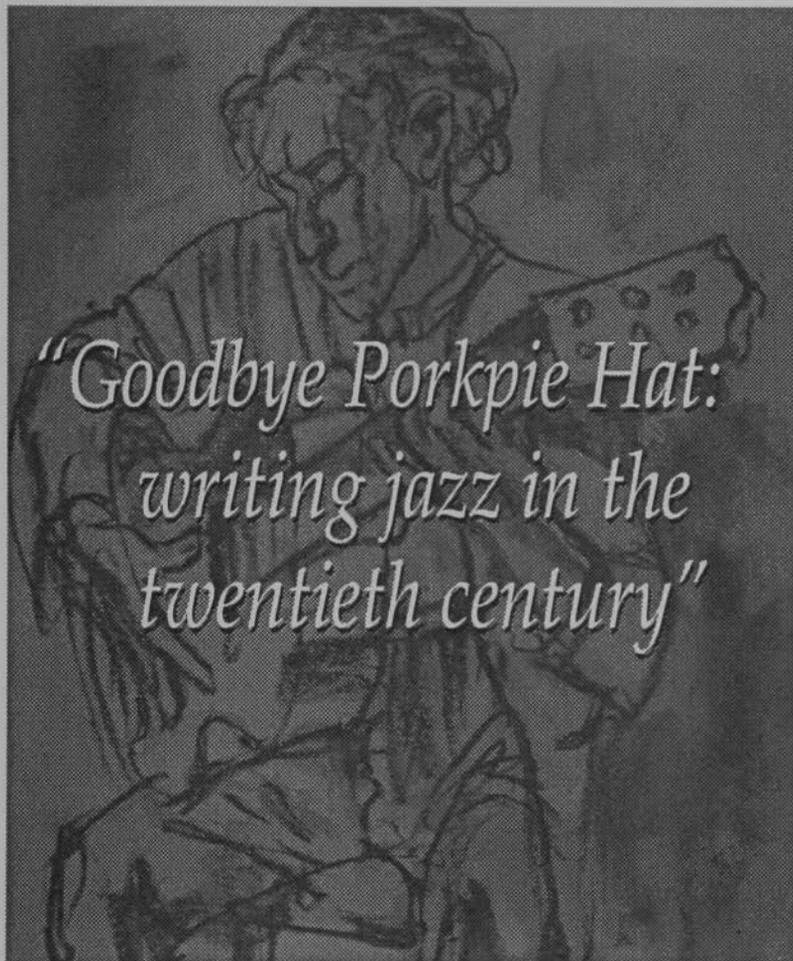


# DOUBLY GIFTED

*The Annual Bell Jazz Lecture, 2001*

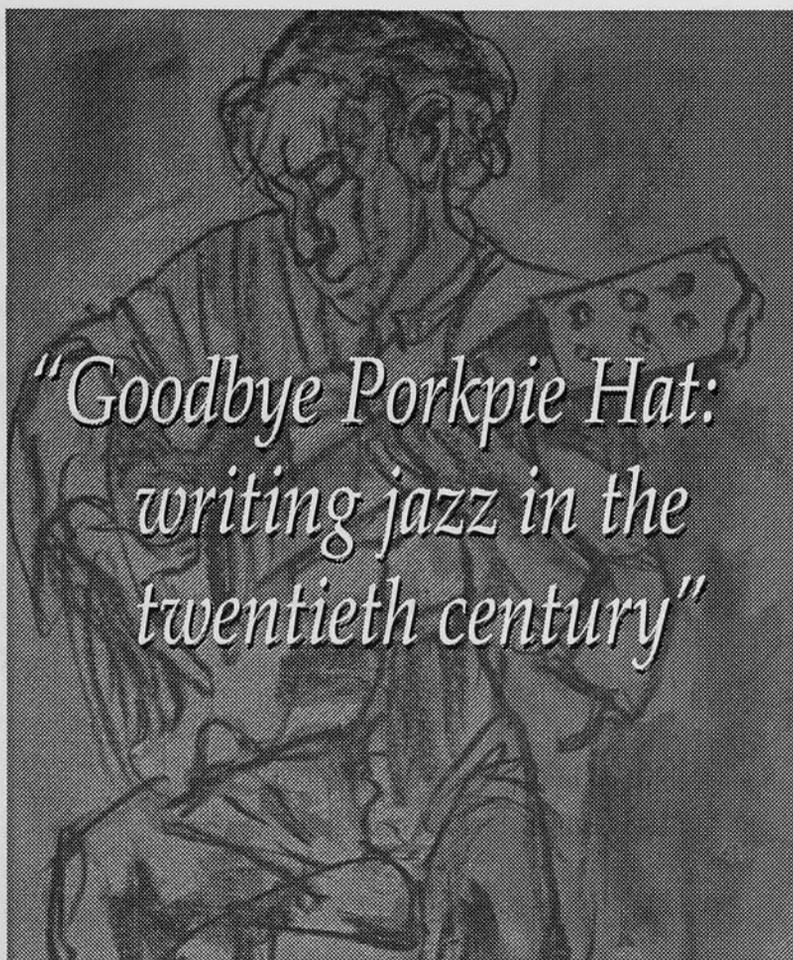


GYPSY GUITAR VERDON MORCOM

*Mandy Sayer*



*The Annual Bell Jazz Lecture, 2001*



GYPSY GUITAR VERDON MORCOM

*Mandy Sayer*

*The Ninth Annual Bell Jazz Lecture*

*Delivered 22nd September, 2001*

*Waverley Library*

The Annual Bell Jazz Lecture, 2001

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## Introduction

The Annual Bell Lecture in Jazz has now reached its ninth year in 2001. Once again the Doubly Gifted Committee wishes to thank the staff of the Waverley Library, the Friends of Waverley Library and the Waverley Council for making both the Doubly Gifted Exhibition and the Lecture possible.

The Exhibition and the Bell Lecture in jazz were initiated by the late Harry Stein and therefore the Doubly Gifted Committee continues to present these as a tribute to his memory and as a tribute to the great Australian jazz musician, Graeme Bell.

This year we are honoured to have as our lecturer, a well-known and highly - respected successful author, Mandy Sayer. She has published a number of novels and continues to delight her reading public with a variety of subjects.

Mandy Sayer is the daughter of jazz drummer, the late Gerry Sayer, who travelled overseas with Mandy at his side. She has experienced a most unusual jazz life and will surely draw on some of these experiences to deliver a very informative and entertaining lecture.

