In 1995 the list of jazz musicians with published autobiographies was so long that Christopher Harlos (1995) could say that jazz literature was “inundated” with autobiographies (131). Harlos specifically mentioned auto-narratives by Louis Armstrong, Danny Barker, Count Basie, Sidney Bechet, Garvin Bushell, Bill Coleman, Pops Foster, Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Hampton Hawes, Milt Hinton, Art Hodes, Billie Holiday, Andy Kirk, Mezz Mezzrow, Charles Mingus, Art Pepper, Pony Poindexter, Sammy Price, Willie Smith, Rex Stewart, Dicky Wells, and Bob Wilber. Today we can extend this list by adding Gary Burton, Buddy Collette, Buck Clayton, Joe Darnesbourg, Benny Golson, Herbie Hancock, Anita O’Day, George Shearing, Horace Silver, Nina Simone, Horace Tapscott, Clark Terry, Randy Weston, Joe Wilder, and Teddy Wilson, to name only a few.¹

In this chapter, I search for useful ways of thinking about the autobiographies of important jazz artists, but first I would like to dispel an old myth about jazz artists. Eric Porter (2002) has exhaustively refuted the stereotype of the tongue-tied black jazz artist mumbling inside jargon in What Is This Thing Called Jazz?, an intellectual history of the music based entirely on utterances of African American jazz artists. Nevertheless, in spite of the many jazz musicians who have expressed themselves clearly and forcefully in words, it is nevertheless true that many come to autobiography at a disadvantage. In the West, the genre of autobiography has almost always belonged to white European males, a breed very different from black jazz musicians of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. Jazz artists confronted a genre with built-in rules demanding a clear narrative arc and a set of incidents that illustrate the lessons the autobiographer wishes to pass on. Few African Americans, especially African American jazz musicians, have had the luxury of a life sufficiently orderly to be suited for this kind of writing.

Nevertheless, virtually all jazz autobiographers have tried to make their work conform in some ways to the dominant model, and almost all have worked with an editor, almost always a white editor. Even Rex Stewart (1991), who had already published a series of engaging journalistic pieces, hired Claire P. Gordon to edit his autobiography, Boy Meets Horn.² Stewart, a distinguished cornetist and composer who played with Duke Ellington and Fletcher Henderson among many others, worked with Gordon even though he could tell his story on his own. But as Gordon points out in “A Few Words From the Editor,” her preface to Boy Meets Horn, the autobiography was unfinished when Stewart died in 1967. He willed all his writing to Gordon, knowing that she could assemble a chronological narrative from a large collection of Stewart’s jottings, most of it rife with typos and spelling errors (Gordon 1991, vii–viii).
Kevin McNeilly (1997) has suggested that Stewart consulted an editor for his autobiography because he wanted to avoid the vernacular chattiness of Louis Armstrong, whose *Satchmo: My Life in New Orleans* (1954) would have been the paradigm for Stewart’s book. In order to distinguish his autobiography, Stewart and Gordon made what McNeilly has called “a self-conscious effort at a crafted, professorial and neutral style” (51).

On some occasions, busy jazz artists who are uninterested in the actual writing of their story will turn the greater part of the work over to a co-author. Albert Murray, for example, exhaustively researched the career of Count Basie before interviewing Basie himself for a few comments and then sitting down to write *Good Morning Blues: The Autobiography of Count Basie* (1985). Joking that he was “Basie’s Basie,” Murray pictured himself sitting at his typewriter just as Basie sat at his piano. When he was performing, Basie would periodically raise his head to give an identifiable look to a musician, letting him know it was his time to solo. Similarly, Murray would look up from his keyboard to ask Basie to “solo” by dropping a few notes into Murray’s stream of words (Murray 2004).

Writing in the Afterword to the updated edition of *Straight Life* (1994), Laurie LaPan Miller Pepper speaks of her delight at the stories that the white alto saxophonist Art Pepper told her when they first met in Synanon, the rehabilitation center where both were recovering from their separate addictions. As the two drew closer, eventually marrying in 1974, Laurie noticed that Art’s stories took on new, often contradictory details as he retold them. When she decided to write her husband’s autobiography, she asked to hear his stories again and again, regularly stopping him for clarification and insisting that he avoid exaggeration and embellishment (Pepper and Pepper 1994, 478). *Straight Life* is a fascinating, often harrowing account of a self-destructive musical genius who probably could not have written such a book on his own.

