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MYTH, MEMORY, & THE HISTORIOGRAPHY OF BLACK JAZZ MUSICIANS IN THE THIRD REICH

A dissertation submitted in partial satisfaction
of the requirements for the degree of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

in

MUSIC

by

Kira Dralle

June 2021

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Vice Provost and Dean of Graduate Studies

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2022

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Abstract

Myth, Memory, & the Historiography of Black Jazz Musicians in the Third Reich

Kira Dralle

This dissertation is a study of the Black musicians who remained in Nazi occupied territory between 1933 and 1945, and it analyzes the ways in which racism and misogyny shaped both the social consciousness and scholarly discourse alike. While jazz was banned in many contexts, it was simultaneously appropriated by the state for its mass appeal to serve as propaganda music. Due to this, little to no documentation of jazz during wartime exists, and consequently, what was preserved is highly curated by a few individuals. Many accounts of jazz during the war claim that little to no Black musicians remained in occupied territories, yet there is evidence of the contrary. Therefore, this work examines traces left in state archives, and it locates lesser-known spaces in which evidence of their lives and careers remain. I argue that even famous artists who were recorded, photographed, and celebrated extensively were still stripped of their voice.

Much of my research focuses on Dietrich Schulz-Köhn, fondly remembered merely as “Dr. Jazz.” Schulz-Köhn was a Oberleutnant in the Luftwaffe. Heralded as the man who covertly saved jazz from the Third Reich, his collections hold innumerable records banned by the Reich, personal candid photographs with famous musicians, as well as dark tokens of his fascist history. The second major figure in my dissertation is that of Joséphine Baker, whose image has been incessantly reproduced as the icon of the Jazz Age, yet whose autonomy and vocal virtuosity are often dismissed by jazz collectors and music scholars. I examine the legend surrounding Baker through primary and secondary source material, and I analyze the perceptions of “Black” rhythm, vocal quality, and vocal timbres of early jazz, the technologies that disseminated and documented the music, the visual representations of the musicians, as well as the public discourse and archival practices surrounding them. All these factors converge to create a representation of the musicians and their significance, which are frequently and uncritically reproduced in archives, canons, curricula, and public discourse.

Acknowledgments

I sat down to write a few thank you's, and the list just kept going. It is impossible to pinpoint who was the most influential in finishing this degree or writing this dissertation. I cannot believe how many people I remembered who have had a tangible impact on my thought and my writing. It's unfathomable to think of how it might have been shaped differently, and yet now that I am doing the work I am doing, I can't imagine it having been even a slightly different path. It is important to mark this moment, to reflect, and to express the deepest gratitude to those who have melded me into the scholar and the human I am today…

To Danielle Gravon, *mein Lieblingsmensch*, there are no words to express how much influence you have had over the development of the ideas in this dissertation, and my consciousness more broadly. You know me to my core, and I love you more than I can conceive.

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To Robert Mavounzy, Al Lirvat, Claude Martial, Henri Godissard, Fredy Jumbo, Harry Cooper, Sylvio Siobud, Pierre Fouad, Arthur Briggs, Maceo Jefferson, Freddy Johnson, and Charlie Lewis –

To all the Black voices who have been rendered and erased from the histories of jazz.

Forward – a note on the situated author and the implicated subject

> The desk I sit at is a desk given to me by a woman who a man tried to murder, and it seems like time to tell what it meant to me to grow up in a society in which many people preferred people like me to be dead or silent, and how I got a voice, and how it eventually came time to use that voice – that voice that was most articulate when I was alone at the desk speaking through my fingers, silently – to try to tell the stories that had gone untold.
>
> The problems were embedded in the society and maybe the world in which I found myself, and the work to survive it was also work to understand it and eventually work to transform it for everyone, not for myself alone.
>
> – Rebecca Solnit, *Recollections of My Nonexistence*

5 May 2022
Santa Cruz, California

They're coming for my voice, is all I could think, over and over this morning. *They're coming for my voice which I have fought so hard to articulate for so long now.* Maybe it seems all too trite to say that I want to help restore the voice of the silenced, just because my own was taken and continues to be threatened. Or maybe it is because I can at least seem to speak for others when I cannot seem to speak for myself. Trauma and shame are hellish to disentangle, and their coupling only magnifies the gravity of the silence. And it seems ironic that in writing a dissertation that is wholly immersed in and concerned with lived experience, I had to strategically tune the world out at times just to get through it.

The news cycles this month have been filled with the leaking of documents which seek to overturn Roe v. Wade, and for the most part, I have remained silent. Frozen. I think my brain is protecting me from it, allowing me to function enough to finish my dissertation. All the while, I recognize that this fear and silence is exactly what they want.

In 2018, I gave my first Joséphine Baker paper at the Society for Ethnomusicology conference in Albuquerque. This was the turning point in my research. This paper got attention; this paper became my first major publication. This paper would become the backbone of my dissertation and the heart of my research moving forward. In 2018, I wrote a paper on an abused woman who grew up in poverty in St Louis, Missouri, and who then created an entirely new, wildly glamourous life in Paris. I wrote a paper about trauma and survival. *How did you survive it? – Well, you split yourself in two - the one it happened to, and the one who gets through the day.*[1] In an attempt to process my grief and rage and helplessness, I frantically wrote this entire conference paper in one evening, while witnessing the senate hearings of Brett Kavanaugh.

As I am now finishing my dissertation, I realize that this – *this* – moment is what my body feared in 2018. That this abuser would sit on the Supreme Court and take away the voices of millions of American women, transgender men, and gender fluid and gender queer folk alike – in an attempt to seal their fate in poverty within a system which does not even guarantee healthcare, let alone maternity leave or education. This vile white man was appointed to a lifetime position in the highest court of the land, even while his crimes were widely and credibly known. *But that's the point, you see.* The justice system has not *failed* us - it has merely reminded us for whom the justice system was built to protect. And now this vile white man is attempting to violate us once again – by stripping us of our autonomy, and by violently asserting control over our bodies and the most intimate decisions of our lives.

---

[1] *Will & Grace*, “Grace’s Secret,” Season 10, Episode 5, November 1, 2018. As cited in Kira Dralle, “Invisible ink, Invisible women: Promiscuity, Mobility and Power in the Music of Josephine Baker in wartime Europe,” *Music as Cultural Capital During Wartime*, Society for Ethnomusicology Annual Conference, November 15, 2018.

It is not lost on me that in this country, the bodily autonomy of a corpse is protected more than that of a person with a uterus.

It is not lost on me that my ability to obtain an abortion after assault is the core reason I could write this dissertation.

And it is not lost on me that even as I have come this far, I continue to struggle to find my voice – three master's degrees, and nearly a doctorate later. That is how deeply embedded the silencing remains.

As much as I may want to hide it or forget it entirely, I struggle with its significance in relation to the struggles of Black men and women throughout US-American history, as well as the ethics of such comparison. Yet the fact remains that this dissertation was not only written by a survivor of rape, but a survivor of numerous accounts of gendered and sexual violence. Such violence can be so stunningly common, yet so commonly hushed. It was my own silencing that pulled me into this history which I was not taught, and expanded not only my empathy, but also my defiance. And while I attempt to ethically represent the voices of my historical interlocutors, and bring the mechanisms of their silencing to light, I must simultaneously acknowledge the multiple realities from which I write.

How can we write a history from opposing subject positions? It must begin by acknowledging that there is no neutral subject position, even if the history of intellectual thought would lead you to believe otherwise. If I have learned anything from this dissertation, it is that more often than not, people embody multiplicities, and their actions and ideologies live twinned – suspended – floating – in the grey area of the in-between. Intellectuals are certainly not exempt from the ambivalence of this grey zone.

Growing up, I was never asked to consider the implications of my German heritage and never likened the homogenous white culture of Morton, Illinois to ideals of racial purity in German history. I knew that we had cousins and aunts and uncles who still lived in Germany, but our family was completely detached from our relatives and ancestors alike. We weren't German; we were American. We were poor, yet we were privileged. We were privileged enough to be granted the right to *forget*. We were privileged enough to be able to conceive of ourselves as *separate* from the lineages and reverberations of racial violence.

Growing up in Illinois, I was taught that as a member of the Northern states, we were on the side of the *good guys* in the Civil War. We were taught to believe that given this, Illinois had no histories of racial violence. We were never taught that Morton was in fact a 'sundown town' – where it was widely known, yet seldom spoken of that Black people had to leave the town by sundown or likely face violence and discrimination. We were never taught that the neighboring town of Pekin was a known base for the Ku Klux Klan, or that neo-Nazi Matt Hale was born nearby in East Peoria where he founded the white supremacist group the World Church of the Creator. My alma mater Bradley University certainly does not advertise that Hale received his B.A. there, nor his J.D. from Southern Illinois University. No one taught us the deeply racist histories of red-lining in Chicago – just that it was not safe to go to the South Side. It was not until I was researching Joséphine Baker for my dissertation that I learned of the East St. Louis Race Riot of 1917. *We weren't Confederates, we didn't own slaves – we had nothing to atone for.* We merely go on as if nothing happened, in the hopes that the propaganda of silence will soon destroy any traces and subsequent believability of such violent history. That is, after all, the American way.

Throughout my work, I must accept that these seemingly opposing realities coexist within me – an impossible dialectic on the issues of power and self-determination. Given recent presidential politics, it seemed unfathomable to many of us how 55% of white women voted for Donald Trump in 2020 – even higher than the 53% who voted for him in 2016. They witnessed his horrific misogyny, and not only accepted it, but applauded it. Often it is in the best interest of white women to accept the violence of the patriarchy in order to uphold a system which largely serves to benefit white supremacy and white culture as a whole.

I do not seek to reduce or render the complexities of these stories, nor directly compare my trauma to another's. I merely know the *feeling* of someone preferring me dead or silent, and I want to use the voice I have built and the institutional access I have been granted, to do my part in dismantling the system which has simultaneously built and destroyed my personhood. Following the teachings of Audre Lorde, "I am not free while any woman is unfree, even when her shackles are very different from my own. And I am not free as long as one person of Color remains chained."[2] And as Toni Morrison has reminded us, once we are granted access, it is our responsibility to hold the door open for someone else. This is the only way academia will begin to see diversity of thought, as well as diversity of faculty and students alike.

