



# FALL 2017

*OUTPOST 19*



excerpts  
from five  
remarkable  
works of  
fiction and  
nonfiction



# THE DISAPPEARED

A beautifully orchestrated novel of surviving contemporary terrors and resisting relentless public fear and paranoia. By Adam Braver

## BOY ON A UNI CYCLE

The lost confessions of an all-American poster boy.

By Dan McCall

Edited by Steven McCall

## SURVIVING JERSEY

DANGER & INSANITY  
IN THE GARDEN STATE

This is not your average New Jersey childhood: a circus tiger attack, a schoolmate's abduction, heartbreaking addicts, and a blind bad-ass granny. A tour-de-force exploration of the risks that shaped a generation. By Scott Loring Sanders

## THIS IS: ESSAYS ON JAZZ

AARON GILBREATH

Chronicles of the forgotten corners of the mid-century jazz scene, celebrating the joy, genius and struggle of jazz, in essays both intimate and deeply researched. By Aaron Gilbreath

## wire mother monkey baby

a novel

In search of meaningful connection, Clayton Draper moves into The Complex, an Austin residential development sponsored by Kool Kola. By Rob Reynolds

OUTPOST19 

The artful argument. The story you don't want to stop. Over the past two years, our books have been featured in Vanity Fair, The Guardian, VICE, The A.V. Club, The Believer, The San Francisco Chronicle and dozens of other mainstream and trade journals. All of our books are distributed by Ingram Publishers Services. Available at bookstores everywhere.

outpost19.com | @outpost19 | San Francisco

ADAM  
BRAVER

THE  
DISAPPEARED

A  
NOVEL



A novel of two strangers swept up in the aftermath of politicized acts of violence. *THE DISAPPEARED* traces a pair of survivors: a woman whose husband is missing in a San Bernardino-type of attack, and a man who believes his sister was an unidentified victim of the '93 World Trade Center bombing. With a remarkable mix of nuance and momentum, Braver portrays their resistance to the relentless feedback loops of paranoia and fear.

## *LUCY* *FALL 2015*

**THE MORNING OF THE SHOOTING** is the last day she'll go out for a while. Already Lucy had been growing nervous about being out in public. Following a season of international terror attacks, her daily routine had been thus: get in the car, drive to work, eat lunch inside the building, get in the car and come back home. There was no more gathering in large public spaces. No more train to work. The unseen risks outsized the convenience. She'd even conceded all grocery shopping to Henry, refusing to be a target in the Raley's parking lot or inside the crowded market. Think about it: at the time, who would have thought twice about sitting in a Parisian café on that warm November night? Or who would have had any apprehension about just waiting for the usual commuter train in the usual station at the usual time in London or Madrid? The cable news shows said we now lived in an era of vigilance. Lucy saw it more as an era of cautious retreat. And cautious retreat wasn't always so easy. Just when she'd have her routine managed, something else would pop up, and she'd be forced to adjust on the fly, fighting her instinct just to let it go.

**THE DISAPPEARED**

It was a little like having to change your diet following a sudden health scare—despite knowing what must be done, it still takes total vigilance and will to alter all your habits and desires. Her most recent challenge had been this past weekend's trip to Southern California. Henry had planned it months ago. He'd had a conference there, and he figured it made a nice excuse for them to be at the beach before he started on Monday. In spite of her cautious retreat, she'd been stuck having to go. There were few reasonable excuses Lucy could conjure up that didn't convey hysteria. So in the days leading up to the flight, she summoned all her strength. Took deep breaths. Visualized normal days. Avoided the TV news. And she told herself it was only for a weekend. Together they navigated the airport and rented a car, and then took an overnight stay at Newport Beach. Once in motion, the getaway turned out fine. Enough so, that over Saturday night dinner she declared her anxiety as stupid and misguided. She'd told Henry she realized that she'd been held hostage by anticipation. The next evening, she emailed Henry to report that she'd gotten home safely. And maybe she got carried away, distracted from vigilance by the ease and seduction of believing herself safe on the Pacific beach, but in her email she suggested coming back down the following Friday when Henry's obligations ended. They'd have another weekend there, and together they could come back on Sunday. *Statistically*, she added, *Sundays are the safest days of the week.*

But on the morning of the shooting, Lucy is alone, and when she's alone she moves a little more languidly. Takes her time, even when she knows she shouldn't. It's a little cloudy out, making the morning a bit darker than













phone, understanding that this may or may not be an “active crime scene,” and that a ringing phone would do him no good if in fact he were there. Also it occurs to her that she should keep the line open. Their calls potentially could cross and cancel each other out.

The phone rings again. Three times over the next hour. Each time it is *Private Caller, Private Caller, Private Caller*. The first two she ignores. The third she answers, the ringing getting to her, and then immediately hangs up.

She rises, cinches tight her bathrobe, and then, still standing next to the bed, she leans over and first folds her stockings and then her dress at the indentation along the waist. Returning them to the closet, she tries to stack them neatly, even though one of the dress’s arms dangles down.

This is only the morning of the shooting. And, as they keep repeating on the TV, there is so much we do not know. So much that still is unfolding.

# THE DISAPPEARED A NOVEL ADAM BRAVER

The Disappeared, a novel  
by Adam Braver  
258 pages  
\$16.00 paperback ISBN 9781944853259  
\$9 ebook

In bookstores October 2017  
Pre-order now  
Choose your favorite:

*OUTPOST19* > Shop   
Special Fall Reader discount!





























There was an intermission. Down front, the judges got together and sat huddled with their ballots. I couldn't get to Mother through the crowd. I threaded my way out to a drinking fountain on the mezzanine. The boy from Iowa who had lost in the semi-finals grabbed me, smiling, and showed me his unofficial score card: "I have you picked for second," he said, as if that would encourage me.

Second? Are you kidding? Runner-up? And those Navy pilots—those men on the rubber rafts in zero weather—is self-sacrifice an also-ran?

I strolled around on the thick green carpet. If people thought I had won, they smiled at me; if they thought I hadn't, they looked away. I pretended to be lost in thought. I was the boy in the white suit.

