

Mulligan and Others

IN THE days of its postwar beginnings, Mercury Records easily established a jazz policy simply through issuing records by people like Albert Ammons with titles like *Boogie Woogie at the Civic Opera*. And Mercury could further maintain the policy by buying up a small jazz label, Keynote, and reissuing its catalog. As the Fifties approached, however, things began to get a little more complicated for some reason, and Mercury found it advisable to act as distributor for someone else's jazz productions, specifically those of Norman Granz. When Granz picked up his tapes and departed, the company decided to go back in the jazz business on its own for a while, and that time (finance being what it is, I suppose) maintained a subsidiary jazz label called, in a burst of phonetic logic, Emarcy.

Well, Mercury, now an arm of the international Philips Corporation, has recently gone into the jazz business once more. But apparently the market is currently still more complicated, and merely setting up a separate label, this time called Limelight, is no longer enough. Limelight has recorded some pretty well-established people (Art Blakey, Gerry Mulligan, Milt Jackson, etc.) but it appears ready to outdo everyone for expensive, daringly *recherché* package designing.

Perhaps on its first Gerry Mulligan release, called *Butterfly with Hiccups* (Limelight 86004), the company has outdone even itself. The album has a double-fold sleeve and the notes are in a pasted-in booklet that is all covered with dotted lines and stylized daisies in three colors. I find the whole production—well, simply adorable.

The music is pretty adorable, too, I'm sorry to say. It's a wonder that Mulligan, who is such an obviously accomplished musician and on occasion such an imaginative improvising soloist (try his really exceptional chorus on "Get Out of Town" on Columbia CL 1932, for instance) can spend so much of his time in tootling out mere pleasantries. The Butterfly LP does have its moments—Art Farmer offers a few tersely expressive melodies on fluegelhorn. Guitarist Jim Hall is particularly good on "Ant Hill," a piece on which Mulligan himself shows what he might have been doing for the rest of this LP. And now and then Bob Brookmeyer's trombone emits a guttural

sound that perhaps one should take as a four-letter comment on the proceedings. The "Ant Hill" excepted, this would seem to be an LP for those who think jazz is just too cute for words.

Another Limelight release is a two-record set devoted to the strikingly promising young trumpeter Clifford Brown, who was killed at twenty-five in an automobile accident in 1956. The album is a good cross-section of Brown's work for Mercury records, not all of it previously issued to my knowledge (Limelight 2-8601). But that is not to say it is an ideal collection. In the fashion of the time, Brown recorded with strings, and no matter how much of Brown one gets on those selections, one still gets the Confectioner's XXX strings. Also, the trumpeter did not know "It's Crazy," when he recorded it with Sarah Vaughn, and he falls back on his apprentice jazz trumpet studies in his solo. But Brown recorded things like "Jordu" and his own perfectly titled piece, "Joy Spring," for the label, and they are included.

The notes are not exactly helpful. On jam session versions of "Lover Come Back to Me" and "I've Got You Under My Skin" there were two other trumpet soloists besides Brown, but the listener isn't told who plays what. There is also an effusive essay called "Clifford Brown Is a Memory . . .," printed on purple paper.

Brown was an exciting and winning player and he came along when jazz needed his particular synthesis of mod-



Ray Charles—"wit . . . and anguish of the basic blues idiom. . . ."

ern trumpet, but in the final analysis Coleman Hawkins's words on him, "Clifford Brown was going to develop into something and be himself eventually," sound quite like wisdom.

Stanley Dance notated a new two-record set on Decca called *The Best of Louis Armstrong* (DBX 183). The album is not "the best" of Decca's Armstrong backlog, to be sure. The last side is taken up by samplings of the hits, the remakes, and the hokum of the last ten years or so—"Blueberry Hill," "La Vie en Rose," "A Kiss to Build a Dream On" (with its fine trumpet break), etc. The rest of the album is a sort of condensation of the earlier four-record set, *Satchmo . . . A Musical Autobiography*, with its sometimes unsuccessful remakes of the 1920s Armstrong ("Dippermouth Blues," "Cornet Chop Suey," "Potato Head Blues," etc.). However, there are versions of "Basin St. Blues," "King of the Zulus," "I Can't Give You Anything but Love," "Lazy River," and "Georgia on My Mind" that are soaringly powerful Armstrong, among the best things he has ever done on records and therefore necessarily among the best jazz records ever made.