Billie Holiday’s *Lady Sings the Blues* (1956) has remained in print since its publication. We know much more about the book thanks to John Szwed’s (2015) book on Holiday. Szwed has found evidence that Holiday was much more involved in the writing of the book than many have believed. When Holiday suggested that she never read her own autobiography, she was apparently concealing her disappointment about a book that never became what she had wanted it to be. The book was said to have been cobbled together by the journalist William Dufty, who was married to one of Holiday’s close friends. *Lady Sings the Blues* was supposedly based on a few conversations with the singer but mostly on newspaper interviews and Dufty’s own speculations. Szwed, however, has found a large cache of material that was edited out of the published version of *Lady Sings the Blues*, much of it involving Holiday’s extraordinary encounters with celebrities such as Orson Welles, Tallulah Bankhead, and even President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Holiday wrote the book in large part to assert that she was no longer a drug addict and that she was ready to go back to work with a re-instated cabaret card. She hoped to make her case more forcefully by cataloging her encounters with important people, almost all of them white. But when the editors at Doubleday excised much of this material for fear of legal reprisals, the book became something very different (Szwed 2015).

Robert G. O’Meally (1991) has suggested that Holiday was nevertheless pleased with how *Lady Sings the Blues* presents her as a nobly suffering artist, calling it “a dream book, a collection of Holiday’s wishes and lies” (21). On one level this is surely true. Holiday was not above creating fictions about herself when it made the book more distinctive (and more marketable). Consider the book’s opening sentences: “Mom and pop were just a couple of kids when they got married. He was eighteen, she was sixteen, and I was three” (Holiday 1956, 5). None of this is accurate, if only because Holiday’s parents were never married. But the opening lines are as forceful as they are memorable.

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Both Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong had a way with words. We know that letters flowed profusely from the portable typewriters that Louis Armstrong carried everywhere, beginning in 1922 when he first arrived in Chicago to join King Oliver’s band. Only a small selection of these letters, some of them running to several pages and many addressed to people that Armstrong only knew as correspondents, have been published (Armstrong 1999). Armstrong’s first autobiography, Swing That Music (1993), published in 1936, was extensively edited and rewritten. When Armstrong sat down to write his second autobiography, Satchmo: My Life in New Orleans (1954), he may have been reluctant to tell it all, recalling how his words had been taken away from him the last time.

Armstrong’s second autobiography did indeed please his editors. They cleaned up his spelling and punctuation but made few substantive changes. William Kenney (1991) has argued, however, that Armstrong found subtle ways of expressing himself in spite of the pressure he felt to make Satchmo more acceptable to mainstream readers. For example, he speaks adoringly of Bix Beiderbecke, even calling him godlike. At one point we read, “Whenever we saw him our faces shone with joy and happiness, but long periods would pass when we did not see him at all” (Armstrong 1954, 209). Kenney suggests that Armstrong—who may have regarded Beiderbecke and his cult with something less than total reverence—managed to construct an account that did not rouse his editors to take up the red pencil but also contained a telling trace of ambiguity (Kenney 1991, 51). If left to his own devices, Armstrong was clearly capable of writing his own story with wit and clarity, as when he produced a long, handwritten document in a hospital bed the year before he died (Armstrong 1999, 3–36). But if Kenney is right, anyone who delves into Swing That Music and Satchmo: My Life in New Orleans must read between and around the lines.

Duke Ellington’s autobiography, Music Is My Mistress (1973), must also be read with a degree of skepticism. When confronted with the inevitability of writing his story, Ellington continually postponed the actual writing even after he had set aside time to conduct interviews with journalist Stanley Dance. After a concert or a tour, the two would sit down for an interview session, but Ellington would turn away, silently watching old movies on television (Ellington and Stanley 1978, 172). My guess is that Ellington was not sure how to translate his debonair, witty, carefully constructed stage persona into auto-narrative. Determined to complete the project, Dance collected statements that Duke made on and off the record, with and without requests for specific information, much of it scrawled on napkins and the backs of envelopes. Like Claire Gordon with Rex Stewart, Dance then stitched it all together to produce Music Is My Mistress in 1973, a year before Ellington’s death.