Finally, the announcement was made by a bald man from Los Angeles, the Retiring President who had warned the general session about "the subversive elements desperately eager to capture the mind and hearts of our young people." The kid from Utica, New York got third. I hadn't expected that; he wore thick rimless glasses, a kind of bookish boy. But that was okay, come to think of it, that was a good third. I sat there, staring at my hands, my fingers, the delicate blue veins of my wrist. Was I going to win this thing or not? Mom and Dad had worked so hard, and I had too. Oh, this was too much for me, it hurt—I was being changed—I couldn't take it—I couldn't. I prayed, Oh God, dearest Father, please give me this, and I'll never bother you again.

It was June 28, 1952. My father's 46<sup>th</sup> birthday.

The bald man toyed, or seemed to toy, with the scorecards in his hand. "Let's see here, our second place winner, the runner-up today is..." He peered at

the cards, pretending to be confused, “The winner of second place is...”

I sat there promising God everything I owed him, everything I ever would, a whole lifetime of service.

“Yes, from my own home state of California...”

Glendale was *second*! I burst forward, my eyes swimming up to the crystal chandeliers and going crazy in their brilliant white radiance. I didn’t need God the Father anymore, I had my own father, Dad. Outside it had stopped raining. The air suddenly felt fresh. I glanced at the Texas boy, the lip-nibbling dude who after all still thought maybe he could be the champion. People around me weren’t crushing me or slapping me on the shoulder yet. They didn’t know. They should have. I certainly did.

Then, in a huge hush: “Our National Champion for 1952—Dan E. McCall.”

Applause!, wonderful, gorgeous applause—big billowy waves of it—a thousand people deeply, rhythmically clapping and whistling and lifting. The doctor from the North was standing up holding aloft his umbrella and tapping the air. A man was leading Mother up to the stage, Mother in her lucky green dress.

Next morning our mailbox at the Henry Clay reception desk was stuffed with a dozen telegrams. People in Eugene said they were “bursting with pride.” Then Mom and I were on our way home. At the layover in Chicago we ate turkey sandwiches in the Sky Room, and she said with a mischievous wink, “You’re not a boy anymore—you’re a National Champion.” I didn’t know what to say. I’d never been a boy, actually.

In the gift shop I scanned the paperback books. Back in Eugene, Willy Black, throwing rocks at his









picked myself up and went over beside the huge oak tree to steady myself while I got back up on my unicycle. That beautiful girl was laughing at me. Well, everybody was. Everybody. I wasn't a National Champion, I was a Precocious Little Shit.

I looked at my muddy hand on the soaking tree, my fingers digging into the wet bark. The whole world was silent, except for the deliberate sound of the heavy raindrops on the big leaves of the somber trees. I mounted up. And Dan E. McCall slowly rode his unicycle back into the audience of wet tombstones.

# BOY ON A UNI CYCLE

**dan  
mccall**

"A profoundly self-aware memoir from a man who was a performer all his life. This is the story of a young man who falls in love with applause, who realizes at a dangerously young age that most people do not care about the difference between the truth and a lie—so long as they are entertained. A compelling and highly relevant tale in these times of fake news." - Philipp Meyer

Boy On A Unicycle:  
Confessions of a Young Man Trained to Be a Winner  
by Dan McCall, edited by Steven McCall  
245 pages  
\$16.00 paperback ISBN 9781944853334  
\$9.99 ebook

In bookstores now  
Choose your favorite:

*OUTPOST19* > Shop  
Special Fall Reader discount!



















My father taught me to stand up to bullies, not because they harassed me but because they bullied those who couldn't defend themselves. He said to get in their face just once and they'd back off and run away with their tails between their legs. He was right. I protected several kids when I was young, thanks to him, and I'm still proud of that. But I could never stand up to my father.

My father taught me honesty. To be a leader. My father taught me the value of hard work, not by preaching it but by doing it. He taught me how to take care of my family, to raise my son, to do whatever I had to do to put food on the table. He taught me the importance of a firm handshake and to look the person in the eye when doing it. He taught me how to play poker. And never to welch on a bet.

My father pronounces *naked* as “nekid.”

My father calls a gas station a “filling station.”

My father eats cereal every morning with slices of banana. When he was a kid, he ate cereal with weevils crawling around in the grain. He still eats eggs well after their expiration date. Milk too. My father easily puts a quarter-stick of butter on one dinner roll. More if there's any surface area left.

My father drinks too much, eats too much, is overweight. But he's happy. And he's earned it.

My father let me drive for the first time when I was twelve. A little 1980 Honda hatchback. He let me lean over and steer while he worked the clutch, stick, gas, and brake. We were headed to McDonald's to pick up

dinner. Oncoming cars made me nervous, but he didn't seem concerned. He trusted me. As we came off the bridge spanning the Musconetcong River in New Jersey, the traffic light turned yellow. My father punched it, but a car pulled out from our right, zipping from the Golden Skillet. There was no time to react. We slammed into the driver's side door. My knees went into the dashboard. The Honda's horn wouldn't stop blowing. My father grabbed the steering wheel and pulled violently. The horn stopped. The traffic stopped. The ache in my knees didn't stop. The cops were there even before my father exited to examine the damage. "Let's not tell anyone you were steering," he whispered, after making sure I was okay. I nodded as steam oozed from the crumpled hood. It was as close to a lie as I've ever heard him say. At least as far as I'm aware.

My father let me drive for real in Arkansas two years later. On flat, straight roads with only soybean fields in every direction, I sat behind the wheel and went for it. I got up to fifty-five miles per hour. My father even let me pass a car that was going too slow. In New Jersey, the driving age was seventeen. I drove for the first time three years before I could legally get my license. Technically, I got into my first car accident five years before I could legally get my license. But nobody knew that...except my father.

My father saw a woman pull out in front of a semi and get killed instantly. Her fault. My father was first on the scene. He was also first on the scene when a neighbor had a heart attack and crashed into a telephone pole. The neighbor died, too.

## **SURVIVING JERSEY**

My father's eulogy will be given by me someday. This essay is what I'll read (if there is a eulogy, that is.) My father believes that once you're dead, that's it. No heaven, no hell, no nothing. He's made it emphatically clear that he doesn't want a ceremony after he dies. No service. No memorial. No fanfare. He wants to be cremated as cheaply as possible and then, The End. When my mother asked what we should do with his ashes, my father looked her dead in the eye, and, without missing a beat, said, "Surprise me."

My father taught me how to change a tire when I was fifteen.

My father pulled over and changed the tire of a stranded black woman during a pouring rainstorm. He was dressed in his suit and tie, and was late for work. But he did it.

