The Duke Ellington Reader

Edited by Mark Tucker

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"The Tragedy of Duke Ellington," "Ellington Refutes Cry That Swing Started Sex Crimes!," "Duke Says Swing Is Stagnant," "'Situation Between the Critics and Musi-

of slavery, and then the spirituals to make up for the dreary life. *Brown* is concerned with the Civil War, the West Indian influences, and the spread of Negro life to the city, with its urban blues. *Beige* is built around the "hotcha" idea of colored life, and Duke's pointing out that Harlem has more churches than joints. The waltz is to show the desire for "good living," while the ending unites *Black*, *Brown*, and *Beige* with Red, White, and Blue.

I don't think the music needs any such "programmatic" prop. It stands by itself as good music with development in the piece itself and not depending on color effects to tell people what is going on. This is a horrible pit into which men as excellent as Tschaikovsky fell. Fortunately Duke has avoided it for the most part.

Concert-goers noticed little snatches of his own tunes all over *BBB*. And why not? Duke has been shaping to write this and other works for years. Why not use all that he has built in the interim? If Sibelius can do it without censure, so can Duke.

Mistakes such as Paul Bowles' statement that, if there is no syncopation there can be no jazz, can be skipped. (How about slow blues?) It's a common fallacy of people who want to hold jazz back to only what it has done in the past.

But what strikes me as the wrong the critics did Duke (with the exception of Kolodin) was that they judged him on one not-too-good hearing—most of them not even too familiar with his band or previous works. I don't claim to be any better critic than the rest of them. I do claim that anybody who says he can listen to *BBB* once and evaluate it fairly is a very, very unhappy square.

I further think that Duke should get the concert tour that the William Morris office finally has summoned the guts to attempt. I further think that as much as possible, he and the band should give up straight dance work, and work on the sort of thing they tried in *BBB*. Only by actual writing can Duke work it out and can the band learn to play it. Like it or not, this looks like not only a fusion of the American classical and jazz traditions, but also the first road without a dead-end close by. It would be a tragedy to drown it in one-nighters and theater dates.

43. The Debate in *Jazz* (1943)

Some of the most spirited responses to Ellington's Carnegie Hall debut appeared in the American magazine *Jazz*, edited by Bob Thiele. Between May and December 1943 a series of articles demonstrated that the concert not only had roused classical-music devotees but also had sent shock waves through the jazz community.

For some jazz writers, the issue was not simply whether Ellington could write a successful large-scale piece but whether he should be appearing in concert halls at all. John Hammond framed the question in the title of an article, "Is the Duke Deserting Jazz?," published in the May 1943 issue of *Jazz*. Hammond had previously criticized Ellington's *Reminiscing in Tempo* for not showing a commitment to social causes (see §27). Now, faced with *Black, Brown and Beige*, a work that did just that, Hammond attacked from another direction. He charged Ellington with abandoning jazz: ever since Ellington had been lauded by European composers, Hammond maintained, his music had become more complex and less connected to its original function for dancing.

Leonard Feather (b. 1914) responded to Hammond with a fierce rebuttal which touched on some of the possible personal reasons behind the latter's assessment of Ellington. At the time Feather was working both as a critic and as a press agent for Ellington.[1]

After the somewhat extreme positions taken by Hammond and Feather, *Jazz*'s editor Bob Thiele offered a more moderate view in "The Case of Jazz Music," attempting to sort out those defining traits of jazz Ellington had called into question through his Carnegie Hall appearance. Like Hammond, though, Thiele affirmed his belief that jazz was rooted in "folk music" and cautioned against "falling in love with the hybrid in jazz music."

Three other articles not reprinted here contributed to the *Jazz* debate. In "Ellington Hits the Top, and the Bottom" (May 1943), Jake Trussell, Jr., linked Ellington's recent decline to various personnel losses (Cootie Williams, Jimmy Blanton, Barney Bigard) and additions (Ben Webster, Herb Jeffries), claiming that the final blow came when Ellington appeared in Carnegie Hall, "the sacrosanct, hypocritical hideout of everything and everybody that hates jazz music." Needless to say, Trussell's opinion of *Black, Brown and Beige* was not charitable. Trussell's subsequent article, "In Defense of Hammond" ([July] 1943), mounted an offensive against Leonard Feather.

