

BROWNIE

The Complete Emarcy Recordings of Clifford Brown

Including Newly Discovered Essential Material from the Legendary
Clifford Brown – Max Roach Quintet

Dan Morgenstern Grammy Award for Best Album Notes 1990

Disc 1

1. DELILAH 8:04 (V. Young)	Clifford Brown-Max Roach Quintet: Clifford Brown (tp), Harold Land (ts), Richie Powell (p), George Morrow (b), Max Roach (ds)
2. DARN THAT DREAM 4:02 (De Lange - V. Heusen)	
3. PARISIAN THOROUGHFARE 7:16 (B. Powell)	
4. JORDU 7:43 (D. Jordan)	
5. SWEET CLIFFORD 6:40 (C. Brown)	
6. SWEET CLIFFORD (CLIFFORD'S FANTASY)* 1:45 (C. Brown)	1~3: Los Angeles, August 2, 1954
7. I DON'T STAND A GHOST OF A CHANCE* 3:03 (Crosby - Washington - Young)	4~8: Los Angeles, August 3, 1954
8. I DON'T STAND A GHOST OF A CHANCE 7:19 (Crosby - Washington - Young)	9~12: Los Angeles, August 5, 1954
9. STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY 6:24 (Goodman - Sampson - Razaf - Webb)	
10. I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU 7:36 (C. Porter)	
11. I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU* 8:29 (C. Porter)	* Previously released alternate take
12. I'LL STRING ALONG WITH YOU 4:10 (Warren - Dubin)	

Disc 2

1. JOY SPRING* 6:44 (C. Brown)	Clifford Brown-Max Roach Quintet: Clifford Brown (tp), Harold Land (ts), Richie Powell (p), George Morrow (b), Max Roach (ds) Los Angeles, August 6, 1954	
2. JOY SPRING 6:49 (C. Brown)		
3. MILDAMA* 3:33 (M. Roach)		
4. MILDAMA* 3:22 (M. Roach)		
5. MILDAMA* 3:55 (M. Roach)		
6. MILDAMA** 3:33 (M. Roach)		
7. MILDAMA** 2:11 (M. Roach)		
8. MILDAMA** 3:46 (M. Roach)		
9. MILDAMA 4:31 (M. Roach)		
10. THESE FOOLISH THINGS 3:39 (J. Strachey - H. Marvell)		** Previously unreleased alternate take
11. DAAHOUD 4:02 (C. Brown)		* Previously released alternate take
12. DAAHOUD* 4:06 (C. Brown)		

Disc 3

1. CORONADO* 5:41 (Coles)	Clifford Brown All Stars: Clifford Brown (tp), Herb Geller, Joe Maini (as), Walter Benton (ts), Kenny Drew (p), Curtis Counce (b), Max Roach (ds) Los Angeles, August 11, 1954
2. CORONADO* 17:56 (Coles)	
3. CORONADO 19:43 (Coles)	
	* Previously released alternate take

Disc 4

1. YOU GO TO MY HEAD 17:13 (Cocks - Gillespie)	Clifford Brown All Stars: Clifford Brown (tp), Herb Geller, Joe Maini (as), Walter Benton (ts), Kenny Drew (p), Curtis Counce (b), Max Roach (ds) Los Angeles, August 11, 1954
2. CARAVAN 15:10 (Mills - Tizol - Ellington)	
3. CARAVAN (THE BOSS MAN) 3:06 (Mills - Tizol - Ellington)	
4. AUTUMN IN NEW YORK 21:35 (Vernon Duke)	

Disc 5

1. INTRODUCTION BY BOB SHAD 1:14	All Star Live Jam Session
2. WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE 14:45 (C. Porter)	(Dinah Washington with Clifford Brown)
3. I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN 5:12 (C. Porter)	featuring: Clifford Brown, Clark Terry, Maynard Ferguson (tp), Herb Geller (as), Harold Land (ts), Richie Powell, Junior Mance (p), Keter Betts, George Morrow (b), Max Roach (ds), Dinah Washington (vo)
4. NO MORE 3:10 (B. Russell)	Los Angeles, August 14 1954
5. MOVE 14:20 (Densil - Dacosta - Best)	
6. DARN THAT DREAM 5:16 (Delange - Van Heusen)	

Disc 6

1. YOU GO TO MY HEAD 11:00 (Cooks -Gillespie)	All Star Live Jam Session
2. MY FUNNY VALENTINE 11:21 (Rodgers Hart)	(Dinah Washington with Clifford Brown)
DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME (Rube Bloom - Ted Koshier)	featuring: Clifford Brown, Clark Terry, Maynard Ferguson (tp), Herb Geller (as), Harold Land (ts), Richie Powell, Junior Mance (p), Keter Betts, George Morrow (b), Max Roach (ds), Dinah Washington (vo)
BESS, YOU IS MY WOMAN NOW (Gershwin - Heyward)	Los Angeles, August 14 1954
IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING (Hammerstein - Rodgers)	
3 LOVER COME BACK TO ME 9:44 (Hammerstein II S. Romberg)	
4. ALONE TOGETHER 7:12 (H. Diels A. Schwartz)	
SUMMERTIME (Heyward -Gershwin)	
COME RAIN OR COME SHINE (Mercer -Arlen)	
5. CRAZY HE CALLS ME 4:45 (Russell Sigman)	
6. THERE IS NO GREATER LOVE 2:10 (M. Symes – I. Jones)	
7. I'LL REMEMBER APRIL 11:48 (Raye – Depaul - Johnston)	

Disc 7

1. SEPTEMBER SONG 5:44 (Weil - Anderson)	Sarah Vaughan with Clifford Brown : Sarah Vaughan (vo), Clifford Brown (tp), Herbie Mann (fl), Paul Quinichette (ts), Jimmy Jones (p), Joe Benjamin (b), Roy Haynes (ds), Ernie Wilkins (arr, cond)
2. LULLABY OF BIRDLAND* 3:58 (Shearing - Foster)	
3. LULLABY OF BIRDLAND 3:59 (Shearing - Foster)	
4. I'M GLAD THERE IS YOU 5:09 (Madeira - Dorsey)	
5. YOU'RE NOT THE KIND 4:41 (Hudson - Mills)	
6. JIM 5:50 (Rose - Petrillo - Shawn)	
7. HE'S MY GUY 4:12 (Raye - DePaul)	
8. APRIL IN PARIS 6:19 (Harburg - Duke)	
9. IT'S CRAZY 4:55 (Field - Rodgers)	
10. EMBRACEABLE YOU 4:48 (G & I Gershwin)	
	1~5 : New York, December 16, 1954 6~10 : New York, December 18, 1954
	* Previously released alternate take

Disc 8

1. DON'T EXPLAIN 5:10 (B. Holiday - A. Herzog)	15. MEMORIES OF YOU 3:32 (Blake - Razaff)
2. BORN TO BE BLUE 5:13 (Hoffman Silver)	16. EMBRACEABLE YOU 3:01 (G & I Gershwin)
3. YOU'D BE SO NICE TO COME HOME TO 4:18 (C. Porter)	17. BLUE MOON 3:13 (Rodgers - Hart)
4. 'S WONDERFUL 3:13 (G & I Gershwin)	18. WILLOW WEEP FOR ME 3:25 (Ronnell)
5. YESTERDAYS 5:58 (O. Harbach - J. Kern)	19. STARDUST 3:23 (Carmichael Parrish)
6. FALLING IN LOVE WITH LOVE 3:53 (L. Hart R. Rodgers)	<u>1~4</u> : Helen Merrill with Quincy Jones' Orch: Helen Merrill (vo), Clifford Brown (tp), Danny Bank (fl, bs), Jimmy Jones (p), Barry Galbraith(g) Milt Hinton (b), Osie Johnson (ds), Quincy Jones (arr, cond) New York, December 22, 1954
7. WHAT'S NEW 4:59 (J. Burke - B. Haggart)	<u>5~7</u> : Same except Oscar Pettford (b, cello) for Minton, Bobby Donaldson (ds) for Johnson (ds) New York, December 24, 1954
8. PORTRAIT OF JENNY 3:25 (Robinson Burdge)	<u>8~19</u> : Clifford Brown with Strings: Clifford Brown (tp), Richie Powell (p), Barry Galbraith (g), George Morrow (b), Max Roach (ds), 6 violins, 2 violas, 1 cello, Neal Hefti (arr, cond) New York, January 18, 19, 20, 1955
9. WHAT'S NEW 3:24 (Haggart - Burke)	
10. YESTERDAYS 2:59 (Kern - Harbach)	
11. WHERE OR WHEN 3:28 (Rodgers - Hart)	
12. CAN'T HELP LOVIN' DAT MAN 3:44 (Hammerstein - Kern)	
13. SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES 3:14 (Kern - Harbach)	
14. LAURA 3:26 (Mercer - Raskin)	