One of the most heartening aspects of contemporary popular music for me is the fact that singer-pianist Ray Charles has a mass following. Charles made his first impression as a Nat "King" Cole imitator, and his first success (both commercial and artistic) as a maligned rock-'n'-roller. The very idea that a performer of Charles's power and range could be a national favorite in a musical milieu that is otherwise dominated, on the one hand, by the genteel wish-fulfillments of some of our older pop singers, or, on the other, by the grinding delusions of our younger ones, seems to me nothing short of astonishing.

Ray Charles Live in Concert (ABC Paramount 500) is probably the best available brief sampling of his work. The range of this man—from the simple, incantive chants of "I Got a Woman" or "What'd I Say" through the highly sophisticated transmutations of "Margie" and "Makin' Whoopee" is displayed. And throughout it all, there is the wit and the wail, the leaping joy and the anguish of the basic blues idiom.

A pedagogical aside (to any teachers who want to show a class how secular art is born out of sacred, love song out of liturgy): forget, for the moment, the treatise on Greek drama and pick up a contemporary Gospel record. In succession, play it and then play "Hallelujah I Love Her So" or "Don't Set Me Free," by Ray Charles. The sacred-secular evolution is not something that took place only in ancient Greece or Medieval Europe. It happens again every time Ray Charles performs.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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DARIEN, CONNECTICUT

Folk Music

Continued from page 59

reference piece devoted to "old-time" music.

Little need be said concerning the overwhelming popularity of Joan Baez and, thankfully, the *Joan Baez Song Book* (Ryerson Music Publishers, \$3.95 soft-bound, \$5.95 hardbound) is a sensible contribution containing sixty-six songs from Miss Baez's repertoire. There are historical-musical annotations, chord progressions and instrumentation, and a small but worthy appreciation of the artist. The songs are well known in the field and include child ballads, broadsides, hymns, spirituals, lullabies, and various laments. One of the most revealing things about Miss Baez has been her completely refreshing musical approach and her repertoire. The latter is extensively portrayed here, along with some truly magnificent watercolor illustrations by Eric Von Schmidt, a gifted performer in his own right.

Broadside: Vol. 1 (Oak Publications, \$2.95) consists of reprints of topical material that originally appeared in *Broadside* magazine. The subjects treated are wide and range from Birmingham, Alabama, to "freedom" songs, pacifist tunes, and social laments. A timely publication.

Ballads and Folk Songs of the Southwest (University of Oklahoma Press, \$12.50) is a compilation of 194 titles, 204 texts, and 213 melodies collected in Oklahoma by Ethel and Chauncey O. Moore. As the editors state in the preface, ". . . all but a few of these have been recorded." Thus most of the inclusions are well-known items categorized in standard fashion as 1) English and Scottish ballads, 2) British folk songs, and 3) American folk songs. The material is representative, the presentation well-organized and scholarly, although very little, if anything, new is included. There is a useful bibliography, index of titles, and index of first lines included, but the lack of chord symbols in connection with the music is disturbing. They might have been beneficial to the fledgling reader whose familiarity with the songs is not extensive.

Voices of a People: The Story of Yiddish Folk Song (Thomas Yoseloff, \$8.50) is a distinctly revealing and penetrating study of a folk-culture alien to many. Miss Ruth Rubin, a noted authority in the field, has written an energetic and lively portrait of every facet of Jewish life. The subdivisions contained in the book are legion and include portions devoted to merriment, dancing songs, love and courtship, and the children's world. The work reflects extensive research and stands as the most complete analysis of Jewish folk song in print. There are many interesting illustrations, and also

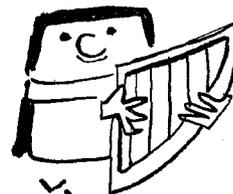
included are the texts of more than 500 songs in both Yiddish, and English translation. For those interested in this vivid area, this book is indispensable.