Finally, in "Jazz and Ellingtonia" (December 1943) Jim Weaver took issue with some of Thiele's criteria for jazz, countering that Ellington's main innovations in the field had come from expanding its formal possibilities beyond the limited structures previously found in dance music.

John Hammond: "Is the Duke Deserting Jazz?"

Jazz had the most ambitious evening in its history when Duke Ellington gave his concert at Carnegie Hall. The whole town turned out for the event, and the auditorium itself could have been sold many times over. At long last the music world has paid proper homage to Duke Ellington, its most distinguished bandleader and composer.

Rather than review the concert in detail, we would like to dwell upon the development in Ellington which led to this event. In the first half of his career as a bandleader, Duke was content to be leader of the finest dance unit ever

Sources: John Hammond, "Is the Duke Deserting Jazz?," *Jazz* 1/8 (May 1943), 15. Leonard Feather [a rebuttal of Hammond]," *Jazz* 1/8 (May 1943), 14–20. Bob Thiele, "The Case of Jazz Music," *Jazz* 1/9 ([July] 1943), 19–20.

[1] Feather later wrote of his attack on Hammond: "I was as guilty of bias and poor taste in defending Duke and denouncing Hammond as I had found him to be in jumping to hasty conclusions after a single hearing" (from his notes to *The Duke Ellington Carnegie Hall Concerts, January 1943*). Indeed, the tone of this piece is unusually shrill for this well-known and prolific writer on jazz.

produced. He was able to mould soloists like Bubber Miley, Johnny Hodges, Barney Bigard, Joe Nanton, to name only a few, into a cohesive group, whose prime function was to express his ideas. Both as arranger and composer Duke had a tremendous melodic gift, unequalled by any other popular composer of the day, and his band had a distinctive style that set it apart from any other in the land.

He started out in 1923 as pianist in Elmer Snowden's Washingtonians at the small Club Kentucky and Barron's Exclusive Club. In a very short time his talent for organization led him to take over the band and change it from seven soloists to a large, disciplined group relying on his arrangements and ideas. When he opened the Cotton Club in the late twenties his success was assured, for he became not only a great dance orchestra, but the greatest show band of all times.

Success was a great stimulus both to Ellington the composer and Ellington the bandleader. His great popular song successes were written during this period, and through his records, he became a musical hero at home and in Europe. In 1933 he finally took his band to England and started a new phase of his career.

Until that time Duke had been content with dance music as his medium of expression. Blues and other folk music had been his primary sources of inspiration, and he was quite happy at being known as a popular composer.

Serious composers and musicians turned hand-springs over him. Spike Hughes, Cecil Gray, Constant Lambert, and even the dean of English critics, Ernest Newman, wrote profound articles about him, complaining that his talent was being restricted by dance tempo and the thirty-two-bar form.

Unfortunately for jazz, Duke took this advice to heart. During the last ten years he has been adding men to his once compact group, has introduced complex harmonies solely for effect and has experimented with material farther and farther away from dance music, and although he has earned the fervent praise of trade paper critics he has alienated a good part of his dancing public.

It took courage to do this, and one could only wish that he were being rewarded by the quality of his product increasing with his ambition. But the more complicated his music becomes the less feeling his soloists are able to impart to their work. Wonderful musical thrills can still be had from the band, but they are by no means as consistent as they once were.

"Black, Brown and Beige," Duke's panorama of Negro life in America, sprawls along for more than three quarters of an hour. In it are many exciting ideas, some penetrating wit, and several marvelous tunes, but all are lost in the shuffle because they are not woven together into a cohesive whole. It was unfortunate that Duke saw fit to tamper with the blues form in order to produce music of greater "significance."

The concert did begin with a bang. *Black and Tan Fantasy,* although it has become far more fancy, still packs a tremendous wallop, particularly when Joe Nanton makes his own special contribution. *Rockin' in Rhythm,* the second number, had more gusto than any other number and came closest to the real Ellington. But in *Jumpin' Punkins* the rhythm section went completely to pieces, and Sonny Greer's obstreperous drumming nearly wrecked a couple of the soloists. The three musical portraits of Bert Williams, Bojangles and Florence Mills were delightful examples of sensitive, direct writing and playing.

