

BOOK REVIEWS

A Sole Response

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***Just My Soul Responding: Rhythm and Blues, Black Consciousness, and Race Relations.* By Brian Ward. Berkeley, Calif.: University of California Press, 1998. 576 pages. \$60.00 (cloth). \$24.95 (paper).**

READING BRIAN WARD'S *JUST MY SOUL RESPONDING: RHYTHM AND BLUES, Black Consciousness, and Race Relations* reminded me of my craziest dance floor experience. About six or seven years ago, my wife and I were invited to a dance party at a colleague's house in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Knowing the racial and generational landscape of academia, we always traveled with our own music. We wanted to dance but were not in the mood for three hours of the best of Motown, Bob Marley, Rolling Stones, or miscellaneous African pop. While we love this music too, it has been our experience at predominantly white academic parties that this is all they serve. So we did our usual thing, spiking the sonic punch with a ninety-minute TDK mix tape crammed full of all kinda funk, hip hop, house—Old School, New School, you name it: Jungle Brothers, Craig Mack, Funkadelic, Bootsy Collins, Monie Love, Chaka Khan and Rufus, Rick James, Prince, Queen Latifah, De La Soul, among others. Sure enough, as soon as I invaded the tape deck the party started jumping off and the ratio of dancers to kitchen dwellers practically evened out. Everything was cool until, about seven songs

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into the tape, we started rocking to “Ragtime” by rap group Brand Nubian. The funky sampled guitar riff is so dominant that most dancers could not hear or understand the lyrics—that is, until the very end of Derek X’s chorus, which closes with “gettin’ knowledge like Farrakhan.” Well, you would have thought someone just got shot. Suddenly half the room stopped dancing and huddled together for an impromptu meeting in the middle of the floor. I’m assuming they discussed what they heard, what it meant, whether or not it was impolitic to continue dancing or to stop dancing. In any case, the dance floor thinned out considerably and within minutes our tape was replaced by some Francophone Afropop.

I was reminded of this story because reading Ward’s book felt like I was overhearing a conversation about black music between liberal white people standing in the middle of a dance floor. I hear Ward as a simpatico in this circle of confused or outraged white folks, a sane voice resisting efforts to turn off the stereo or throw on something else less offensive. But it is nonetheless a conversation about what this music means to *them*, what they think those Brand Nubian Negroes were thinking when they made this music, and what they think we (as dancers/ “DJs”/ the black community) saw in this music.

In many ways, Ward has produced an incredible resource: a dense, encyclopedic history of early rock ‘n’ roll, R&B, and Soul, set in the context of the Civil Rights movement in the United States. While limited by a biracial framework (there is no mention of Chicano rock ‘n’ roll, the Asian American movement’s serious engagement with black musics, the kind of American Orientalism that drew jazz and rock artists to the musics of East and South Asia in the 1960s, or even the fact that most of the “whites” he names in the industry were Jews, whose own history of marginalization goes completely unacknowledged) Ward sets out to complicate our common sense understanding of race and postwar popular music. He is less interested in what this music meant within black communities than what it represented in terms of race relations. Rejecting simple narratives of “white” theft of “black” music, on the one hand, and the more romantic interpretation of postwar popular music as a space of interracial harmony and oppositional politics, on the other, Ward paints a picture of cultural hybridity, interracial tensions and racial violence, intraracial exploitation, and a surprising level of political apathy. He sets out to prove that white musicians and performers were no less soulful, blacks in the

business were no less exploitative, and black R&B artists were largely political bystanders. It is a world where white audiences sought out the “real thing” in the bodies of black performers; black audiences embraced crossover “white” pop; racist white youth dug black music while assaulting black people; black-owned firms hired white executives and accountants; white songwriters wrote stirring “soul” celebrations of black pride; black soul and R&B artists stayed arms length from the Civil Rights struggles while white folk singers demonstrated a deep commitment to black freedom.

At the heart of Ward’s story lay “the Movement,” here defined rather narrowly as the big three of the modern Civil Rights movement in the South: the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), and the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE). The Movement does not merely exist as context or background to the music’s history; rather, Ward argues that it reflected and profoundly shaped popular music. For example, he takes issue with critics who saw the adoption of “white” pop styles in early rock and roll as a watering down of an “authentic” sound by demonstrating that black consumers, like whites, also went for the “sweeter” pop stylings of the Platters, Brook Benton, and various female vocal groups. For Ward, black interest in these as well as white artists covering black rock and roll tunes reflected “a mood of rising optimism about the possibility of black integration into a genuinely egalitarian, pluralistic America” (3). In the face of white resistance to Civil Rights, he suggests that black optimism began to wane, thus driving them to the more “nationalistic sounds of soul” and funk.