Disc 9

1. GERKIN FOR PERKIN 2:55 (C. Brown)	15. STEP LIGHTLY (JUNIOR'S ARRIVAL) 3:33 (B. Golson)
2. TAKE THE A TRAIN 4:16 (B. Strayhorn)	16. POWELL'S PRANCES 3:29 (R. Powell)
3. LANDS END* 3:05 (H. Land)	
4. LANDS END 4:54 (H. Land)	Clifford Brown-Max Roach Quintet
5. SWING IN' 2:51 (C. Brown)	Clifford Brown (tp), Harold Land (ts), Richie Powell (p), George Morrow (b), Max Roach (ds)
6. GEORGE'S DILEMMA 5:33 (C. Brown)	1~5: New York, February 23, 1955
7. IF I LOVE AGAIN 3:22 (Murray- Oakland)	6~9: New York, February 24, 1955
8. THE BLUES WALK 6:44 (C. Brown)	10~13: New York, February 25, 1955
9. THE BLUES WALK 6:50 (C. Brown)	14~16: Same except Sonny Rollins (ts) for Harold Land
10. WHAT AM I HERE FOR 3:07 (D. Ellington)	
11. CHEROKEE 5:41 (R. Noble)	
12. JACQUI 5:09 (R. Powell)	
13. SANDU 4:54 (C. Brown)	
14. GERTRUDE'S BOUNCE 4:10 (R. Powell)	* Previously released alternate take

Disc 10

1. I'LL REMEMBER APRIL 9:15 (Raye -Depaul -Johnston)	Clifford Brown-Max Roach Quintet:
2. I'LL REMEMBER APRIL** 1:29 (Raye -Depaul Johnston)	Clifford Brown (tp), Sonny Rollins (ts), Richie Powell (p), George Morrow (b), Max Roach (ds), Tadd Dameron (arr, 5~11)
3. I'LL REMEMBER APRIL* 9:38 (Raye Depaul -Johnston)	
4. TIME 5:06 (R. Powell)}	
5. THE SCENE IS CLEAN 6:06 (T. Dameron)	New York, February 16, 1956
6. FLOSSIE LOU** 4:46 (T. Dameron)	
7. FLOSSIE LOU** 4:01 (T. Dameron)	
8. FLOSSIE LOU** 3:26 (T. Dameron)	
9. FLOSSIE LOU 3:56 (T. Dameron)	
10. WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE** 8:24 (C. Porter)	
11. WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE 7:37 (C. Porter)}	
12. LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING** 0:48 (Webster -Fain)	
13. LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING** 3:48 (Webster-Fain)	**Previously unreleased alternate take * Previously released alternate take
14. LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING** 4:16 (Webster-Fain)	

A Tribute To Brownie

By Quincy Jones

TO ME, the name of Clifford Brown will always remain synonymous with the very essence of musical and moral maturity. This name will stand as a symbol of the ideals every young jazz musician should strive to attain.

This name also represents a musician who had intelligent understanding and awareness of social, moral, and economic problems which constantly confuse the jazz musician, sometimes to the point of hopeless rebellion.

In the summer of 1953, while I was working with the Lionel Hampton band in Wildwood, New Jersey, I begged Hamp to hire three of the musicians from Tadd Dameron's band, which was nearing the end of its' Atlantic City engagement—Gigi Gryce, Benny Golson, and Clifford Brown. They were all hired and then began an association that I'll always be grateful to Lionel for.

Brownie stayed on to go to Europe with this band and became closely associated with several other young musicians who were of growing importance in the jazz world, such as Art Farmer, Anthony Ortega, Jimmy Cleveland, Alan Dawson, and George Wallington. Although this band never played in the states together, I think it was one of the best Hamp ever had.

BY MEANS OF an extensive recording schedule abroad, Brownie came first to the eyes in the ears of the French and Swedish Jasmine and they were immediately aware that a new thoroughbred was on the jazz scene. The uniting of Clifford Brown with the trumpet must have been declared from above. For seldom does a musical vehicle proved to be so completely gratifying as the trumpet was to Clifford.

Here was the perfect amalgamation of natural creative ability, and the proper amount of technical training, enabling him to contribute precious moments of musical and emotional expression. This inventiveness placed him in a class far beyond that of most of his poll-winning contemporaries. Clifford's self-assuredness in his playing reflected the mind and soul of a blossoming young artist who would have rightfully taken his place next to Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, and other leaders in jazz.

Coming from a wonderful family in Wilmington, Delaware, he was quiet, yet the most humble of persons, never displaying arrogance or animosity even when the situation would



Possibly the last picture ever taken of Clifford Brown and pianist Richie Powell is this one, on the closing night of their last appearance before the car accident that took their lives. Max Roach is on drums. Photo was taken at the Continental restaurant in Norfolk, Va.

have demanded it. His loving and understanding wife, Larue, and his baby son, Clifford Junior, made up a team keeping Clifford as happy as a man could possibly be, as he stated in his last letter to her.

I IMAGINE Clifford must have recorded about 25 albums in his short-lived career. I'm sure there will be the usual amount of memorial albums released, but this time the record companies owe it to the future of jazz to make available every possible fragment of the beautiful musical gifts Clifford gave the world with unbounded love.

In this generation where some well-respected and important pioneers condemn the young for going ahead, Brownie had a very hard job. He constantly struggled to associate jazz, its shepherds, and its sheep, with a cleaner element, and help no room in his heart for bitterness about the publicity-made popularity and success of some of his pseudo-jazz giant brothers, who were sometimes very misleading morally and musically. As a man in a musician, he stood for a perfect example in the rewards of self-discipline.

It is really a shame that in this day of such modern techniques of publicity, booking, promoting, and what have you, a properly-backed chimpanzee can be a success after the big treatment. Why can't just one-tenth of these efforts be placed on something that is well-respected, loved, and supported in every country in the world but its own?

Except for a very chosen few, the American music business man and the majority of the public (the Elvis Depressley followers specifically) have made an orphan out of jazz, banishing its creators and true followers and adopting idiots that could be popular no place else in the universe. I'll go so far as to bet that the salaries of Liberace, Cheeta, and Lassie alone could pay the yearly cost of booking every jazzman in the country.

THIS IS WHY it's such a shame that Clifford Brown, Charlie Parker, Fats Navarro, and others have to leave the world so unappreciated except for a small jazz circle. I hope some of us live to see a drastic change.

In June, 1950, Clifford Brown's career was threatened by an auto accident while he was with the Chris Powell band, which kept him from his horn for a whole year. Exactly 6 years later, by the same means of an auto accident, death took its toll of Clifford Brown, along with his pianist Richard Powell (brother of Bud Powell), and Richard's wife.

Clifford, at 25, was at the beginning of showing capabilities parallel only to those of Charlie Parker. There was nothing he would stop at to make each performance sound as if it were his last. But there will never be an ending performance for him, because his constant desire was to make every musical moment one of sincere warmth and beauty; this lives on forever. This would be a better world today if we had more people who believed in what Clifford Brown stood for as a man in a musician. Jazz will always be grateful for his few precious moments; I know I will.

Down Beat

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CLIFFORD BROWN

BY

DAN MORGENSTERN

The annals of jazz can supply material for dozens of tragedies- some self-inflicted, some caused by the whims of fate. But none seems more senseless and arbitrary than the death of Clifford Brown (not yet 26 years old) in an automobile accident in the early morning hours of June 26, 1956, that also took the life of his colleague, pianist Richie Powell, and Powell's wife, Nancy.