It was the second half of the concert which disturbed me most. *Ko-Ko* is not distinguished jazz, while Billy Strayhorn's three tunes had little to contribute except unconventional harmonies. Very few of all the various concertos written for soloists in his band came off. Chauncey Haughton's clarinet playing is stiff and technical, with none of the easy confidence Barney Bigard possesses. Tizol's *Bakiff* is little more than dressed-up movie music, but the composer played magnificently. Ray Nance's fiddle playing is all right in small doses, but there was far too much of it during the evening. Junior Raglin is a good bass player despite his snapping of strings and twirling his instrument.

Duke was not at his best as a pianist in *Blue Belles of Harlem,* but Ben Webster was fine in the uninteresting *Cotton Tail* which would have been exciting if the band had been swinging behind him. Johnny Hodges, who is my favorite of all alto men, decided to turn on the schmaltz in *Day Dreams* [*sic*], with the result that every note was smeared and glissed. It's only fair to say that the audience loved it and would gladly have had an encore. Rex Stewart clowned around in *Boy Meets Horn,* and seemed content to play for effects rather than from the heart. But Lawrence Brown was superb in *Rose of the Rio Grande,* which closed the group. Unfortunately, Harry Carney, one of the greatest musicians in jazz, had little chance to play, and even Ben Webster had fewer solos than one might have expected.

The conclusion that one can draw from this concert is that Duke is dissatisfied with dance music as a medium for expression and is trying to achieve something of greater significance. No one can justly criticize him for this approach if he keeps up the quality of his music for dancing. My feeling is that by becoming more complex he has robbed jazz of most of its basic virtue and lost contact with his audience.

Despite all that I have said, Duke is still the greatest creative force in jazz, and his band is a wonderful instrument tonally, if not rhythmically. I hope that some day he will be able to find himself once again and continue his contributions to the folk—or people's—music of our time.

Leonard Feather Rebuts Hammond

By now many of you will have heard about, or read, John Hammond's article suggesting that Duke Ellington is deserting jazz. The article appeared in the "People's Voice," the Harlem newspaper in which Hammond has a financial interest, and also in Art Hodes' interesting new publication, "The Jazz Record" (Feb. 15 issue).

I wrote an answer to Hammond which the "Voice" published. Hammond called up the theatrical editor, furious because he had not been shown my article before publication. It didn't occur to him that he had omitted to show

his own article to Ellington before publication. In the following week's "Voice" Hammond tried to refute my arguments by pointing out that I am Ellington's press agent.

This excuse is palpably idiotic, for two reasons: (1) I was calling Duke's band the greatest in the world, and writing at great length about it, for ten years, before I had the remotest business with Duke. One such article appeared in the London "Melody Maker" in 1934. Another appeared a year or so ago in the "Victor Record Review" and was reproduced in the all-Ellington issue of "Jazz." I did not start working with Duke until October 1942, and I didn't need to be his paid press agent to know that he has the greatest band in the world. (2) As a press agent, I have never sent out critical opinions; only factual and informative press releases. My critical articles were all specially written, and still are being written, for people who still respect my integrity as a critic although they are perfectly well aware that I have been doing publicity work too.

Now I am going to say a few things which couldn't be said in the "Voice," because the "Voice" is not a musician's paper and these matters are of specialized interest to people who know plenty about jazz and the men who are mixed up in the jazz game.

To come to the point, I think it is a dirty rotten, lowdown no-good shame that somebody like John Hammond, who has done so much to eliminate race prejudice in music, should be so completely befuddled by personal prejudices himself.

Hammond's prejudices against certain musicians and bands are mostly motivated by his inability to run their bands or their careers for them. The proofs of this have been all too numerous.

Take the Ellington case first. Duke is a man of fine intellect, alert, ambitious and aware of his own abilities and potentialities. Hammond, who at one time was a great admirer of Duke and his band, tried to get him to make certain changes in it. Duke thought he knew better than Hammond how to run the Ellington band.

The climax came one day in the Columbia recording studios when Duke was making "Serenade to Sweden" [recorded on 6 June 1939]. John Hammond, who was working for Columbia at the time, was supervising the recording, and at one point he told Duke that one of the soloists was departing too far from the melody, and that Duke should have him keep it straight.

Duke fixed Hammond with a cool grin and said: "John, you're getting more and more like Irving Mills every day."

According to those who were in the studio at the time, John never quite got over that. . . .