Rebel Voices: An IWW Anthology (University of Michigan Press, \$12.50) is the fascinating story of the "Wobblies," one of the most important labor-shaping forces to have existed in twentieth-century American life. Editor Joyce L. Kornbluh has assembled a rather brilliant conglomeration of articles concerned with the Industrial Workers of the World. The book is a necessary supplement to those interested in that area of folk song that has been shaped by labor history. Joe Hill, the famous "Wobly Bard," is discussed at length in a chapter devoted to his life and music; other aspects of folk-labor music covered include the mines and the lumberjacks. This fascinating period of American history has never been as aptly portrayed as in this beautiful book.

Richard M. Dorson, another noted scholar, contributes an extremely satisfying anthology, *Buying the Wind* (University of Chicago Press, \$7.95), a varied and enjoyable selection of folk tales, riddles, games, etc. Concerning a particularly interesting, yet terribly neglected, area of folk song, Louisiana Cajun music, Dr. Harry Oster contributes two exceedingly perceptive and instructive discourses: "Country Mardi Gras" and "Acculturation in Cajun Folk Music." Both contain musical illustrations and texts and join the relatively small body of material available on the subject. Other areas of interest are sections devoted to ballads collected in Maine; some songs of the Pennsylvania Dutch; carols, and murder ballads from the Southern Mountains; and various folk songs collected regionally in "Little Egypt," Illinois.

The sole significant offering in terms of the vast world of blues and gospel music is a monumental (765 pages) discography compiled by the Englishmen R. M. W. Dixon and J. Godrich, *Blues and Gospel Records: 1902 to 1942* (privately printed, \$16; available at 12 Rockland Crescent, Waun Wen, Swansea, Wales). The work is a listing of 78-rpm recordings complete with personnel, accompanists, dates, places, matrix and release numbers, etc. For the serious collector it is indispensable, and although it contains some misinformation it is still the best and most precise undertaking of its kind in the field.

—LAWRENCE COHN.



SR/May 15, 1965

Music to My Ears

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better, hangs together more consistently, sustains its impulse with greater cumulative power than is most often his case, because it deals with one consistent consideration: the phenomenon of life and the mystery of death.

One is now in the church, but not of it; reminded of its serenity as refuge from the hubbub of life; then, physically apart from it but spiritually in its shadow. It is no idle coincidence that hymns and popular tunes, martial anthems and recollections of Handel's *Joy to the World* jostle and contest for attention. They are, in fact, expressive of the pulls and counterpulls, sacred and secular, that contested for Ives's soul, even as his devotion to the highly secular art of life insurance contested with his drive to the sacred business of writing music.