The broader implications of this research lie in how we learn about and make sense of both historical and contemporary violence in Western societies, and how the two inform one another. I am concerned with the construction of the intellectual *and* the social consciousness, and I attempt to navigate it fully acknowledging that I am immersed in both its racialized mythologies and patriarchal traumas. I have intimate experience in the dominant memory regimes of both the United States and Germany, and I believe that by studying these side by side, we stand to expose their hypocrisies as well as their failings. Simultaneously, we learn something new about historiography itself as it has imbibed iterations of facts, myths, and the racial imagination, culminating in the product which we call *history*. Often, these historical narratives are formed by the ruling class through the lenses of racism, xenophobia, homophobia, and misogyny. It needs to be noted, however, that these myths are also constructed by marginalized individuals, groups, and imagined communities as acts of survival to navigate a violent society. When dealing with such opaque and contentious histories, *facts*, as they stand, serve little purpose in depicting reality. As Sue Grand writes:

---

[2] Audre Lorde, "The Uses of Anger," *Women's Studies Quarterly* 25, no. 1/2 (1997): 278-285.

> We must listen and prepare to be bewildered; we must be bewildered and yet persist in the pursuit of historical truth […] we must seek a pathway toward truth that registers both the *impossibility* of knowing history and the *imperative* to know history…even as we know that what really happened, happened in obscurity.[3]

The following dissertation is the story which I have constructed through years of deep and wide listening, collecting fragments across continents, decades, and academic disciplines and their methodologies alike. Such widely scattered remnants nearly ensured these stories' evisceration. This story is not one of historical fiction, but of a constellation of fictions which seek to depict a fuller, messier, and more contextualized reality, narrated through voices which history has neglected. This is a story of Black jazz musicians in Nazi-occupied Paris. This is a story of Black jazz which was not considered "authentic" enough to be of any serious interest to the arbiters of early jazz criticism and history in Western Europe.

---

[3] Sue Grand, *The Reproduction of Evil: A Clinical and Cultural Perspective* (Hillsdale, NJ: The Analytic Press, 2000), 41. See also: O'Brian, T. *The Things They Carried* (New York: Penguin Books, 1990); and Alpert, L. "Story – truth and happening – truth," in: *Memories of Sexual Betrayal: Truth, Fantasy, Repression, and Dissociation*, ed. R. Gartner (Northvale, NJ: Jason Aronson, 1996).

Introduction

Myth & Metaphor:
On the Politics of Anti-Blackness in the Holocaust

> *Is this a man? Is this a woman? Her lips are painted black, her skin is the color of banana, her hair, already short, is stuck to her head as if made of caviar, her voice is high-pitched, she shakes continually, and her body slithers like a snake...The sounds of the orchestra seem to come from her...Is she horrible? Is she ravishing? Is she black? Is she white? Nobody knows for sure. There is no time to know. She returns as she left, quick as a one-step dance, she is not a woman, she is not a dancer, she is something extravagant and passing, just like the music…*[4]

Is she not a woman? In this text, Pierre de Régnier describes his experience of witnessing Joséphine Baker. Each clause is more unsettling than the last – she is at once manly with her short hair, yet too sexualized to be a man. Her skin is likened to the exoticized banana, and her hair described as wet, decadent caviar. She shakes as if she were possessed and likened to an exotic, fear-inducing snake. She is simultaneously *horrible* and *ravishing*, and her body itself produces the cacophony of the orchestra. In this, as her body *becomes* the forbidden music, she becomes ephemeral – her personhood is dispensable. Her being is momentary; *there is no time*. She serves her purpose to arouse and titillate, as she synchronously ceases to exist.

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[4] Pierre de Régnier, as cited in Chase and Baker, *Josephine: The Hungry Heart*. (New York: Random House, 1993), 5.

***Dr. Jazz*, Dietrich Schulz-Köhn**

Hello, Central, give me Doctor Jazz
He’s got what I need, I’ll say he has.
When the world goes wrong
And I got the blues,
He’s the man who make me
Get out both my dancing shoes!

The more I get, the more I want it seems,
I page old Doctor Jazz in all my dreams.
When I’m trouble bound and mixed,
He’s the guy that gets me fixed.
Hello, Central, give me Doctor Jazz.[5]

This week, in April 2022, I returned to Graz, Austria to finalize a few details in the Dietrich Schulz-Köhn jazz archive before submitting my dissertation. Schulz-Köhn was once an Oberleutnant in the Luftwaffe, an avid hot jazz fan, and he was released from French captivity soon after the war largely due to his claim of saving famous guitarist Django Reinhardt from Nazi peril. After the war, he led an extensive career in jazz radio and criticism and was fondly referred to as *Dr. Jazz* in Germanic jazz scenes. Jazz was the addiction of the people, and Dr. Jazz was the one who could provide it. After his death in 1999, his extensive collections were donated to the Jazz Institute at the University for Music and Performing Arts Graz.

Joséphine Baker and Dietrich Schulz-Köhn hold the leading roles of this dissertation. Considering both the ‘facts’ and mythologies of these figures in the jazz scenes of occupied Europe, as well as the reverberations of such histories within the European and US-American social consciousness, I analyze both the weaponization of the racial imagination and its mythologies against Black jazz musicians, as well as the ways in which mythologies of race, ethnicity, nationality, and sexuality were melded and utilized by Black musicians as subversive acts of survival. Often, mythologies and ideological incongruencies surrounding figures such as Schulz-Köhn are meticulously and unapologetically explained, or even lionized as cunning and subversive radicalism. While the folklore of Black musicians, and Black women musicians in particular, is met with distrust and dismissal. Ultimately, I seek to address the issue of racialized myth on historiography, the impacts of such historiography on both the social consciousness and within scholarly discourse, in an attempt to restore silenced Black voices to the histories of jazz. In doing so, I hope to illuminate the mechanisms of such acts of silencing rooted within the academic study of music and scholarly notions of verifiable fact, as well as the impact it continues to have on the social consciousness. Our ability to properly confront, process, and pay reparations to histories of racialized violence in the United States and Western Europe is dependent on the breaking of these silences.

---

[5] Joe Oliver and Walter Melrose, “Doctor Jazz Stomp,” (1927) as cited in Dietrich Schulz-Köhn, *I Got Rhythm: 40 Jazz-Evergreens und ihre Geschichte*, (München: Wilhelm Heyne Verlag, 1990), 139.

27 April 2022
Graz, Austria

Yesterday, I went to lunch with a few of the PhD candidates from the Jazz Institute. We found a cozy little spot a few blocks from the school, ordered some delicious handmade pasta, and caught up on the status of our work and all the politics of music academia. I then pivoted to ask my Austrian colleagues about their take on Schulz-Köhn's use of the word "Neger" in the 1940s to describe Miles Davis, Tadd Dameron, and Kenny Clarke, of whom he claimed to be an avid fan. After submitting my recent article on the archive, there was debate amongst my reviewers as to the meaning of the word – perhaps it was not the egregious slur that I had assumed it to be in that historical moment. However, when I mentioned this to my Austrian colleagues, their mouths dropped in disbelief that this term could have ever been considered less than a slur in the German language. One of my colleagues from Vienna spoke of the long history of the word in the vernacular. He insisted that white Viennese continue to use the word to imply that one is poor or "broke," insinuating that Blackness and poverty are inextricably linked in the Austrian capital – the same capital city where Joséphine Baker was called *The Black Devil* nearly a century prior. Many racially homogenous regions will outwardly claim to not have issues of racism, simply due to the fact that there are so few minorities living there. Yet just because Austria does not have the same level of visual racial violence that the United States had and continues to have, does not mean that psychic violence is not present, nor does it mean that psychically. and physically violent events have not occurred in the country. Events such as the violent protests which erupted upon Joséphine Baker's arrival in Vienna in 1928 become part of the *tacit knowledge* of the nation's history – that which we are aware, but rarely speak of. It is difficult to understand how a culture which has outwardly done so much to critically face the atrocities of the Holocaust, could be so willfully silent concerning the impenitent racisms which circulate freely in Germanic cultures. When I began my dissertation research, I looked to the postwar educational models of Germany and Austria in contrast to the willfully ignorant models of curriculum in the United States. However, four years of research later, I cannot ethically claim that Germanic models are any more progressive than ours. Pervasive anti-Blackness exists in contemporary Germanic cultures, and its silence and invisibility render it all the more haunting.

―――

Many Black Americans did flee Europe at the outbreak of the war, and Germany itself had a very small Black population. Because of this, Black people were not perceived to be a considerable threat to the Third Reich. Consequently, there has been little scholarship written which addresses European anti-Blackness during World War II, and even less within the study of music. However, Black jazz musicians, in particular, shouldered the weight of European anti-Blackness and Orientalism more broadly, due to the fact that the *sound* of jazz – the hot rhythms, Black vocal timbres, and racialized instrumentations – metonymically represented the Black Other. Blackness, however, receives little attention in scholarly thought in the Second World War. Contributing to scholarship which considers the role of the Black Modern, I argue that reception of hot jazz, in particular, constituted a considerable portion of the National Socialist Party's conceptions of race, as well as a Western European social consciousness more broadly. The fields of Art History and Visual Studies have long conceptualized the violence of the white Western *gaze*, and the psychic violence of the white Western ear functions much in the same manner. It is not as easy to conceive of this violence when we speak of musical traditions, as the gaze itself is penetrative – the eyes are directed *at* and *fall upon* the subject. The apparatus of the camera only amplifies and mechanizes this violence. Susan Sontag has famously written that the camera is the sublimation of the gun. However, in sonic culture, sound waves come *from* the marginalized subject *to* the listener's ear. It is through this directionality of receiving sound waves in which white listeners imagined Black music *entering* and *intoxicating* their bodies.

White Western culture broadly believed that they would be *infected* with Blackness by listening to jazz, while Hitler believed that jazz itself would contaminate the purity of Aryan blood through miscegenation. At the core of this dissertation, I argue that the anti-Black racial imagination of wartime Europe was not only dictated largely by beliefs about Black music, but that these ideologies held by both the intellectual and public spheres, remain our Western cultural heritage to this day. While this dissertation will discuss the sound of jazz, more importantly, it listens to the ways in which jazz was *listened to*.

As with many iterations of white culture consuming Black cultural production, audiences exhibited both fear and utter fascination with the music and its culturally constructed connotations. While the National Socialist Party believed that

Jewishness was an *internal threat* to German culture, Blackness represented the ultimate, external “exotic Other,” which largely did not exist within the physical borders of Germany, nor within a metaphysical concept of Germanness itself. Black culture had not assimilated to the concept of German culture. Jazz, therefore, was a titillating and seductive *escape* - jazz became a frontier to be colonized. In many ways, this can be likened to forms of early ethnomusicology, of collection, and of colonial narratives of “preservation.” “Proper” Germans could experience the exotic temptation of Black music, could obsess and collect artifacts of Black culture – could even claim to intellectually value the cultural production, without it ever threatening the core of what it meant to be German. On the contrary, it intellectualized figures such as Schulz-Köhn and other affluent German jazz connoisseurs. These men were lionized as saviors, as men who rebelliously preserved the music from eradication in the Third Reich. As this was an intellectual pursuit, these men could consume jazz freely, without the risk of falling victim to the [6]*fever*. They, in fact, were still proper Germans.

