

I remember walking into a friend's bedroom some time in the early 70s to find maybe a dozen people sitting around in a haze of smoke reading a stanza each of Kit Smart's 'Jubilate Agno', as organised by Martin. I didn't stay more than a couple of minutes because it felt like intruding on a religious ceremony.

And equally awe-inspiring in a very different way, I remember him singing lustily at parties in Glebe: Brendan Behan's 'The Royal Canal' and a bawdy version of 'Bound for South Australia'.

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