Mandy Sayer will be introduced by last year's lecturer Peter J.F. Newton.

Kate Dunbar  
Co-Convenor  
Doubly Gifted Committee



## Mandy Sayer

Mandy Sayer attended twelve public schools before touring the U.S. as a street performer with her jazz drummer father. She later studied tap dance with Cookie Cook and Brenda Buffalino in New York and joined the Bill Evans Dance Company. She has received a BA and MA from Indiana University, where she taught fiction and poetry writing for a year.

Sayer is the author of three novels, *Mood Indigo* (winner of the 1989 Australian / Vogel Literary Award), *Blind Luck*, and *The Cross*. Her memoir, *Dreamtime Alice*, was published to critical acclaim in Australia, the U.S., and the U.K. in 1998, and has since been translated into several European languages, winning the National Biography Award, the New England Booksellers' Discovery Award in the U.S., and Australian Audio Book of the Year. *Dreamtime Alice* is soon to be a feature film that Sayer has adapted for the screen, produced by The Piano's Jan Chapman. Sayer co-edited (with Louis Nowra) *In the Gutter, Looking at the Stars*, an anthology representing two hundred years of literature set in Sydney's Kings Cross. Her collection of linked short stories, *Fifteen Kinds of Desire*, was published this year from Random House Australia. This year Sayer will complete her Doctorate in the Creative Arts. She lives in Sydney.