Clifford Brown was then the most brilliant new trumpet voice on the scene. His music had astonished and delighted his peers, and created a stir among fans and critics. "Jazz was dealt a lethal blow by the death of Clifford Brown," said Dizzy Gillespie, one of the young man's greatest champions and admirers. "There can be no replacement for his artistry, and I can only hope that jazz will produce in the future some compensation for this great loss of our cause." The music has survived, of course, and there was "some compensation," most obviously in the persons of the doomed Lee Morgan and the seemingly blessed Freddie Hubbard, who followed in Brown's giant steps.

Then came Woody Shaw, and later Wynton Marsalis and Terence Blanchard... but every jazz trumpet since Brownie has some of him in it. But jazz is a music so uniquely personal, and Brown was so uncommonly gifted and promising a player, that the sense of loss inevitably remains, enforced by the rare human qualities of the man.

It is a blessing, then, that he was able to record quite prolifically during his scant three years in the musical limelight and that the settings for this work included one as ideal as the partnership with Max Roach.

CLIFFORD BROWN NOTES

Not long after Brownie's death, Quincy Jones expressed some poignant and pointed sentiments in *Down Beat* (Aug. 22, 1956):

"Clifford's self-assuredness in his playing reflected the mind and soul of a blossoming young artist who would have rightfully taken his place next to Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis and other leaders in jazz. The record companies owe it to the future of jazz to make available every fragment of the beautiful musical gifts Clifford gave the world with unbounded love," Quincy said, among other fine things.

To be sure, there were quick posthumous releases of new Brown material, but it took years — decades even — before his recorded legacy was systematically approached. *French Vogue* was first, and the Blue Note masters eventually were properly treated, by Mosaic. The

“bootleggers” chimed in with some live material, and Bruce Lundvall (at Columbia and later for Elektra Musician) saw to it that such priceless things were legitimately marketed.

But the real treasure trove of Brown’s studio recordings belongs to EmArcy. Something of a proper start was made by Robin McBride in 1976, with two double albums containing all the then known material by the Roach-Brown Quintet, but it wasn’t until Kiyoshi Koyama became involved that the real discoveries were made, and revealed on “More Study In Brown” and “Jams 2.” And now, there is even more — “every fragment,” and many new complete performances are here presented in exactly the right way — indeed this is *The Complete Clifford Brown on EmArcy*.

To me, and I’m certain to all serious lovers of jazz, Mr. Koyama is the ultimate producer. He never gives up; if he suspects there is more to find in the record company vaults, he will go on looking until he finds it or is certain that nothing more exists. And he treats both new and known works as they should be treated with loving care and with thoughtfulness and logic. His “complete” series are quite simply the definition of state-of-the-art in the creation of jazz reissues—truly labors of love. (This is not a “commercial,” but a sincere tribute from one who has had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Koyama for many years, has some knowledge of how he works, and means every word.)

Here is not only the brilliant quintet (with much newly discovered material plus, brought together where it belongs for the first time, the alternate takes and excerpts which the late Bob Shad, who did a fine job producing all of Clifford’s EmArcy sessions, later issued in peculiar ways) but also the California studio jam session, the jam with Dinah Washington, the work with two other great ladies of song, Sarah Vaughan and Helen Merrill, and the lovely “with strings” sessions. In short (or rather, at full length), everything, every note captured by EmArcy’s microphones when Clifford Brown was present.

Clifford Brown was born in Wilmington, Delaware, October 30, 1930. “My father played trumpet and violin and piano for his own amusement,” he said in one of his rare interviews (this one with Nat Hentoff, then with Down Beat), “and from the earliest time. I can remember it was the trumpet that fascinated me. When I was too little to reach it, I would climb up to where it was, and I kept knocking it down. When I was 13, my father finally bought me one — and only because of the fascination for the horn itself. Otherwise, I had no noticeable interest in music at the time.”

He was a late starter then, but he bloomed quickly. In junior high school, he was exposed to a man named Robert Lowery who had been a professional musician and had organized a student jazz group. Young Clifford applied himself to the trumpet, also took up piano, and learned the fun-damentals of arranging. His first year in college—ironically, on a music scholarship to the University of Delaware, which had no music department—was mainly devoted to the study of mathematics, at which he was something of a wizard. Later he transferred to Maryland State, which had a good jazz ensemble for which he played and wrote.

One night in 1949, Dizzy played a date in Wilmington, and one of the trumpeters, Benny Harris, was late. Clifford sat in for 45 minutes and Dizzy, greatly impressed, urged him to concentrate on a musical career. It was from Dizzy that Roach first heard about Brown: “Man, there’s a cat down in Wilmington who plays piano and blows the shit out of the trumpet!” Sitting in with visiting celebrities in and around Philadelphia, Clifford was building up an underground reputation. His idol, Fat Navarro (who was to die at 26 in 1950, of tuberculosis

aggravated by narcotics addiction), gave him pointers and encouragement. And for a glorious week at a Philadelphia club, he worked with none other than Charlie Parker himself — again because Benny Harris had failed to show up. “Bird helped my morale a great deal. One night he took me in a corner and said: ‘I don’t believe it. I hear what you’re saying, but I don’t believe it.’” Parker spread the word. When Art Blakey was putting a group together for a Philadelphia job, Bird told him: “Don’t take a trumpet player. You won’t need one after you hear Clifford Brown.”

Blakey took heed, and a few years later, Clifford recorded with the drummer on a memorable night at Birdland. But before that could happen, his budding career suffered a setback when he was severely injured in a car crash on his way home from a job in June, 1950. The youngster had to spend almost a year in the hospital; among those who came to visit was Dizzy.

In May, 1951, Clifford resumed working with Chris Powell’s Blue Flames (a jazz-tinged r&b group, with which he made his recording debut in March, 1952), taking brief solos on two of four sides recorded for the Okeh label. These were not the kind of records that attracted attention in jazz circles, and unfortunately, a date with the great arranger-composer Tadd Dameron, who’d been much taken with Brown’s Navarro-like playing (Fats had been his favorite trumpeter), did not materialize as scheduled in the spring of ‘52. It did finally happen in June of the following year, two days after the young trumpeter had made his first jazz records with a group led by Lou Donaldson.

Clifford played with Dameron’s band in Atlantic City that summer and also recorded with J.J. Johnson. He made his first own date in August, just prior to sailing for Europe with Lionel Hampton’s big band. This was a star-studded crew, including Art Farmer and Quincy Jones among the trumpets, plus Gigi Gryce, Jimmy Cleveland, George Wallington, Alan Dawson and Annie Ross. In France and Sweden there were plenty of jam sessions, and local record producers wasted no time getting Clifford into the studios (despite a ban on outside recording activity imposed by Hampton). Thus, some great Brown sides were cut in Stockholm and Paris. Returning home in late November, Clifford freelanced in New York, and then came the invitation from Roach. The drummer, at Shelly Manne’s recommendation, had been leading an ad hoc group at the popular Lighthouse club in Los Angeles, but when promoter Gene Norman asked him to take a band on tour. Max knew something special was missing. He flew to New York and engaged Sonny Stitt and the young trumpeter he’d heard in Philadelphia. Stitt remained for only six weeks, replaced first by Teddy Edwards, then Harold Land. The piano and bass chairs also rotated until Richie Powell, Bud Powell’s kid brother, and George Morrow materialized. But Clifford and Max were a magic combination from the start, as proven by Max’s generous (but just) gesture in making the young man his co-leader.

“When I think of Brownie,” Max said later, “it is with love and appreciation for all the happiness he brought me, both musically and personally. He was a sweet, beautiful individual.” (The word “sweet” is not often applied to a man, but it was used by many friends in describing Clifford Brown. Art Farmer, his Hampton colleague, admitted that he was sometimes jealous of Brownie’s talent, but added. “He was such a sweet and warm human being, I was forced to like him even though he made things very difficult for me as a trumpet player. He was a sweet cat.”)

By all accounts, Clifford was an exceptional young man. He did not indulge in any of the notorious activities associated with the strenuous life of a working jazz musician but didn’t look

down on those who did. He was, perhaps because of his late start in music but more probably because of his deep love for playing, a constant and diligent practicer. For record dates, he was liable to show up more than an hour early to clean his horn, warm up, and get mentally prepared for the task at hand. He was (as noted) an expert mathematician and an accomplished chess player and pool shooter. And he was unfailingly kind and generous to all who crossed his path.

