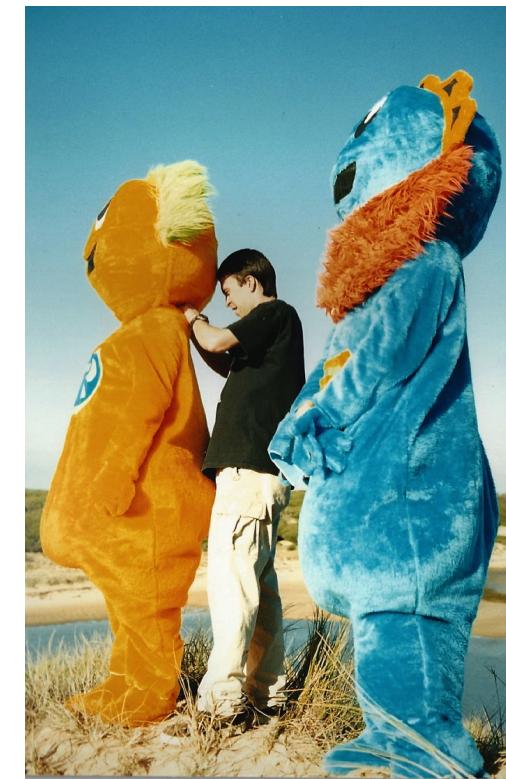
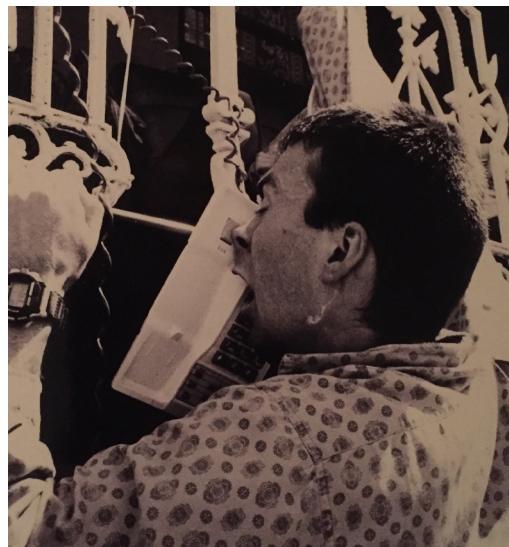
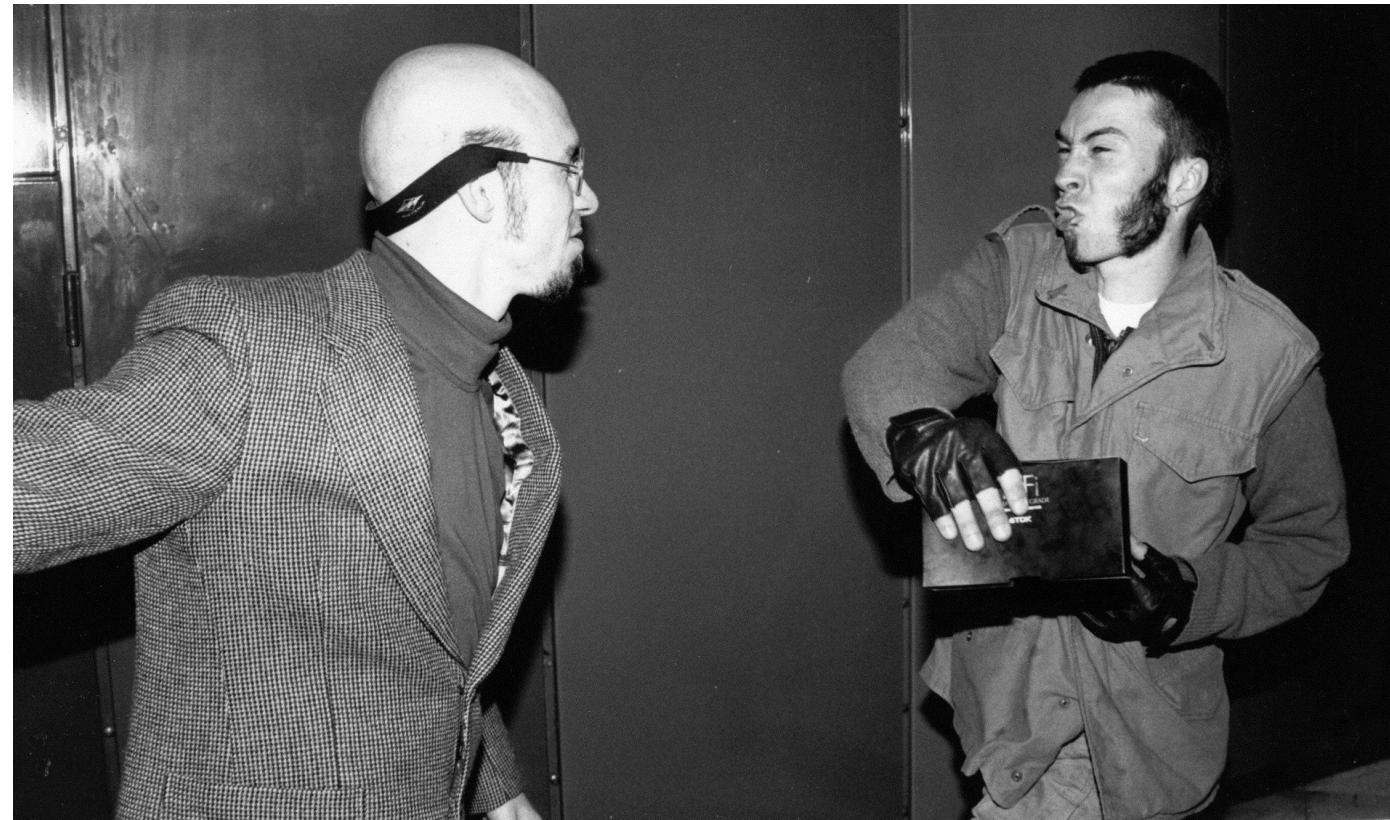


