



Chess Game

Queer

9

trumpet

Lee

guitar

dx7

piano

violin

cb

*mf*

3

Lee moves the table next to him. Allerton gets up and looks through the papers. Mary comes in; they sit down together and start to play chess. Lee pulls a chair over.

13

trumpet

Lee

guitar

dx7

piano

violin

cb

*mf*

3

How - dy. Don't mind if I ki - bitz?

*pizz*

*mf*

Chess Game

Queer

16

trumpet

Lee

LEE: I was reading up on chess. Arabs invented it, and I'm not surprised. Nobody can sit like an Arab. The classical Arab chess game was simply a sitting contest. When both contestants starved to death it was a stalemate.

guitar

*mf*

dx7

piano

*mf*

violin

*mf*

cb

18

trumpet

Lee

guitar

dx7

piano

violin

cb

*arco*



Chess Game

Queer

27 trumpet *f* 5 5 5 5 5 5

27 Lee

27 guitar

27 dx7

27 piano *f* 5 5 5 5 5 5

27 violin *f*

27 cb *f*

In the 1917 match at Baghdad, the Arab Arachnid Khayam defeated the German master Kurt Schlemiel by humming 'I'll Be Around When You're Gone' forty thousand times, and each time reaching his hand toward the board as if he intended to make a move.

30 trumpet 5 5 5 5 5 5

30 Lee

30 guitar

30 dx7

30 piano 5 5 5 5 5 5

30 violin

30 cb





Chess Game

Queer

49

trumpet

Lee

first week and hit the trail with Abdul, the local A - do - nis. Ten miles out of Tan - ha - ja - ro, Ab-dulcane

guitar

dx7

piano

violin

cb

*mp*

53

trumpet

Lee

down with the rin - der-pest and I had to leave him there to die. Ha-ted to do it, but there was no

guitar

dx7

piano

violin

cb

*arco*

Chess Game

Queer

56

trumpet

Lee

o-ther way. Lost his looks com-ple-tely, you un-der-stand. At the head-wa-ters of the Zam-be-si,

guitar

dx7

piano

violin

cb

pizz

60

trumpet

Lee

I ran into an old Dutch trader. After considerable haggling I gave him half a keg of paregoric for a boy, half Effendi and half Lulu. But the Lulu-Effendi was showing signs of wear even before I hit Timbuktu, and I decided to trade him in on a straight Bedouin model. The crossbreeds make a good appearance but they don't hold up. In Timbuktu I went to Corn Hole Gus's Used-Slave Lot to see what he could do for me on a trade-in.

guitar

dx7

piano

violin

cb

mute

mp

mf

mf

mute

mp



Chess Game

Queer

68 *normal*

trumpet

Lee

68 *mf*

guitar

68

dx7

68

piano

68

violin

*normal*

68 *mf*

cb

70

trumpet

Lee

70

Gus rushes out and goes into the spiel: 'Ah Sahib Lee. Allah has sent you! I have something right up your ass, I mean, alley. Just came in. One owner and he was a doctor. A once-over-lightly, twice-a-week-type citizen. It's young and tender...behold!'

guitar

70

dx7

70

piano

70

violin

70

cb

Chess Game

Queer

73

trumpet

Lee

guitar

dx7

piano

violin

cb

76

trumpet

Lee

guitar

dx7

piano

violin

cb

Look, Gussie, you are dealing with the oldest faggot in the Upper Ubangi, so come off the peg. Reach down into your grease pit and dredge out the best-looking punk you got in this moth-eaten bazaar.

*p*

*mf*

*p*

Chess Game

Queer

81

trumpet

Lee

All right Sahib Lee, you want quality, right? Follow me, please. Here it is. What can I say? Quality speaks for itself. Now, I get a lotta cheap-type customers in here wanna see quality and then scream at the price. But you know and I know that quality runs high. As a matter of fact, and this I swear by the Prophet's prick, I lose money on this quality merchandise.

81

guitar

*mf*

81

dx7

81

piano

81

violin

81

cb

*mf*

85

trumpet

85

Lee

85

guitar

85

dx7

85

piano

85

violin

85

cb

Chess Game

Queer

trumpet *mf* 89 *mf* 3

Lee

guitar 89

dx7 89

piano 89

violin *mf* 89 *mf* 3

cb 89

Uh huh. Got some hidden miles on him, but he'll do. How about a trial run?

trumpet 92

Lee 92

guitar 92

dx7 92

piano 92 *f*

violin 92

cb 92 *pizz* *f*

Lee, for christ sake, I don't run a house. No consumption on premises. I could lose my license.

O.K., now, what can you give me on this Lulu-Effendi? Perfect condition. Just overhauled. He don't eat much and he don't say nothing.

Chess Game

Queer

96

trumpet

Lee

guitar

dx7

piano

violin

cb

Jesus, Lee! You know I'd cut off my right nut for you, but I swear by my mother's cunt, may I fall down and be paralyzed and my prick fall off if these mixed jobs ain't harder to move than a junky's bowels.

*f*

100

trumpet

Lee

guitar

dx7

piano

violin

cb

What am I going to do with it? Peddle it on the public street? Might take it along as a spare. Ha. What can you give me?

*f*

Chess Game

Queer

103

trumpet

Lee

103

guitar

dx7

piano

violin

cb

‘Well... now don’t get mad... two hundred piasters.’ Gus makes a skittish little run as if to escape my anger, and throws up a huge cloud of dust in the courtyard.

106

trumpet

Lee

106

guitar

dx7

piano

violin

cb

*p*

*p*

*arco*

*p*

By this time, the bar is empty. Lee looks around, pays for his drinks and walks out into the night.