Admittedly, jazz fandom was quite ambivalent in Germany. In many ways, jazz was restricted and even banned in the Third Reich, at varying times and to varying degrees, but even Propaganda Minister Josef Goebbels knew that German citizens and German soldiers’ spirits were lifted by the music. He implemented rules by which the performance of jazz could be regulated, harnessed, and “whitened,” as he created state-sponsored jazz orchestras to rewrite jazz standards with propaganda lyrics. At the root of the fear of jazz was a deeply entrenched fear that Black music could somehow *infect* Aryan society. While dancing to jazz outwardly presented opportunity for sexual promiscuity, the fears extended far beyond literal dancing. Jazz was often spoken of with terms implying infectious disease and drunkenness. As scholars such as Ronald Radano have pointed out, Black music metonymically came to represent fears of Black sexuality, and therefore directly representing fears of miscegenation.[7] Even in contemporary scholarship, references to "incubation," "infected," "hot jazz virus," and "high-grade hot jazz fever" are still being used to describe hot jazz fans, without any consideration of their implied anti-Blackness or their historical embeddedness.[8] While Blackness remained othered in German culture, the histories of the Rhineland children illustrate the deeply entrenched fears of Aryan purity in Germany between the wars. During the occupation of Germany after World War I, there were approximately 600-800 children born to Black French fathers and white German mothers. In 1937, these Black children were tracked down by the Gestapo and sterilized in the name of racial purity of the German people. This was a year before the pogrom of Kristallnacht, which is largely perceived as the outbreak of physical violence in the Third Reich.

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[6] See: Michael Kater, *Different Drummers*: *Jazz in the Culture of Nazi Germany* (New York, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1992); Leonard Feather, “How Jazz Survived During the Third Reich,” *The Los Angeles Times*, July 1992.

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[7] Ronald Radano, "Hot Fantasies: American Modernism and the Idea of Black Rhythm." In: *Music and the Racial Imagination*. Eds. by Ronald Radano and Philip V. Bohlman. (Chicago / London, University of Chicago Press, 2000).

[8] See Andreas Kolb, "Angepasst und widerständig: Wehrmachtsoffizier und Jazzpropagandist Dietrich Schulz-Köhn," *Jazzzeitung* 11 (2002): 2–3, https://www.jazzzeitung.de/jazz /2002/11/dossier-koehn.shtml. Accessed November 7, 2021.

During my time in the Dietrich Schulz-Köhn jazz archives in Graz, Austria, I found evidence of Schulz-Köhn's own perceptions of Blackness. While Schulz-Köhn was in fact a high-ranking officer in the Luftwaffe, he was also said to have rebelled against the Reich in order to save hot jazz from elimination. He notoriously collected and preserved thousands of banned records throughout the war, many of which remain uncatalogued in the archive, and he had a preference for Black American celebrity musicians such as Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, and Count Basie. Photographs in his archive indicate intimate friendships with the musicians long past the war. Yet ample evidence remains which indicates that Schulz-Köhn shared many fears of Blackness with both the National Socialist Party, as well as European culture at large. While many Black American musicians fled to Europe after WWI for greater professional opportunity, as well as to escape the imminent threat of violence in daily life in the United States, they were certainly faced with prejudices of primitivist and Orientalist logics. Improvisation in jazz was perceived to be a departure from rational thought into an unconscious delirium. The emotive that would lead a performer to this cognitive state was thought to be driven by Black sexuality, both male and female.

The following excerpts from *Paranoia du Jazz (L'improvisation dans la Musique du Jazz)* by Albert Bettonville were found in the personal library collection of Dietrich Schulz-Köhn. Since Schulz-Köhn was notorious for underlining and taking notes in colored pencil while reading, it is easy to locate the sections and concepts that resonated with Schulz-Köhn most strongly. The texts which I have cited here are the two sections in the small book which were marked (with exclamation points or were triple underlined in multiple colors). I have further noted in the quotations where Schulz-Köhn placed additional emphasis. The first section which he underlines and writes exclamation points in the margins describes Coleman Hawkins as a deeply sexualized, murderous man, taking victims each time he plays:

> *Au début,* *Coleman Hawkins* [emphasis Schulz-Köhn]*, joue souvent sans enthousiasme, il cherche des yeux dans la salle quelque présence. Lorsque son regard s'arrete sur quelque beau visage de femme attentif, il s'adoucit, ferme les yeux sur l'image, subissant son influence. Son jeu devient alors une véritable immolation. Sa muse, c'est un long procès de femme anonymes.* [emphasis Schulz-Köhn] *(Bib Heuvelmans.)*[9]
>
> At the beginning, Coleman Hawkins [emphasis Schulz-Köhn], often plays without enthusiasm, he looks around the room for some presence. When his gaze stops on some beautiful, attentive woman's face, he softens, closes his eyes on the image, undergoing its influence. His game then becomes a real immolation.
> His muse is a long proceeding of anonymous women. [emphasis Schulz-Köhn]
>
> (Bernard Heuvelmans.)

As we can see, the perception of delirium required for improvisation is not only racialized Black, but also deeply sexualized in a horrific and murderous manner (as national myths often employ the trope of protecting women to justify racism and xenophibia). This text was published shortly after Bettonville's first article, "L'Improvisation et la connaissance irrationnelle, par les sons, de l'activité psychique," ["Improvisation and the irrational knowledge, through sounds, of psychic activity"], (1938). While it remains unclear exactly when this text came into Schulz-

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[9] Albert Bettonville, *Paranoia du Jazz (L'improvisation dans la Musique du Jazz)*, (Paris, Bruxelles: Les Cahiers du Jazz, 1939), 23.

Köhn’s possession, it is likely that he read it near its date of publication. The summary of Bettonville’s argument was also marked exuberantly by Schulz-Köhn:

> *CONCLUSION*
>
> *L'improvisation, flot de notes impérieuses, jaillissement paranoiaque débordant l'inconscient, apporte un moyen d'investigation pour la connaissance de l'être humain. Elle se situe sur ce plan (valeur de document) dans le cadre à la fois exact et illimité des métamorphoses continuelles, de la beauté authentique,* ***convulsive*** [emphasis Bettonville]. *Elle réussit à soustraire le musicien au contrôle de la conscience anti-créatrice, à le sublimer.*
>
> Improvisation, a flood of imperious notes, a paranoid burst overflowing the unconscious, brings a means of investigation for the knowledge of the human being. It is situated on this level (documentary value) in the exact and unlimited framework of continual metamorphoses, of authentic, **convulsive** [emphasis Bettonville] beauty. It succeeds in removing the musician from the control of the anti-creative consciousness, in sublimating him. [Paragraph triple-marked in the right margin, twice in blue, and then once in red by Schulz-Köhn.][10]

Bettonville ends his short text in pseudo-psychoanalytic terms, referencing the unconscious and sublimation. Yet he also chooses the words *flot* [flood], and *jaillissement* [burst], and bolds the term *convulsive* to lead the reader to imagine Black male sexuality and the Black phallus itself. He uses the term *immolation* to conjure images of the murder of his sacrificial victims in flames. He then claims that this “authentic beauty” of Black improvisation succeeds in taking over the musician, in removing the musician from the possibility of rational thought, in sublimating the socially unacceptable (Black) sexual impulse into an accepted, or even desired behavior, through sound.

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[10] Albert Bettonville, *Paranoia du Jazz (L’improvisation dans la Musique du Jazz)*, (Paris, Bruxelles: Les Cahiers du Jazz, 1939), 35.

All of this, however, was not intended to be read as a condemnation of jazz. On the contrary, Bettonville and his reader Schulz-Köhn celebrated the *magic* and *mystery* it emulated. Furthermore, it is evident within this text that while these iterations of the racial imagination apply to Blackness broadly, it was most strongly tied to notions of *hot jazz*, thereby layering prejudices of the European racial imagination on top of socio-political and economic disdain for the modernism and *decadence* of the United States. The following image from the text shows that the *délire* [delirium] associated with US-American Blackness was present in the French racial imagination by 1869 at the latest.

While Black people were not perceived to be a minority group which posed a considerable threat to the Third Reich, and therefore were not persecuted as fervently as other groups, it is imperative to understand anti-Blackness as it functioned in the social consciousness of wartime Europe, as it is imperative to mourn the loss of Black lives and the silencing of Black histories which reverberate to this day in scholarship and culture more broadly. The particularities of such anti-Blackness which I will discuss throughout this dissertation were not only disseminated broadly (consciously and/or unconsciously) to Western European and North American populations through the medium of popular, commercialized music, they were also evident in scholarly and philosophical discourses and remain so to present day. These patterns of fear and fascination of Black music have been inherited from generations prior, and only by ethically and empathetically reopening this painful history can we heal the legacies of this racial and cultural trauma which continue to haunt us.

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I stood in front of my audience at the Rhythm Changes jazz conference in 2019, and I began by asking them why there were no Black scholars there. I was presenting on the last day of the conference, which had hosted 120 papers that year, the majority of which spoke on Black historical subjects or interlocutors. Yet not a single one of the speakers at the conference was Black. There were a few Black scholars who were scheduled to present, but for whatever reason, they did not make it to Graz. This juxtaposition of non-Black scholars to Black jazz subjects deeply unsettled me. There are so many insidious factors that contributed to this reality. This is not a criticism of the conference organizers, but a symptom of the field of Jazz Studies as a whole, and the reality of situations such as these simply must change. It was as if the Black musicians we study once again were rendered as merely *objects* of study, with no Black voices to represent them.

The thing which we call "jazz" is undeniably, at its core, Black American cultural production. While there are many iterations and cultures of jazz throughout the world, and this might be an unpopular opinion for some jazz scholars in Europe, in particular, "jazz" as it is abstractly conceived is a product of the Black Americas. More importantly, however, the pejorative metonymic connotations of Blackness perceived in jazz (and specifically in hot rhythm and Black timbre, as this dissertation will analyze), was placed squarely on the backs of Black musicians and Black culture more broadly. After over a century of anti-Black racism being enacted through music itself while white culture appropriates the musical techniques and virtuosity of Black musicians, reparations must be made. After over a century of considering the origins of the music to be low-brow, while simultaneously considering the *study* of such music to be a cultured and intellectual pursuit, we simply must acknowledge that every national and cultural iteration of jazz owes a profound debt to Blackness and the violent silencing(s) of Black people.