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For Morgy





That night he became legend.

We first started working together on Lord of the rings. He stunt doubled a handsome blond elf and I stunt doubled a hairy feet hobbit! This was the project that would make a bunch of us friends for life and brothers from another mother.

One particular sequence that would bond us like no other—and is still one of the hardest things I have ever done in my life—was a battle called helms deep. This was film making on a epic scale full of sheer pain and repetitive torture. It was night shoots and rain towers for months on end. It was during one night that would also cement Morgan's legendary status among the entire cast and crew.

Morgan's acting double Orlando Bloom had been at this one particular gag for most of the night, the sun was almost up, we had been in foam latex creature suits soaked with water and wearing fibreglass armour for fourteen hours. We were over it, the crew was over it and Orlando just couldn't get it. So with the sun peering over the horizon, the call was made to put Morgan into action and save the day.

Morgan was hung on a wire at the top of a long castle wall with a shield strapped to his feet to make it look like he was surfing down the staircase. Action was called as Morgan surfed down the stairs firing his bow and arrow repeatedly, at the bottom of the staircase he kicked the shield off and it speared into the chest of another baddie, he jumps high into the air and lands then dices some more baddies up with his twin knives...CUT was called.

Silence for a second as everyone took in what he did...then thunderous applause from the whole crew and hundreds of extras and stunt guys. I'm sure it was as much relief that the night was over as it was appreciation for his ability but that night he became legend.

—Tim Wong







Terror
falls
from
the
sky

Meadow sprung
soft with flowers

Man with
silly hat





Put the kettle on.

I have traveled and explored the world since I was 17, and that wasn't yesterday. In that time and in those places I have met many people. As an image in my head, these people fill a crowded street, heads down, coming and going about their business like an old scene from a black-and-white movie set in New York during Christmas rush.

And here and there, dotted through this crowded street of black-and-white, stand out in radiant colour the people I have been blessed to meet, with whom there has been a special connection, a kind of recognition of old souls who's paths have previously crossed on the journey.

Morgy is very much one such soul. It is the old Celtic belief that the body inhabits the soul, not the other way round, so when you encounter a fellow traveler, the first thing you encounter in each the other is, in fact, the soul; that Spirit of Life and Energy and Imagination and Memory—the ability to see having seen so much, and remember, however vaguely, that we carry with us something of great importance. All of us have a jigsaw puzzle piece. And that piece is crucial not only to who we are, but to those we meet in recognition, allowing for a greater more full and therefore more fulfilling version of the picture we strive to see. We strive to live. And my life is fuller, and therefore more fulfilled, for knowing Morgy.

