Drive. There he stored some important papers, LPs, and tapes; things he might need in Iran and could come back and get on some future visit. The items on Sylvan Avenue in Salt Lake remained sealed in the storage room for the years that Lloyd stayed in Iran, even though the owners who bought the house almost threw it all out in frustration waiting for Lloyd to return and haul it all away.

Misguided Missionary Efforts

Before leaving for Iran, Lloyd decided that he should be prepared to share information about Mormonism, not to convert anyone, but to inform them about basic historical facts. These facts included Lehi leaving wicked Jerusalem and taking a boat to Central America, the Jaredites leaving Babylon and coming to Central America in eight boats, Joseph Smith finding the record of these occurrences and translating them into English. He also thought that some of the basic beliefs of Mormonism that agreed with Islam would be of interest in the Middle East. To accomplish this, Lloyd solicited the assistance of a good Iranian friend at the U who agreed with Lloyd's conviction that any writing about Mormonism must be in *sare* Persian which is Persian without any Arabic at all. There was an effort afoot among certain scholars to purify Persian by replacing the ugly and cumbersome Arabic content with charming and simple real Persian. Lloyd was in full agreement with this concept and was one of the most fervent advocates of it. After a few weeks of working together on the project, Lloyd and his Iranian friend came up with an ideal pamphlet in Farsi which included some of the main points in Lloyd's book Mormonism and Islam plus other vital information that would be appreciated by Moslems. Lloyd eventually had this pamphlet also translated into Arabic, Turkish, Pashtu and Urdu. He printed up about 500 of the original Farsi pamphlets and took some with him expecting to have the rest sent later.

Lloyd went to the Translation Division of the LDS Church offices building where he had been shunned many times before. On his first visit there, he found that they were trying to do some 'translating' in Farsi but had some sneaky phony working for them who was obviously there just for the green card and the money. Lloyd realized that the moment he met the guy, who bragged about just putting words from the dictionary on a paper not caring if they meant anything or not. He also bragged about how the dumb Mormons didn't know he was drinking coffee and smoking in his car in the Church parking lot by the building during breaks. Lloyd was furious and reported it to the Translation Division who didn't seem to believe him. Then he went to the federal immigration judge and told him about the phony who was freeloading on the Church to get an undeserved residency status. Eventually he convinced the Translation Division to the request services of Professor Dr. Marashi at the Middle East Center, who at least would get the language correct. But after Marashi got the job, he forgot how he had agreed with Lloyd's suggestion that the Farsi Book of Mormon must be in the *sare* Farsi, basically the language of Ferdosi, to feel like the ancient text that it was and not to be confused with the Arabic Quran because it was a different dispensation from a group of ancient pre-Islamic prophets. Dr. Marashi was so busy with his many responsibilities so he often had his TA work on the translations, which he would check later. The Translation Division never did acknowledge or look favorably on Lloyd's Farsi brochure including the Islamic approach based on Palmer's and Nibley's scholastic input.

The Farsi translation that the Translation Division finally did publish, in the form of Book of Mormon excerpts, was maybe the meaning but without the spirit and power it could have possessed. It was merely a bunch of words that correctly but sometimes feebly represented the basic meaning of the original. About that same time, when the Translation Division wanted someone to do the Arabic translation, Lloyd suggested Professor Dr. Abdul Malik at the Middle East Center who was a Seventh Day Adventist and a humble inspired man. Lloyd gave him a large copy of the Book of Mormon to make the work easier and even gave him a special blessing. The translation was completed and published; then Lloyd's former detractor, Dr. Hanna, decided to join the Church and then convinced the Translation Division hire him to redo the Arabic translation. Lloyd wondered how Dr. Hanna's

translation would improve on Dr. Abdul Malik's work and hoped that eventually the final text would be excellent Arabic reflecting the language that was very similar to the original Semitic writings from about 600 B.C.

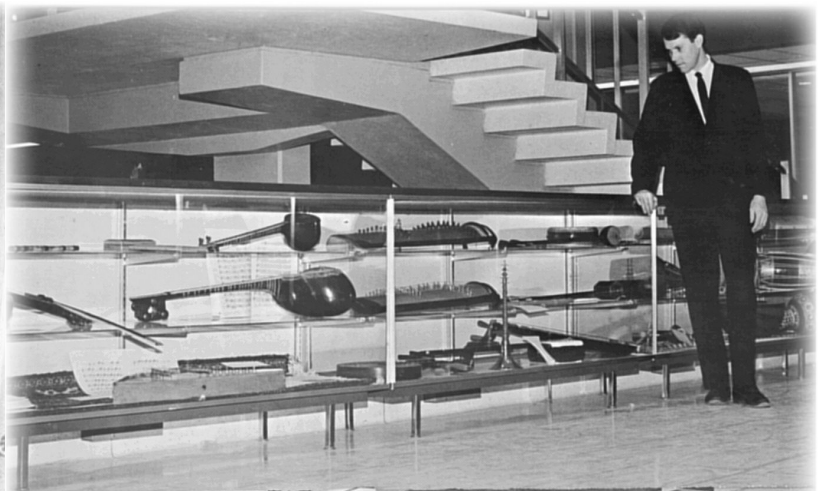
Before Lloyd left on his Fulbright, he also went with his aunt Evelyn Badley, who was a very active respected member of the Church, to visit Elder Hartman Rector who was head of the Seventies whose mission was to supervise missionary work throughout the world. Lloyd and aunt Evelyn tried and eventually succeeded in convincing Elder Rector to try a small mission in Tehran for the Christians and other non-Moslems there who might be interested in a restored, revised and more correct version of the religion that Jesus had set up while he was alive. Lloyd suggested that maybe the Church should use normal members living in other countries, families, a man and wife, for instance, to do missionary work as stake missionaries rather than sending uneducated and unsophisticated little boys. Lloyd argued that older stable married couples could be very convincing and useful as missionaries, especially those who were already living in another country, knew the language and respected the culture (when and if that were possible). Lloyd cited his experience doing missionary work with Marilyn on BYU campus and how Islamic and other cultures were more apt to listen to older more experienced couples rather than little kids. Elder Rector, being from Florida, was open minded and quite inspired. He promised Lloyd he would take everything under serious consideration and then admitted "some of the best ideas come from the members."