Ward extends his argument about how dreams of integration might have transformed African American culture to the realm of gender. Locating an ideology and culture of misogyny in the blues as well as in real life, which he demonstrates by citing a range of statistics and sociological studies, Ward sees a potential crack in the armor of black macho emerging with 1950s’ R&B. The Movement and the influence of white middle-class values on a black community presumably anxious to integrate chipped away at an entrenched misogyny, giving birth to musical articulations of black male vulnerability and valorization of marriage and stable family life. As Ward puts it, as a result of the “dissemination of white middle-class codes of behaviour” after World War II, “black women increasingly internalized mainstream models of domesticity and womanhood” (153). However, this potentially progres-

sive vision of gender was destroyed by white resistance to integration and gave way to Black Power-influenced Soul, which ushered in a new trend of masculinist, hateful, humorless misogyny. Of course, he finds a few smatterings of “less sexist” representations that reveal more mainstream notions of romance (not to mention a veneration of mothers and prostitutes!) and he ends his discussion of gender with an all-too-brief exploration of black women soul singers (sans Roberta Flack!) who sometimes challenged, sometimes reinforced black male sexism and gender inequality.

While Ward works very hard to show the oppressive structural dimensions of black life, he unwittingly falls into the pathologizing parent trap. Ignoring scholarship that critiques normative families and looks within black communities for models of family and gender relations,¹ he presumes that the source of these so-called “mainstream” values was the white middle-class and the inspiration the dream of integration. The fact is, these “values” were neither foreign nor new to African Americans, as evidenced by church-based ideas about domesticity, gender roles, motherhood, and chastity. Ward might have been more convincing had he paid attention to the specific context of gender in the 1950s. This was, after all, a period of intense public sexual policing, the imposition of a kind of domestic normalcy and reverence for marriage and family life irrespective of race. We’re not talking about the triumph of some timeless set of “white middle-class codes of behaviour” but a campaign specific to the 1950s in which popular magazines like *McCall’s* and *Look* called for “togetherness” and viewed the nuclear family as the much needed glue to hold society together.² Indeed, Ward’s evidence for this sudden valorization of marriage and “white middle-class” norms comes from a 1954 issue of *Tan* magazine, not from any study of black family life in the postwar period. Given the overwhelming character of this mass mediated campaign, should we not expect commercial music to conform somewhat?

Maybe not, but we won’t know from Ward’s account because his examinations of gender discourses in R&B never acknowledge the market—which is odd given his rich, detailed accounts of the music business. Instead, he allows the music to function as ethnography. Despite his many cautions, caveats, and exceptions, he discusses these lyrics as if they are unmediated reflections of real life gender relations in black “lower class” communities. Furthermore, when he writes about black pride songs, he goes to great pains to demonstrate that

many, if not most, were authored by white song writers. Yet, when he is writing about gender the issue of authorship never comes up; the implication is that all songs sung by these black men were written by them too.

With little evidence to go on, Ward can only imagine what actual, lived gender relations must have been like, leaving him with a mountain of lyrics to interpret to make his point. As a result, Ward gives us some interesting, and at times entertaining, readings of the music. While praising Barry White for his “less exploitative erotic vision,” he takes him to task for a line in “Love Serenade” where asks his woman to “take off your brassiere, mah dear.” Ward found it “about as sexy as the Chipmunks on a bad fur day” (14).³ He finds “especially virulent” examples of misogyny in songs by Brothers Johnson and the Ohio Players, whose lyrics “fumbled for eroticism but usually wallowed in prurience” (375). I have to wonder if we are listening to the same songs, especially since he does not cite any lyrics (which is understandable given the exorbitant fees to quote song lyrics nowadays). The more important question, however, is what did African American consumers of their music think about songs like “Fire” or “Ecstasy” when they were released over two decades ago?