Music Is My Mistress is full of glowing praise for family and friends in several sections of the book called “Dramatis Felidae,” alluding to the Latin phrase, Dramatis Personae, or Persons of the Drama. Because Dramatis Personae is more commonly translated as Cast of Characters, “Dramatis Felidae” is meant to be a Latin translation of “Cast of Cats,” but it is essentially gibberish. Trying to put some Latin into an autobiography is typical of Ellington in particular and of the “professorial” turn in jazz autobiography in general.

The consistent eulogizing of friends throughout the “Dramatis Felidae” sections of Music Is My Mistress has inspired critics to sniff out a bit of damning amid faint praise as well as the few significant omissions. His very brief section on tenor saxophonist Ben Webster, with whom he had some nasty quarrels, begins with the usual encomium but ends with Duke remembering a photograph of Webster on skis and wondering why the skis “were pointing up the mountain” (D. Ellington 1973, 164). There is no mention in Music Is My Mistress of two women who were in fact his mistresses, Beatrice “Evie” Ellis and Fernanda de Castro Monte, both of whom he supported for many years during his life (Lawrence 2001, 356). Nor does Ellington mention Edna Thompson, the wife he never divorced. Similarly, in Good Morning Blues: The Autobiography of Count Basie...
(1985), Albert Murray has Basie saying, “Yes, there were some women during those days, but that’s no one’s business” (87).

Ellington always wore a mask in public, setting it aside only for a handful of intimates. He may have learned his lesson early when, in an unguarded moment in 1935, he sharply criticized George Gershwin’s *Porgy and Bess* because it failed to capture the real spirit of the black residents of the opera’s South Carolina regions and because it sounded nothing like African American music. Unfortunately, a reporter for the periodical *New Theatre* was present when Ellington made these remarks (Tucker 1993, 114–117). The aftermath of the article put Ellington in a difficult position with people who admired Gershwin. (He showers Gershwin with unironic praise in *Music Is My Mistress* [D. Ellington 1973, 104–106]). For the rest of his life, Ellington preferred to speak only with humor and urbanity in public and conscientiously avoided candor, even when he must have had strong feelings about an issue. For example, when an interviewer told Duke that an English critic had praised his compositions for recalling “the opalescent subtleties of Debussy,” Ellington replied, “Don’t those London fellows push a mean pen?” (Tucker 1993, 113). He probably found the critic’s comments a bit absurd, but knowing that he would be quoted, he responded with his trademark insouciant humor. With statements like this, Ellington revealed his real talent with words.

Ellington’s reluctance to disclose his inner self in his autobiography may also have stemmed from an African American man’s reluctance to relive the humiliations and dangers he faced throughout his career. Nevertheless, like all jazz autobiographies, *Music Is My Mistress* was part of a tradition that begins with slave narratives and includes efforts by black authors to alert the world to their sufferings and to reclaim the personhood that had been denied them. Some black jazz artists can be understood as part of this tradition, but many more—Armstrong and Ellington most prominently—tended to put a happy face on their encounters and soft pedal the dark side of their experiences as African Americans.

Because of his carefully constructed persona as well as his extraordinary music, Ellington was invited to the White House by Richard M. Nixon to celebrate his seventieth birthday. During Nixon’s first term as president (1969–1973), the United States government was aggressively punishing African Americans for two decades of civil rights demands. Nixon’s “Southern strategy” and the FBI’s multifaceted attempts at undermining the African American agenda were unprecedented in the twentieth century. That Ellington was embraced by Nixon himself during these same years is a striking testament to his success in setting himself apart from race and politics.

Ajay Heble (2000) has argued that *Music Is My Mistress* is consistent with Ellington’s goal of “moving contentedly” through the corridors of white power. Heble demands that we read the book not in terms of what is omitted or downplayed but rather in terms of how it reflects Ellington’s ability to achieve “power, credibility, and autonomy” (115). Ellington understood his precarious position as a black American and thus competed “for access and public legitimacy not by explicitly challenging dominant structures of knowledge production but by improvising within an already constituted system” (Heble 2000, 115, italics in text).