My father and I swam with a pair of dolphins in the Bahamas. Not at some fancy resort, but out in the middle of the crystalline ocean, completely on our own, at sunset, with snorkel gear. One came directly at me, so close that I heard—or actually felt—the clicks it made with its jaw.

My father retired on a lake. The lake attracted Canada geese, which liked to use his lawn as their toilet. That pissed my father off. So he chased the flocks of geese with his Sea-Doo, sending them honking and flapping and racing over the water. Once, he did that with my five-year-old son sitting between his legs. Somehow he thought that was a good idea. The neighbors didn't agree and let him know about it. My father let them know he

**SURVIVING  
JERSEY**

didn't give a rat's ass what they thought, nor did he care that "the geese were here first."

My father no longer has a problem with goose shit on his lawn.

My father told my son, ten years after the goose incident, that he didn't care for him much when he'd been a child. Said he'd been more or less a little shit.

My son loves my father a ton. Thinks he's hilarious. Calls him Granddaddy.

My father has never stolen as much as one penny in his entire life. If I was ever told otherwise, I'd truly be shocked.

My father once tied his dead, broken-down riding mower to the back of his Pontiac—the front wheels resting on the trunk of the car, the rear wheels on the pavement, the entire machine tilted at a forty-five-degree angle as if popping a wheelie—and towed it to the dump because he didn't want to pay to have someone haul it off.

My father has a lot of lawnmower stories. Here's another: his front yard is extremely steep. He likes to mow in the evening while drinking wine out of his favorite New Jersey Devils plastic cup. His wine cup. One day he came down the hill running a little hot, turned the wheels too sharply, and flipped the thing. He got tossed and when he looked up, a giant orange Husqvarna riding mower was barreling toward him, so he logrolled down the hill like a 275 pound child trying to get dizzy. He was sixty-four when he did that.

My father did the exact same thing a month later, except this time the damn mower did run him over. He bruised his ribs and messed up his elbow. When he examined himself in the mirror after the accident, he noticed black tread marks imbedded on his white T-shirt.

My father is unable to look in the mirror and see the scars that Vietnam left. But they're there. He lost one man under his command. I originally wanted to write, *He lost only one man under his command*, but whether he'd lost one or one hundred, it was still too many for him. It affected/affects him profoundly. One of the hardest things I ever did was approach him and suggest that he go to a therapist who worked with Vietnam vets. He didn't want to go, didn't feel he needed any help, but he went for me.

My father has never cried in front of me.

My father took me to my first movie when I was five. It was the war film *Midway*. Not *Bambi* or *Snow White* or whatever children's movie happened to be playing, but *Midway*.

My father, when I was in first grade, showed me the giant, zipper-like scar he got after his hernia operation. He said, "That's where a shark bit me." I thought that was cool. I wanted a scar like that when I grew up.

My father was good at catching snakes. I thought that was cool, too.

My father, around the same time he showed me the hernia scar, let me play with his binoculars. He warned me never to look at the sun through them. As soon as

**SURVIVING  
JERSEY**

he turned around and went back to his business, I took the binoculars and aimed them straight at the sun. I've never done that again.

My father, his mishap at the hotel pool notwithstanding, was an expert diver and an excellent swimmer. He taught me to do a backflip when I was three years old. We have pictures to prove it. Bystanders were amazed. He could also do a gainer. I never could.

My father's favorite movie is a tie between *Babe* and *Shrek*. His favorite song is "Bridge over Troubled Water." My father has his very own X-Box. The only game he plays is *Call of Duty*.

Up until I was nearly forty years old, I don't remember my father ever telling me he loved me. Now, often with drink on his breath (but not always), he tells me all the time.

# SURVIVING JERSEY

## DANGER & INSANITY IN THE GARDEN STATE

SCOTT LORING  
SANDERS

"an amusement park of riches, and Scott Sanders is your brave, big-hearted tour guide, leading the way through a series of unforgettably madcap adventures. Exuberant, gritty, and laugh-out-loud funny, this book is one for the ages."  
- Matthew Vollmer, author of Gateway to Paradise

Surviving Jersey:  
Danger & Insanity in The Garden State  
by Scott Loring Sanders  
2-6 pages  
\$15.00 paperback ISBN 9781944853358  
\$9.99 ebook

In bookstores October 2017  
Pre-order now  
Choose your favorite:

*OUTPOST19* > Shop  
Special Fall Reader discount!





## **THIS IS: ESSAYS ON JAZZ**



**AARON GILBREATH**



**"a fitting tribute to the richness of jazz itself...  
makes you want to turn the page and run to  
the record store in equal measure" – Roxane Gay**

## **Jimmy Smith and the Allure of the Vault**

**Imagine a completely different version** of one of jazz's most revered compositions sitting on a shelf in a Los Angeles office building for three decades without anyone knowing it. When twenty-seven year old jazz enthusiast Michael Cuscuna finally gained access to the Blue Note Records vault in 1975, he not only found an alternate take of Thelonious Monk's "Well You Needn't," but scores of unissued, album-length recordings. On his first day inside, Cuscuna stood amid rows of Scotch 3M master tapes and told the man who brought him, "This is great." He'd been hounding another Blue Note executive for three years to gain access, enticing him with offers to catalog and identify the vault's voluminous contents. Ever since musicians in New York started telling Cuscuna stories about the sessions they had played on but never seen released, he'd grown obsessed with this undiscovered music and started recording details in a notebook. Now, here he was, surrounded by the lost recordings of legendary guitarist Grant Green, saxophonist Hank Mobley, trumpeters Lee Morgan and Blue Mitchell, and drummer Art Blakey—brilliant players who defined post-Bop jazz in the 1950s and '60s and helped make Blue Note jazz's most important label. "The experience was staggering," Cuscuna said. "There were far more unissued sessions than I had even imagined." Many of those sessions belonged to organist Jimmy Smith.

In the annals of music history, Smith will forever be known as the person who transformed the Hammond B-3 organ from a chirpy, ice skating rink novelty into an expressive instrument. With his driving, bluesy style, Smith solidified the organ trio format in the jazz tradition and led the way from Be Bop to Soul Jazz. Lest you imagine organ music as dentist office easy listening, know this: when Smith first started performing in New York in 1956, jazz was acoustic. Although horns were often played in clubs near a central, ambient microphone, guitars were generally the only instrument that required electricity to produce their sound, and even then they were run through amplifiers free of effects, employing only their natural, open tone. When Smith plugged in his B-3, the sounds he produced were as groundbreaking stylistically as The Ramones's two-minute punk songs or surf guitarist Dick Dale playing Eastern scales through a Fender Reverb unit in 1961. No wonder Miles Davis described Smith as "the eighth wonder of the world."