Lloyd's parents also worked their magic by mentioning to her friend and former neighbor Noreen Callister that Lloyd was going to Iran and would like to meet with her father, Apostle LeGrand Richards, for some advice before leaving. An appointment was scheduled and Lloyd excitedly went to the Church Office Building to meet the apostle. Elder Richards warmly greeted him and shared a glow of spirituality that permeated the room. Lloyd briefly told him about Brother Palmer's BYU mission to Islamic students using the Koran and Islamic principles to explain Mormonism. Elder Richards reiterated what Elder Rector said, that some of the best ideas come from the members. He also stated that Lloyd should just add to the good religious beliefs that people in the Middle East already had. He said "we aren't taking anything away from them but just adding to what they already have." Then Lloyd asked for a blessing which Elder Richards did with special spiritual strength full of powerful promises including ability in languages and relating to the people, which Lloyd already possessed, but could always use more. Apostle Richards also promised that Lloyd would make many, many friends in the Middle East, which definitely did happen. After the meeting, Lloyd was convinced that, if the gospel or information about Mormon history and concepts, were to be shared in the Middle East at this time, he would be able to assist in that task. Otherwise, he would be open to being vastly enriched by learning from the truths and spirituality which had been passed down over the millennia from ancient prophets. Actually, Lloyd's initial hope to do missionary work in Iran eventually turned to his appreciation and acceptance of the truths and spiritual insight he gained as he was able to discover for himself that Mohammad was a true prophet and Islam was another true representation of God's path. This fact agrees with LDS scholars and leaders. George Albert Smith stated that Mohammad "was no doubt raised by God on purpose to scourge the world for their idolatry." Parelly P. Pratt affirmed "Mohamedan doctrine was a standard raised against the most corrupt and abominable idolatry that ever perverted our earth, found in the creeds and worship of Christians." Orson Whitney wrote of "the coming of Mohamet to the Arabs, who were thus converted from idolatry, the worship of 'sticks and stones,' to the worship of the one god Allah, with Mohamet as his prophet." B.H. Roberts said of Mohammed "whenever God finds as soul sufficiently enlightened . . . he makes him a teacher of men."

Sufi Saint & Swinger: photos for Section C, US and Utah, Chapters 29 - 30



Lloyd on Thai *ranad* & Marilyn on *khloi*



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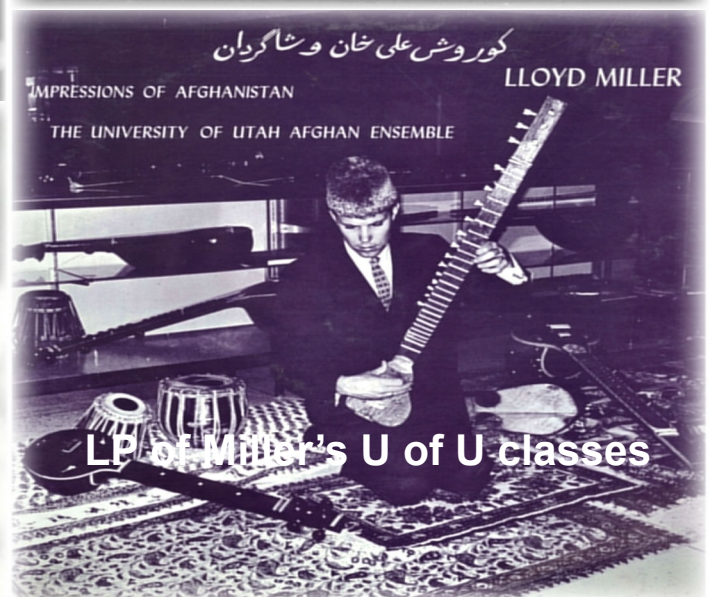
Lloyd & Marilyn's 1960s LP at BYU



Miller's Intercollegiate jazz trophies



Preston Keys Quartet & Miller on KBYU TV



JAZZ
AT THE
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Miller at Bilzen jazz festival in Belgium

Miller's U of U LP in the late 1960s