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Miles Davis may be the best example of a jazz artist who had no driving interest in staking a claim to his own story. When Simon and Schuster approached his agent with a contract for an autobiography, Davis chose Quincy Troupe as his collaborator. Troupe had won Davis’s respect when Troupe interviewed him a few years earlier for a long piece in *Spin* magazine. After the contracts for *Miles: The Autobiography* (1989) had been signed, Troupe and Davis spoke for many hours, engaging in disjointed, almost stream-of-consciousness conversations. Neither man seemed intent on constructing a chronological narrative. At some point in his conversations with Troupe, Davis lost interest and refused to continue. He had, of course, taken the publisher’s advance money, but
this did not stop him from walking away. In desperation, Troupe appears to have dipped into Jack Chambers’s (1998) biography of Davis to fill in the gaps after Miles’s departure (Crouch 1990, 35). (The first volume of Chambers’s books was published in 1983).

Most of Miles: The Autobiography, however, is a heavily edited version of what Davis spoke into Troupe’s tape recorder. Troupe gave the recordings of his interviews to a typist who transcribed them. The transcripts, often marked up with extensive changes by Troupe, are housed at the Schomburg branch of the New York Public Library in Harlem. They show how Troupe rephrased Davis’s statements so that they read like what Troupe believed the authorial voice of Miles Davis ought to be. On some level, he got it right. Many critics who reviewed the published text remarked that the book really sounded like Miles. Nevertheless, Troupe frequently misrepresented what Davis told him, choosing on several occasions to “print the legend.”

An intriguing aspect of Miles: The Autobiography is its close attention to the discographical details of Davis’s career. The book regularly tells us who Davis was playing with at a recording session or at a club date. So far as I can tell, the information is always accurate even if the narrator regularly adds “I think,” “I forget,” and “I’m not sure” when personnel are listed. Troupe probably did this on his own, but it’s also possible that Davis had his own reasons for insisting that the names of the musicians he hired be included. At some stage in the process, he may have instructed Troupe to look up all those discographical details and add them to the narrative. Passages with “I think” and “I forget” were added so that Davis does not sound like a jazz nerd reciting session personnel. Miles retains his devil-may-care attitude as well as his self-image as a benevolent mentor to young musicians.

Davis also seems to have liked some of the stories that Troupe made up, including one about Frances Taylor, Davis’s first wife. When Taylor came back into Davis’s life, the narrator says that everyone loved her, including Marlon Brando and Quincy Jones. He adds that Quincy Jones gave her a ring, presumably an engagement ring (Davis and Troupe 1989, 227). In an interview with Gerald Early, Quincy Jones says that when he told Davis, “Miles, you know that’s bullshit,” Davis responded, “Man, that fucking sounds good” (Jones 2001, 43). Davis may have walked away from the project because he had lost interest but also because he was content with how Troupe was filling in the gaps.

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Treat It Gentle, by the New Orleans-born Creole clarinetist and soprano saxophonist Sidney Bechet, may be the most celebrated of all jazz autobiographies. Unfortunately, the extent to which the book presents the actual words of Bechet is largely unknown. Although there is evidence that Bechet was recorded extensively so that his words could be transcribed for Treat It Gentle, almost all the tapes are missing. Jessica Teague has suggested that the tapes were never considered important enough to be preserved (Teague 2013a). To further complicate questions of attribution, Treat It Gentle went through three editors and two publishers before reaching print. We do have two hours of taped interviews that Desmond Flower, the book’s final editor, conducted with Bechet in Paris in 1957. But these tapes were clearly made after most of the book had been drafted and “served primarily to fill in gaps and bring the story up to date from where it left off around 1936” (Teague 2013b, 125–126).

Bechet the writer also wrote short fiction intended for either stage or screen. The Bechet section of the Charles Delaunay collection in Paris contains a screenplay from 1951 based on the popular song “Frankie and Johnny” and called Wildflower (or, The Story of Frankie and Johnny). In about 1955, Bechet wrote another treatment for a film or a novel, a four-page story about a jazz musician living in Paris who reminisces about a love affair from twenty years earlier. Like Treat It Gentle, the story is vaguely autobiographical (Teague 2013b, 126).