His warmth, dedication and intelligence were reflected in his playing. Above all, he was a superb melodist, a creator of long, flowing, dancing lines that never lost continuity or logic. In this, as in his bright, golden sound ("A real trumpet sound, big and strong: a fat, fat sound," said French pianist-critic Henri Renaud), he was a lineal descendant of Fats Navarro. There was, of course, also a strong Gillespie influence, and perhaps traces of Miles Davis and Kenny Dorham. But Clifford Brown was, to an astonishing degree, his own man. With the big sound and melodic strength went a wonderful ear (he was able to play the most complex line and/or arrangement with confidence after a quick run-through) and a gift for improvising that can only be described as natural. His technique, like that of all great jazz players, was inseparable from his music. His sense of rhythm was impeccable: aside from his innate swing, he was a master of double-time, and his music had a special, graceful lilt that was the perfect complement to his strong lyrical vein. Few players in the annals of jazz expressed such joy and sunny optimism in their music as did sweet, blessed, doomed Clifford Brown.

There can be no question that Max Roach provided great inspiration for his young partner in music. No drummer plays more musically than Max, or with better command of time. Though he is a virtuoso percussionist, he never loses sight of the music, and though he is a past master of polyrhythmic ingenuity, he always maintains a rock-steady pulse at any speed. And he never pounds on his drums, but elicits from every part of the kit sounds pleasing to the ear. His accompaniments are masterful, always alert to what is going on and supportive of it. At his best, there is none better than Max Roach, and his work with Clifford Brown ranks with his most inspired.

With such brilliant musicians at the helm, the three sidemen inevitably were overshadowed, but not (and this is a key factor in any first-rate jazz ensemble) as parts of the whole, Harold Land, some two years older than Brownie, had that Texas "thing" in his sound and feeling. This was his first important jazz job and it was the beginning of an illustrious career. Richie Powell, seven years younger than his protean, troubled brother, had the courage and conviction to carve out a career for himself on the same instrument a career that held considerable promise before his life was snuffed out. Not a great technician, he was a sensitive accompanist and gifted arranger (he was responsible for most of the quintet's routines), and his solos, showing a fondness for quoting, often had an affectingly lyrical quality. Like Land, he had been working with Johnny Hodges prior to joining the quintet, so the two were already attuned to each other. Bassist George Morrow, with his deep sound and sure time, was the right man for the job. He was content to function in the ensemble without sharing the solo spotlight.

In all, this was a unit with perfect balance, and this equilibrium was reflected in its approach to music. The quintet surely was the last great bebop band, but it was even more than that. Its repertoire represented the past (notably in its fresh approach to great jazz standards), the present (notably in Brown's marvelous compositions, yet another aspect of his

huge talent), and the future (notably when Sonny Rollins, the ideal partner for Brown in the front line, joined in December, 1955).

In early 1955, the quintet was well on its way toward becoming one of the major jazz groups of the day. The partnership between the seasoned drummer — one of the chief architects of modern jazz — and the brilliant young trumpeter brought out the best in each and in their colleagues as well. The personnel of the group, formed in March 1954, had been stable since June of that year, and the co-leaders were well aware of the importance of such stability. “We realize,” Brown told Nat Hentoff in the spring, “that one thing that’s hurt small groups is that the bookers can’t be sure they’ll get the same personnel the next time they hire a group. A club owner hires a name musician, and the next time the name comes around, he’ll have different men and a different sound. In a small band, if you can stay together at all, you have a responsibility to maintain your identity.” “But the club owners themselves sometimes...look for a short cut... They want to hire stars, but try to save money by putting in a local rhythm section...Max and I have had offers to headline as singles in a couple of places. But unless they hire the group as is, we won’t do it... That’s the only way we’re going to keep together. We’ve got to work together all the time.” Mature talk from a 24 year old jazzman just voted new trumpet star in the Down Beat critics poll, a full-time professional for less than five years? Indeed. But Clifford Brown was nothing if not mature. “Brownie was so aware of all his responsibilities,” Roach told Barbara Gardner some years after the trumpeter’s tragic death. “Not even I, as close as we were, knew just how much aware he was. He was so stable and together, he had the foresight to insure himself to the hilt. When he died, the policy covered the entire balance due on the mortgage to his home. “He was warm and polite to everybody. It didn’t make any difference who it was. But make no mistake — he was strong. He knew how to take care of himself. He even knew how to take care of me sometimes. He really didn’t take bullshit from nobody. He dealt with club operators and owners, agents and these people in no uncertain terms. When we had our group, I was the brunt of these peoples’ oppression, and Brownie would often straighten them right away.” Yet Brownie was young, and often under pressure of which he didn’t speak, even to Roach. After a burning set at Chicago’s Beehive — scene of some of the group’s finest hours — he walked out of the club and stood in the cool night air, breathing deeply, “I feel as if I just had acid thrown in my face,” he told a friend. “My lips are on fire. Sometimes I wonder if I can keep up with Max when he really gets that cymbal going.” But keep up he did. Like all the great ones, he took risks, sometimes plunging in over his head. And he kept getting stronger, surer — more and more becoming himself. “Oh, he was always, always learning something,” the drummer recalled fondly. “Out in California we had a house, and we had a piano and vibes as well as trumpet and drums. Brownie could play all these instruments, you know. I would go out of the house and come back, and he would be practicing on anything, drums, vibes, anything. He loved music.” And he shared that love. “I used to go to Clifford’s house in Philly every time he was in town,” remembered Lee Morgan, who was to become one of the main keepers of Brownie’s legacy until he was himself struck down by fate. “I was about 14 or 15 then, but I was very close to him. He showed me so many things that would help me on my horn.”

Clifford was helpful in other ways. When a famous tenor saxophonist got into trouble with the law, Brownie heard that he had a pregnant wife. He didn’t know the man well and had never met the wife, nor did he have much empathy for the indulgence that was the cause of

the problem. Yet he organized a benefit (not a big one; he was no promoter) and without fanfare turned over the proceeds to the wife not as charity, but as a gesture of professional esteem. (By the way, the tenorman and his wife were white. Maybe that's beside the point, maybe not.)

There were the small but all-important everyday things, too. Art Farmer was Brownie's section mate in the Lionel Hampton band. Night after night Hamp had pitted one against the other in the instrumental battles he so loved to instigate. Brownie had usually bested Art, by the latter's own admission, without in the least disrupting their friendship. Farmer remembered a night, again at the Beehive.

"He had just closed, and I was just opening. I discovered at work that I didn't have any valve oil, and I called him up and asked him to bring me some. He didn't hesitate a minute. He just came right over. That's the kind of fellow he was."

Quincy Jones, who'd also sat in that Hampton trumpet section, summed it up: "To me, the name of Clifford Brown will always remain synonymous with the very essence of musical and moral maturity. This name will stand as a symbol of the ideals every young jazz musician should strive to attain."

Wherever he went, Brownie made friends, and concomitantly, his musical influence grew. Young as he was, he put his stamp on established as well as budding trumpeters, not only with his marvelous command of the horn and bright, singing sound, but also with his strong, joyful conception of the music. Charlie Parker's death had shaken the world of modern jazz. Clifford Brown's message of new life in the tradition Bird had founded helped it keep the faith.

Throughout 1955, the quintet worked hard. Booked by Joe Glaser (a symbol of having arrived in the big leagues), they seldom laid off. For some reason, they didn't see the inside of a recording studio for almost a year, from February 25, 1955 to January 4, 1956, but when they finally got to record again, an important new factor had been added.