For a dissertation specifically in the study of Music, it might seem ironic or counterproductive to be a dissertation which focuses its analysis largely on the study of silence, yet silence and the histories of jazz are intimately bound. While at once, this is a study of the rhythms and timbres of jazz throughout the Second World War, it is simultaneously and inextricably a study of authorial voice and archival and institutional silencing. As Rebecca Solnit writes in her essay “A Short History of Silence,” “If to have a voice, to be allowed to speak, to be heard and believed is essential to being an insider or a person of power, a human being with full membership, then it’s important to recognize that silence is the universal condition of oppression, and there are many kinds of silence and of the silenced.” Solnit’s analysis largely focuses on the silencing of women, yet she acknowledges that “the category *women* is a long boulevard that intersects with many other avenues, including class, race, poverty and wealth. Traveling this boulevard means crossing others, and it never means that the city of silence has only one street or one route through it that matters."[11] While I remain uncertain that this metaphor encompasses the complexities and duplicitous nature of such categories, I find the concept of the *city of silence* and its constellated pathways to be useful. While I consider this dissertation to be inherently feminist, it is merely one of the factors I analyze to describe the complex web of silencing in early transatlantic jazz. This transdisciplinary work will traverse the disciplines of Historical Ethnomusicology, Sound Studies, Visual Studies, Archival Studies, Memory Studies, Queer Theory, Affect Theory, German and Jewish Studies, and Rhetoric, but at its core is concerned with Blackness as it intersects with music, politics, and the social consciousness. Undoubtedly, femininity and believability play a large role in this reparative history.

Truth and Post-truth

> My question is simple: Should we be at war? We, the scholars? The intellectuals? Is it really our duty to add fresh ruins to the field of ruins? Is it really the task of humanities to add deconstruction to destruction? More iconoclasm to iconoclasm? [...]
>
> In these most depressing of times, these are some of the issues I want to press, not to depress the reader, but to press ahead… My question is thus: Can we devise another powerful descriptive tool that deals this time with matters of concern and whose import then will no longer be to debunk but to protect and care, as Donna Haraway would put it?[12]

This project is not about one thing, but instead a constellation of things. While at once this project is outwardly a study of Black American jazz musicians who remained in Nazi-occupied territory, it is simultaneously a critique of the ways in which the racial imagination has dictated historiography, as well as the impact of such scholarly rhetoric to the formation of the social consciousness more broadly to this day. It locates traces of forgotten or miswritten Black voices, and it constructs remnants of social, political, and even intimate artifacts through which we may begin to know these silenced histories of jazz. I hope I can make you see that we, as scholars – we write "truth," we write history; we here are *making* "facts" – "for facts are merely a network - they stand and fall not on the strength of their inherent veracity, but on the strength of the institutions and practices that produce them and make them intelligible. If the network breaks down, the facts go with them."[13] According to Bruno Latour, at least.

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[11] Solnit, "A Short History of Silence," *The Mother of All Questions*, (Chicago: Haymarket Books, 2017), 24.

[12] Bruno Latour, "Why has critique run out of steam? From matters of fact to matters of concern." *Critical Inquiry* 30 (Winter 2004), 232.

Rebecca Solnit writes in this vein in her book *Recollections of My Nonexistence*: "I wanted writing that could be lavish, subtle, evocative, that could describe mists and moods and hopes and not just facts and solid objects. I wanted to map how the world is connected by patterns and intuitions and resemblances."[14] In this text, she acknowledges that a silenced subject gains the ability to listen to such silences, and holds the ability to conceive of the seemingly ineffable realities which sculpt lived experience, outside of the realm of discernable and verifiable *facts*. Many scholars have taken up notions of post-truth, or the differences of paranoid and reparative readings,[15] in an attempt to grapple with the paranoia of the increasingly competitive academic job market as well as political anxieties more broadly.

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[13] Ava Kofman, "Bruno Latour, the Post-Truth Philosopher, Mounts a Defense of Science," *The New York Times*, Oct 25, 2018. https://www.nytimes.com/2018/10/25/magazine/bruno-latour-post-truth-philosopher-science.html.

[14] Rebecca Solnit, *Recollections of My Nonexistence*, 126.

Similar to notions of truth and propaganda in the Third Reich, the United States is attempting to recover from the Trump era, when Twitter and right-wing rhetoric denied the climate crisis or the reality of the COVID-19 pandemic. When truth seems to be the only weapon we have against authoritarian propaganda, it would seem reasonable to cling to truth more fervently than ever.

The Politics of Metaphor and Memory of the Holocaust

> I also know what it feels like to belong to a
> people whose history has come to stand,
> in the cultural imaginary of the world at large,
> for evil incarnate.
>
> -Gabrielle Schwab, *Haunting Legacies*

In this section, I will outline the major concepts of World War II and the Holocaust that must be considered in conjunction with the anti-Black discourse I will present throughout this paper. While this dissertation largely focuses on the under- and un-written histories of Black jazz musicians in occupied Paris, it is also deeply intertwined with the histories of anti-Jewish and anti-Semitic violence in Europe, as well as other forms of racism and discrimination which defined ideologies of the National Socialist Party. Throughout this dissertation, I will often point to the ways in which Hitler and the Reich learned from US-American models of slavery, race law, genocide, and eugenics, as well as the ways in which American financiers propelled such pseudo-scientific studies. In doing so, it is my intent to highlight the hypocrisies of US-American exceptionalism as well as the glaring silences in our dominant memory regime. However, it is at once imperative not to conceive of these elements as indexical or as self-evident truth that would inevitably lead to the Holocaust. As Michael Bernstein writes:

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[15] See: William Cheng, *Just Vibrations: The Purpose of Sounding Good*, (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 2016; Deborah Wong, "Ethnomusicology without Erotics," *Women and Music: A Journal of Gender and Culture* 19, 2015.

> On a historical level, there is the contradiction between conceiving of the Shoah as simultaneously unimaginable *and* inevitable. On an ethical level, the contradiction is between saying no one could have foreseen the triumph of genocidal anti-Semitism, while also claiming that those who stayed in Europe are in part responsible for their fate because they failed to anticipate the danger. On a narrative level, the contradiction is between insisting on the unprecedented and singular nature of the Shoah as an event and yet still using the most lurid formal tropes and commonplace literary conventions to narrate it.[16]

While at once, Bernstein points to the dialectic between the unimaginable and the inevitable, as well as the cognitive dissonance required to reach such an understanding, he simultaneously warns a reader of his concept of *backshadowing*, in which a contemporary subject might read events leading to the Holocaust as indicative of the violence to come. Indeed, similar socio-political climates have failed to lead to the severity of violence of the Holocaust.

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[16] Michael André Bernstein, *Foregone Conclusions: Against Apocalyptic History*, (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1994), 23. On page 10, he writes on his use of the word “Shoah” instead of “Holocaust”: “(Because the word *holocaust* carries with it a penumbra of unwelcome theological implications of a divinely sanctioned sacrifice, I have preferred to use the Hebrew word Shoah throughout this book in referring to the Nazi genocide.)”

It is simultaneously imperative to understand that the Holocaust was not merely a product of racism throughout Europe and cannot be directly likened to US-American anti-Blackness rooted in slavery, nor anti-indigenous racism rooted in the histories of colonialism. The anti-Semitism which developed in Germany in the late 19th century cannot explain the extent to which non-Jewish people throughout the European continent participated in or remained complicit with Germany's actions leading up to and throughout the Third Reich. The racialized histories of anti-Semitism have much deeper roots throughout Europe in the form of anti-Jewishness, dating back centuries. Authors such as Robert Chazan theorize that anti-Jewishness is a central tenant to the New Testament and Christianity as a whole:

> The depiction of total Roman innocence and total Jewish guilt in the most dramatic episode in the Gospel accounts of the life of Christ has resonated down through the centuries. For many Christians, the Gospel depiction of Jewish culpability for the Crucifixion captured the essence of Judaism and Jewishness. Jews of all times were considered to be consumed by the hatred of Christ and Christianity and to bear responsibility for insistence on the death of Jesus.

He continues:

> Is Christianity at its core antisemitic (utilizing the term in this spelling as I have used it throughout this book as a designation for radical and dangerously provocative anti-Jewish thinking)? […] Put in other terms, could Christianity be freed of its allegedly antisemitic essence and still remain Christianity?[17]

While issues of anti-Jewishness remained deeply embedded in Christian ideology, social issues in Eastern Europe also contributed to the development of antisemitism in the 1920s. Jewish populations in Poland, Hungary, and Romania were larger than that of Western and Central Europe. Walter Laqueur argues that in these countries, it had not yet become a racialized matter, but entangled in religion and nationalism. He claims that the church in these areas did not advocate for physical violence but did favor legal and economic measures. Ultimately, as he argues, the rise of the Third Reich and its racialized depiction of antisemitism, allowed for more radical political leaders to gain power throughout Eastern Europe. Even in Germany, "it [was] known that among Hitler's very early followers in Munich, only about one-fifth said antisemitism was the most important single factor in their decision to join the movement."[18] Often, members of the party joined for motivations associated with extreme nationalism, the ramifications of the Treaty of Versailles, or the cult of Hitler itself. The racialization of Judaism from its religious roots merely served to amplify the policies and violence against Jewish people. Throughout this paper, it is not my intent to reduce or render the histories of anti-Jewish violence in European history, nor do I intend to use its comparison to absolve German guilt or restore a sense of German national pride (as the argument has been used historically). I intend to carefully and ethically consider the comparison of anti-Blackness throughout the Holocaust to expand our notion of historical responsibility. As Michael Rothberg argues, the comparison of the Holocaust to other global forms of slavery and colonialism does not lead to a blockage of empathy, but instead it pulls a reader into history, and these new lenses can lead to deeper understandings of historical violence.[19]

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[17] Robert Chazan, *From Anti-Judaism to Anti-Semitism: Ancient and Medieval Christian Constructions of Jewish History* (Cambridge, MA: Cambridge University Press, 2016), 237.

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[18] Walter Laqueur, *The Changing Face of Anti-Semitism: From Ancient Times to the Present Day*, (Oxford University Press USA-OSO, 2006), 113.