Ward is extremely critical of all racial essentialisms, questioning the very idea of “authenticity” at every turn. Yet, for all of Ward’s compelling criticisms, he speaks with an assuredness about “black” and “white” styles, “black” and “white” musical conventions. By associating a “sweeter” vocal tradition with whites while limiting his definition of “black” elements of popular music to the blues, Ward misses how a so-called “sweet” vocal and instrumental tradition might have already been present in black music before the era of R&B. It was certainly present in jazz and concert music; just listen to Ivie Anderson, Helen Humes, Billy Eckstine, Sarah Vaughn, Ella Fitzgerald, or instrumentalists like Lester Young. Likewise, his dissection of “black” and “white” influences in Jimi Hendrix’s music leaves very little space for innovation, either in Hendrix himself or in black music. Ward is very clear: everything about “psychedelic rock,” including “electronic manipulation of highly amplified guitar sounds,” is purely a “white” thing Hendrix and others borrowed from the Beatles and Cream (245). Any noticeable “black” influences in Hendrix can be traced to the blues. But this begs the question: why is the use of feedback and electronic distortion a white thing? Are we talking about a white sound or a white

employment of technology? Can we speak of Hendrix's innovations as a product of his own imagination, his effort to push music in new ways, not repeat himself, create his own individual sound? Can we situate the so-called "psychedelic" elements of his music within a long "black" tradition of pushing technology to the limits, as Tricia Rose has done with hip hop producers? Are we hearing white rockers in Hendrix's unique manipulation of feedback, or are we hearing the "shouts" and screams which lay at the heart of black sacred and secular music? In other words, are we hearing Cream or Albert Ayler, the Beatles or Screamin' Jay Hawkins? Or are we simply hearing Hendrix? Perhaps we're hearing Cream attempting to reconstruct black shouts.

Ironically, Ward's racial compartmentalization of music works to demonstrate his general point that so-called "black music" owes a lot to white folks, for it enables him to tease out and identify what is "white" about R&B. He even makes this case for funk, the "blackest" of black musics. According to Ward, funk owes a great deal to white rockers, for it was they who developed the group concept, first presented their music in the LP format rather than singles, made creative use of studio technology, incorporated volcanic electric guitar solos, and "made political commentary commonplace in commercially successful rock music at a time when soul was still struggling to overcome its caution about recording such material" (352). Each of these assertions is debatable, especially if our musical world is confined to R&B, Soul and rock 'n' roll. George Lipsitz, Greg Tate, Paul Gilroy, Susan McClary, Mark Anthony Neal, Barry Shank, Rob Walser, among others, expose the pitfalls of limiting "popular" music to the self-defined boundaries erected by the marketplace.⁴

Moreover, Ward not only ends up assigning historically specific, modern innovations to an entire race of musicians, but he once again pays insufficient attention to market forces. Too many black musicians (beyond R&B) paid a dear price for incorporating "political commentary" in their music before the white rockers allegedly succeeded. In 1959, Columbia Records refused to issue Charles Mingus's original version of "Fables of Faubus," which includes a biting call and response bit between Mingus and drummer Dannie Richmond where he criticizes Governor Orval Faubus, President Eisenhower, and the entire white South for the school integration crisis in Little Rock, Arkansas. Columbia's executives believed they would lose a good portion of their Southern market if they released the song with the

lyrics. Another example is singer/songwriter Abbey Lincoln, who began her career as an incredibly “sweet” pop vocalist. Having graced the cover of *Ebony* magazine, and been deemed the black Marilyn Monroe, she had a lucrative career ahead of her. But when she recorded two radical, politically explosive jazz albums, *We Insist! The Freedom Now Suite* (1960) with Max Roach and *Straight Ahead* (1961), both released on the independent Candid label, her recording career in the U.S. came to an abrupt halt and remained stalled for three decades.⁵ And besides, what is the definition of “political commentary” anyway? Are the first-person narratives of suffering and redemption, oppression and resistance, ecstasy amidst poverty one finds in blues and gospel not sufficiently political? If Ward is confining his definition of “political commentary” to explicit critiques of oppression and inequality, then can’t we include Billie Holiday, Paul Robeson, Oscar Brown, Jr., Abbey Lincoln, Leadbelly, Odetta, among others, as precursors to the politicization of popular music? Is it because these artists were not “commercially successful”?