In December of 1955, once again at the Beehive, Harold Land had left the quintet. His place was taken by Theodore Walter Rollins from New York. He was just about a year older than Brownie and just about to fully realize the great talent that had been evident for the eight years or so since his recording debut. Sonny Rollins was the perfect front-line partner for Brownie and the perfect tenor voice for the quintet. Not to slight the estimable Harold Land, but here was a player who could challenge Clifford and Max and help them chart new territory. Contrast within a shared tradition was the keynote to Clifford's and Sonny's compatibility. The trumpeter was fleet and elegant a dazzler but never a showoff — while the tenorman was rough-edged and blunt. Yet both were searchers, gamblers, and, perhaps most significantly, innate melodists. Even their sounds were complementary — like gold and bronze. Potentially, their relationship was one of the most seminal in the annals of modern jazz, but what they might have achieved together will never be known. "He was perfect all the way around," said Sonny after Clifford's death. "We were just starting to achieve a sound when the accident happened. On the last job we played together, all of a sudden we both heard it. We were phrasing, attacking, breathing together..." What was realized, and no small thing it was, can be heard on this record (when the two were just getting acquainted), on a date by the quintet under Sonny's name for Prestige on March 12, 1956, and on the only known recorded airchecks of the group. Significantly, Sonny's tenure with Roach was his last as a sideman, and his association with Kenny Dorham, Brownie's

worthy successor in the quintet, his last significant one with a trumpeter (excepting a brief odd alliance with Don Cherry in 1962, five years after he'd left Roach in May 1957). Thus, the ideal horn partner for Sonny never materialized, save for that brief, tantalizing encounter with Clifford. There was to be no replacement.

Many years later, in January 1968, Mr. Koyama met Sonny Rollins in Japan and asked him to name the three musicians he respected the most. "Lester Young, Charlie Parker, and Clifford Brown," was the answer. "Brownie was a genius," he added, "and there was no warmer person. As a musician and as a human being, Brownie was a very special kind... I began to think deeply about death after losing Clifford Brown." This conversation, incidentally, took place as the two men were on their way to visit a Zen Temple in Yokohama City.

The quintet had three days off in late June of 1956, and Clifford went home to Philadelphia to be with his wife and infant son while Max went on to New York. Though Clifford had been born in Wilmington, Philly was his musical home town and his friends wanted to hear him play. On Monday, June 25, there was a jam session at Music City, an instrument shop run by drummer Ellis Tollin, and Clifford was the featured guest. Fred Miles, a great fan and sometime promoter, was manning a tape recorder, and the happy sounds were captured (to be issued on a legitimate record some 17 years later for all to enjoy).

Then it was traveling time. Richie Powell had recently acquired a new car. His wife, Nancy, who was very nearsighted, had little driving experience; nevertheless, Richie let her drive. When Max observed this, he voiced his displeasure. The threesome was to meet Max on the Pennsylvania Turnpike so that the group could arrive in Chicago together for an engagement at the Blue Note. However, when Max called Clifford to make the arrangements, the trumpeter told him he had decided to pick up a new trumpet that had been promised him by an instrument manufacturer in Elkhart, Indiana, and that he and the Powells would make the necessary detour and join Max in Chicago. "If he hadn't decided to get that horn..." said Max. He was getting some sleep in Chicago when the call came, not from a friend, but from Joe Glaser. It had been raining; the turnpike was slick. Nancy was driving, the car skidded out of control, hurtled over an embankment, and turned over. All three occupants were killed instantly. The news spread quickly. Art Farmer was at a recording session with Helen Merrill, who'd been backed so beautifully by Brownie on a date some 18 months before. Gil Evans was conducting. "Mac Ceppos, the contractor, came out of the control booth and said something about Clifford Brown being killed. We made two or three false starts on the tune we were trying to record, packed up and went home."

Benny Golson, who had worked and recorded with Clifford before the formation of the quintet, and who would soon compose the beautiful memorial tribute *I Remember Clifford*, was working at Harlem's famed Apollo Theater with Dizzy Gillespie's band. As the band was preparing to leave the stage for intermission, suddenly, Walter Davis Jr. ran on stage, crying. "You heard? You heard? Brownie was killed yesterday!" Of course, no one on that stage could believe it. Some covered their faces with their hands and said, 'Oh, no!' No one could move from the shock." When time came to play again, the musicians took their seats, but couldn't play. "Somehow, Dizzy encouraged us, and the curtain went up. Many of the musicians were crying... I said to myself, 'This is a nightmare! It's a nightmare!' But the next morning I found the story of Brownie's death in the paper." There were eulogies in the music press all over the

world. In Japan, *Swing Journal* devoted unusually much space to a memorial article in its September 1956 issue, and the lead story in the following issue was also dedicated to Clifford Brown.

A memorial scholarship was set up in Clifford's name by the Philadelphia local of the musician's union. Dizzy Gillespie and many others recorded *I Remember Clifford*, and the tune, soon equipped with lyrics became a standard. But the bright, bold horn had been silenced — except on the records, which assure its immortality.

Delilah, a film theme by the prolific Victor Young, evokes a Near Eastern atmosphere. The ensemble passages (with Brownie in cup mute) are beautifully crafted. This was a together band. Land clinches his solo well with the arrangement. Brownie sheds the mute for his statement, and the piano chorus is well conceived. After his exchange with the horns. Max takes over with mallets (mostly on tom-toms), ending his gorgeous solo with sweeping cymbal swooshes. *Darn That Dream* is a nice showcase for Harold Land's pre-Coltrane influenced tenor.

Parisian Thoroughfare, Bud Powell's salute to the city that brought him moments of happiness, is done up in a stylish arrangement, probably by brother Richie. Paris traffic (an experience) is stimulatingly simulated (the co-leaders were no strangers to the city); there are hints of *An American in Paris* and *the Marseillaise*, and a joyful spirit permeates the performance.

Jordu, Duke Jordan's jazz standard-to-be, is heard here in its recording premiere. The relaxed tempo brings out the full melodic and harmonic values of the piece, and this stands as the definitive performance. Inexplicably, it was issued in an edited version, omitting the solos by Land, Powell and Roach as well as the exchanges between horns and drummer. The trumpeter's golden sound has seldom been better captured than in this graceful solo.

Sweet Clifford is a thrilling ride on way-up *Sweet Georgia Brown* changes. Land gets going, and Brownie's display of trumpet prowess demonstrates his personal extension of Fats Navarro's typically long-lined improvisatory style. Powell does what he can with the ferocious tempo, and then Max bursts out in a phenomenal display of coherence, co-ordination and fire. The closing ensemble line stems from a Coleman Hawkins variant of the time-honored theme, *Hollywood Stampede*. The Brownie solo issued as "*Clifford's Fantasy*" is all that has survived from an alternate take: he never repeated himself.

Ghost of a Chance, the Victor Young standard immortalized by Chu Berry, is a showcase for Brownie (all his, except 16 bars of pretty piano) and a fine example of his ballad playing — uncommonly mature for so young a musician. He is equally convincing on the extracted alternate.

Stompin' at the Savoy, Edgar Sampson's imperishable 1934 piece, is interpreted at the right, relaxed tempo. These changes are made to play on, and they elicit nice work from Land and Powell. Then Brownie creates yet another memorable statement, "Sculpting long,

unbroken, beautiful lines that demonstrate a mastery of breathing with the horn,” as Ira Gitler put it. Max is at his most melodic, and Morrow takes a walk across the last bridge.

I Get a Kick Out of You flies high, cleverly launched and landed by way of a routine conceived by Thad Jones and introduced to the band by Sonny Stitt. It makes effective use of alterations between 3/4 and 4/4, rubato and syncopation. Two choruses apiece by Brownie and Max flank one-chorus efforts by Land and Powell. The somewhat longer take-5 was first issued on the Mainstream label and shows that everything this group played is worth saving.

I'll String Along With You features the piano player, who does well by this not too often heard tune.

Joy Spring, one of Brownie's most charming and durable lines, has a solo by the composer (following Land) that ranks among his best. Richie sounds Monkish, the horns trade off with Max, and then the drummer solos with brushes, conjuring up images of Baby Laurence and Teddy Hale — the immortals of jazz tap dancing. In all, a very warm, very loving performance. It's fine to have another take of it.

Mildama is a drum feature — all Max, except for a brief trumpet interlude. There are three segments: the first exotic, with a rubato feeling; the second with a more definitive pulse and rising intensity; the third a swinging climax. We get no less than six takes of this piece — the ensemble passages caused a bit of a problem, and it's worth noting that Brownie is almost always correct in his entrances, though he does fluff here and there. It's his solo contribution, different on every take, that makes all these versions so interesting, though students of Roach's drumming will also be fascinated by his imaginative approach and refusal to play a “set” routine.

These Foolish Things is a feature for bassist Morrow, who deserves it for his solid rhythm section work.