## Graeme Bell

The Doubly Gifted Committee and Waverley Library have named this lecture series on jazz, the Bell Jazz Lectures, in honour of Graeme Bell's outstanding contribution to jazz in Australia and abroad over the last fifty years. He is an outstanding pianist, excellent band leader and composer of note. Graeme is also a talented artist who has exhibited in the Doubly Gifted exhibitions of visual art works by jazz musicians, as well as contributing to other exhibitions.

## Goodbye Porkpie Hat: Writing Jazz in the 20th Century

The famous bassist and composer, Charles Mingus, was onstage at a New York Club when a man crept up and whispered in his ear that the virtuoso tenor saxophonist, Lester Young, had died. Mingus, who was on the piano during that set, and who was one of Young's greatest admirers, abruptly stopped playing the tune the band was halfway through and seguewayed in to a piece of music no one had heard before. The tempo was gradual and haunting, and the melody cut a slow, sinuous path around the other musicians. The rest of the band listened hard and picked up the changes-not knowing that Mingus was in fact inventing the tune as he went along, and that this improvised elegy to Lester Young would eventually become the jazz classic, "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat."

I begin with this anecdote because I'm here today to talk about jazz and its influence on 20th Century literature, and to me the story of how "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat" came to be written has a lot in common with prose and poetry inspired by jazz. Jazz-influenced poetry, for example, has often been improvised and invented in tandem with instrumentalists, whether we're looking at the Beat literature of the 1950s America, or the rap-based performance poetry of the 80's and 90's. Just as Mingus was moved to compose "Goodbye Porkpie Hat" out of grief and longing for a particular musician and the place and time Lester Young represented, most writers who've incorporated jazz into their work have done so with a similar impulse: the subject matter of the poem or novel is a (frequently tragic) jazz musician, and the tone of the work is usually wistful and nostalgic. Take, for example, the last stanza of Frank O'Hara's poem, "The Day Lady Died", written after he'd heard that Billy Holiday had passed away: ". . . and a NEW YORK POST with her face on it / and I am sweating a lot by now and thinking of / leaning on the john door in the FIVE SPOT / while she whispered a song along the keyboard / to Mal Waldron and everyone and I stopped breathing" Another good example is Yusef Komunyakaa's elegy to pianist Thelonious Monk, "Thelonious is dead . . . The ghost of Be-Bop / from 52nd Street, / footprints in the snow. / Damn February. / Let's go to Minton's / & play 'modern malice' / till daybreak. Lord, / there's Thelonious / wearing that old funky hat / pulled down over his eyes." Another way in which the "Goodbye Porkpie Hat" story mirrors jazz-influenced literature is through its title: in coming up with the name of the tune, Mingus, like a deft poet or novelist, creates a metaphor with the "Hat", and at the same time creates an internal rhyme (Goodbye-Porkpie). If anybody bothered to "scan" the title they'd realised it imitates the rhythm of a classical English poetic form, the "trochaic trimeter."

But we're not going to get too technical today. With this talk I'd like to concentrate on the main ways in which jazz has shaped 20th Century literary forms, and a little about the ways in which it has influenced my own writing. I'll also be improvising on the idea that as the music evolved throughout the decades and became more diversified and international, so too did the literature that was influenced by it.

My own interest in jazz springs from my father, Gerry, who was a Sydney-based jazz drummer for almost seventy years. Just after I was born we lived in a house in Stanmore and Gerry had the entire bathroom ripped out and converted into a sound proof music room so he could practise on a full kit without the neighbours complaining. It also proved to be a godsend to my mother, who has since told me that she would leave me in there as a baby if I cried while she was cooking dinner. Meanwhile, my older sister, brother, and I were bathed in an iron tub in the kitchen and used a toilet at the end of the veranda. As I was growing up, the music room assumed a separate, mythic presence in the house: the door was always closed and my father was usually on the other side of it, trying to perfect his double ratamacues. My mother used to leave his lunch at the door but sometimes he forgot to eat it and, as the hours passed by, I'd watch a slow, gelatinous skin form over the the surface of the pea and ham soup, or the gravy covering two sausages. The music room was also the place where I was sent when I was bad and some of my first memories are of crawling beneath the side drum and thrilling at the way in which the snares whispered and thrummed back at me when I pursed my lips towards it and made a sound.