There is an ongoing debate in German culture concerning the politics of comparison of the Holocaust to global histories of slavery, genocide, and colonialism. The dominant memory regime of the Federal Republic of Germany is grounded in a concept that the Holocaust was a singular and unique atrocity which is differentiated against all other crimes in the country and its history. This formed the basis of post-war political ideology, as the country dedicated itself to restitution and reparations of the Jewish people. In 1986-1987, there was a return of what was termed the *Historikerstreit*, or the historian's debate, in German public and scholarly discourse. While the academic debate largely considered the ways in which the National Socialist Party and the Holocaust would be incorporated into German historiography, it also addressed the ways in which the legacies of the era would be perceived and understood by the German people – thereby constituting the image that the German public would have of themselves, as well as their roles and responsibilities to this history in contemporary culture. In this iteration of the debate, it was largely accepted that comparison and metaphors of the Holocaust were used to absolve German guilt, and that the Holocaust must be perceived as a singular and unique event in modern history. One of the main voices in this debate was that of Jurgen Habermas, who claimed that many of the arguments against the Holocaust's singularity merely functioned as revisionist history and were concerned with restoring a sense of nationalism and pride in being German. He also argued that many of the arguments against comparison made by conservative historians such as Andreas Hillgruber and Michael Stürmer were merely apologetic and made it appear that the Shoah was regrettable, yet understandable in an attempt to create a sense of closure in German society. In the wake of this *Historikerstreit*, it became widely accepted that the Holocaust was in fact singular and unique, and any scholarly attempt to compare or metaphorize the Holocaust became wholly unacceptable.[20]

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[19] Michael Rothberg, "Debating Holocaust Memory: The Politics of Comparison in Contemporary Germany," Hayden White Memorial Lecture, University of California Santa Cruz, April 4, 2022.

It is important to consider here that the histories of the Holocaust are not solely rooted in racism and do in fact differ from forms of colonialism and slavery. The histories of anti-Semitism are rooted in the histories of European anti-Jewishness. Before the concept of the racialization of the Jewish people, discrimination throughout Western Europe was rooted in discriminatory religious beliefs. Both the nature of the discrimination and persecution of Jews in the Holocaust, as well as the extent of the genocide informed the outcome of the historian's debate of 1986 and 1987.

Since 1987, however, there has been a continued grappling with legacies of the Holocaust in German culture. In a 2021 article, "People with a Nazi Background':

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[20] See: Ferenc Laczo and Jennifer Evans, "Contesting German Memory Culture: A Conversation with Jennifer Evans on the Catechism Debate," *Review of Democracy*, July 23, 2021. https://revdem.ceu.edu/2021/07/23/contesting-german-memory-culture-a-conversation-with-jennifer-evans-on-the-catechism-debate/. See also: Matt Fitzpatrick, "The New Fascism Syllabus: Exploring the New Right through Scholarship and Civic Engagement," May 27, 2021. http://newfascismsyllabus.com/opinions/on-the-german-catechism/, accessed April 25, 2022.

Race, Memory, and Responsibility," American Memory Studies scholar Michael Rothberg continues to grapple with the German debate over *Menschen mit Nazihintergund*. He begins his article simply by stating, "It might seem that everything has already been said about historical responsibility for Germany's National Socialist past. Yet the topic remains explosive."[21] There are many Germans and Austrians alike, who have been taught the histories and legacies of the Holocaust throughout their entire education, who believe that these were crimes of their parents and grandparents, and that they are continuously burdened with the guilt of crimes in which they took no part. This is not dissimilar from debates around the history of slavery and reparations in the United States. Younger generations feel entirely disconnected from national legacies of violence, or even burdened with guilt and shame over crimes which they did not commit.

Yet it must be asked – what *are* the legacies of the Holocaust which can be identified in present day which benefit the descendants of perpetrators? Many arguments focus on either a biological notion of inheritance or an economic debate around Nazi looting and generational wealth. Rothberg theorizes that there ways in which descendants of Nazis have benefitted economically, yet he argues that "histories of violence do not possess a simple endpoint. They persist in ways simultaneously ideological, material, and psychic."[22] He also warns us that if the legacies of the Holocaust are perceived of in biological terms, it risks reifying the notion of Germanness itself as Aryan, thereby recreating the very ideologies of racial hierarchy which it seeks to critique. So where does responsibility lie in Germanic culture? Michael Rothberg, as well as scholars such as Gabrielle Schwab, address the issues surrounding the concept of an *implicated subject*. Rothberg states:

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[21] Michael Rothberg, "People with a Nazi Background": Race, Memory, and Responsibility," in *Los Angeles Review of Books*, May 20, 2021, 1. https://lareviewofbooks.org/article/people-with-a-nazi-background-race-memory-and-responsibility/. Accessed June 8, 2021.
[22] Rothberg, 3.

> Beneficiaries are not "guilty" of the crimes from which they have benefited. Yet violent histories sometimes produce guilt and shame for perpetrators' descendants. Implicated subjects must confront not only these emotional legacies but also their responsibility for symbolic and material forms of reparation. Such reparations are the duty of society at large but especially of all those who benefit from injustices, including those who are "genealogically" implicated in the past through family inheritance.[23]

As he insists that contemporary subjects are not guilty of the crime, there are cultural responsibilities toward reparation. There are many ways in which this plays out in contemporary Germanic[24] culture. Authors such as Damani J. Partridge have critiqued the implications of the Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe, which takes up 200,000 square feet in the middle of the city of Berlin. In his article "Holocaust *Mahnmal* (Memorial): Monumental Memory amidst Contemporary Race," he argues that the monumental display presents itself as self-congratulatory moral superiority, as it excuses the culture from a genuine engagement with the everyday qualities of racial exclusion as they functioned historically, as well as in contemporary society.[25] He notes the treatment of minority groups, Turkish immigrants in particular, within the city of Berlin, as well as a stance against immigration more broadly. When I was taking German language classes in college, one of my instructors (who was a white American woman) told a story of how she studied in Germany for her master's degree. She said she had the hardest time finding an apartment, because many of the listings stated *keine Ausländer*, or "no foreigners." Frantically trying to find a place to live, she asked some of her fellow students for advice, and they assured her that she was not *ein Ausländer* – she was an *Amerikannerin*. "Foreigners" merely represented Germany's undesired foreigners. Authors such as Partridge argue that it is because of such grandiose memorials and pervasive educational pedagogies that Germanic culture believes that they have done the work necessary to pay reparations. However, Germanic culture can be blind to the fact that the mechanisms of exclusion which were at the root of National Socialist thought are alive and well today in Germany and Austria.

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[23] Rothberg, 1.

[24] When I say Germanic, I specifically imply both Germany and Austria. While Austria was annexed by Germany in 1938, there was significant support for the National Socialist Party throughout the country. While the countries do have their particularities of dialect and culture, and their cultural ideologies toward the memorialization of the Holocaust do differ, they share many aspects of guilt and responsibility toward the histories of violence.

One of the core concepts I will use throughout this work is the concept of *German silence*. Scholars such as Gabrielle Schwab and Sabine Reichel have recently analyzed the generational trauma of what it meant to be the child of a Nazi, or to have been born into a postwar culture in Germany. In her book about the German postwar generation, *What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?*, Sabine Reichel writes:

> The truth is, that Germans have remained tortured too – as they should as oppressors – because what they've committed is an irrevocably guilty act.

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[25] Damani Partridge, "Holocaust *Mahnmal* (Memorial): Monumental Memory amidst Contemporary Race," *Comparative Studies in Society and History* vol 52, no 4, 2010. 820-850.

> They haven't survived the cold-blooded annihilation of other people without substantial psychological damage -- but they are not aware of it. With every single extinguished life, something in the murderers died with the murdered in the trenches, gas chambers, and ovens.[26]

While this might not be a popular topic of discussion when considering the lasting effects of the Holocaust, it is imperative to acknowledge this barrier in German social consciousness in order to reach a more open and empathetic conversations about reparations and mechanisms of exclusion that continue to operate in German culture. In her text, *Haunting Legacies: Violent Histories and Transgenerational Trauma*, Gabrielle Schwab addresses the German concept of *Widerrede*, which simply translates to "talking back" or "arguing." Schwab notes that the belief that one should never talk back to one's parents is a belief which dates back to the very beginning of German culture in the Bismarck era. She points out, however, that *Widerrede* took on a heightened urgency during and after the war, when it could expose their active or complicit involvement in the Reich.[27]

Due to this transgenerational transmission of trauma, the prohibition on language in German culture runs deep. Schwab testified that as a child, she thought of herself as the "girl without words."[28] While attempting to sincerely reconcile the haunting legacies of the Holocaust as the daughter of Nazis, she admitted: "while I believe I can and should no longer avoid this confrontation, I still struggle over the issue of claiming a voice."[29] Silence runs deep in German culture and within German families. For these reasons, Schwab finds it necessary to continue to revisit the histories of the Holocaust, claiming that there is *tacit knowledge* in German culture which is deeply repressed. Even as she struggles to find her voice, she argues that the secret histories of guilt, shame, and crime will continue to manifest in haunting ways until this silence has finally been broken.

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[26] Gabrielle Schwab, *Haunting Legacies: Violent Histories and Transgenerational Trauma* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2010), 83.
[27] Schwab, 74-75.
[28] Schwab, 77.
[29] Schwab, 77

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In 2021, Jurgen Habermas changed his stance on the issues of comparison concerning the Holocaust. Given German Studies' recent grappling with German colonial legacies, as well as contemporary issues surrounding immigration in German society, Habermas spoke against the dominant memory regime for the first time. His argument was that global events were not the same as they were in 1986, and that a consideration of the Holocaust was necessary to understand the last decade of immigration in Germany. He argues that immigrants expand political culture, and that they bring with them new memories, including memories of violence. Therefore, he argued that Germany must take on the responsibility of its citizens and acknowledge their participation within Holocaust memory culture.[30]

In a recent lecture entitled "Debating Holocaust Memory," Michael Rothberg spoke of his work in his recent books *Multidirectional Memory,* and *The Implicated Subject*. At the core of Rothberg's work is the belief that Holocaust studies and postcolonial studies mutually inform one another, and in fact, new insight can be gained into the histories of the Holocaust through multicultural and interdisciplinary lenses. He argues that comparison does not lead to a blockage of empathy, but instead functions to pull us into history.