As a diehard Jimmy Smith fan, I was thrilled last year to discover that, in the late 1990s and early 2000s, Cuscuna released four of the Smith recordings he found in the vault. I owned the organist's entire Blue Note and early-Verve catalog, many of the albums so infectious that each playing left me in a nearly drug-addled froth craving more. Yet, despite my years of fandom, two of the new albums had somehow eluded my notice. *Cherokee* and *Lonesome Road* were both released in 1996 exclusively in Japan, a country that, for its size, boasts an unusually large, dedicated jazz audience. Limited releases hadn't slowed my purchasing habits before. I bought a number of expensive Japanese imports online: organist Freddie Roach's *Down to Earth*, trombonist Curtis Fuller's *Volume*

3. Even though our digital age offers instant acquisition through file-sharing sites, high prices and long distances were no barrier to acquiring the physical album and its superior fidelity. What worried me was listenability. Were these albums as good as Smith's best from the period, such as *Home Cookin'*, *Crazy! Baby* and *Midnight Special*? Or had they been in the vault for a reason? I'd run into problems before.

When I bought Hank Mobley's elusive *Poppin'*, I was disappointed. Recorded in 1957, the album features some of jazz's best players—pianist Sonny Clark, drummer Philly Joe Jones—and sat in the vault for twenty-three years before Cuscuna released it in Japan. My hands nearly trembled when I first opened that rare CD's jewel case. It proved unremarkable. Only two songs were stirring, and one, "Darn That Dream," was a popular cover available on countless jazz albums. In the parlance of record reviewers, *Poppin'* was a standard Hard bop date composed of predictable compositions neither abysmal nor memorable. The same happened with trumpeter Dizzy Reece's *Comin' On!*. Recorded in 1960, locked away for thirty-nine years, I bought the CD, played it, then shoved it on a shelf as if it had never left the vault.

Which isn't to say that Cuscuna's discoveries were all lackluster—quite the opposite. His determination and meticulous archival work liberated numerous masterpieces from the metaphorical tyranny of the corporate vault and, in the process, filled gaps in music history and doubled jazz fans' record collections. All of saxophonist Tina Brooks' posthumous releases; Grant Green's *Matador*; vibraphonist Bobby Hutcherson's first session, *The Kicker*; Lee Morgan's *The Procrastinator*;

Mobley's *Another Workout*—each on par with the leaders' most celebrated albums. Had it been his only discovery, Andrew Hill's adventurous nonet, *Passing Ships*, would confirm the importance of Cuscuna's efforts, but he also discovered the rest of Sonny Rollins' searing live set from *A Night at the Village Vanguard*, not to mention that Monk tune. But my experience with Smith's recently unearthed music had established two distinct poles between which everything thereafter would fall.

Two of them, *Six Views of the Blues* and *Straight Life*, came out in the US as limited editions, and I owned them. Smith's cover of W.C. Handy's "St. Louis Blues" on *Six View* burns with the deep, in the pocket groove Smith is celebrated for, and his melodic originals "Blues No. 1" and "Blues No. 2" are rousing enough to fit easily on *Home Cookin'* or *Midnight Special*. This only makes the songs' forty-one year dormancy more beguiling. Not so with the other album.

*Straight Life*, a session from 1961, includes a few moving originals, such as "Jimmy's Blues" and the title track, but even as the album's standouts, each resemble repeats of tunes on his other records. The rest feel like filler—how many covers of "Star Dust" and "Yes Sir, That's My Baby" do listeners need?—forming a program so nondescript as to place it in that dreaded record collector graveyard known as "nonessential listening." I could understand why Blue Note co-founders Alfred Lion and Francis Wolff shelved *Straight Life* in favor of Smith's more memorable sessions. Yet it's the curse of the fan to always crave more music, and because the allure of the vault exerts such a strong psychic hold, I did what most obsessive fans do upon learning of new releases: I trolled the web for prices and shipping

options.

To those for whom music is more than some casual, tertiary interest, the very idea of the record company vault possesses a mythic, Ark of the Covenant quality. Less in jazz than rock and roll, the locked and restricted storage spaces known as “vaults,” and their famously unreleased contents, are part of the mythology. *Smile* by The Beach Boys; Boy Dylan’s 1966 Royal Albert Hall concert; The Beatles’ pre-Phil Spector mix of *Let It Be*, entitled *Get Back*; the infamous “Million Dollar Quartet” jam session featuring Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Cash and Carl Perkins, recorded at Sun Studios in 1956—all of these masterworks sat in vaults for decades, simultaneously tantalizing and tormenting fans while accruing more iconic weight than their contents seemed able to bear. Then the bands released them, and the wait proved worthwhile: the music was brilliant. Dylan released the Royal Albert Hall show in 1998 as part of his official Bootleg Series. The Beatles released an approximation of *Let It Be*’s original, thirty-four year old mix as *Let It Be... Naked* in 2003. “The Million Dollar Quartet” emerged in various official forms in the 1980s, 1990s and 2006. And when The Beach Boys finally put out *Smile* in 2011 as *The Smile Sessions*, they ended its reign as the world’s most famous unreleased album, a debut forty-four years in the making. Before the artists sanctioned these releases, though, the music circulated among fans on bootlegs.

Coined during Prohibition when people smuggled hooch in tall boots, the term bootleg now mainly refers to unauthorized albums pressed without record company sanction and sold to fans without profiting the copyright holder. When the music isn’t live material

recorded by a concertgoer with a microphone, it's usually something unearthed through the furtive methods of a tomb raider: namely, someone pillages a collection of source tapes, either from a company vault or a musician's private stash.

Hearing stories like these, you can't help but wonder what other treasures lurk in the world's unplundered vaults.