Curiously, there were very few books in the house--except several Little Golden Books packaged for children. The first real stories I ever heard were not from the Grimm Brothers or Hans Christian Andersen, but from the man who lived mostly in the soundproof room. The stories my father told were always rollicking good fun and, when he did finally drag himself away from his kit, he often mythologised himself and his mates over sweating glasses of beer and unfiltered cigarettes. Like all good musicians, his timing was impeccable, and his tales were like looping saxophone solos with improbable pauses and tensions that kept driving towards some hilarious crisis. There was one about the day he flew a Tiger Moth aeroplane beneath the Sydney Harbour Bridge in the '30's; another about the time he sold a radio to a deaf woman. Then there was the time he and his great friend, saxophonist Rolf Pommer, were part of the eighteen-piece Trocadero orchestra during the '50's. Rolf, a gifted musician and dedicated alcoholic, stood up one night and walked to the front of the bandstand to play his solo. He played the first chorus

beautifully, paused, turned, discreetly vomited into the bell of the baritone sax, straightened up and continued his solo. As Gerry always boasted: *He didn't miss a beat.*

Since he was born in 1920 with a hare lip and a cleft palate--which, ironically, made it difficult for him to learn how to speak--he spent the first seven years of his life in hospital without any formal education. This setback, coupled with his queer, breathy voice and scarred lips, with the hole in the roof of his mouth, led him to loathe the school into which his parents had suddenly dropped him: all the other kids his age were three years ahead of him and teased him about his slow ways in class and the way he seemed to only talk through his nose. Consequently, he buried himself in the study of music and left school at fourteen, barely literate. By 1948, *Tempo* magazine had named him one of Australia's best drummers. He could play any piece of music that was placed in front of him--as the musos often say, he could read fly shit at ten paces--yet he found it hard to write his own name, let alone settle down with a good book or magazine.

For me, his youngest child and second daughter, all this had interesting implications. From the time I could get a pencil in my hand and begin to manipulate the letters of the alphabet, I was writing. Gradually phrases bled into poems, and poems augmented into stories, and stories sprawled out into the first hesitant chapters of a Gothic novel. At the same time, I was becoming attuned to the rhythms of my father's voice and jazz, to the fascinating plots of his life, and I think the music he played and the stories he told have had more of an effect upon my work than any particular book or teacher.

Poetry and prose can be influenced by jazz in a number of ways. The first, most straightforward is when the work uses a single jazz musician or the jazz subculture as subject matter: a novel, say, about the difficult life of a gifted pianist, as in Frank Conroy's *Body and Soul*, or Philip Larkin's poem *For Sydney Bechet*. Usually the work is a tribute or an elegy to a single jazz musician, whether real or invented.

The second way is when a writer is influenced by jazz rhythms and musical devices, when the language attempts to approximate the subject matter of jazz, as in the fiction of James Baldwin: "He and the piano stammered, started one way, got scared, stopped; started another way, panicked, marked time, started again; then seemed to have found a direction, panicked again, got stuck." (from the short story *Sonny's Blues*). Here, Baldwin is not merely writing about a troubled pianist, the placement and syntax of the prose allows the reader to hear the staccato-like metre of the music and its struggle to articulate itself.

Poet Etheridge Knight used jazz rhythms in an entirely different way in his poem *I and Your Eyes*:

And I and your eyes  
Draw round about a ring of gold  
And shout their sparks of fire  
And I and your eyes  
Hold untold tales and conspire  
With moon and sun to shake my soul.