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[30] Jürgen Habermas, "Der Neue Historikerstreit," *Philosophie Magazin*, September 9, 2021. Accessed April 27, 2022. https://www.philomag.de/artikel/der-neue-historikerstreit

He then offered a path forward to a deeper understanding of the Holocaust and global histories of violence. Referencing Mihaela Mihai's book *Political Memory and the Aesthetics of Care*, Rothberg argued that specificity of trauma and violence does not elevate the histories of violence to the level of *sacred* or untouchable events.[31] Mihai's text argues for messier and more complex narratives of violence and their aftermaths, and she posits that the aesthetics of creative practices such as novels and films can offer new forms of dissent. Artworks, in this sense, contribute to building a world where we care about how our past influences our relationships and ways of being in the world, as they lead us to reject reductive national narratives which allow us the space to contemplate the *unsettling* without a demand for closure, moral meaning, or significance. Outwardly, Rothberg cites the work of scholars such as Hayden White and Saul Friedlander to argue against normative forms of historiography and realist modes of representation. He asserts that only fractured or disrupted narratives hold the ability to represent the horrors of the Holocaust. In chapter two, I will discuss the ways in which the concept of fractured narratives appears in relation to Blackness, memory, and opacity in works such as Frederick Douglass, Fumi Okiji, and Saidiya Hartman.[32]

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[31] Mihaela Mihai, *Political Memory and the Aesthetics of Care*, (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2022), as cited in Rothberg *Debating Holocaust Memory: The Politics of Comparison in Nazi Germany*, Hayden White Memorial Lecture, University of California Santa Cruz, April 5, 2022.

Contemporary Utterances and Resonances of the Word *Nazi*

In this dissertation, I acknowledge that the word *Nazi* itself is deeply problematic and used from all sides of the political spectrum in order to elicit an immediate and enraged response. While I am critical of unreflective and uninformed uses of the word, throughout this dissertation, I will specifically compare the collection impulses of jazz critics in the Third Reich to contemporary mechanisms of the academic study of music. Whether we are German or Austrian citizens who have been relentlessly taught the histories of the Holocaust and its lineages in our direct family lines, or whether we are Americans who grew up believing that we were the good guys who liberated Europe and fought heroically – watching countless Hollywood movie and television references that incessantly hammered home that Nazis were the ultimate representation of evil, and therefore could be eliminated by any means necessary – we all react very strongly and abruptly to any whisper of the word. It is used in US-American news cycles to describe current governmental actions, and sometimes for good reason. It is being used by Austrian citizens in public protests as a reaction to unsettling and unforgiving vaccine mandates with no exemptions. And most alarmingly, it is being used by Vladimir Putin as a justification for invading Ukraine. How is it that this one little word has come to embody not only the pinnacle of "pure evil" – or as Schwab puts it, *evil incarnate* – in a world ravaged by colonialism and genocide, but simultaneously is malleable enough to be used from any vantage point on an array of political spectrums? Maybe this trigger word, this click-bait word, could be stripped of its ability to so instantaneously strike our collective nerve. In no way is this an attempt to downplay the horrific violence of the Third Reich, but instead, it is an attempt to allow ourselves to know this horror – to puncture this veil of our limited understanding and perception of the Holocaust – to deeply contemplate the mechanisms and structures of power that allowed such an atrocity to occur, and most importantly, to allow the cognitive space necessary to acknowledge the political ambivalence of the Third Reich.

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[32] See for example, Fumi Okiji, *Jazz as Critique: Adorno and Black Expression Revisited* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2018); Frederick Douglass, *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass: An American Slave* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 2004); Saidiya Hartman, "The Position of the Unthought." Interview by Frank B. Wilderson III. *Qui Parle* 13, no. 2 (2003): 183-201.

We as US-Americans have been taught that the Third Reich represented the ultimate form of control, order, and domination - that rules were fixed, and that breaking such rules would lead to a guaranteed peril. I will argue, however, that it was in their very ambivalence that the horror intensified. It was in the fact that a Black or Jewish or Roma jazz musician could be fed and protected by a German officer, while other musicians of color were arbitrarily interned in camps and sentenced to death. In this cloud of ambivalence, confusion, and disinformation, the Nazis committed their most heinous crimes. As we allow the deeply discomforting space to contemplate these crimes, we will lose our known points of reference to our learned histories of the Second World War. We will lose our ability to put up emotional walls to unspeakable crimes. And ultimately, we will see the ways in which the horrific violence of the Third Reich can be traced throughout not only US-American histories of slavery, scientific racism, and genocide, but in the histories and legacies of global colonization more broadly.

I. Methodology – *Die Theorie der Spuren*: restoring Black narratives in the histories of jazz[33]

To dwell means to leave traces. [34]
– Walter Benjamin, 1935

While reading the histories of jazz in the early twentieth century, it was always the nameless Black faces captured in photographs that stood out to me the most. It was as if these faces were important enough to be memorialized in their image, for the "authenticity" they provided, but they were not deemed important enough to be allowed an agential voice. In her text on the alternative archives of Black women, Daphne Brooks asserts: "theirs is a history unfolding on other frequencies while the world adores them and yet mishears them, celebrates them and yet ignores them, heralds them and simultaneously devalues them."[35] Even superstars like Joséphine Baker, whose name and iconography permeated every aspect of the Jazz Age, remained untrusted to tell their own stories. Musicians such as Baker were not taken seriously and were stripped of the musical virtuosity their repertoire demanded. Many Black male instrumentalists were at once valued for the Black "authenticity," and yet white musicians would take their musical techniques and

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[33] This chapter is under contract to be published with *Jazz Research News* in Graz, Austria.

[34] Walter Benjamin, "Paris, Capital of the Nineteenth Century," *Reflections: Essays, Aphorisms, Autobiographical Writing*. Trans. Edmund Jephcott. (New York: Schocken Books, 1986), 155.

[35] Daphne Brooks, *Liner Notes for the Revolution: The Intellectual Life of Black Feminist Sound*, (Cambridge: MA: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 2003), 1.

"elevate" them to white musical standards. I wanted to engage historical scholarship on music in a way which would allow historical subjects to be treated more like interlocutors and collaborators. I wanted to write histories informed by the voices of the musicians, the racial imaginaries of their audiences, and the zeitgeist of culture and politics that influenced the reality of their lived, daily experiences. I wanted to allow my historical subjects the depth and richness of leading complex, or even messy lives. I wanted to *hear* their stories – the way *they* would have told them.

There is only so much tangible evidence, however, which remains. When speaking specifically of Black musicians who remained in Nazi occupied territory throughout the war, it seems nearly impossible to know how much evidence had been either fabricated or destroyed, or when a lack of documentation was a survival strategy for a marginalized musician. I kept reading incomplete pieces of stories about an ambiguous jazz underground, and yet how much scholarly work can be done on a topic which cannot be verified or proven? Even as a historical ethnomusicologist, I have drawn extensively from my prior training in Visual Studies and photo history, and I have followed the ideologies expressed in Queer Theory, Black Feminist Theory, and Black radical expression more broadly. I have approached my research as if it were a malleable, collaborative artwork, and I listened deeply to where the research would guide me. Looking back upon these years of precarious research, I can now see the incredible web of interconnectedness a bit more clearly.

The following chapter is the story of how I came to my dissertation topic, and how it morphed and amalgamated throughout my time as a graduate student. This work could only be accomplished in collaboration. This chapter is a companion piece to my article “Archival Silence in the Collections of Dietrich Schulz-Köhn,” It is my intent to use my research to elaborate more deeply on the overall research process and the theories that informed my archival methodologies, as well as to provide a more intimate narrative which informed the work. It will weave together narratives of my research and travels, along with archival theory and visual analysis of historical documents, to constellate a reparative approach to historical ethnography in jazz. I will begin by locating myself within the very problematic histories and historiographic impulses I aim to critique.

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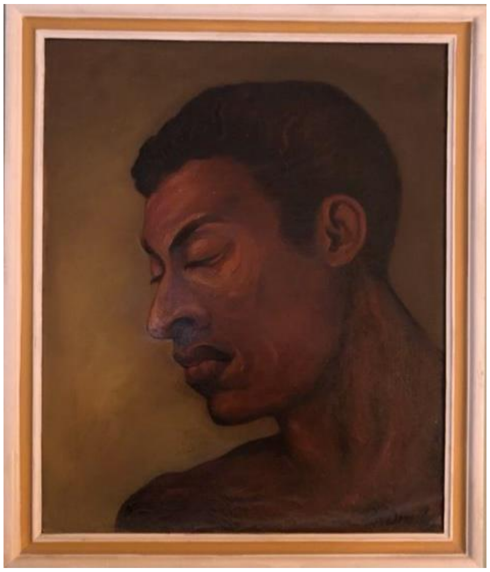

Figure 1: Richard Dralle, “Untitled,” Acrylic, c. 1946-1950, Peoria, Illinois.

There was a portrait that hung in my German-American grandfather’s bedroom – a portrait of an unnamed Black man that my grandfather Richard Dralle painted during his time as a college student, sometime between 1946 and 1950 at Bradley University in Peoria, Illinois. I never really knew my grandfather; I knew him merely as a figure, but certainly not as a person. Many silences haunt our German-American family. The language itself has been scrubbed from my ancestor’s mouths, yet I hear hushed rumors of my great grandmother sending care packages to Germany during the war. My great grandfather committed suicide just before the war, and the conflicting reasonings and details of the account echo throughout the generations. My grandpa, the youngest of three boys, was in the United States Army but was relegated to the home front.

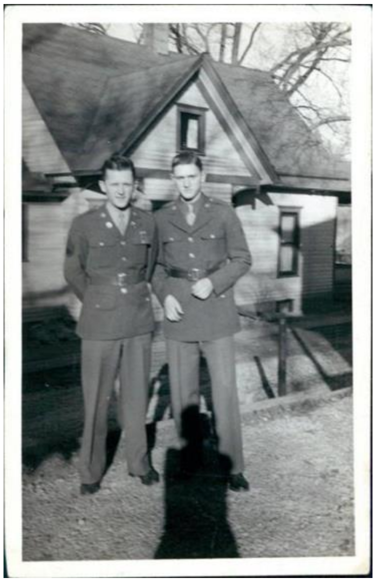

Figure 2: Richard Dralle, “Untitled,” Silver Gelatin Photograph, c. 1941, Illinois.

If both of his brothers were killed in action, he could then support his family. There are some things I do know about him - I can tell you that he was a history teacher who loved to paint. I can vaguely remember his large, ominous presence, and small acts of kindness that warmed his otherwise stoic and stern demeanor.

I never knew of this painting until long after his death. As long as I can remember, my grandparents lived in separate bedrooms. My grandmother passed away in 2020, and it was not until then that I felt I was even allowed back in grandpa’s room, which had been left seemingly untouched for over a decade. This Black man’s bare bust hung on the wall, overlooking my grandpa’s bed for what I can only assume to be for over fifty years; it was obviously a portrait that held great significance to him. But for what reason? The image contains no name, no identificatory markings. It is simply a contemplative portrait of a Black man painted by a white man, in a town that celebrates its extensive - *yet whitewashed* - history of vaudeville, during one of the most racially and politically charged eras in modern history. *Who was this man? Was he friends with my grandpa? Was he, too, a soldier? If so, did he receive the same military incentives as my white grandfather? What was his story? Was he an artist? A life model for college students? Was my grandpa kind to him?* Or did my grandfather fetishize this man for the color of his skin and the "foreign" facial features he wanted to paint?