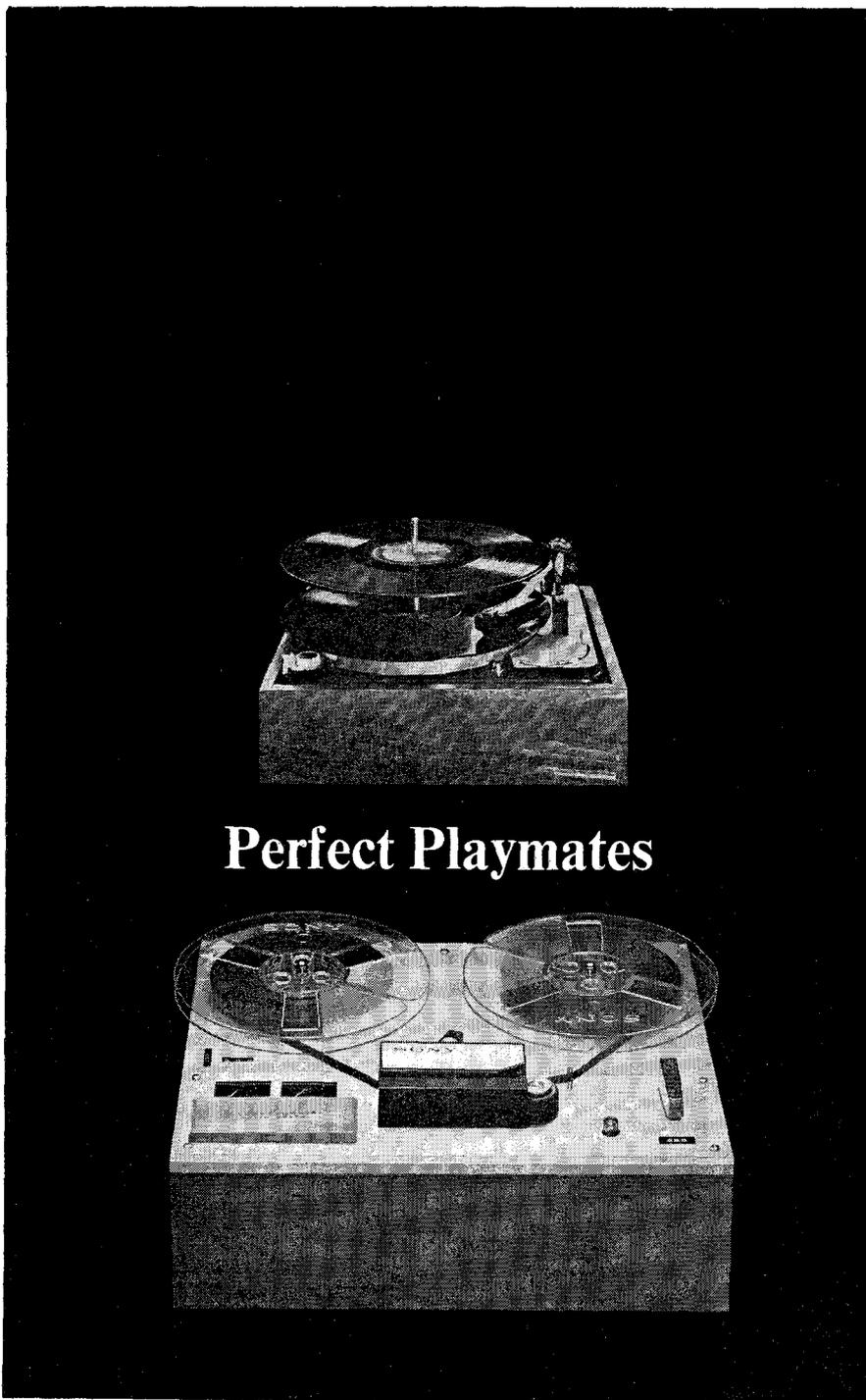
This is, of course, but one of the paradoxes of Ives's existence, which is too often reduced to the prototype of a stubborn Yankee clever enough to become rich at business and thus proud enough to write the kind of music he wanted to write, whether or not it was played in his lifetime. It is among the many suggestions of this Fourth Symphony, remarkable as it is, that if he had been proud enough to make music his full-time business, he might have achieved greater skill in articulating what was in his mind. The conceptions are often striking, but not all the muddiness in the sound of them, I have come to conclude, was purposeful. Even such a master of aural perspective as Stokowski seemed to be fighting hard to achieve the transparency that was wanted. The quality of result he achieved in the preceding performance of Sibelius's *En Saga* (Charleo Kuskin was the able English horn soloist) was, for a now-and-then orchestra, nothing short of remarkable.