Many of these problems are symptomatic of Ward’s handling of cultural politics, which really is the heart of the book. On the one hand, his attempt to link cultural production to the Civil Rights movement in a concrete way makes *Just My Soul Responding* an incredibly innovative, bold, and important book. On the other hand, he defines the Movement, politics, and participation in such narrow, empirical terms that he misses crucial insights that might further illuminate the relationship between culture, politics, and what he is calling “black consciousness.” He sets out to debunk the myth that R&B and Soul artists had much to do with the black freedom movement. The source of this myth, he argues, comes from writers like Rolland Snellings, who, in a 1964 issue of the Harlem-based *Liberator* magazine described R&B singers as “poet-philosophers” whose music served as a “potent weapon in the black freedom struggle” (289). Ward then spends much of forty-seven pages proving Snellings wrong by counting the number of artists who participated in sit-ins and/or performed at benefits; combing through lyrics in search of explicitly “documentary” political content; examining the pressures against political involvement placed on black R&B artists by their record labels, paying particular attention to Motown. He concluded that the only singers dealing explicitly with the Movement during the first half of the 1960s are Nina Simone and the white folkies such as Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, and Paul Simon. To be

fair, Ward does not condemn these artists for their lack of participation. On the contrary, he identifies the special pressures unique to their relationship to the music industry—the fact that they had fewer resources, often made less money, and had potentially more to lose, not to mention the fact that the Movement did not reach out to them. Certainly their lack of middle-class respectability, in the eyes of Civil Rights leaders, rendered them less than useful in a fundraising strategy directed toward rich white people. Furthermore, he does acknowledge the politicization of late Soul, which he attributes to the loss of hope in integration and the consequent rise of Black Power. In the end, Ward finds that the most politically active artists in the Movement were an amalgam: white folk singers, a smattering of jazz musicians, and a crew of black Hollywood celebrities later dismissed as “Toms” by cultural nationalists who, in Ward’s own carefully selected words, “measured racial integrity by such exacting standards as a fondness for Kente cloth and whose own contribution to black liberation sometimes extended no further than the end of a well-kempt afro” (311).

Ward’s snide, *ad hominem* dismissal of the cultural nationalists is not inconsequential. By reducing their position to a stereotype, he ends up misunderstanding what Rolland Snellings meant when he called R&B artists “poet-philosophers”; for after all, Snellings is known to most of us as Askia Muhammad Toure, one of the leading poets of the Black Arts Movement. The movement to which Toure referred was not Civil Rights but a radical nationalist movement that understood struggle not only in terms of racism and poverty but cultural revolution. These singers were “poet-philosophers” because the movement, in Toure’s mind, was as much about changing the way we think, live, love, and handle pain as it was about political change. At the time he wrote the essay, Toure was part of the Revolutionary Action Movement (RAM), which had been promoting socialism, Third World revolution, black nationalism, and cultural revolution since its founding in 1962. And RAM, as well as *Liberator* magazine, were hostile critics of Dr. King and the southern movement. Ironically, by the end of the chapter Ward seemed to have gotten what Toure had been trying to say all along: “Rhythm and Blues did what black popular culture had always done best; it promoted and sustained the black pride, identity and self-respect upon which the Movement and its leaders were ultimately dependent” (336).

I focus on Toure here because he represents political trajectories that don’t figure in Ward’s definition of the “Movement.” For him cultural

nationalism was largely a reaction to the failure of integration rather than a significant political impulse that existed simultaneously with—even inside of—the Civil Rights Movement. The Movement, for Ward, is a southern thing, until the riots of the 1960s, at which time it became a northern thing. This narrative simply does not account for the diversity, the divisions, the messy nature of black politics. Nor does it help us understand the relationship between the political struggles and desires of black folk and the various musics they listen to and create. Sometimes the relationship is tenuous and abstract, other times it is concrete and evident; sometimes it is non-existent. But Ward's attempt to make these connections, although noble and well-meaning to be sure, is deeply flawed because the driving force for change is black desire for integration into the mainstream. That he is quick to decide who is in step or out of step with "the black masses" reveals Ward's vision of the black community: a group that just wants to be accepted by white people, make money, live in comfortable homes, and not be harassed by racists. But there are many visions of freedom, many conceptions of the black "good life," and these many, conflicting visions might actually be held by the same person.

For Ward, therefore, cultural nationalism is completely out of step with the "masses." Unlike Suzanne Smith, whose new book, *Dancing in the Streets*, not only takes cultural nationalism seriously but shows that, contrary to popular belief, Motown actively supported a range of black independent institutions and political movements throughout the 1960s,⁶ Ward substitutes a caricature for a serious examination of black nationalism and the Black Arts Movement. Choosing Maulana Karenga as his straw man, Ward dismisses what he considers to be Afrocentric mythmaking. While there is much to criticize here, let me focus on one specific issue that is directly related to his larger argument: the Black Arts Movement's alleged reverence for the jazz avant-garde as opposed to Soul and R&B. Ward cites this as evidence of how out of step black cultural nationalists are with the "black masses." Now, besides evidence from his own text in the form of the Toure [Snellings] quote, we can turn to Amiri Baraka's essay "The Changing Same," which offers a brilliant defense of the ways in which James Brown and Albert Ayler share the same cultural ground. Although Ward cites the essay, he never really engages it. Baraka, a founding member of the Black Arts Movement and one of cultural nationalism's most important voices, placed R&B on a pedestal: "R&B is straight on and from straight back

out of traditional Black spirit feeling. It has the feeling of an actual spontaneity and *happiness*, or at least *mastery*, at the time.”⁷