Actually, parts of Treat It Gentle are not even vaguely autobiographical. The most memorable chapter in the book is about Omar, the escaped slave that Bechet claims as his grandfather. In
fact, Bechet was Creole on both sides of his family tree, and if some of his relatives were slaves, it would have been several generations earlier. More intriguingly, Bechet appropriated the story of Omar from a figure in African American folklore known as Bras-Coupé. In the earliest versions of a story that dates to the 1830s, Bras-Coupé is the leader of a group of ex-slaves hiding in the swamps near New Orleans. From there they make raids on stores and plantations. He supposedly lost his arm—and gained his name—when a police officer amputated it after an early attempt to escape from slavery. In an exhaustive and thoughtful account, Bryan Wagner (2005) has shown that Bras-Coupé’s legend was appropriated by New Orleans police officers in the early nineteenth century to increase their own power. When New Orleans passed from French to American hands in 1803, citizens were profoundly suspicious of a police force that had previously been employed by the King of France and were accustomed to making full use of that power. Policemen subsequently made the clever decision to embellish the Bras-Coupé story, turning him into a black monster with almost supernatural powers. They then spread the story in hopes of terrifying the population into giving them more guns and sanctioning their use of force (Wagner 2005, 120).

The legend of Bras-Coupé was substantially enhanced when the white American writer George Washington Cable (1998) heard the story in New Orleans and decided to create his own version. The novel added several elements to the story that made it important to Bechet, especially a scene in which Bras-Coupé joins the slaves dancing in Congo Square and distinguishes himself as the most graceful and athletic of the dancers (Wagner 2005, 131). With Cable’s additions, Bras-Coupé becomes a key figure in the history of jazz, at least as it was conceived in the early years of the twentieth century when Congo Square was designated as the place where the continuity between blacks in Africa and blacks in America was most profound.

Although the dancing in Congo Square ended well before what we now call jazz was first being performed, Sidney Bechet accepted the importance of Congo Square and claimed Bras-Coupé/Omar as his grandfather, thus placing his own bloodline at the origins of jazz history. Early in Treat It Gentle, Bechet asserts that Congo Square “was my grandfather’s square. He never had to hear it from a distance. It was there in his mind even before he got to the square and began performing it” (Bechet 1978, 8). Bechet extends the story of Omar with various borrowings that may have come from oral tradition but more likely from Cable’s novel and a version of the Bras-Coupé story that appeared in 1945 in a collection of New Orleans folktales, Gumbo Ya-ya (1945).

Bechet’s retelling of the Bras-Coupé legend takes up a fifth of his autobiography. The rest appears to be a more straightforward but consistently compelling account of a musician’s career. The entire story is told in a colloquial but authoritative fashion that probably came from his editors as much as from Bechet. John Ciardi, who worked on the text after it had been transcribed and edited by Bechet’s secretary, Joan Williams, has said that his main goal was to restore some of the flavor of Bechet’s speech (Teague 2013b, 125). How much actual access Ciardi had to Bechet’s own words is unknown, as is the extent to which Ciardi made his own additions to the text. After Joan Williams threatened to sue Bechet and his publishers, claiming that she was the true author of Bechet’s autobiography, Ciardi’s text was shelved (Chilton 1987, 291). A few years later the text was rediscovered by the art collector and jazz enthusiast Desmond Flower. He worked with Bechet to bring the story up to date before editing and publishing it with his own press, Cassell and Co (Chilton 1987, 292).

We may never know precisely how Bechet’s stories moved from his mouth to the printed page. For our purposes, it is enough that he wanted to create a history of jazz by forging an existential connection between a highly musical slave and his own origins. It was also the story of a mythical grandfather who literally embodied the music. The men who punished the escaped slave could cut off his arm, but they could not disconnect him from the music (Wagner 2005, 138). Regardless
of what we think of Bechet's self-mythologizing, Treat It Gentle is an especially beautiful artifact in the history of jazz writing.

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From a purely literary point of view, the most remarkable autobiography by a major jazz artist is Charles Mingus's Beneath the Underdog (1971). The book was in no way ghost-written or transformed by an editor. The 870-page manuscript that Mingus composed in 1963 and that is now archived at the Library of Congress was reduced by half and carefully edited by Nel King, a screenwriter Mingus had asked to help him write his autobiography (Mingus n.d.). Regina Ryan, who acquired the book for Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., also worked on the manuscript. But Mingus was intimately involved with every editorial change and added new material with and without the requests of his editors. More than any other major jazz musician who has told his or her own story, Mingus is responsible for everything in Beneath the Underdog.3

More importantly, Mingus did not write in the guise of a carefully constructed persona like Duke Ellington. And he brought an unmistakably artistic sensibility to his writing. Consider a passage from Beneath the Underdog that is one of many conversations with Mingus's close friend, the trumpeter Fats Navarro, nicknamed “Fat Girl” because of his high-pitched voice and his tremendous girth. Late in the book, however, Navarro has lost an enormous amount of weight because of tuberculosis combined with substance abuse. He knows he is dying, and at least in his conversations with Mingus, he rejects all religious faiths and embraces death.