John's attitude toward anything the Ellington band may do is one of extreme readiness to find fault at the drop of a mute because he doesn't get along with Duke the way he does with Count [Basie]. But, in addition to being prejudiced, his judgment was ridiculously hasty. At the time he wrote his review of the concert he had heard it exactly once. To criticize such a monumental work as the fifty-minute *Black, Brown and Beige* on one hearing is, as Mike Levin pointed out in "Down Beat," entirely unfair.

Personally, I have sat with musicians such as Cootie Williams, Billy Strayhorn and others both in and out of Duke's band, listening to *Black, Brown and Beige* a dozen times, and every one of us gets an increasing thrill out of it that can't be compared with anything else in jazz. Rex Stewart, whom Hammond accuses of lack of feeling, told me that the first time he heard Johnny Hodges play the glorious *Come Sunday* theme in the first movement, tears came to his eyes.

There is music like that all the way through *Black, Brown and Beige*, music that is deep and stirring, music that has so many complexities of form and fascinating developments in melodic continuity that it is nothing short of wicked to dismiss it by saying that it "sprawls along" for three quarters of an hour. And John avoided any mention of Betty Roché, whose singing has been praised by everyone I have spoken to. All he could find to complain about was Duke's alleged "tampering" with the blues form—which isn't even true since one of the loveliest parts of the second movement, shortly before the end, is based strictly on the traditional twelve-bar pattern.

Anybody who knows something about jazz is perfectly entitled to criticize *Black, Brown and Beige* or any other part of the concert. John was right in some of his criticisms, but in his characteristic manner he drew careful attention to the faults and soft-pedalled the virtues; and in talking about *Black, Brown and Beige* he was on dangerous ground—almost as dangerous as if he had never heard it at all.

Finally, there is his absurd complaint about the "quality of Duke's music for dancing." Who the hell wants to dance in Carnegie Hall? And what does Hammond know about music for dancing, since he doesn't even dance? Duke's music has gone a little beyond the stage where it has to tickle the toes of a mob of jitterbugs. It is the only jazz that has combined the fundamental qualities of this musical idiom with the progress and advancement that are necessary to save it from stagnation. Ellington the man, and Ellington's music, will be remembered longer than the puny attempts of the Hammonds to attempt to dictate to him, or belittle him when the attempts a[t] dictatorship fail.

Right?

Or do you have to be Ellington's paid press agent to feel that way?

Bob Thiele: "The Case of Jazz Music"

I intended to title this article "The Case of Duke Ellington" and add my bit to the current Ellington controversy being carried on in "Jazz." In this article, besides stating my viewpoints on the situation, I intend also to add to some of the points in the articles written by John Hammond, Leonard Feather and Jake Trussell in the last issue. I will do all of this and more, because I feel that the Ellington discussion leads up to factors important to the good of Jazz music. . . .

Critics have been preaching about Duke's music for years and now that he has finally been recognized as a great musician, composer and arranger he has

come down from Jazz Heaven to walk with us mortals. This is just so much "hokum."

As far as I am concerned Duke Ellington was and always will be the most powerful force in jazz music. He is an ingenious arranger, a brilliant composer and a pianist of talent. He has proven over and over again that his orchestra has never lost freedom and spontaneity, the essence of jazz. He writes with a feeling for jazz and his musicians interpret the music with the same feeling. Duke also leaves plenty of room for improvisation. However, in the past few years it has become quite evident that Duke is filling his ambition to work in more extended orchestral forms. Many of his arrangements are definitely influenced by modern composers.

In years past Duke's band has always strived to present individual and ensemble performances that were innovating and yet played in a true jazz style. But lately, many of Duke's arrangements present a love of exaggerated coloring, tending toward a sort of varied, over-rich layer cake of ideas and tones. I am afraid I have no sympathetic appreciation of this type arrangement, for it is in direct opposition to the fundamentals of jazz. I am inclined to agree with John Hammond, when he states that Duke is drifting further and further away from dance music. After all, jazz is dance music. Leonard Feather complains that Hammond doesn't know how to dance and no one cares to dance in Carnegie Hall. This may be true, but Leonard also stated in his article, "Duke's music has gone a little beyond the stage where it has to tickle the toes of a mob of jitterbugs." That is just the point. True jazz must contain that beat, and once it reaches the concert form, it is no longer dance music. Jazz must be free and exciting; spontaneous and spirited. As a musician, Duke merits the warmest commendation for trying to better himself in the field of music, but let's not say *Black, Brown and Beige* is a thrill that cannot be compared with anything else in jazz.