Whereas Baraka acknowledges the strong European influences on the New Black Music, he nonetheless sees the best work trying to do what R&B does emotionally and spiritually. In fact, had Ward looked a bit harder he would have discovered that many of the leading black “avant-gardists” got their start in R&B, including Albert Ayler, Anthony Braxton, Ornette Coleman, and Lester Bowie, to name a few. Guitarist Sonny Sharrock began his musical career singing with the Echoes during the mid- to late 1950s. And many of these same artists insisted that they were merely extending R&B. A quick listen to some of the recordings released by the Strata East label, or groups like the Headhunters (“God Made Me Funky”) further suggests that the experiments of free jazz found their way into the popular world of funk. Ward, on the other hand, sees the New Thing as having no connection to black musical traditions whatsoever, here or abroad, and therefore having no relevance to black people aside from a handful of alienated artists. He writes: “The modern jazzman’s self-conscious pursuit of a meaningful ‘art,’ the embrace of social alienation as a performance technique, and the use of inaccessibility as a political statement, actually had little to do with an African tradition” (411). Who and what music is he talking about? Coltrane’s “Love Supreme” or Ayler’s “Ghosts”? Archie Shepp’s “Mama Rose” or the Revolutionary Ensemble? Milford Graves (who formally studied African and Indian hand drumming)? Sonny Sharrock? Don Pullen? Not only are the range and styles that fall under the rubric of “jazz avant-garde” so varied as to challenge the very category, but Ward takes for granted that commercially-oriented popular music equals music “redolent of [black] experiences.”⁸ It is as if the marketplace doesn’t significantly shape tastes and desires. Implicit in his arguments is a strange contradiction Ward himself would find completely unacceptable. His dismissal of experiments in improvisational music as having more in common with “romantic Western bourgeois ideals” than the gritty, earthy “compelling rhythms of dance music” (411) implies that the new jazz is simply “not black enough.”

The evidence that black cultural nationalists embraced a wide range of musics, including Soul, is quite abundant. The problem is not that cultural nationalists embraced the jazz avant-garde because they were so out of step with the masses. Rather, the progenitors of the New Black

Music, at least those interested in politics, embraced the Black Arts Movement. The basis for uniting was not simply political and ideological but economic. They all sought to create collectives and alternative venues for performing; they wanted to establish economic institutions that would allow them to escape the grip of the record, publishing, and film industries. Unlike R&B and Soul artists, their relationship to the market was much more tenuous.

In the end, what Ward has to say about the larger impact of Black Power is right on. R&B could not mobilize the masses for social action or stand in for a social movement, and those who expected music to function this way were fooling themselves. While it negatively mirrored the larger culture by valorizing patriarchy and violent masculinities, it nonetheless helped generate community pride, challenged racial self-hatred, built self-respect; it created a world of pleasure, not just to escape the everyday brutalities of capitalism, patriarchy, and white supremacy, but to build community, establish fellowship, to play and laugh. Of course, this is not new; Ward is essentially echoing what many black artists have been saying all along, including a few of those he singles out for special criticism. Indeed, Amiri Baraka not only made the same observations over three decades ago, but his observations about the power of black musics—from R&B to free jazz—place special emphasis on a word whose meaning is as powerful and intangible as “soul”: love. “The change to Love. The freedom to (of) Love.”⁹

Ward quotes this word frequently, but it never comes up in his analysis. It doesn’t even come up in his discussion of gender. It rarely comes up in any scholarly treatments of black life and culture. All of us, not just Brian Ward, have much to learn from the historical figures we write about, and we need to learn how to listen to their voices, study their movements if we want to know what they think rather than what we decide they ought to think. Singer/songwriter/activist Jimmy Collier, who does not appear in Ward’s book, has much to offer in this respect. The author of such songs as “Burn, Baby, Burn,” “Rent Strike Blues,” and “Lead Poison on the Wall,” Collier was clear about what black popular music meant to him and his co-workers and what the movement was all about: “There’s a rock and roll group called the Impressions and we call them ‘movement fellows’ and we try to sing a lot of their songs. Songs like ‘Keep on Pushin,’ ‘I Been Trying,’ ‘I’m so