Before my grandma died, she told me I should go through his record collection in the basement to see if there were any jazz records that I would want to keep. Most of the collection had been ruined in multiple floods, but this was the first time I felt I connected with my grandfather as a person. And I realized that all the newspaper clippings that had been duct-taped to the basement walls for the entirety of my childhood were from the war – the war on which I am writing my dissertation. I have *The Milwaukee Journal* from Monday, May 7, 1945, with the headline "All Germans Surrender to Three Major Allies," and *The Seattle Daily Times* from Monday, December 8, 1941 – "WAR EXTRA – BLACKOUT TONIGHT! RADIO STATIONS TO BE SILENT – WAR DECLARED BY U.S.; 1500 DEAD IN ATTACK ON HAWAII." My grandfather also saved my grandma's ration card and multiple autographed portraits of jazz musicians. At this point, he had passed over a decade ago. I never knew this side of him before, but somehow, I was turning out to be so like-minded. In so many ways, I was too late. I could not ask him what else he knew, what music he had listened to then, what the war was like, who this man was. Silence and stoicism in my German-American family runs deep, but traces remain. I could see the rich, tragic, and maybe even beautiful stories opaquely beneath the surface, and I long to unravel the complex mechanisms of silencing and historical erasure that left me standing in front of a gorgeous portrait of an unnamed Black man, frozen silent in the histories my grandfather passed on to his students and family alike.

If at this point it remains unclear, I came to this project with a personal investment, and likely a healthy dose of German (and American) guilt. *Do I have Nazi ancestors?* It seems inescapable, yet unprovable. My family finds a disconnected sense of nostalgia in *Haarwasser* (hair tonic) advertisements from the *Georg Dralle Parfüm- und Feinseifenwerke* (perfume and fine soap works) company founded in Hamburg in 1895, as well as Hotel Dralle, which is a mere seven kilometers from the Bergen-Belsen Memorial. We hold an air of Germanness, we take pride in the food and the beer, but it seems purposeful that nothing tangibly German remains.

When I travel throughout Germany and Austria, I am automatically read as a local. My spoken *Hochdeutsch* (High German) is far inferior to many Slovenian and Greek people in Austria, yet I had far greater ease renting an apartment than most, or even ordering a cappuccino. Tourists approach me, asking for local directions in perfect German. *Ich bin nicht von hier - Ich weiß nicht* (I am not from here – I don't know), I try to explain. In 2012, I took a train from Mainz to Basel. As we crossed the Swiss border, men came through the train cars to check passports. As I hastily fumbled for mine, one man quickly brushed me off – *alles klar* (it's okay) – and continued on to the next passenger. On a night train from Vienna to Brussels in 2020, we stopped at the German border. In a cabin packed so tightly that our knees touched from across the aisle, there were three white women, myself included, and three men of color. At the border, Polizei removed all three men for further inspection, while barely glancing at us women's passports. The train continued on without the men, as the other two women celebrated that they could stretch out and sleep. When I asked the women what had happened, they merely claimed that they must have been refugees, and therefore not allowed to cross the border. These memories continue to haunt me. There must have been something I could have done – just as I learned key phrases in Spanish to help asylum seekers during ICE raids in the United States.

The air of my Germanness follows me like a ghost, once part of a former life, but not fully accessible. My ambiguous American accent may be seen as an annoyance, but never an inferiority. Even when speaking English in Germanic cultures, I soften my hard R's, I adjust my syntax, and swallow my words - subconsciously. My body silently adjusts to avoid the discomfort of being an *outsider* in this culture, all the while realizing that I'm really not.

My Germanness lives with me like a shadow, but it is not just in the color of my hair or the shape of my jaw. My Germanness lives and has been fostered within me my whole life. Both within my family, but also as I have mimicked and performed the codes of the institutions of Western music. Herein lies the key to becoming successful, to becoming talented, to being recognized, to being audible to academic audiences. I often cited German philosophers. I performed canonical pieces, no matter how sexist or xenophobic the piece or the composer. For a cis white woman, it is still easier to endure blatant sexism as long as you are still a member of the in-group of academia. I memorized fact after fact of names, and dates, and clubs, and albums, and of all the factual minutiae that was deemed important. I became more audible as I learned to better perform these codes, but this was never the type of work that interested me.

Referencing a recent debate around the phrase *Menschen mit Nazihintergrund* (people with a Nazi background) in German culture, American literature and memory studies scholar Michael Rothberg reminds us, "To be German requires remembering the Holocaust and confronting the Nazis' genocidal practices. Yet such a confrontation risks simply repeating the original problem if it does not challenge the very notion of Germanness that made genocide possible in the first place."[36] As an American scholar with German heritage, I bring a distinct vantage point to this research. While my family's complicated relationship with our heritage risks reifying the original problem of the notion of Germanness in blood or birthright, I have begun to see Germanness not in my hair color or genealogy, but in the ways I perform Germanness itself. Rothberg emphasizes in his article that histories of violence persist ideologically and materially, as well as psychically,[37] just as Susan McClary critiques the ways in which postwar German composition and musicology has dictated disciplinary standards of prestige based in rational, linear, and Cartesian modes of thinking.[38] To push against and deeply explore these facts and the institutions which house them, to search for the ineffable lived realities once expunged from social consciousness, seems to push back on the very notion of academic Germanness itself, as it allows me to come to terms with my own.

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[36] Michael Rothberg, "People with a Nazi Background': Race, Memory, and Responsibility," *Los Angeles Review of Books*, May 20, 2021, 8.

[37] Rothberg, 9.

I wanted to experience the lived reality of an era of which I had learned merely the *facts*. I wanted to learn the stories that had gone untold. I wanted to elaborate upon the stories that had been reduced and rendered, and not deemed worthy of scholarly attention. The path to discovery for such histories is long and winded. I began my search unaware of exactly what it was I was looking for. I had been interested in the migration of Black American musicians to Europe after World War I, but even scholarly texts on jazz between the wars were often vague and conflicting.[39] After Hitler's rise to power in 1933, the stories became muddier. Some claim that Sam Wooding and his Orchestra were the last all-Black group to perform in Nazi-occupied Europe in 1931, and the consensus seems to be that the jazz scene was inactive during the war, or at the very least, contained few Black performers. Brief lines would pop up in texts signaling their presence, however. A small note would mention how members of state-sponsored orchestras would head to the underground scenes at night to keep up their "hot" chops. Photos circulated of Black musicians in occupied territories, but they were left nameless, and no one seemed to take issue with this. The very presence of figures such as Joséphine Baker and Arthur Briggs told me that there certainly must have been more. Conversations with Kira Thurman taught me that it would take some archival digging, but Black musicians were present in the histories of German and Austrian music. [40] Recording and documentation would be limited, and oral histories 80 years later would not be readily available or wholly accurate, but there must be a way to find the traces left behind. There must be a way to restore a fuller understanding of the development and survival of jazz and its musicians during this dark and purposefully undocumented era. It was difficult to know where to start – I had a hunch, and I was invested, but I was not going to find my answer in cataloged archives; I was going to have to dig. “They are out there.”[41] *They are out there; they have to be out there*. I began to wander.

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[38] Susan McClary, "The Lure of the Sublime: Revisiting the Modernist Project," in *Transformations of Musical Modernism*, eds. Erling E. Guldbrandsen and Julian Johnson, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2015). See also: McClary, *Conventional Wisdom: The Content of Musical Form* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2000).

[39] Andy Fry speaks to the three dominant and conflicting narratives of jazz in wartime Paris in his book *Paris Blues: African American Music and French Popular Culture, 1920-1960* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2014), 176-179.

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[40] In conversation with Kira Thurman, 2018. For further reading on histories of Black musicians erased from Germanic historiography, see: Thurman, "Performing Lieder, Hearing Race: Debating Blackness, Whiteness, and German Identity in Interwar Central Europe." *Journal of the American Musicological Society* 72, no. 3 (2019): 825-865; Thurman, *Singing Like Germans: Black Musicians in the Land of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms*. Cornell University Press, 2021.

[41] Brooks, *Liner Notes for the Revolution*, 122.

The Historian-Detective and Conflicting Scholarship

> *The illiteracy of the future will be ignorance not of reading or writing, but of photography.*[42]
>
> – Walter Benjamin

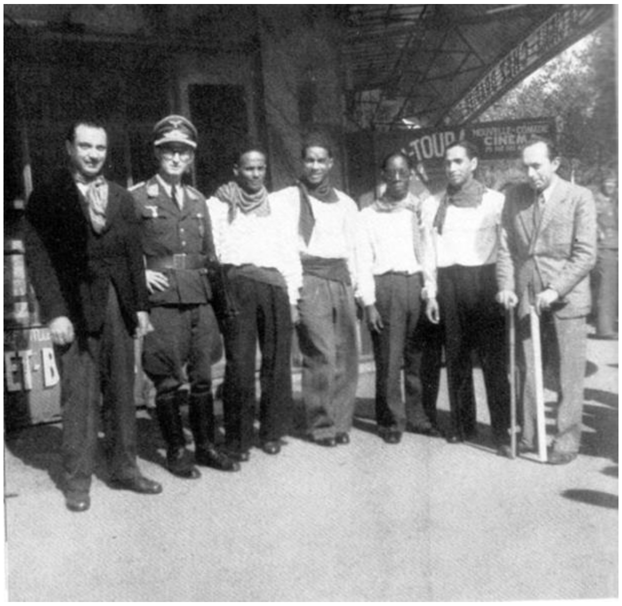

Figure 3: Django Reinhardt, Dietrich Schulz-Köhn, Al Lirvat, Robert Mavounzy, Claude Martial, Harry Cooper, and Henri Battut, outside La Cigale, Paris, late 1942. Photograph courtesy of the Jazz Institute, University for Music and Performing Arts, Graz.

In January 2020, I arrived in Graz as a Visiting Scholar in Residence with the Institute for Jazz Research. The intent of my visit was to locate the identities of the four Black men photographed alongside Django Reinhardt and Dietrich Schulz-Köhn in occupied Paris in late 1942. I had seen this image reproduced in contemporary jazz scholarship repeatedly, yet each time, the caption read, "'Here I am in uniform with a

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[42] Walter Benjamin, "Little History of Photography," *Walter Benjamin: Selected Writings Vol 2, Part 2, 1931-1934*, translated by Rodney Livingstone and others, Eds Michael W. Jennings, Howard Eiland, and Gary Smith. (Cambridge: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 2005), 527.