The long pause Knight employs on the first and third lines creates a kind of musical tension, a delicious hesitation that could be compared to spaces pianist Count Basie left in his music, or the silences that can be heard in a good drum solo.

The third way in which writers have used jazz in their work is on the level of structure. Poets in particular have been influenced by the 12-bar blues form of writing lyrics, while jazz-inspired novels veer away from a linear mode of storytelling and instead employ multiple narratives or points-of-view that often accumulate into a kind of literary riff, or a set of improvisations on a particular theme. While I myself have used jazz musicians as the subjects of my novels, and have tried to use language that approximates the rhythms of jazz, it is probably on the level of structure that jazz plays itself out in my work the most. My novel *The Cross*, for example, is a series of monologues from seven main characters, all of whom narrate, from wildly different perspectives, the last six months of the life of a woman called Gina Delgado, who is loosely based on the famous Kings Cross heiress and activist Juanita Nielsen. The characters essentially tell the same story, but add their own embellishments, inventions, asides, and interpretations--so the thrust of the narrative is not the events themselves but how each narrator improvises on the theme and is able to reinvent it. I employed a similar technique in my most recent book, *15 Kinds Of Desire*, a collection of linked short stories, in which a narrative line resolves itself in one tale, only to remerge in another in a totally new or surprising way. Unlike my first two novels, or my memoir *Dreamtime Alice*, *The Cross* and *15 Kinds of Desire*, don't use jazz or jazz musicians as subject matter--there's hardly a mention of the music in either of them--yet the structure of each is informed by interpretive nature of improvisation. In this sense, someone like William Faulkner, with novels such as *As I Lay Dying* and *The Sound and the Fury*, can also be read as a "jazz-writer".

Jazz-inspired writing has always been associated with marginalised characters--with the underdog, the misfit, the outsider. This shouldn't come as a surprise, as the music itself sprung from the spirituals and work songs of the most marginalised American people during the early 20th century. Author Ralph Ellison equated being black at that time with being totally invisible, and in his cult novel *Invisible Man* the narrator finds a curious kinship in the music of Louis Armstrong: "Sometimes now I listen to Louis while I have my favourite dessert of vanilla ice cream and sloe gin. I pour the red liquid over the white mound, watching it glisten and the vapor rising as Louis bends the military instrument into a beam of lyrical sound. Perhaps I like Louis Armstrong because he's made poetry out of being invisible . . . . And my own grasp of invisibility aids me to understand his music. . . . Invisibility, let me explain, gives one a slightly different sense of time, you're never quite on the beat . . . ." This idea of the misfit, the outsider, has been with jazz and jazz-inspired writing from the very early days, when the musical form was first rebelling against the prevailing European notions of "high art".

The first writer to be influenced by jazz directly was American poet, Langston Hughes, who was a figurehead in the black movement of the 1920s commonly referred to as the Harlem Renaissance. This renaissance was a decade-long exploration of African-American arts, history, and culture that questioned the relevance of European values, and instead sought to develop and celebrate an alternative, black aesthetic. Even though the Harlem Renaissance had an impact upon black writers, painters, theatre people and scholars, composer and pianist Eubie Blake maintained that music--specifically jazz and the blues--was at the centre of the movement. During the 1920's, New York whites were flocking uptown to Harlem to hear the new, exciting music, but black intellectuals of the time still underestimated the value of jazz and the blues, hearing the music as a form of primitive folk art rather than as a significant expression of the African-American experience. It wasn't until Langston Hughes interpreted the blues as a metaphor for black life that jazz found significance with black intellectuals. In his essay, *The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain*, he writes: "Let the blare of Negro jazz bands and the bellowing voice of Bessie Smith singing blues penetrate the closed ear of the colored near-intellectuals until they listen and perhaps understand." However, it is in Hughes' poetry itself that one can find the music he loved and so believed in, which mostly consists of poetic transpositions of the blues in terms of form and subject matter. Take, for example, the first stanza of *Morning After*, which assumes A/A/B structure usually associated with a musical twelve-bar blues:

I was so sick last night I  
Didn't hardly know my mind  
So sick last I  
Didn't know my mind  
I drunk some bad lick that  
Almost made me blind.