In conversation, we, and I strongly suspect everyone who knows Morgy, would swing from the sublime to the ridiculous, without pause or recognition, to the extent that both, of course became one. Serious and hilarious are often just a matter of perspective, and Morgy walked this liminal balance with great confidence.

Two quotes that Morgy draws to memory. The first from John O'Donohue's book, *Anam Cara* (irish for Soul Friend)

"The imagination is committed to the justice of wholeness. It will not choose one side in an inner conflict and repress or banish the other; it will endeavour to initiate a profound conversation between them in order that something original can be born."

And from GK Chesterton, (though first heard in quote from my father)

"Think of the tiny seed planted in the dark earth that becomes the wondrous rose. How much more then, the human heart, on its long journey to the stars?"

Love you, miss you, see you on the other side.

Put the kettle on.

—Peter Dillon





Farewell my lionhearted brother.

Morgan and I were very close. He's only a year and half younger than me and we shared the same kid's bedroom for many years. During the night we would postulate theories together, make funny noises and set numerous, uncomfortable and frequently violent hypothetical escape scenarios for each other to solve.

We shared many beliefs and values; key ones being compassion for others and justice. We were not religious, but the story of the Good Samaritan really resonated with us. It's a story of self-sacrifice, helping others in need and being able to love your enemy. Watching Morgan personify this as he grew up reinforced my own prosecution of this ethic. He was such a kind and compassionate man. As friend or mentor, he always made time for people and did not hesitate to extend a vice-like helping hand.

Morgan had a quietly assured aptitude and mastery of his chosen arts: in film direction, original music, martial arts, stunt-performing and creative writing. He was a creative powerhouse and here again he was always willing to share his strengths or seed creativity in others. As an example my band 'Hot Pudding' formed when he asked if I was interested in creating the soundtrack to his graduating VCA film 'Deep

Shit' in 1995. He supported many other film and tv efforts of mine and others through his proficiency in directing, editing and brainstorming around the table. He was a terrific soundboard, generous with his time, always earnest in his assessment, constructive in feedback and openly shared ideas. He also shared his enviable music library from which he always proffered a new song, a new album – 'oh you have to listen to this'.

The other key value we shared was not taking life too seriously. You can always let humour in. It's not hard, you just have to open the door. Our family loves to laugh and we always laugh, sometimes despite or in spite of solemnity or taboo. Humour is the shortest distance between two people and it unites us all. Morgan was a consummate joker and ever quick with a wisecrack. In his irrepressible fashion, he was mucking around and pulling silly faces only a couple of days before he left us, when he was running on next to nothing.

...Because he did drift into the perverse from time to time. Some might say he occasionally possessed a 'sick' sense of humour, but I didn't see it as a sickness. He was just a provocateur with a love of exploration, both outwardly and inwardly, playing with his

own emotional responses to the macabre, to the shocking, by lacing it with humour. Grasping the nettle for a mixed emotional hit. Indeed, Morgan pushed and pulled life, shaking the tree for all its worth; almost as if one would if they knew they didn't have long. Morgan's candle burned so brilliantly. And in his own words, at his wedding, he and Fiona in just the first four years of their partnership have had more adventures, true adventures, than many would in a lifetime.

What I do see as a sickness is a grade 4 glioblastoma. A shattering diagnosis. Make no mistake, it took one of nature's most aggressive diseases to take my brother down. And here I want to tell you about his incredible spirit in this battle. Morgan had his game face on for this from the get go. He had much to live for and was not going down without a fight. He started by giving his assailant a pseudonym – the gremlin – and if he could have looked at it in the eye, I am sure he would have stared that bastard down. Morgan was a formidable opponent. He regularly corralled his thoughts, dismissed his fears and applied the fiercest determination any man could possess to prevail. He gave pep talks to himself in the mirror. He trained to maintain strength. His body was given the best medicine on hand and Morgan dared this gremlin's attack to falter. He routinely welcomed the sun in the morning and waited for nature to throw him even the faintest of lifelines. He gave it every chance. And in the face of this adversity, as he was cut down, slice by slice, he somehow maintained his patience, his grace, his courage and his sense of humour. Indeed he lent us his strength and courage. He held our hands through all of this

as much, if not more, than we held his. 'I'm still here', he would tell us, 'I'm still here'. He was always concerned about our burden as this thing marched on relentlessly and ruthlessly. His body was, in the end, defeated. But his spirit prevailed and his flame has not been extinguished. The nature of Morgy is irrepressible.