Daahoud (Arabic for “David”) is a Brown composition with a Tadd Dameron flavor that's also reflected in the ensemble voicings. (The arrangement might well be by Clifford himself.) The composer is up first (he uses a Gillespie lick to kick off his second chorus on the master take, followed by piano, tenor, and drum solos.

The studio jam session originally issued on two LPs — the first as “Best Coast Jazz” while Clifford was still living, the second as “Clifford Brown All Stars” after his death, though nothing indicates he was the leader — begins with a new find. It's a rehearsal take for blues eventually called *Coronado*, and picks up as a Roach solo is already under way. The bass and piano aren't sure of their cue to come in, but the exchanges between the four horns that follow are as exciting as on the complete takes. The order on all (also for the solos) is Joe Maini, Brownie, Herb Geller, Walter Benton. They start with eights, then fours, then twos, then even ones. By the last take, they get down to half bars! The rhythm section, with Kenny Drew's piano and Curtis Counce's bass, works hard, and Drew is a swinging soloist, but it's no slight to the three

saxmen to admit that Brown is who we listen for. That goes for the entire session, so perhaps we should be thankful that all that survives from an alternate take of *Caravan* is the trumpet solo, first issued on a Time LP as *The Boss Man*. There's wonderful trumpet work on the two ballads, and it's good to have some evidence of Walter Benton's infrequently recorded tenor work. The ill-fated Joe Maini was a hot player; he solos first on *Caravan* and the ballads. Herb Geller was already a seasoned player, sure of his horn and his ideas.

A good time was had by all on the next jam session, presided over by the one and only Dinah Washington, who was in marvelous form. For the first time, all of the music recorded at this studio party, both vocal features and purely instrumental numbers, is presented in session sequence. The three trumpeters (Brownie, Clark Terry, and Maynard Ferguson) are so distinctive no score card is needed to sort them out. Nor is it a problem to distinguish between Geller's alto and Harold Land's tenor. Two pianists and two bassists were on hand, but Max handled all the drum work by himself. Again, Brownie is the instrumental star; he shines on his feature, *It Might As Well Be Spring*, gives off sparks on the long and fast *Move*, and shows what a fine accompanist to a singer he was. He has even more of a chance to show this side of his talent on the next session. Sarah Vaughan has made many wonderful records, but to me, this particular session is one of her very best. Surrounded by great musicians (even Herbie Mann rises to the occasion), excellent arrangements by Ernie Wilkins and a program of not less than good and often great songs, she gives inspired performances. Paul Quinichette has seldom played better, Sarah's working trio, anchored in Jimmy Jones's masterful and original piano, gives her and the instrumental soloist all the support they could ask for, and Brownie has plenty of opportunities to show just how much he could say in half a chorus. He gets away on *It's Crazy*, where he and Sarah turn each other on, and he does wonders with *Jim...*

Four days later, Brownie backed yet another fine singer, Helen Merrill, on her debut album. Quincy Jones was responsible for the arrangements. He created a setting in which Brownie was the featured instrumentalist, with Danny Bank's baritone sax and flute the only other horn. Barry Galbraith's sensitive guitar adds another color, and so does Oscar Pettiford's cello on *Falling In Love With Love*. The remarkable Jimmy Jones is again on hand.

There are trumpet solo spots on every track, each offering something special. It's notable how fine a musician Brownie was, in the important sense of making himself an integral part of every musical situation he was presented with. Aside from his great creative gifts, he was a complete professional. And what taste he had, and empathy!

All these factors again come into the picture for the famous string session. Charlie Parker had made such a setting more than acceptable for a modern jazz player, but Dizzy had done it even earlier. Nor should we minimize the impact of Bobby Hackett in this field, and of course Louis Armstrong had done work with strings, too. Neal Hefti, himself a trumpeter, was a good choice as arranger, and it was wise to use the Roach-Brown quintet's rhythm section, with Barry Galbraith added. According to Hefti, Brownie only hit three "clams" on the entire three-day session. None are on the master takes.

Ballad playing is usually the last phase of a musician's development to mature, but Brownie again surprises with his precociousness. In this program of classic popular songs, he measures up to the best jazz balladeers, and the warmth and beauty of his tone is set off by the

string sound. Fine moments abound, but one might single out *What's New* (a tune conceived as a trumpet feature, for Billy Butterfield by Bob Haggart), *Stardust*, *Willow Weep For Me*, and the moving *Portrait Of Jenny*, seldom done instrumentally.

After all this varied recording activity it was time for another album by the quintet, even tighter than before with six more months of work under its belt. *Gerkin for Perkin* (the title has reference to Carl Perkins, the group's first pianist) is a Brownie concoction based on altered blues changes à la Charlie Parker, as Roach has pointed out. Land was in great form for the session that yielded this and the next four tracks. The trumpet solo is a little gem.

Take the A Train opens and closes with train effects suggested by Powell and executed with gusto by Roach. As the train makes its way uptown at top speed, Land, Brown, Powell and Max have their say before we pull in at 125th Street.

Lands End, named for its composer, is an imaginative minor blues at middle tempo. The 2/4 feeling established by Morrow's bass in the theme statement resolves into 4/4 for the solo segments. For once, on the master take, Brownie does not sustain the level achieved in his opening bars, perhaps because the rather somber mood of the piece didn't suit his essentially sunny disposition.

Swingin' is just that: a fast, cheerful bebop romp by Brown, rooted in *I Never Knew* changes. Brownie glistens, Land digs in, Richie pays homage to Bud, and Max shines.

George's Dilemma, a Brown original (closely related to *A Night in Tunisia* harmonically and structurally, but paced at a slower tempo than commonly applied to that famous bebop piece, which lends it a different mood), was described by Roach as a "...romance between Afro-Cuban and jazz rhythms." The former are applied to all but the bridges both in ensembles and solos. Brownie takes two choruses, Land and Powell one each. The pianist employs some Noro Morales-styled octave doublings in his statement, and Max has the last word.

If I Love Again, a 1933 pop tune, had had little jazz currency (except as a showcase for Bobby Hackett's melodic trumpet during his brief stay with Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra), until Brown, Roach and company came up with this high-speed transformation. Paced by Max's sock cymbal, trumpet, tenor and piano take a chorus apiece (Richie in very good form), and then Max takes command with a solo that presages Elvin Jones in its mastery of polyrhythms and astonishing coordination.

The Blues Walk is a Sonny Stitt blues theme known as *Loose Walk* (and recorded under that title by Stitt in 1952) until this performance was first released. The new title and the composer credit to Brown were no doubt the doing of the producer since nothing we know of Clifford's character would imply that he played this kind of game. This is a superb romp, in both takes from start to finish, with glorious trumpet, fine tenor, Powell flavored with Horace Silver licks, some propulsive ensemble riffs, and magisterial Roach, followed by heated exchanges

between the horns, down to twos and ones(!). There is a distinct Jazz Messengers flavor to the quintet's work here.

What Am I Here For, a metaphysical question posed by Duke Ellington in 1942, is reinterpreted at a tempo that, I must admit, seems too fast to preserve the character of the composition. On its own terms, however, this version provides Brownie with some fine changes to sink his chops into; unlike Land, he has no problems with the speed. Max's foot is a marvel, and in his solo, he sounds like two drummers.

Cherokee, of course, was (and is) the test-piece for jazz players aspiring to major league status. After the Indian introduction, this pow-wow gets moving at a burning 4/4 tempo. Land takes the bridge in the first chorus. Brownie hoists himself most effectively into the solo slot (the art of kicking off was one that he mastered), and at a tempo that would leave most other trumpeters hanging in for dear life, manages to be coherent and melodic. Land demonstrates much surer control here than on the previous track, while Powell ought to have tried some rests in his solo. Max bails him out with another display of drum supremacy.

Jacqui, an attractive Powell composition and arrangement, is more complex than most of the quintet's material, hinting at a West Coast influence. The exposition features the horns mainly in parallel thirds, Land taking the blues middle. Clifford's solo has that distinctively warm sound, and Morrow gets a chance to bow a bit in the neat closing ensemble.

Sandu, by Brown, is a straight-ahead middle-tempo blues. The composer's serene, joyful solo makes less use of double-time devices than usual. Land, always good on the blues, and a relaxed Powell precede the limber Roach (few drummers solo so well at this kind of tempo), and Morrow walks it home.