In 2007, Led Zeppelin guitarist Jimmy Page went to court in Glasgow, Scotland to testify against a bootlegger named Robert Langley. Langley faced twelve counts of selling copyrighted Zeppelin, Yardbirds and Page solo material without authorization. Unlike the usual live audience recordings, Langley's stock drew from tapes that had been stolen from Page's home in the early 1980s. Among the many multi-track soundboard concert recordings that were snatched from Page's huge personal archive, there were also Zeppelin rehearsal tapes, studio outtakes and concert footage. In the years after the break-in, the Zeppelin bootleg market swelled with previously uncirculated audio and video, and bootleggers did what they'd done since the first rock bootleg, the Bob Dylan LP *Great White Wonder*, appeared on West Coast record stores shelves in 1969: they bootlegged the bootlegs to rerelease the material. In the process, sound quality deteriorated, but the music reached an increasingly wide audience, which satisfied listeners despite the fidelity.

Page had no problem with fans trading live recordings with each other; in court, he described the practice as "legitimate." What he objected to were illicit

commercial enterprises overcharging fans for what were often subpar live recordings that sounded, in his words, like “just a whirring” where “you cannot hear the music.” Langley’s bootlegs belonged to a higher class. In court, Page told a story about how he’d once gone into a large Manhattan record store to, in his words, “check what they had for the band and Jimmy Page,” and discovered a live album recorded in 1975 at London’s Earl’s Court. “I do not know where it surfaced from,” he said, “but I contacted my New York lawyers to say the shop was selling something as if it was official, but clearly it was not.” The album’s sound and packaging were of such high quality that the store assumed it was a sanctioned release. The shop removed it, but there was no stopping the underground trade. Like Langley’s, it was one among thousands. Hearing stories like these, you can’t help but wonder what other treasures lurk in the world’s unplundered vaults.

On that first day in the vault, Cuscuna cut the cord that bound together six reels from an early-60s Jackie McLean session, and when he opened the box, there were no papers inside. He looked at other reels. None of them had papers. No song titles, no sidemen’s names or composer credits, just the name of the session leader written on the box, along with the recording date and reel number. Frustrated, Cuscuna walked to the studio and asked, “So where’s all the paperwork for this stuff?” “There is none,” everyone said. The files had gone missing since a larger company bought and moved Blue Note from New York to LA. So began what Cuscuna called the greatest and worst day of his life. “My dream had come true,” he said, “and now it was my worst nightmare.”

To identify the contents, Cuscuna would listen to the music, try to identify the players by their stylistic signatures, and then study musicians' union contracts and check what songs Blue Note's publishing company copyrighted within weeks of each recording. This gave him song titles and sidemen's names. In the 1970s and '80s, many Blue Note musicians were still alive and performing, so Cuscuna would send them tapes and ask for information.

It took a few years, but as his detective work yielded results, Cuscuna began releasing the material. Fans were thrilled. After he'd issued about twenty albums, someone at King Records, the label which licensed Blue Note music in Japan, mailed him a Xerox of a document that Alfred Lion had made, listing most of the unissued sessions' details, along with comments. That, Cuscuna said, "would've made my life a lot easier early on."

Somewhere in Japan sat my two Jimmy Smith albums. I read peoples' impressions on various websites. I studied the session information. I pictured the CDs sitting in a distributor's cavernous warehouse, waiting for me to call them out from among the crates of CDs and LPs. I never ordered them.

As much as I wanted to hear the music, I also liked knowing there was more out there to be discovered. The notion is comforting, tied up with the kind of excitement and awe that you feel as a child when gazing over a fence at an expanse of undeveloped desert or a patch of neighborhood woods. "What's out there?" you wonder, anticipation tightening your chest. Even if you never venture into it, the idea that such a wild tangle exists reminds you of the universe's essential mystery. In our era where everything has been photographed

from space and is searchable from your portable communication device, vaults are the world before 1412, the unexplored corners during the Age of Discovery. They're the coelacanth captured in a fisherman's net. The new planet discovered six hundred light-years away.

Maybe I'm being romantic, or maybe fainthearted, but I'd rather live with the enigmatic charm of these albums' distant existence than bear the potential disappointment of their shortcomings. When an artist dies, they often leave a backlog of material both finished and unfinished, and at some point fans must accept that what we have has to be enough, that we've reached the end of the oeuvre. Readers have experienced this in literature. Ernest Hemingway's posthumous novel, *True at First Light*, was finished by his second son Patrick, published thirty-eight years after its author's suicide, and widely regarded as a disappointing bookend to Hemingway's creative life. More recently, an editor at publisher Little, Brown and Company shaped David Foster Wallace's final novel, *The Pale King*, into its published form from drafts, fragments and notes, leaving us a memorable, challenging work that doesn't try to hide its incompleteness. *The Pale King* offers strong evidence that there is value in publishing certain unfinished material, while *True at First Light* suggests that in other cases it's best to stop before reaching the bottom of the proverbial barrel. Sometimes the bottom contains the strongest, most concentrated flavors; other times it contains the dregs. I didn't want to go there with Jimmy Smith.

Rather than the inferior artifact, I choose to live with mystery's invigorating companionship, with the notion that maybe, just maybe, there is something else

# THIS IS: ESSAYS ON JAZZ

AARON GILBREATH

"The richness of the essays in Aaron Gilbreath's THIS IS is a fitting tribute to the richness of jazz itself. Gilbreath weaves unique insight with a profound understanding of the history of jazz. His crisp prose and diverse range make you want to turn the page and run to the record store in equal measure."

- Roxane Gay, author of Hunger and Bad Feminist

This Is:  
Essays on Jazz  
by Aaron Gilbreath  
140 pages  
\$14.99 paperback ISBN 9781944853327  
\$9.99 ebook

In bookstores now  
Choose your favorite:

*OUTPOST19* > Shop  
Special Fall Reader discount!





wire  
mother  
monkey  
baby

a novel

Rob  
Reynolds



## CINQUO DE MARCHO

You should know, precocious journal, that I've decided to move my life in a more positive direction in general, and in particular to move into The Complex, one of those new, all-inclusive apartments subsidized by various corporations, in this case by Kool Kola. The Complex is not just a series of apartments, it's a kind of village that Hillary Clinton might say "it takes." Perhaps I see myself as a child needing growth, if not a grown man needing to be born again. The Complex includes pools and athletic facilities, a chip walking trail, restaurants and cafes, a three-plex of intimate cinemas, and a bar slash club that plays live music every night. It's a microcosm of the outside world, only more micro, less cosmic.

