

You are cordially invited to...

dirty jazz from down south

MEMORANDUM ON: Dirty Jazz from Down South

An amusing instance of what happens when jazzmen are forced to blow the abomination of arranged music occurs on the "B". About the only thing that can squeeze such a play in Trinidad is the arrival of royalty or a change in government. This time both things happened at once. All the John Buddy Williams tunes were being blown sweet at the time thru the lovely ears of Princess Margaret as well as through ours, this during the august Festival Ceremonies marking the federation of West Indian islands into a new nation. The fact that they were only the accompaniment for a fascinating and voluptuous performance of sultry dances on stage at the time accounts for this taming of JBW's wildebeests. They leapt from rocky note to rocky note, horns blowing frenetically, eyes unfocusing in myopic conflict between two matchless spectacles, the dancers and the Princess.

The shocking coincidence of musical arrangement and visual surroundings affected the men variously; note the long extravagant crying of the imprisoned trumpet, like the wail of a lost soul in

My Salty Sin, the wanton cannibalism of the guitar, who finally lost all sense of distortion and devoured whole the waterfall music of *Choro*. Amid all of this, though, one can also discern these as jazz rebellions against the restraints of all this sort of nonsense; within the limits of social acceptability, a mild musical anarchy.

Remaining material was recorded hot and rough in brothels around the Caribbean Sea, and for this sort of music a phonograph record is a poor medium; it can not breathe heavily down the back of your neck or assault you with the smoke-thick aroma of the room and the rum.

The record opens with an impressive example of what's wrong in this hotbed of tropical jazzmen, who are so extremely itinerant in their playing habits that groups seldom stick together long enough to go over the top in group virtuosity. This one almost did, and the first five numbers of "A" side are of the Cyril Diaz orchestra of the moment, whiplashed to a (for them) fine but fleeting frenzy

by the barbed tongue and pen of Beryl McBurnie, who fished the tunes out of her reservoir of a lifetime of collecting and choreographing native dances. They stem from such things as Venezuelan country dances, or *parangs* (Kiss Me in the Country), jungle spirituals (Tabu), French biguines (Manze Titine La), music for dancing wakes by (Mme. Killio), and, quite accidentally, a lively Spanish love song (Serenade).

Then there is the impressively sized Johnny Gomez band, a musical juggernaut that runs riot around the place on a weekly schedule that would do credit to an express train. Clean, waxed and polished, they start out on the Saturday night at that last station and refuge of Victorian splendor the Country Club, playing thru the night to a once-a-week, cavorting, let-go audience of British first and second generation colonials. On the Sunday, debris removed, the C. C. and its members settle back into the ensuing six heavenly nights of introversion, while Gomez & Co. chuff on to the Yacht Club, the Normandie and beyond, blowing tireder,

louder and dirtier all the way.

Meanwhile, down at the piers, a scattering of shadowy dance dives and tourist samovars get up steam nocturnally, each auto-advertised by the escape of jazz from within. In the auditorium of the street outside they sound like leakage from the practice rooms of some huge dissonant swinging seminary. The loudest and highest keyed practitioner wins the walk, and such a man is the Harry James disciple young Conrad Jones, who blows out of the Miramar, along with a surprisingly adequate frog on trombone. Of course it is possible that thru the miracle of electronics, all these excesses at the Miramar are nothing now but wiggling sound engraved in plastic grooves. Except that in the street the passersby only listen too, and Conrad is the man who pulls them in. Maybe there *is* a sixth sense in the plastic. So turn up the volume, way up.

Sic, dirty jazz from down south. Way down.

E. C.

John Buddy Williams' Band:

My Salty Sin

Choro

Overture

Conrad Jones ensemble:

Nothing Ever Changes My Love

All Of Me

Lorna Pierre & Orch.

Jungle Blues

Cyril Diaz' orchestra:

Kiss Me in the Country

Tabu

Ti Chabine Manze Titine La

Serenade

Mme. Killio

Johnny Gomez' orchestra

Cook's Cooking

Vicki

printed in U.S.A.

COOK LABORATORIES, Inc., Stamford, Conn.

IF ANY ADDITIONAL PROGRAMS HAVE BEEN ADDED THIS RECORD SHALL NOT BE RECORDED ON THE OTHER SIDE

COOK

DIRTY JAZZ FROM DOWN SOUTH

33 1/3 RPM
LONG PLAYING

1188-A
MICROGROOVE

1. Kiss Me in the Country
2. Tabu
3. Ti Chabine Manze Titine La
4. Serenade
5. Mme. Wilio
Cyril Diaz Orch.
6. Vicki
Johnny Gomez Orch.
7. Jungle Blues
Lorna Pierre & Orch.

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COOK

DIRTY JAZZ FROM DOWN SOUTH

33 1/3 RPM
LONG PLAYING

1188-B
MICROGROOVE

1. Cook's Cooking
Johnny Gontez Orch.
2. My Salty Sin
3. Choro
4. Overture
J. B. Williams Orch.

5. Nothing Ever Changes
My Love for You
6. All of Me
Conrad Jones Ensemble

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