This was Land's final studio session with the quintet, though a concert performance with him some three months later has been issued. Our earliest documentation of Sonny Rollins' arrival is also a non-studio recording, from the Deehive in Chicago. Not until January 4, 1956 did the Brown-Rollins team make it to the studio.

Gertrude's Bounce was named for a Chicago artist, Gertrude Abercrombie, who, as composer Powell pointed out, "...walks just like the rhythm sounds in the introduction." It makes for a sprightly studio debut for Sonny Rollins with the quintet. His rather rough solo features inflections reminiscent of Lockjaw Davis. Nearly a year had passed since the quintet's last studio date, and Clifford's increasing command of his horn is evident in his beautifully articulated solo.

Step Lightly, also known as *Junior's Arrival*, was listed in Mercury's files as a "single-release" but never issued as such. It is a piece in a minor key with a haunting quality. It is graced with a lovely "running" solo by Brownie, who makes more of his brief allotted space than either Sonny or Richie (the latter rather Monkish here). Not a masterpiece, but a find nonetheless.

Powell's Prances, also in minor, but up tempo, features a strong ensemble sound, piano joining the horns in the unison theme statements. Rollins follows Brown with a powerful solo how well these two went together — and the ending is dramatic.

I'll Remember April has been well treated by jazz musicians, but seldom (if ever) better than by this group. Aside from the newly discovered false start, the two complete versions, each over nine minutes in length, are the quintet's longest studio performances, breathtaking from start to finish — from stage-setting vamp to free Latin fade. The horns are in superb form - two great players inspiring each other with loving support from the rhythm section. Brownie displays his mastery of time, combining speed and beauty as only a chosen few have been able to do. Sonny pares down the melody into chunky fragments, lagging behind the beat, then takes up the challenge of the tempo, and conquers it. Richie shows how much he has grown, and then Max lets go. Trumpet and tenor trade eights, then fours, building tension, and take turns leading on the imaginative ending.

Time, explained composer Richie Powell, has reference "...to the time a man spends just sitting in jail, wondering when he's going to get out." He plays celeste in the ensembles, and comes up with one of his most memorable piano solos. The theme has an Ornette Coleman-like quality and is stated in Clifford's purest sound. This group had a lot of moods at its command. The great Tadd Dameron, one of Brownie's early champions, was present in the studio and contributed two originals plus a new setting for a great standard he'd previously made his own (as "Hot-House").

The Scene Is Clean (recorded about a month later by Tadd's own group) opens with a drum and bass dialogue, followed by a conversation between the horns. The theme is characteristic of Dameron in melody and voicing, and the solos by Sonny, Brownie, Richie and Max (the latter as melodic, in his way, as the others) do it special justice.

With *Flossie Lou*, we arrive at a great new find — a whole unknown master tape discovered by Mr. Koyama. Previously known in only one take, this fine Tadd Dameron piece, based on the changes to "Jeepers Creepers", now comes to us in a revealing sequence (including a rehearsal take, a bit of conversation between Brownie and Bob Shad and a couple of false starts presented on a bonus CD Single included with this boxed set) of two complete and one near-complete (only the closing theme is missing) new takes. Each is filled with surprises. Brownie and Sonny are inspired and in-spire each other, and Richie Powell seems to outdo himself. None of the three ever repeats himself.

The rehearsal take captures Brownie's lovely sound to perfection, and how relaxed he is! On the third take, we get a special treat found on no other: a chorus of exchanges, eight bars each from trumpet, tenor, piano and drums. And dig how Brownie opens the concluding eight-bar sequence of his solo chorus. The next take is more subdued in the opening ensemble, but both horns are in marvelous solo form. Brownie just overflows with ideas, wholly uncontrived — he was a *natural* improviser. And Newk is not far behind; also a creator and attuned to the trumpeter's conception. (His last eight bars show how much he loved Dexter Gordon.) The following take again offers new ideas from the soloist, and the master take is still different, with

Sonny at his best, picking up on Brownie's closing phrase to start his own impassioned statement. Richie quotes briefly from his brother's famous "Un Poco Loco", and the ensemble has that Dameron sound. Let's not forget Max, whose accompaniments and solos are superb throughout. This whole sequence is a lesson in the value of alternate takes where great soloists are concerned.

And more treats to come: a newly discovered complete alternate take of *What Is This Thing Called Love*, even longer than the master. This excellent Dameron arrangement begins with a montuno-like vamp on a single chord. The melody emerges gradually, carried in turn by the horns, each of which then takes two solo choruses. All of them are fine, but Sonny's on the first take has the edge, while Brownie is especially brilliant on the master, with thrilling forays into high note territory. The two giants also trade eights and fours, after solos by Powell and Morrow and Max (who plays the melody) interspersed with some potent ensemble variations. (Tadd must have liked that first take, for we hear Bob Shad saying "Tadd feel very bad!" I'm sure he felt better after the next take went down — both are near-perfect.)

We conclude with yet another Koyama discovery: a nearly complete new take of *Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing*. This motion-picture theme, popular but a bit melodramatic, was arranged by Richie Powell and is ingeniously transformed into potent jazz by the quintet. Effective use is made of 3/4 in the theme statement, but the solos are in ultra-fast 4/4. That speed seems to hamper everyone (except, surprisingly, Richie Powell, who articulates his notes very well) on the first attempt (after a false start). And the ensemble ending is aborted, after a great solo by Max, featuring the high hat. On the master take, both horns are superb. Sonny turns in perhaps his strongest recorded solo yet. Brownie blends speed and beauty, drive and coherence. Richie swings, Max delivers the message, and the ensemble wraps it all up in a photo finish.

In the four brief years granted Clifford Brown to create his musical legacy, he left us music that can be heard again and again without losing its freshness. A significant portion of that legacy, enhanced with newly discovered gems, can be heard here in better sound than ever before. It is the music of a brilliant young artist who faced the world with a clear mind and open eyes but with love in his heart. Hear his message well.

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4b: New-Dawn Music Corp./Chappell Co. Inc./Gershwin Publ. Corp.
5: Harrison Music Corp./Major Songs Co. 6: World Music Inc.
7: Leeds Music Corp.

DISC 7

1: Hampshire-House Publ. Corp./Chappell Co. Inc. 2,3: Adam R Levy and Father Enterprises
4: Mayfair Music Corp.
5: Exclusive Publ. Inc.
6,7: Leeds Music Corp.
8: Harms Inc.
9: Crestview Music Corp./Edwin Morris H. Co. Inc.
10: New World Music

DISC 8

1: Northern Music
2: Jewel Music Publ. Co. Inc.
3: Chappell & Co. Inc.
4: Harms Inc.
5,10: T.B. Harms Comp.
6,11: Chappell & Co. Inc.
7,9: Witmark M Sons
8: Chappell Aznavour Inc,
12,13, T.B. Harms Comp.
14: Twentieth Century Music
15: Lawrence Wright Music Co.
16: New-World Music Corp.
17. Metro Goldwyn Mayer Corp.
10: Bourne Inc.
19: Mills Music Inc.

DISC 9

1,5,6,8,9,13,15: Brent Music
2: Tempo Music
3,4,12,14,16: Calvin Music
7: Warner Bros Inc.
10: Robbins Music Corp.
11: Peter Maurice Music Co. Ltd.

DISC 10

1-3: Leeds
4: Calvin Music Co.
5-9: Bregman, Vocco & Conn.
10-11: Harms Inc.
12-14: Miller Music Corp./Twentieth Century Music

A CLIFFORD BROWN DISCOGRAPHY ON EmArcy
Compiled by Kiyoshi Koyama

CLIFFORD BROWN-MAX ROACH QUINTET:

Clifford Brown(tp), Harold Land(ts), Richie Powell(p), George Morrow(b), Max Roach(dr).