Despite these words, if you're anything like me, you may feel a great hole has been left where he once was. A hole disproportionately larger than it should be. It may help to remember he wasn't perfect. No one is. Did I mention he couldn't wrap a present? Hopeless. He was a bit stubborn. He teased his sister. And the cat. He farted a lot. But then again we all did. These are all minor misdemeanours really. The truth is, and I'm sure you all agree, that in summation he was absolutely top shelf. A gold nugget. A true gentleman... that farted.

My sister and I have lost a truly awesome brother and I'm sure this feels like a brother lost to plenty more. My daughters have lost an uncle. My parents a son, Fiona a soul-mate. The community has also lost a great citizen. Whether he was guiding a friend, mentoring young stunts or actively taking the argument to debates raging on social media from political ineptitude to environmental vandalism, Morgan was trying to make the world a better place. There is a ripple effect and Morgan splashed large. We are all better for knowing him. And I encourage you all to continue the good fight; to step in, to step up, and to show compassion. I believe that our natural state is to be compassionate and it's only the impact of a competitive, unkind and corrupting

world that turns our psyche away from this. Morgan's strength was to never let this in. To quote one of his favourite musicians, 'don't let the darkness eat you up'. The world is changed by people who turn up and let's turn up now on Morgan's behalf. Remember the lieutenant – his nickname. Let the lieutenant continue to marshal you on your shoulder.

But choose your battles. Morgan was shrewd at this and I can still hear his calming voice saying 'Let it go. Let it go.' if ever I became upset or cross at an unworthy or irrelevant target. He innately identified this often time-wasting and stress-inducing habit of many of us. My mother recounts a story of coming home when Morgan was very young. She had had a bad day and was clearly frustrated at things piling up at work and Morgan's voice came from across the room. 'Mummy'. She looked up to see him sitting on the floor with his small palms turned upwards, 'It doesn't matter, Mummy. It doesn't matter.' And she thought: this little boy is right. It doesn't really matter. So insightful from a very early age. And a charming disarmer.

I remember you filming the G20 protests in Southbank, creating footage that would be used to help prosecute some wayward police action on the day.

I remember you flying down the steps of Helm's Deep on a shield and my chest swelling with pride.

I remember you burping for as long as you could for the chorus of 'Garlic Pizza' in your band Devotchka.

I remember us tumbling down the floor mats as two little gymnasts. I remember you dressed as an orc with an absolutely repulsive, hideous mask and with mic in hand, singing 'When I fall in love...'

I remember our shared love of bass guitar, your move to the drum-kit and us playing together right up until December last year.

I remember our unique greetings, whether an African-American inspired handshake or our sing-song phone greeting of 'What's up bro'.

I remember just us two sitting on a log in the forest at Trentham, knowing we didn't have long, that everything had been said, but that it was just nice to sit together there and hear and smell the forest.

My beloved bro, uncle, talented stuntman, director, elf, orc, fawn, lizard and handsome devil, I'm going to miss the hell out of you. What a legacy you have left.

Thank you for always being there when I needed you.

I couldn't be more proud of you.

You are a hero, and not in the increasingly throw-away sense, but in the true, honourable and courageous sense of the word.

Goodbye my lionhearted brother. Farewell our irrepressible, generous and graceful friend. We may or may not see each other again but I am so grateful for the time we shared. I love you so much.

—Dailan Evans



You Were, You Are

You were the Boy from Barkly Street,
Who became a great friend as we walked
around the city's forgotten places.
You were sharp and electric,
Inspiring us all to go faster, higher, better.
You are with us for all time,
Because your life burned so brightly it's
etched on our souls.

You are missed.
Farewell, my friend.

—Alison Evans





In loving memory of
Morgan Llewellyn Baum Evans

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