The poem continues in its A/A/B structure for another two stanzas and, if it were read on top of a traditional blues, could function perfectly as a twelve-bar blues lyric. Unlike his predecessors, Hughes believed in narrowing the distinctions between "low" and "high" art.

This aesthetic also had an influence on writer Sterling Brown, whose poems *Ma Rainey, Cabaret* and *New St. Louis Blues* improvise on 1920's black street vernacular and the blues musical structure. Another writer to emerge during the Harlem Renaissance was Zora Neale Hurston, whose prose also approximated blues rhythms and subjects. Just like the lyrics of Bessie Smith, Hurston's prose sings of voodoo doctors and conjurers, love potions and the devil, blending descriptions of arcane African rituals with European language. During this 1920's literary revival the blues was the dominant influence, with its celebration of working-class values--of the outsider's experience of the world-- as the driving force behind the words.

Jazz-inspired writing of the 30's and 40's was mostly associated with protest literature, writing that deliberately underscored the marginalised lives of black Americans. The figurehead of this movement, author Richard Wright, was based in Chicago and led a musical and literary renaissance similar to the one based in Harlem a decade earlier. The Chicago renaissance happened as a consequence of massive migration of black workers from the deep south of America to the south side of Chicago. As Craig Werner points out in his book *Playing the Changes*, they brought with them "cultural traditions that shaped some of the most important subsequent developments in American vernacular culture. Transplanted from Mississippi and Arkansas by Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, and others the Delta blues strongly influenced black secular music and rock and roll, which was at its inception interracial . . ." Concurrent with these musical changes were literary ones as well: in 1936 Mississippi-born Richard Wright helped to form the South Side Writers group, which fostered such writers as Gwendolyn Brooks and Robert Hayden. Both of these writers, and Wright himself, wrote protest literature, and all of them were directly influenced by the jazz music of their time. Brooks in particular was inspired by the blues and created A / A / B structures for her poems;

Hayden used jazz as subject matter, and exploited the cadences of black vernacular to create internal rhymes and rhythms: Because there was a man somewhere in a candystripe silk shirt, gracile and dangerous as a jaguar and because a woman moaned for him in sixty-watt gloom and mourned him Faithless Love Twotiming Love Oh Love Oh Careless Aggravating Love, (from *Homage to the Empress of the Blues*).

Obviously, this poem doesn't imitate a blues musical structure, but with its mood of deep longing and hard times, its syncopated holler throughout the fourth line, and its insistence upon expression over silence, the work is indeed an homage to the blues and the people who sing and play it.

The 50's brought great changes in music, and in literature inspired by jazz. Black music was now dominated by the electric blues coming out of Chicago and rock'n'roll was escalating as a popular form of entertainment. Sam Cooke and Ray Charles blurred the distinctions between the blues and gospel, creating a musical style that would one day be called "Soul." The Chicago renaissance was over, leaving many an artist with misgivings about the racial divide in popular music. During the 40's and 50's most swing bands had employed white musicians only, and with the advent of rock'n'roll, many African-Americans saw it as yet another example of white appropriation of black musical forms. For the majority of jazz musicians, bebop was the antidote to this phenomenon and, with its concentration on technical mastery and theoretical knowledge, soon came to be considered a true African-American art form. Bebop, however, did not have its roots set firmly in the working class lives of the black community and, like the Delta Blues and early swing styles, was vulnerable to white imitators and musical carpetbaggers. Yet this meshing of backgrounds and styles produced one of the most fertile decades of literature influenced by jazz, and visa versa. Up until the 50's, most jazz-inspired writing was restricted to the page it was printed upon, either using a jazz musician as a subject for the work, or by approximating blues structures in poetry. In the 50's musicians and writers began to collaborate and improvise performances with one another; some efforts, of course, were better than others. Bassist Charles Mingus was one of the few bebop musicians who actively sought out writers with whom he could work. During the '50's his band accompanied poet Kenneth Patchen in readings, and many others in San Francisco. Mingus also worked with playwright Leo Pogostin, and wrote a score for one play in which the only instrument played was the bass. Other plays featured musical and theatrical improvisations, in which "skeleton" scripts and scores were performed but both forms remaining