Weeks ago I'd toured the grounds in a golf cart with Jill, a Complex employee who kept sweeping back her dyed blonde hair as if excessively proud of it, or wanting to call my attention to it, or consciously trying to convey that subconsciously she was attracted to me even though she wasn't in an effort to elicit a sale. Savvy. The cart bounced over speed bumps, and the squeaking shocks registered as bed springs before I could block the image. Jill tapped her fingers on the steering wheel. Her nails were not only excessively long, they were French-manicured, which drew even more attention to them. A sentence formed in my mind, run-on though it be: *We don't want our eccentricities merely accepted, we want to be loved for them.* One for the commonplace book.<sup>1</sup> Still, I'd be

---

1 My repository for memorable quotes I come across or create, tried out here, and transferred to another document if they survive the vicissitudes of mood, time, or blood alcohol level.

damned if I were going to compliment Jill. “Nice nails” is not in my repertoire.

I swayed toward her on right turns, away on left. The rubber tires made a wet, sticky sound on the macadam—is that a funny word or what? *Kindly keep to the macadam, ma’am*. Or tarmac. *Stay on the tar, Mac*. The *blacktop* was as dry as . . . well, as dry as the brown, sun-scorched grass everywhere in Central Texas, with the possible exception of The Complex. We were miles from water, but the grass was lush and green. Non-native, obviously. The entrance to every set of buildings sported a cluster of three palm trees rising from an island of sweet-smelling cedar chips. The clusters looked so similar, center tree rigidly straight, outer two leaning toward it like conspirators, that I wondered whether Jill were driving us in a circle.

Everything looked so good, so clean. Would The Complex welcome such a flawed specimen as I? Because even though I was put off by Jill’s nails and hair, or more precisely by the efforts most people make to appear quote unquote better, or what I take to be the vanity nay insecurity inherent in such efforts, denying our authentic selves—whatever that is—this nagging inner voice reminds me that Yours Truly would have a white patch of hair above his forehead if he didn’t use a store-bought dye every month. And I recall an ex-girlfriend’s claim that my lifting weights was of the same cloth for men as makeup for women: an attempt to enhance an existing quality that alerts the opposite sex to our mating potential.

It’s not that I’m a misogynist, I’m that other word. Misanthrope. Why hate only half the race when I can hate it all? I have no patience with people, but I also

have no patience with people who have no patience with people.

In short, I hate myself. Or loathe. *Loathe* sounds more lyrical. But I know that I loathe, and I know that the way out of loathing—the speck you see in your neighbor’s eye, so to speak—is to go easy on others, easy on yourself.

Not so easy after one has lost the glow of youth, not to mention its ideals. And I tell myself that in the ideal world in my mind, there is no need to improve whatever it is that we are. I judge the real based on the ideal. And of course the real falls short.

Jill gestured with her nails and explained, “Each unit in the eight-hundred-and sixty-unit Complex is really unique, just as each tenant and each human being is really unique.”

I winced at Jill’s modification (sigh, twice!) of an absolute grammatical expression. Despite her display of enthusiasm, I heard a memorized script and the dullness that repetition brings. Frederick Taylor’s<sup>2</sup> legacy to the modern world. In front of building after building, Jill steered the tires between white lines and bumped against the concrete wheel stops. The whirring engine seemed to stop breathing. As she unlocked unit after unit, I came to appreciate the differing ceiling heights, and how the placements of the kitchenette, bathroom, and bedroom also varied. One unit had a chandelier whereas another had track lighting. Some had dark wood moldings and cornices, others lighter, paler wood; carpets of varying styles, color, texture; granite counters v. faux marble, faux because these apartments were

2 Henry Ford’s efficiency expert responsible for the assembly line.

not overly expensive, though I would be spending a good two hundred dollars more a month. Admittedly the emphasis on uniqueness sounded like a gimmick, and admittedly I took it as such from my driver, the nascent philosopher with the perfect nails. Yet as Jill led me through each door, I confess I could feel my hopes rising. Even the presence in each unit of a squat, mini-Kool Kola vending machine couldn't dampen my enthusiasm.

It seems that without imagination, without things that appeal to the imagination, life wouldn't be worth living. Yet my imagination betrays me so many times.

The apartments were created by someone who cared about aesthetics, something I find less and less in my surroundings.

At the fifth apartment, with nary an inkling of impatience by Jill, I recognized almost against my will what seemed my dream apartment: exposed red brick walls, brown hardwood floors, cathedral ceiling, track lighting, and a spiral staircase leading to a loft. A Hunter fan above spun lazily. Wooing me. Hypnotizing me. With my neon Lone Star sign in place, I would achieve a near-match of that nebulous image of my fantasy apartment – though not lost on me was that I was recreating the look of an urban bar.

Jill must have noticed a change in my expression or demeanor. Something. Women, so intuitive. She placed a manicured hand on the banister, spun gracefully, and sat herself down on the stairs that would lead to my sleeping area. She crossed her legs at the knee, and her

shorts rose to show off a toned, tanning-bed brown thigh. I could be wrong, but I felt she was orchestrating a subliminal suggestion that somehow she, Jill, came with the apartment.

Jill leaned back on her elbows, and I noticed for the first time the slight crow's feet around her eyes, and the slightest wrinkle in her cheek created by her constant smile—a wrinkle that only a “glass half full” person would perceive as a dimple. I'd assumed Jill was in her mid-twenties, no doubt an age she wanted to project. My shoulders relaxed somewhat as she became more real. Obviously neither was interested in the other. Just two aging humans caught up in the age-old tango of sellers and buyers.

Jill bounced her foot playfully. “So . . . what line of work are you in?” She spoke in the cheery, flirty manner of good Texas or Southern girls, with an accent that manages to get two syllables out of “in,” reminding me of those TV preachers from my youth who preached about *see in*, or spewed three syllables in the name of *Jee-ee-zus* before smiting the foreheads of the afflicted. I knew her question was all business, designed to make sure I could cover the rent. Another example of someone's most basic inclinations directed back into serving the system. Whatever that is.

I had a glimmer of a thought, one to come back to later, though I suspected I never would: Once we're past a certain age—childhood?—do we ever live authentically? Followed by a second thought: What, pray tell, does authentic living look like?