	LA, August 2, 1954
10856-2 Delilah	EmArcy MG36036
10857-2 Darn That Dream (1)	EmArcy MG36008
10858-2 Parisian Thoroughfare	EmArcy MG36036
Same	LA, August 3, 1954
10859-3 Jordu (Edited Version)	EmArcy MG36036
10859-3 Jordu (Complete Version)	Limelight LM82011, EmArcy 195J-1
10860-10 Sweet Clifford	EmArcy MG36008
10860- Sweet Clifford (Clifford's Fantasy)(Extract)	Time Vol. 8
10861-6 I Don't Stand A Ghost Of A Chance (2)	Mainstream MRL386
10861-7 I Don't Stand A Ghost Of A Chance (2)	EmArcy MG36008
Same	LA, August 5, 1954
10866-8 Stompin' At The Savoy	EmArcy MG36008
10867-4 I Get A Kick Out Of You	EmArcy MG36008
10867-5 I Get A Kick Out Of You	MobileFidelity MFCD826
10868-1 I'll String Along with You (3)	EmArcy MG36008
Same	LA, August 6, 1954
10877-3 Joy Spring	MobileFidelity MFCD826
10877-4 Joy Spring	EmArcy MG36036
10878-2 Mildama	EmArcy SONP-1045
10878-4 Mildama	EmArcy SONP-1045
10878-5 Mildama	EmArcy 195J-1
10878-6 Mildama	(Unissued)
10878 Mildama Section II	(Unissued)
10878 Mildama Section III	(Unissued)
10878 Mildama Section III	(Unissued)
10878 Mildama Section III	(Unissued)
10878 Mildama (Edited Complete Version)	EmArcy MG36008
10879-6 These Foolish Things (4)	EmArcy 195J-1
10880- Daahoud	EmArcy MG36036
10880-5 Daahoud	Mainstream MRL-386

(1)omit Brown, (2) omit Land, (3)(4) omit Brown and Land.

CLIFFORD BROWN ALL STARS:

Clifford Brown(tp), Herb Geller, Joe Main(as), Walter Benton(ts), Kenny Drew(p),
Curtis Counce(b), Max Roach(dr).

		LA, August 11, 1954
10885	Coronado (Rehearsal)	Mercury 30JD-22-25
10885-6	Coronado	EmArcy 195J-2
10885-10	Coronado	EmArcy MG360039
10886-1	You Go To My Head	EmArcy MG36039
10887-	Caravan	EmArcy MG36102
10887-	Caravan (The Boss Man)	Time Vol. 8
10888-	Autumn in New York	EmArcy MG36102

ALL STARS JAM SESSION:

Collective personnel: Clark Terry, Clifford Brown, Maynard Ferguson(tp), Herb Geller(as),
Harold Land(ts), Richie Powell, Junior Mance(p), Keter Betts, George Morrow(b), Max
Roach(dr), Dinah Washington(vcl).

		LA, August 14, 1954
10900-1	What is This Thing Called Love	EmArcy MG36002
10901-	I've Got You Under My Skin	EmArcy MG36000
10902-	No More	EmArcy MG36000
10903-2	Move	EmArcy MG36002
10904-3	Darn That Dream	EmArcy MG36002
10905-2	You Go To My Head	EmArcy MG36000
10906-1	My Funny Valentine/Don't Worry 'Bout Me/Bess You is My Woman/It Might As Well Be Spring	EmArcyMG36002
10907-5	Lover Come Back To Me	EmArcy MG36000
10908-2	Alone Together/Summertime/Come Rain Or Come Shine	EmArcy MG36000
10909-2	Crazy He Calls Me	EmArcy 195J-2
10910-1	There Is No Greater Love	EmArcy MG36000
10911-3	I'll Remember April	EmArcy 195J-2

SARAH VAUGHAN:

(vc)acc. by Clifford Brown(tp), Herbie Mann(fl), Paul Quinichette(ts), Jimmy Jones(p), Joe Benjamin(b), Roy Haynes(dr), Ernie Wilkins(ann, cond).

11077-8	September Song	NY. December 16, 1954
11078-	Lullaby Of Birdland	EmArcy MG36004
11078-8, 9	Lullaby Of Birdland (Edited)	Mercury 826320-2
11079-6	I'm Glad There is You	EmArcy MG36004
11080-7	You're Not The Kind	EmArcy MG36004
Same		NY, December 18, 1954
11081-5	Jim	EmArcy MG36004
11082-5	He's My Guy	EmArcy MG36004
11083-8	April in Paris	EmArcy MG36004
11084-4	It's Crazy	EmArcy MG36004
11085-1	Embraceable You	EmArcy MG36004

HELEN MERRILL WITH QUINCY JONES' ORCHESTRA:

Clifford Brown(tp), Danny Bank(fl, bs), Jimmy Jones(p), Barry Galbraith(g), Milt Hinton(b), Osie Johnson(dr), Quincy Jones(arr. cond).

11087-5	Don't Explain	NY. December 22, 1954
11088-3	Born To Be Blue	EmArcy MG36006
11089-6	You'd Be So Nice To Come Home	EmArcy MG36006
11090-10	'S Wonderful	EmArcy MG36006
Oscar Pettiford (b, cello), Bobby Donaldson (dr) replace Hinton and Johnson.		
11091-7	Yesterdays	NY. December 24, 1954
11092-10	Falling In Love With Love	EmArcy MG36006
11093-1	What's New	EmArcy MG36006

CLIFFORD BROWN WITH STRINGS:

Clifford Brown(tp), strings. Richie Powell(p), Barry Galbraith(g), George Morrow(b), Max Roach(dr), Neal Hefti(arr, cond).

11116-6	Portrait Of Jenny	NY. January 18, 1955
11117-5	What's New	EmArcy MG36005
11118-4	Yesterdays	EmArcy MG36005
11119-8	Where Or When	EmArcy MG36005

Same		NY. January 19, 1955
11120-7	Can't Help Lovin' Oat Man	EmArcy MG36005
11121-11	Smoke Gets In Your Eyes	EmArcy MG36005
11122-8	Laura	EmArcy MG36005
11123-4	Memories Of You	EmArcy MG36005

Same		NY, January 20, 1955
11124-6	Embraceable You	EmArcy MG36005
11125-7	Blue Moon	EmArcy MG36005
11126-4	Willow Weep For Me	EmArcy MG36005
11127-7	Stardust	EmArcy MG36005

CLIFFORD BROWN - MAX ROACH QUINTET:

Clifford Brown(tp), Harold Land(ts), Richie Powell(p), Max Roach(dr).

11358-7	Gerkin For Perkin	NY. February 23, 1955
11359-7	Take The A Train	EmArcy MG36037
11360-12	Lands End	EmArcy MG36037
11360-14	Lands End	EmArcy 195J-1
11361-15	Swingin'	EmArcy MG36037
Same		NY. February 24, 1955
11362-	George's Dilemma	EmArcy MG36037
11363-15	If I Love Again	EmArcy MG36037
11364-5	The Blues Walk	EmArcy 195J-1
11364-8	The Blues Walk	EmArcy MG36036
Same		NY, February 25, 1956
11365-13	What Am I Here For	EmArcy MG36036
11366-2	Cherokee	EmArcy MG36037
11367-	Jacqui	EmArcy MG36037
11368-4	Jacqui	EmArcy MG36037
Sonny Rollins(ts) replaces Land.		NY. January 4, 1956
12421-4	Gertrude's Bounce	EmArcy MG36070
12422-10	Step Lightly (Junior's Arrival)	Mercury EMS-2-407
		EmArcy 195J-1
12423-12	Powell's Prances	EmArcy MG36070
Same		NY. February 16, 1956
12459-1	I'll Remember April	EmArcy MG36070
12459-2	I'll Remember April	(Unissued)
12459-3	I'll Remember April	EmArcy 195J-1
12460-8	Time	EmArcy MG36070
12461-16	The Scene is Clean	EmArcy MG36070
12462	Flossie Lou(Rehearsal)	(Unissued)
12462-3	Flossie Lou	(Unissued)
12462-7	Flossie Lou	(Unissued)
12462-8	Flossie Lou	(Unissued)
12462-9	Flossie Lou	Limelight LM28201
		EmArcy 195J-1
12463-6	What is This Thing Called Love	(Unissued)
12463-7	What is This Thing Called Love	EmArcy MG36070
12464-1	Love is A Many Splendored Thing	(Unissued)
12464-2	Love is A Many Splendored Thing	(Unissued)
12464-14	Love is A Many Splendored Thing	EmArcy MG36070



CLIFFORD BROWN AT BASIN STREET 1955

All of the recordings in this collection have been digitally remastered directly from the original master tapes located at the PolyGram Tape Facility in Edison, NJ.

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