loose enough to encourage ad-libbing, embellishment, and interaction: actors became vehicles for music and instruments became characters onstage. It was this very cross-pollination that caused the escalation of jazz-related writing and popularised it for mainstream America. The image of Jack Kerouac with slick-backed hair, reading hip poetry in front of a jazz trio springs to mind. All bravado and brylcream, I always thought of Kerouac as the Elvis Presley of jazz poetry, the way he appropriated a black art form, dressed it up in jeans and made it sexy, subversive, and hip for white audiences. The author of such classics as *On the Road* and *Mexico City Blues*, Kerouac was at the forefront of the Beat movement, a group of writers who not only embraced jazz music, but what they perceived to be "the jazz life". This mostly consisted of sitting in smoky cafes and bars, wearing black turtle necks, buying Charlie Parker records, and reading up on arcane Eastern religions. But it also included writing for and about jazz, and soon writers such as Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Alan Ginsburg were publishing jazz-related poetry and joining musicians onstage for collaborative performances. While the Beat writers made both jazz and poetry hip for a while, not everyone was impressed with the quality of the work. Poet Kenneth Rexroth was unequivocal when he said, "Poetry read to jazz had only a brief popularity in America. It was ruined by people who knew nothing about either jazz or poetry." Others complained that the union of words and music seemed forced and neither medium was allowed to breathe. Listening to recordings of the Beat performances now--fifty years on--I'd have to agree with the dissenters. On many of the records there doesn't seem to be much interaction between writer and musician, and the poetry seems stilted by a contrived sense of hipness, in which every likable person is a "cat" and every nimble-fingered musician is a "speedster". The rhythms are heavy and the vernacular too self conscious. Here, for example, is a stanza from Kerouac's 221st Chorus of *Mexico City Blues*:

Deadbelly dont hide it--  
    Lead killed Leadbelly--  
Deadbelly admit  
    Deadbelly modern cat  
Cool--Deadbelly, Man,  
Craziest.

I'm sure most of you don't want to hear the 222nd Chorus of the poem. But for all their corny, half-syncopated ramblings, the Beats did bring jazz-inspired literature to white America and the world and, through television appearances, recordings, books, and live performances, highlighted the potential of literary and musical collaborations.

During the 60's, and throughout subsequent decades, jazz-related prose and poetry was reclaimed by black artistic communities but also began to influence non-American writers. The Black Arts Movement in the U.S. fostered many authors who used jazz rhythms in their work, including Amiri Baraka, Gwendolyn Brooks, and her protegee, Etheridge Knight. Knight, who began writing poetry in prison, blended musical rhythms with traditional metrical devices. Originally, Knight, like many jazz musicians of the time, upheld notions of a separate black aesthetic, but as time went on he softened his stance and believed that good writing, like good music, speaks to everyone. As he himself said: "Our poetry will always speak mainly to black people, but I don't see it as being narrow in the 70's as it was in the 60's. . . . My poetry is also important to white people because it invokes feelings . . . . The feelings are common, whether or not the situations that create the feelings are common." This is perhaps why jazz-related literature has since sprung up around the world in the last thirty years: the cultures vary widely but the mood and appeal of jazz has inspired authors in many languages to interact with the music either through formal innovations, subject matter, performances, or collaborative CD recordings. Kazuko Shiraishi, who was dubbed the Allen Ginsburg of Japan in the 1960's, expresses her surrealistic poetic imagery through improvised performances with jazz musicians, her staccato vocalisations--always delivered in Japanese--sounding more like a scat singing than poetry recitation. Irish poet Michael O'Siadhail is another who writes about and performs with jazz (his most recent book is called *Hail! Madam Jazz*), though his delivery is light and bouncy in comparison to Shiraishi's--he's more like a Ben Webster solo, while she is vintage Roland Kirk. In fact, wherever jazz is now played in the world, invariably you will find its influence on poetry and prose and, as the music has evolved and permutated, so has the writing.