Mingus tells Navarro,

There's no need to kill yourself—think yourself to death. Go ahead, Fats, you know you're right, there ain't no God. You know more than Christ, Buddha, Socrates, Plato, Mohammed, Bird, Judas, Mingus, Casals, Stravinsky, Benjamin Franklin, Swami Vivikananda and Norman Mailer! You know there ain't no God, you know more than anyone except some of them dumb agents, critics and congressmen.

(Mingus 1971, 361)

The litany of sages that begins with Christ and ends with Norman Mailer could only have been constructed by a man who knows his world and its absurdities but who also possesses a profound sense of irony. By placing Benjamin Franklin, a Swami, and Mailer at the end, he reveals that he is gently mocking Navarro even as he praises him. And we are not taken aback when he audaciously lists his own name immediately before Pablo Casals because this seemingly egotistic display is further undermined by the placement of his own name immediately after Judas. Like a serious poet, Mingus knows that the ironist can say much more by suggesting than by declaiming.

Mingus’s book begins with the author talking to his psychoanalyst. In the first sentence of the book, Mingus declares, “In other words, I am three.” He then describes three very different people with their own distinct responses to his world. When the analyst asks which is real, Mingus replies, “They're all real” (Mingus 1971, 3). At the outset Mingus sets himself apart from the familiar autobiographical subject who comfortably tells a story in a single voice. His claim of “I am three” takes him at least one step beyond W.E.B. Du Bois’s concept of black America’s “double consciousness” (1993). And in another move that reveals a literary sensibility, Mingus frequently shifts among first, second, and third person voices, referring to himself variously as “I,” “You,” “My boy,” and “Mingus,” among others. Mingus was ahead of his time in problematizing the familiar conventions of autobiography and narrative. I am even tempted to call his writing postmodern.

Mingus built his life story around a consistent set of themes that connect the jazz musician’s predicament to sexuality and ultimately to prostitution. Both jazz artists and prostitutes regularly
sell vital parts of themselves for little or nothing. Like the women in the novel who are so in love with Mingus that they turn to prostitution to help him survive, Charles the jazz artist must regularly play music for which he has no use. And when he does have the opportunity to play the music he loves, he is regularly deprived of fair remuneration.

Because sexuality and prostitution are so important in *Beneath the Underdog*, there is plenty of erotic writing. Unlike Ellington and Basie, Mingus is not at all reticent about his sex life. And yet very little of the writing is pornographic. The sex is always part of a larger tale, especially Mingus’s own development as a man seeking truth in the flesh as well as in the spirit. And although sections of the book can only be fantasy—such as the claim that he had sex with twenty-three Mexican prostitutes in one evening (Mingus 1971, 4)—Mingus usually errs on the side of shameless honesty.

I believe that *Beneath the Underdog* makes the case for Mingus’s exceptionalism just as strongly as his music (Gabbard 2016). Although Mingus did indeed work with two editors, they were not primarily concerned with preserving his vernacular speech patterns and then recasting them in a “suitable literary tone.” Regina Ryan was most concerned about avoiding lawsuits (King 1971, 42)! Mingus occasionally does make use of African American idioms, but often ironically. Refusing to adopt the clichés of the typical jazz autobiographer, his prose can be both learned and poetic. The variety of voices in which he speaks, and the range of narrative techniques he deploys, reveal the many possibilities available to the writer of a jazz life.

**Notes**

1. Much of this chapter has been adapted from the section on Charles Mingus’s *Beneath the Underdog* in my book about Mingus (Gabbard 2016, 113–157).
2. For Stewart’s journalism, see Stewart (1972).
3. The extent of Mingus’s involvement in writing, revising, and editing *Beneath the Underdog* is extensively documented in the correspondence in the Alfred A. Knopf Archives at the Harry Ransom Center at the University of Texas, Austin.

**References**