The conclusion that I have come to concerning the present Ellington situation is that, by becoming more and more involved with music by the modern composers, Duke Ellington is slowly losing contact with the basic fundamentals of hot jazz.

In answering the articles by John Hammond and Leonard Feather I make the following sincere suggestions. It might be wise for Leonard Feather to listen to more healthy bursts of New Orleans music and for John Hammond to go and listen to Duke under proper conditions. I recently heard Duke's band play two one-nighters and can honestly say it was the most exciting music I have heard in many years. Duke's band can definitely "swing" and I feel that if John should happen to hear it when it is "swinging" he might change a few of his opinions.

I realize that Leonard Feather doesn't like the idea of John Hammond suggesting what men to use to an orchestra leader, but I am about to do the same thing, for I feel that all jazz enthusiasts have a right to make suggestions.

I agree with Jake Trussell [in the May 1943 issue] because I feel that many of the men who are leaving Duke cannot be replaced and can rightly be called a part of "Ellingtonia." Jake's article was humorously exaggerated, but he is correct about the effect the absence of these musicians will have on Duke's

music. Cootie Williams, Rex Stewart, Barney Bigard, Jimmy Blanton and Otto Hardwicke are no longer with the band. Recently I spoke with Duke for an hour or more and he told me that when Otto Hardwicke left the band it would be necessary to re-write the entire lead sheet [i.e., lead alto parts], because, as Duke explained, he wrote the sheet for no one but Otto Hardwicke. It is not beyond the realm of possibility that Duke may be able to build new soloists out of the group he has at the present time. Time will tell.

It wouldn't be necessary to wait if Duke had picked exceptional musicians to replace his great soloists of years gone by. It would be impossible to replace Cootie and Rex, but a clarinet player with a fluid, effortless style could have been found to replace Bigard. At the present time Duke is using Jimmy Hamilton. Jimmy told me two years ago, while he was playing at the Village Vanguard and studying at the Juilliard School, that he was striving for a semi-classical tone and a technique comparable to Benny Goodman. Two years later I find that he has almost achieved his goal and he should fit into typical Ellington mood-numbers very well. Junior Ragland [Raglin] is not up to the past standards of Ellington bassists. Duke has added two sax players that shouldn't be anywhere near the great Ellington band.[2] However, in the singing of Betty Roche, Duke has an ideal replacement for Ivie Anderson. Betty has a very definite feeling for the blues and her voice is strong enough to take her out of the Harlem jump singer category.

All this leads up to an important question: what constitutes the music we are talking and writing about?

Jazz music springs from folk music and still contains many of its qualities. It is spontaneous, full of improvisation. It is music that springs from the *soul* of musicians. It represents America: Negro spirituals, marches, Tin Pan Alley. It is living American music. It is hard music, beat out for hard dancing. It is free music. It is comparatively new and different. It is rough and exciting.

I feel that jazz must always contain many, if not all, of these fundamentals or it is not real jazz. Unfortunately, present day musicians are forgetting this, and so are many of the critics. They feel that when Duke Ellington plays a "different" chord it is truly great; *Black, Brown and Beige* is a thrill that cannot be compared with anything else in jazz. *Black, Brown and Beige* is not true jazz. Louis Armstrong improvising the blues is jazz. Billie Holiday's singing is jazz. Why is it hard for musicians and critics to grasp the ideas that constitute real jazz?

"Technique! The very word is like the shriek of outraged art." At times how true this statement rings in my ears. Most musicians who think they are playing wonderful music are merely stressing technique and what they consider to be a good tone. It seems that the wilder, louder and the more notes he can inject into a chorus make him a great artist. These musicians are too weak to try to create something of beauty; they are content to forget about music that was played in the past. If some present day musicians would take the time to listen to the mighty jazzmen, who hadn't much theory of technique,

[2] Thiele probably refers to Sax Mallard and Nat Jones, the former with Ellington from April to June 1943, the latter from June to September 1943.

they might find themselves in a new world of music. However, many of the new crop of so-called jazz musicians are just innately dull.

I do not want my readers to feel that I am intimating that such musicians as Art Tatum should be placed in the above category. Definitely not. But why must musicians rave about Tatum's technique, which *is* extraordinary, when he plays so much *music*? Why must young trumpet players base their styles after Roy Eldridge when Louis Armstrong is still playing? I wonder if some of these youngsters ever knew that Joe Smith had more finish and subtlety than Eldridge will ever have. Smith had a marvelous tone, round and full. Joe would stand up in the last row of the old Fletcher Henderson band and improvise two choruses and you could just about hear a pin drop. Not, "Take another, Joe."