Having said that, I must confess that Australian writers have not been drawn to jazz as much as authors in France or even Russia. In 1995, an anthology of prose influenced by music, *Red Hot Notes*, was published, but out of the twenty-two contributions, only one used jazz as its subject; the rest was devoted to classical music and opera. If we look a little harder we can find a slim volume of jazz-inspired poems from the '80's, *Blue Notes*, by Laurie Duggan, but Duggan has long since given up creative writing and two years ago refused to give a public reading from *Blue Notes*, even after he was offered a considerable amount of money to do so. The only other Australian author who springs to mind is Thea Astley, whose background in piano has enabled her to create characters

who are jazz musicians. Astley's prose also contains a rhythmic, musical pulse that is not quite like any other Australian writer I've "heard" before: "Wild improvisatory phrases ripped away from her breath and fingers and soared wildly and unrestrained through the open second floor windows of the building. The landscape began to liquefy in the summer rain of water and music" (from *Reaching Tin River*). Notice the repetition of the "ay" sounds throughout the two sentences: improvisatory, phrases, away, unrestrained, landscape, rain.. Astley is able to make her prose sound like the very thing she is writing about.

I'd like to close today by reading a poem I wrote in my early twenties, the first poem I ever had published. It was written with the same impulse with which Mingus improvised his farewell to Lester Young when he first played "Good Bye Porkpie Hat". It was written very quickly, in one sitting. Like many jazz poems, it is an elegy to a great musician--an underdog, an outsider, a misfit. Most importantly, it reworks and improvises on some of the wild stories my father told me as a child and makes something new out of it, which, I think, is what jazz does best.

#### Choofa -- For Rolf Pommer

One night before a gig  
some musos picked up your beaten sax:  
dented, scratched, split reed,  
keys held together with rubber bands.  
They flicked off the switch  
and aimed a torch down the bell.  
Pinholes of light escaped  
from leaking pads,  
from too much loving,  
and no one could figure how  
you could stand there each night  
and push your soul through it.

Too much booze  
drove you down the South Coast,  
and six months later found you  
in a tent on a beach past Ulladulla  
with only fresh cod to keep you alive.  
They cleaned you up,  
took you back to the Troc,  
back to the radio shows,  
back to where it was at but  
you just picked up the advanced pay  
and disappeared again.  
The horn was your poultice,  
and drew out too much too soon.

In '72 I saw you hunched on a bed  
a flagon of red at your feet,  
in a roach-ridden Woolloomooloo flat.  
What had happened since '48  
decomposed in a darkness  
smelling of urine and decay.  
I stood before you, Choof, knowing how  
you could play a line til  
pleasure peaked pain.  
You looked up at me through the half-light.  
This last picture is unchanging:  
he weight of your eyes  
pressing into me like  
that solo on "Nature Boy"  
you used to blow.

Don't forget.....

**The 10th Annual Bell Jazz Lecture  
will be presented by Bill Haesler in  
September 2002**

"Mouldy fygge" - Band Leader - Washboard Player

Co-Founder of the Melbourne Jazz Club

Ex-President of the Melbourne Jazz Club

Ex-President of the Sydney Jazz Club (1968 & 1978)

Committee member of the Australian Jazz Convention;

Secretary & Vice-President of the Australian Jazz

Convention, President of the Australian Jazz Convention.

Now a Trustee of the Australian Jazz Convention.

Since 1982 he has been a broadcaster on radio 2 MSB-FM

At present a member of the band "the Robbers Dogs".

General enquiries or further information

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