Also contesting for attention was a first performance in America of Hans Werner Henze's *Elegy for Young Lovers* at the Juilliard School, and a series of programs by the BBC Symphony in Carnegie Hall directed by Antal Dorati and Pierre Boulez. The orchestral series will be reported upon when concluded; the performance under Henze's direction affirmed his gift for the musical theater, but the order of graduate-student talent available left too many details unfulfilled to justify an evaluation of his work.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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Dante

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return for that discipline, which immediately becomes pleasurable in itself, we undergo something like an awe-stricken expansion of our own awarenesses. In this power lies the art of art. A satisfied and simultaneously enlarged sense of right emotional equivalence is what we hope for in any esthetic creation.

Because Dante is a master of language, the first return of our reading is an enrichment of our sense of language. Such enrichment would in itself be enough to justify the close reading of any poet. Yet the experience of the power of language only begins the experience of Dante.

Because he is a master of dramatic situation, his writing is full of what can best be called *mythologized personalities*. Francesca, Farinata, Ugolino, Bertrand de Born, and many others did, to be sure, have some sort of historical existence before Dante reconceived them for his own purposes. Once he did so, however, their historical existence became more or less irrelevant. Does Dante's account of Francesca truly correspond to the known facts of her life? Was Farinata a follower of Epicurean doctrines? Did Bertrand de Born counsel the English prince to war against his father? Is there any evidence that Ugolino's death among his grandsons took place as Dante has him describe it? We know that Dante invented a death for Ulysses as an exercise of literary power. And we know just as certainly that he treated many of his historically identifiable characters in the same way. He wipes out their specific historical existence in order to recreate them as parts of a universal mythology.

The second enormous return on our reading of Dante, then, is our experience of these mythologized personalities. Were we to take *The Inferno* simply as a travelogue in the course of which we make the acquaintance of these characters, we should be enriched in the same way we are enriched by knowing of the existence of Cupid. Our knowledge of him makes it possible for us to grasp ideas and feelings about love that might otherwise have eluded us.

But Dante is also a master—the supreme master—of another sort. What I have called his vehicle is a subtly inter-related imaginative structure, simple in its outline, endlessly intricate in its intra-relations. It is this architectonic intricacy that makes it impossible, in any real sense, to complete the reading of Dante: at the twentieth reading, or the hundredth, new intra-relations will suggest themselves.

Within each of the three canticles

these relationships may usefully be thought of as horizontal. In *The Inferno*, for example, there are two famous pairs of sinners. It is impossible to think of Francesca apart from Paolo or of Ugolino apart from Ruggieri. Nor do these pairs simply occur: they are carefully counterpoised.

To begin with, these pairs resemble one another in that each person within the pair was fated to be the other's doom. Certainly it is no accident that Dante meets Paolo and Francesca when he has gone two cantos into Hell itself, and that he meets Ugolino and Ruggieri when he is two cantos from the end of Hell. Paolo and Francesca are nearly the least sinful of all the souls in Hell—only Limbo lies above them. Ugolino and Ruggieri are very nearly the most sinful—only Judaea lies below them. In each case, only one of the paired sinners speaks. And even in translation the tone and phrasing of the speakers have common qualities. Dante asks Francesca how she came to sin:

And she: "The double grief of a
lost bliss
is to recall its happy hour in pain.
Your Guide and Teacher knows
the truth of this.
But if there is indeed a soul in Hell
to ask of the beginning of our love
out of his pity, I will weep and
tell."

To the same invitation Ugolino replies:

"You ask me to renew
a grief so desperate that the very
thought
of speaking of it tears my heart
in two.
But if my words may be a seed that
bears
the fruit of infamy for him I
gnaw,
I shall weep, but tell my story
through my tears."

Other resemblances could be pointed out—Dorothy Sayers has shown, for example, that some of the phrasing of both incidents derives from the same passage in the *Aeneid*—but the point is sufficiently made: there can be no doubt that Dante intended the second pair of sinners as a counterpoint to the first. Dante does not, to be sure, point out that counterpoint by any overt statement. As a composer repeats a theme with variations, or as an architect repeats a form, Dante repeats poetic elements that establish an unspoken but unmistakable connection.