This was my dilemma, late in the early stages of mid-life, of which Jill was just a visible reminder. Call it a projection of my own soul's issues: *Wherever you go*,

*you take yourself.* Is it possible for an individual like me – loner, misanthrope, self-proclaimed intellectual, other-proclaimed neurotic – to be happy? Or is the American emphasis on individuality, as I understand it, at odds with larger concepts of happiness, ones that consider the deep collective nature of our species? And if one is unwilling to conform, and suffers enough mental, social, sexual, not to mention physical pain, is suicide the only other option?

God that’s depressing. I’ll get back to you on that.

I told Jill the name of the company I worked for, Long, Glissening & Brown.

This was met with a smile, a slight rise of the eyebrows. “Is that a law firm?”

“No, it’s an educational publishing company.”

Freezing of same smile.

I wasn’t worried. Through longevity—six years, a lifetime in this town—and annual raises, I’d managed to secure a decent income, and my credit rating likewise was decent. *Am I decent?* All this would come out in the paper work later.

What I didn’t tell Jill was that in going about the motions of my life—the routines of work, exercise, eating, reading, medicating, meditating, and masturbating, and keeping myself entertained through music, film, and occasionally TV—I felt I’d lost my soul, spirit. Something. Could a place like The Complex help me retrieve it? Or was my choice to move into The Complex some unconscious acting out of tendencies that further rob one of . . . that thing? If nothing else, the shock of the new might help stem the bleeding. I’m banking on the change in and influence of environment, of which we are products, or at least by which we,

meaning I, are greatly influenced. To encase myself in a beautiful womb in an aesthetically pleasing Complex designed to meet my social, music, entertainment, and other needs. To get into a group thing, rub shoulders with the *hoi polloi*. Or *polloi*. No need to repeat the “the.” And I may need to be sold on the shoulder-rubbing thing.

*Of course there is no need to separate “memoir” from “diary” or “philosophical journal.” I can tell you, reader, about my past life and about my “world-view” also, as I ramble along. . . . Later, if I please, I can regard these ramblings as rough notes for a more coherent account.*

— Iris Murdoch, *The Sea, The Sea*

But alas, innocent J, there will be no telling of a past life, for I am leaving that in my wake. And you, meaning me, know of my past anyway. So no to memoir, yes to diary, yes to journal, philosophical or otherwise. Stray quotations? Footnotes? Yes squared. And for this new life, a new document on my old laptop.

## **MARCH 8TH**

T-Minus seven days and counting before the big move. I dropped by The Complex office and handed over a check for first and last month’s rent, plus deposit. Such a large number, written in such a small space, gives one pause. No turning back now. In it for the duration. Choose your cliché. Before exiting, I drove around The Complex’s perimeter. In the back regions, three shirtless Hispanic boys, all ribs, scrubbed the carts clean—long wand and brush wiping suds off the sculpted white fiberglass—

and Armor-All'd the tires, making their blackness gleam. I could imagine one of the many interchangeable apartment managers in light-blue button downs and white khakis, a reflection of what I looked like at least one day a week, extolling the virtues of a clean golf cart, explaining that it provided a positive first impression of this hallowed ground to prospective renters.

I recall the first time I'd seen The Complex logo. I'd been leafing my way through the back pages of the *Waterloo Chronicle*, past the film and music listings where, squashed between pictures of half-clad, large-breasted women promoting strip joints and adult video stores, the ad stopped my eye. The C was so large, encircling and swallowing half the word, that I saw another word entirely: *omplex*. Eastern "om," Western "plex," expressed in the hip lowercase style so prevalent these days, Courier New font. The perfect balance of spiritual and corporeal. The Hindi mantra contemplating perfection bound to mass production and marketing.

Yet soon I saw the all-important C, so the illusory *omplex* gave way to the simple *Complex*, bringing me back to earth. Isn't that the dual nature of the imagination? It seems that without imagination, without things that appeal to the imagination, life wouldn't be worth living. Yet my imagination betrays me so many times. It seems I would learn to be a realist; it seems I cannot.

Over the next few weeks, I dragged myself home, tried to work up the energy to work out, nighttime and sleeptime coming so soon after arriving, waking up to do the routine again. In my last awake moments, images of The Complex appeared before my mind's eye, in that way that a place in a dream looks different than in reality, incorporating aspects of other significant locations in

one's life. I recognized the palm tree islands, and the ubiquitous golf carts parked pell mell across the wide black lots, but the cookie cutter buildings themselves resembled, as I thought about them, the one house I have pleasant associations with the nine others from my youth. I felt a slight sense of exhilaration, of potential, increasing my heart rate, delaying by a good thirty seconds the time I eventually fell asleep. The dream left a pleasant, nostalgic feeling upon awakening. The happy yearning in my gut reminded me of those cold nights of yore when I'd ease myself into a hot bath and feel an otherworldly longing rise through my loins. One night, The Complex appeared atop a distant hill, glittering and bright like the Land of Oz, before morphing into what I recognized as a paper mill seen on a childhood ride through the South, the window-rolling-up, rotten-egg smell hitting us before we could identify its source.

At work I began spending chunks of time surfing the Net, doing a little research on The Complex, trying to fill that gap between gushing ad and dull fact. I found its home page, references in news articles dating back a couple of years to building plans being formed and zoning ordinances approved, photos of various Complex restaurants, pools, and athletic facilities, and reviews by people who claimed to be renters but whom I suspected were plants ("The kind of place I've always dreamed of but could never afford. Thanks, Kool Kola!").

While driving to work, I caught myself singing songs I hadn't heard in years but which all had a similar theme: "There's a Place for Us," "I Can See Clearly Now," "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" (Israel Kamakawi'ole, not Judy Garland: one needs modern songs for modern dreams). The Complex had taken

hold on my imagination. My subconscious. Something.  
I took the bait.