The fact that a musician can send his fingers down the keyboard in a few seconds without missing a note doesn't mean he is a great jazz musician. Because a musician plays the same descending figures on every chorus, combined with a brass-pipe tone, does not make him a great jazz musician either. Remember, it is all very interesting music, but ask yourself if it's jazz. Let's not follow in the footsteps of Panassie by falling in love with the hybrid in jazz music.

It might be wise to adhere to a few simple words of wisdom uttered by [trombonist] Benny Morton.

"Jazz is Negro music. It has a tempo that's been handed down for a generation. It's easy and it rocks. There's no need to blow hard. Relax. Close your eyes and improvise melodies of beauty. Jack Teagarden still plays jazz."

44. *Black, Brown and Beige* in a List of "Classical Records" (1946)

A few years after Ellington's Carnegie Hall debut, the debate over *Black, Brown and Beige* had cooled somewhat. In part this resulted from Ellington's paring down of the work after its premiere. Indeed, he would never again perform the original, forty-five-minute version.

In 1946 a review of *Black, Brown and Beige* appeared in Kurt List's "Classical Records" column for the magazine *Listen: The Guide to Good Music*. The version discussed by List was the first commercial disc of *Black, Brown and Beige* to reach the public, made for Victor in December 1944, after the recording ban had been lifted. (The 1943 performances from Carnegie Hall and Boston's Symphony Hall were not issued commercially until 1977, although a bootleg source had circulated earlier.)

The 1944 Victor *Black, Brown and Beige* consisted of four sections drawn from the longer work, each filling one side of a twelve-inch, 78-rpm disc: "Work Song," "Come Sunday," "The Blues," and "Three Dances" (combining "West Indian Dance," "Emancipation Celebration," and "Sugar Hill Penthouse"). Interestingly, List chose to review it under the "Classical Records" category, together with music by Borodin, Chopin, Liszt, and Offenbach.

Born in Austria, List had studied composition with Alban Berg and musicology at the University of Vienna. He began his association with *Listen* in 1944

Source: K. L. [Kurt List], review of *Black, Brown and Beige*, "Classical Records," *Listen* VII/6 (April 1946), 13.

If memory serves right this is a thoroughly shortened version of Ellington's composition which he presented in Carnegie Hall several years ago. Neither jazz nor symphonic, it is still a remarkable work which should have attracted the attention of many more musicians than it actually did. If jazz has anything to offer to serious music, then it certainly lies more along the road on which Ellington proceeds, than that of Leonard Bernstein or George Gershwin. The work is remarkable, not because it transcends the actual jazz clichés, which it does not, but because it endows them with a great deal of imagination and with a wealth of invention clearly borrowed from the vocabulary of modern serious music. Yet it has an originality of its own which finds its most genuine expression in the sonorities of the solo instruments of which the saxophone sounds most overwhelming. Paul Bowles, the critic, once took Ellington to task for this work. Bowles wrote: "If there is no regular beat there can be no syncopation . . . no jazz." But this is precisely where Ellington has made a great advance over the jazz clichés. By overstepping the rigid demands of the meter he has given the work a rhythmic fluctuation of an improvisatory character which is the work's chief strength.

It is unfortunate that the Duke has not recorded the work in its original entirety. But even in its present form it should prove to be of importance to every collector and an implicit prophecy to every honest and serious musician.

45. Robert D. Crowley: "*Black, Brown and Beige* After 16 Years" (1959)

In 1959 Robert Crowley, a composer and teacher in Portland, Oregon, compared a new version of *Black, Brown and Beige* on Columbia (CL 1162) to the 1944 Victor recordings. Like earlier commentators, Crowley sidestepped a discussion of the work's musical features and pronounced its form problematic. But he praised Ellington for undertaking such an ambitious composition and credited him with inspiring younger musicians—among them John Lewis, Charles Mingus, and Jimmy Giuffre—to "create an art music in the jazz idiom."

Crowley (b. 1921) was educated at Reed College and the University of California

Source: Robert D. Crowley, "*Black, Brown and Beige* After 16 Years," *Jazz* 2 (1959): 98–104.