What we are to make of that connection is more or less up to us. Certainly two sorts of love and two sorts of perversion of love are involved. Cer-

tainly there is some thought that we are all possibly one another's guilt. And certainly we understand that had these four souls thought of God rather than of their own desires, neither the almost-least sinful nor the almost-most sinful would have been doomed. Or had only one of each pair sought the true good, it seems likely that all four might have escaped their doom. The essential point, however, is not only in the certainty of the connection but in the endlessness of the possible interpretations one might place upon it. What Dante has given us is a dramatic juxtaposition from which our meditation could draw continuing revelations.

The endless possibilities of such juxtaposition are of the essence of mythological power. Our knowledge of a



mythology called Cupid helps us to dramatize—and thereby to know—our own feelings, even when we grasp him as no more than a cupidon for a valentine. But if we know that in earliest legend he was Eros, born of Chaos at the time the earth was born, and that he was one of the formative forces that brought elemental matter into the harmony of existence, then we have a more useful sense of him. If we know that in later legend he emerges as the son of Aphrodite (beauty) and of Ares (war), he is still more useful to us. If we know that he could fire the arrow of indifference (as he did at Daphne) as well as of enkindling passion (as he did at Apollo), then he becomes more useful again. And if we know that he and Psyche (the soul) fell in love, and that she was borne off to a secret bower where all would be bliss if she kept the command not to look on Love's face, and that in violating that command she doomed herself to long agonies before she and Love could be reunited, then we have something like a total architectural structure of perception. We have acquired a body of knowledge of a sort that any psychiatrist anywhere would recognize as useful to our self-understanding.

(This article will be concluded next week.)

EDUCATION IN AMERICA



Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING
Associate Education Editor: JAMES CASS

Are They Asking Too Much?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Frank G. Jennings, the author of this guest editorial, is Education Consultant to the New World Foundation and SR Editor-at-Large.*

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THE RETURNING Peace Corps veteran is uncommon in a way that the ideal American is uncommon. He has a lust for life and an almost infinite capacity for taking pains. He is honestly self-critical and fair in his judgment of his fellows. But this is all abstraction and image. The reality is still uncommonly attractive, but nearer to the ordinary. There are grippers and whimperers among these young men and women who yearn to go back where they were treated with awed respect, where their competition was romantically inefficient, and where they could live a life designed by Kipling and furnished by E. M. Forster. But most of them possess a difference which can make them potentially the most wonderful generation this country has seen since Lexington and Concord.

More than half of the returning Peace Corps veterans are back in the universities in both graduate and undergraduate work. Forty-one per cent of them have jobs. Of these, 14 per cent are in government service, and another 14 per cent in teaching; the rest are engaged in a variety of occupations ranging from ranching in Montana to architecture in Rome. These statistics are interesting, but inadequate. One has to see these young people *en masse*, as Hal Bowser did when they met representatively in Washington, D.C. [SR, Apr. 3], to sense their quality, their open earnestness, the urgency with which they want to use themselves to the profit of their society.

There is an aura of naïve idealism surrounding the Peace Corps volunteers that is often mistakenly interpreted as evidence that they are not really able to accept formal responsibility. Quite the reverse is true. On the record, they are practical idealists. They have got things done. Given meaningful opportunities, they will do even better in their future careers.

The 3,000 Peace Corps volunteers who are back home will be joined by some 50,000 by 1970, and the earlier returnees will have begun to move into positions of formal leadership in their communities and their professions. Our country will be different because of this, and nowhere will this difference be better demonstrated than in education.

For all of them have become teachers in the larger sense, and most of them have in fact been teachers in their host countries. Enough of them have made a commitment to teaching as a career to stir the attention of school administrators and cause some concern among educators. For these are people who become teachers for more powerful reasons and generally with greater emotional and intellectual resources than are usually found in the profession.

Some educators have begun to tap these resources. They are ready and even eager to welcome the Peace Corps veteran to the faculties of slum schools or to places in the Job Corps or in the front ranks of the War on Poverty, and are even willing to waive certain certification requirements in order to facilitate the matter. But, in state after state, they have been