## **MARCH 15TH (THE IDES HAVE IT)**

I will spare you, inattentive J, the tedious details of the move from my previous to my present abode. However, one brief, tedious detail: While unpacking large manila boxes, I stopped to ponder the contents of one in particular. I unfolded the seven sport coats therein, four of them tweed, that I never wore. Three had been gifts from a girlfriend who had reclaimed them from a brother who inherited them from a well-to-do father doing some spring cleaning, the girlfriend having seen more sport coat potential in me than in her bumpkin brother. Another sport coat of the Harris tweed variety had gone directly from father to boyfriend, eliminating the middlebro, by way of the father's death. I hadn't resisted buying three for myself during my occasional browsing of the outlet malls. Now I wrapped the coats around expensive cedar hangers designed to keep the shoulders' shape and dissuade moths, and hung them in my pristine closet before moving on to the layer of silk ties, bought on sale, that I never wore that I thought would go well with the coats I never wore. I'd once read in a men's style book, a guilty read, that one should wear silk ties and silk ties only. So once or twice a year I'd indulge in a new silk tie. I now placed these carefully one atop another on the tie rack so that each tie fell one inch below the one above it, recreating an image I'd seen in an ad: red with thin slanted navy stripes; paisleys showing lots of green; springtime yellow with tiny white dots; a series of solids, including a narrow black tie I

associated with Sixties spy movies, if not a Sixties movie version of myself.

Shoes! From the bottom of the box I pulled pair after pair of shoes, each one black, made of leather, shoes rarely worn, shoes with subtle differences: round toed, oval toed, somewhat square toed. Cap toed. One somewhat boot-like pair covered the malleoli. (Look it up, lazy J.) This had been the style the year I'd visited New York; how out of place they looked in Texas. Even a pair of black cowboy boots that, though never out of style in Texas, also were rarely seen on this cowboy. Nestled at the bottom of the box was a pair of narrow, black wingtips with those little squiggles and dots. Shoes one associates with grandfathers, worn exactly once in my life, for a wedding of someone I've lost touch with.

I set each pair neatly beneath the row of sport coats in the far right section of the closet. Had I really desired a diverse variety of one type of shoe?

Well, no. As I thought back to the latest instance of something-buying—not exactly “impulse,” perhaps “inspiration-buying”?—and extrapolated to the others, in each case, it was just *this pair* that I needed. So now I have a dozen pairs of black leather shoes I never wear, each of which, when I bought them, were the only pair I really needed.

Perhaps there is some other person with my name living out the life I thought I'd be living somewhere in a parallel world I thought I'd be living in. Whoever this parallel neatnik is, he's a smarter dresser than I, and his desires evidently need feeding.

Where did this image of the world, parallel or otherwise, come from? Movies? Did I retain a memory of Jack Lemon and other Madison Avenue types in

*The Apartment* et al and think I'd be one of the fedoras bobbing down the sidewalks of midtown Manhattan? If not the movies, where would I have gotten an image of what work, or even the vicinity of work, should look like?

Back to the present, meaning past. That section of the closet with my sport coats lined up, ties arranged, shoes set in rows beneath, shall be my shrine to the un-lived life. It will remain untouched by the ravages of time, in contrast to the usual chaos surrounding me: clothes strewn over chairs and bed, dishes left in the sink, books and papers scattered over the desk and atop the printer, or piled in corners. Perhaps this shrine is a residue of the Christian culture of our collective past, everything done with an afterlife in mind. Not storing up treasures on earth, where moth and rust destroy, and thieves break in and steal, blah blah.

If there's a heaven, I'll be dressed for it.

Addendum: You should know that I also store two inherited guns behind all those unused sport coats. The shotgun with faded wooden stock and dull barrel belonged to a great grandfather. With a magnifying glass, I can just make out its 1864 birth year and Chicopee Falls, Mass., patent. The other is a US Army pistol, circa WWI. Carved ivory handle. Semi-automatic. I keep the pistol's clip loaded but set beside its partner, a dummy in the chamber, lest I subconsciously set up the Chekhovian expectation of a later act.

## **IDES + 1**

My first night in the apartment was bliss. I lay on my

side, snug as the proverbial bug in my loft, luxuriating in the comfort of the hypoallergenic nylon comforter bought specially for my new digs, its faint chemical smell radiating a pleasant newness. I admired my exposed brick wall striped by moonlight—or was it streetlight?—slanting through the blinds. My hardwood floor gleamed faintly, my fan spun slowly, silently. The refrigerator hummed contentedly downstairs where my neon Lone Star buzzed, shining its lonely star to an empty living room. My retro metal wall clock with its pink neon face ticked off time, its own sound of passing. My visceral sense of pleasure was disturbed only by the faint whine from the other side of the wall of a melancholy, scale-descending fart. Damn. You'd think these walls would be thicker. What next, roaches?

That morning, I'd nailed my framed photo of Samuel Beckett to the kitchen wall. Sam-I-Am with his hawk-like stare and silver bouffant, destined to watch me drain pasta in the sink, pull soy milk from the fridge. Life in The Complex promised to be . . . well, promising. Something better than what I'd been used to. Something that would tap into my Higher Self, my better nature, my best qualities. I would be the kind of man I imagined when I was little, when I looked up to older people, saw them as perfect. Make the shift from subject, seer, to object, viewed. Perhaps I would even become someone like Sam or others who once captured my imagination.

I sighed and felt the slightest glow in my chest, one seldom experienced since I was very young. *Ye must become as little children.*

Yet as I reflect back on my holy night, lone star shining brightly, I realize I'd already been augmenting images from the upstairs room (comforter, brick wall,

moonlight) with those below (hard wood floor, neon sign, contented fridge) that existed out of my sight, in another room. I.e., a living room. Recreating them in my mind was a prerequisite for their enjoyment.

A line from my commonplace book: “The only time you ever really see a place is the first time and the last time you’re there—the day you move in and the day you move out.”—Greg Baxter, *The Apartment*

# wire mother monkey baby

a novel

# Rob Reynolds

Wire Mother Monkey Baby

by Rob Reynolds

260 pages

\$16.00 paperback ISBN 9781944853372

\$9.99 ebook

In bookstores November 2017

Pre-order now

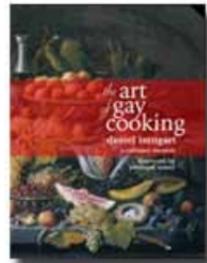
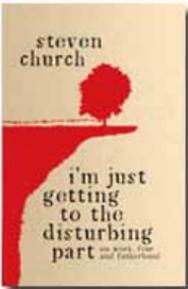
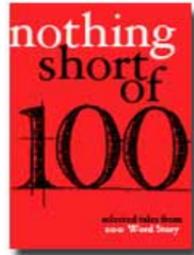
Choose your favorite:

*OUTPOST19* > Shop  
Special Fall Reader discount!



coming  
spring 2017

six  
exceptional  
works of  
fiction and  
nonfiction



outpost19.com | @outpost19 | San Francisco