Proud,' 'It's Gonna Be a Long, Long Winter,' 'People Get Ready, There's a Train a-Comin,' 'There's a Meeting Over Yonder' really speaks to the situation a lot of us find ourselves in. One song that has really become kind of a favorite with us especially when we got a lot of mean folks around, is 'Never Too Much Love.'"¹⁰

NOTES

1. See, for example, Andrew T. Miller's insightful essay, "Social Science, Social Policy, and the Heritage of African-American Families," in *The "Underclass" Debate: Views from History*, ed. Michael Katz (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton Univ. Press, 1993), 254–89.

2. It was also an age of rebellion, when *Playboy* magazine and male Beat writers challenged marriage and its requisite financial commitments and produced a misogynistic culture that cast matrimony as a form of slavery and portrayed women as naturally selfish and money hungry. Both produced a flourishing male consumer culture—the former defined by tools, power mowers, and station wagons, the latter by sports clothes, expensive liquor, hi fi stereos, cologne, and sports cars. See, for example, Barbara Ehrenreich, *The Hearts of Men: American Dreams and the Flight from Commitment* (London: Routledge, 1983); Robin D .G. Kelley, "Notes on Deconstructing the Folk," *American Historical Review* 97 (Dec. 1992), 1400–8.

3. Curious, I launched my own informal survey of about fifteen women—mostly but not entirely black—to see what they thought of this couplet. All but one thought it was incredibly sexy, not for the words alone but for how White *sings* them. Ward should have taken his own advice: "While these lyrical matters are important, often it has not been the things which Rhythm and Blues has said, but the ways in which it has said them." Of course, this has long been a cardinal principal of black musical interpretation. See, for example, Cecil Brown, "James Brown, Hoodoo and Black Culture," *Black Review* 1 (spring 1971), 184.

4. Greg Tate, *Flyboy in the Buttermilk: Essays on Contemporary America* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1992); George Lipsitz, *Time Passages: Collective Memory and American Popular Culture* (Minneapolis, Minn.: Univ. of Minnesota Press, 1990) and *Dangerous Crossroads: Popular Music, Postmodernism, and the Poetics of Place* (London: Verso, 1994); Paul Gilroy, *The Black Atlantic: Modernity and Double-Consciousness* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard Univ. Press, 1993) and *Small Acts: Thoughts on the Politics of Black Cultures* (London: Serpent's Tail Press, 1993); Susan McClary, *Feminine Endings: Music, Gender, and Sexuality* (Minneapolis, Minn.: Univ. of Minnesota Press, 1991); Mark Anthony Neal, *What the Music Said: Black Popular Culture and Black Public Culture* (New York: Routledge, 1999); Barry Shank, *Dissonant Identities: The Rock 'n' Roll Scene in Austin, Texas* (Wesleyan, Conn.: Wesleyan Univ. Press, 1994); Rob Walser, *Running with the Devil: Power, Gender, and Madness in Heavy Metal Music* (Hanover, N.H.: Univ. Press of New England, 1993).

5. Brian Priestley, *Mingus: A Critical Biography* (New York: Da Capo, 1982), 119; Gary Giddins, *Visions of Jazz: The First Century* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1998), 576–78; Frank Kofsky, *Black Music, White Business: Illuminating the History and Political Economy of Jazz* (New York: Pathfinder Press, 1998), 56.

6. Suzanne Smith, *Dancing in the Streets: Motown and the Cultural Politics of Detroit* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard Univ. Press, 2000).

7. LeRoi Jones, *Black Music* (New York: Quill, 1967), 201.

8. I've always wondered about sweeping statements that black communities simply did not come out for this music. Not only was R&B pretty generationally specific at times, but I'm haunted by my own memories of my mother taking my sister and me to Grant's tomb in Harlem to hear some of the most "outside" performances on the jazzmobile, or the photo in Val Wilmer's book of Milford Graves on Seventh Avenue in Harlem performing before hundreds of fascinated black school children. (See Valerie Wilmer, *As Serious as Your Life: The Story of the New Jazz* [Westport, Conn.: Lawrence Hill, 1980], 305.)

9. Jones, *Black Music*, 200.

10. Guy Carawan, comp., *Freedom Is a Constant Struggle: Songs of the Freedom Movement* (New York: Oak Publications, 1968), 194.