Gypsy, four Negroes, and a Jew,'"[43] or "Reinhardt is standing on Schulz-Köhn's right. On his left are four French colonial black musicians, and Henri Battut, a French Jew,"[44] or "in between four musicians of Black African origin."[45] In "Archival Silence in the Collections of Dietrich Schulz-Köhn," I discuss the ways in which these authors assume incorrect and ambiguous nationalities from the African continent and diaspora, as well as how race, ethnicity, and nationality are deemed interchangeable in such contexts.[46] Meanwhile, while scholars such as Andy Fry did not know the identificatory information for the musicians, he was able to remove such ambiguous language in his book *Paris Blues*, as he labels the men directly as "musicians."[47]

I had gone to the archive in hopes of finding notes left on the backs of the thousands of personal photographs that Schulz-Köhn took throughout the war and his subsequent career as Dr. Jazz. The archive houses four copies of the photograph, and while many images are inscribed with meticulous information about the gig, musicians, locations, and even darkroom information, the backs of all four of these copies were left completely blank. What I found in this uncatalogued portion of the archive, however, seemed to be the richest and most productive materials. It was filled with random boxes and even grocery bags full of professional and candid photographs, collected or taken by Schulz-Köhn himself. These documents were not part of his formal collections, but not only were they documents that he deemed worthy of donation and historization, the proximities of these seemingly disparate pieces began to constellate new meanings and vantage points. Random and scattered – some artifacts with detailed descriptions, others with no notes at all – I began to sort through the thousands of photographs and correspondences. In doing so, I found the strangest connections between Schulz-Köhn and some of the most virtuosic jazz musicians of his time. Among the countless stacks of unlabeled photographs and vague handwritten notes, each seemingly mundane piece connected to the next and to the whole. Each unnamed face had a story in their eyes.

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[43] Dietrich Schulz-Köhn, as cited in Mike Zwerin, *La Tristesse de Saint Louis: Jazz Under the Nazis* (New York: Beech Tree Books, 1985), insert after page 54.

[44] Michael Kater, *Different Drummers: Jazz in the Culture of Nazi Germany*, (New York: Oxford University Press, 1992), insert before 203.

[45] Schmidt-Joos, *Die Stasi swingt nicht: Ein Jazzfan im Kalten Krieg*, (Halle (Saale): mdv Mitteldeutscher Verlag GmbH, 2016), 89.

[46] Dralle, "Archival Silence in the Collections of Dietrich Schulz-Köhn," 35.

[47] Andy Fry, *Paris Blues: African American Music and French Popular Culture, 1920-1960*, (London: University of Chicago Press, 2014), 213.

During my time in Graz, and in the two years of research that followed, I continually looked for patterns. I read the color-coded notes Schulz-Köhn left in colored pencil in his book and magazine collection, I had the letter written in Sütterlin and tucked inside of an old book translated, I scanned each and every primary text written by jazz critics and collectors. I traced the discographies of Django Reinhardt alongside his biographies – none of which could identify these musicians from late 1942. I followed up on letters from a New York based Django Reinhardt Society sent to, and repeatedly unanswered by Schulz-Köhn, regarding images of Reinhardt during the war. The society itself, however, has since dissipated and its director seemed impossible to locate.

After spending two years with these materials, I found one mention of Robert Mavounzy in a Schulz-Köhn text, published only in German. I pulled on this thread, and finally was able to locate Mavounzy and his former bandmates in an archive in Guadeloupe. While this research seems like a miraculous discovery, definitive results were never guaranteed. Following the work of Carlo Salzani and Walter Benjamin's *Theorie der Spur* (Theory of the Traces), the "historian-detective is obliged to search traces of a crime and to discover the murderer."[48] Such research requires Hannah Arendt's concept of "denken ohne Geländer" (thinking without railings), as traces are not found in conventional patterns or places and often require methodological tools foreign to the musicological canon.[49] However, it remained a near impossible endeavor to hope to find evidence of the lives of these four Black men in a collection built by a former Luftwaffe officer during the reign of the Third Reich. However, as I traced Schulz-Köhn's interactions with famous musicians such as Reinhardt, Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, and Count Basie, I was not only able to search for the instrumentalists who played with them, but I was also able to gain nuanced insight into how Schulz-Köhn perceived of Blackness and Black forms of music.

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[48] Evelyn Kreutzer and Noga Stiassny, "Digital Digging: Traces, Gazes, and the Archival In-Between," *Audiovisual Traces* issue 4, 22 February 2022. https://film-history.org/issues/text/digital-digging-traces-gazes-and-archival-between?fbclid=IwAR1EWfQJsMVeSmivzkQlsg98_WVVO61tZ9X-nDUpt7ubD3-w_OfZGSsHXRs

[49] Hannah Arendt, Heidi Bohnet, and Klaus Stadler, *Denken ohne Geländer: Texte und Briefe*. (Bonn: Bundeszentrale für politische Bildung, 2007).

It seems impossible that there could be so much conflicting information not only about jazz in Paris during the war, but specifically within peer-reviewed academic scholarship. Andy Fry speaks to the ways in which there are multiple conflicting narratives that circulate around jazz in occupied Paris,[50] and Clarence Lusane notes that while we might expect contradictory reports from journalistic sources, misogyny and racism play a large role in scholarly historiography and perpetuate ambiguous – or even *ambivalent* – narratives.[51] He writes specifically about the experiences of Black American trumpeter and bandleader Valaida Snow, who was interned during the war: "Questions surrounding her year of birth, who her father was, whether she was mixed-race, and even her name are debated as fiercely as the issues surrounding her horrific experiences during the war."[52] While complex configurations of racism and misogyny have limited the amount of knowledge we have in scholarship over this photograph, there is an added layer of insularities within both Germanic and Francophone music scholarship. It is difficult to determine, however, to what extent this is a language barrier, and to what extent it is a broader cultural insularity.

In the final stages of publishing my article on the Dietrich Schulz-Köhn Archive and the four unnamed Black musicians photographed alongside Django Reinhardt,[53] I contacted La Médiathèque Caraïbe in Basse Terre, Guadeloupe to obtain copyright permissions for the images from the Jean-Pierre Meunier collection, and I was provided a direct email for M. Meunier himself. Throughout my correspondences with Jean-Pierre, he and I were equally surprised to learn of the stories of which we were respectively – and *exclusively* – familiar, and it was enlightening to realize just how many translations are required between both languages and cultures for a story to be held as "truth" across such borders. While I had confidently identified and corroborated the identity of trombonist Al Lirvat through interviews he did with Mike Zwerin, Meunier insisted "*Je reconnais Robert Mavounzy et Claude Martial au milieu mais je peux vous certifier que les deux musiciens de chaque côté ne sont ni Albert Lirvat ni Henri Godissard. Ils ne leur ressemblent pas du tout*." (I recognize Robert Mavounzy and Claude Martial in the middle, but I can assure you that the two musicians on each side are neither Albert Lirvat nor Henri Godissard. They don't look like them at all.)[54] In my *Jazz and Culture* article, I elaborate further on the ambiguity of the fourth musician's identity, as well as his nationality, and tentatively identify him as US American-born trumpeter Harry Cooper.

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[50] Fry, 176.
[51] Clarence Lusane, *Hitler's Black Victims*: *The Historical Experiences of Afro-Germans, European Blacks, Africans, and African Americans in the Nazi Era* (New York: Routledge, 2002), 165-172.
[52] Lusane, 166.
[53] Kira Dralle, "Archival Silence in the Collections of Dietrich Schulz-Köhn," *Jazz and Culture* vol 5, no 1 (Champagne: University of Illinois Press, Spring/Summer 2022), 20-51.

Surprisingly, Meunier said he knew the photograph well, but he had never known the identity of the German officer. It was through his associations with Black musicians such as Félix Valvert that he had seen it, and not through Schulz-Köhn himself, nor Western or Germanic scholarship of jazz in wartime Paris. He then went on to claim that not all the musicians were Black, and he questioned the reputability of my sources.[55] He did not indicate, however, which musicians he believed not to be Black, or what substantiated that claim. It is hard to tell at this point what the reasoning is behind this particular obfuscation. It could be my assumption that the musicians were of Afro- or Afro-Latinx origin, while Meunier might assume solely a Latinx origin. However, in later conversations about Harry Cooper, Meunier claimed that he was unaware of any Black ancestry: "*En tout cas, il est très clair de peau*." (In any case, he is very fair skinned.)[56] In this exchange, while agreeing that the fourth musician was possibly Harry Cooper, he also commented on how strange it would be to see an American photographed with a German in Paris at the time. Previous sources claimed, however, that Cooper had married a French woman and obtained French citizenship, which allegedly was enough to satisfy Hot Club de France's director Charles Delaunay and his Vichy ideologies of elevated French jazz. Meunier included an image of Harry Cooper from 1946, when he was playing in Félix Valvert's orchestra, *Feli's Boys*, at the Couple de Montparnasse in Paris, but given the low resolution and side profile angle of the portrait, it was impossible to definitively compare the likeness.

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[54] Jean-Pierre Meunier, jazz collector, in email correspondences with author. Dec 6, 2021.

Meunier did, however, confirm my suspicions that Henri Godissard was not present in the photograph with Django and Schulz-Köhn, but simultaneously outwardly rejected the identity of Al Lirvat, who allegedly confirmed his own identity in the photograph through conversations with Mike Zwerin. While Zwerin's text presents the identification as fact, he also claims that Lirvat did not remember taking the photo, and that he did not find it interesting. Is it possible that Lirvat seemingly recognized himself, yet did not remember taking the photo? Did Lirvat look closely at the image? Could Zwerin in fact, be incorrect in this identification? Al Lirvat was the only one of these four musicians to have been previously identified in jazz scholarship, and the possibility remains that it is a false identification. When I explained to Jean-Pierre that Lirvat's identity had been published in *La Tristesse de Saint Louis* in 1985, he claimed, "*Je suis assez étonné car je vous garantis que le premier musicien n'est pas Albert Lirvat. Il ne lui ressemble pas du tout. Mais, comme je vous l'ai dit, la photo n'est pas nette... Peut-être Albert Lirvat a-t-il confondu avec une autre photo*."[57] (I'm quite surprised because I guarantee you that the first musician is not Albert Lirvat. He doesn't look like him at all. But, as I told you, the photo is not clear... Perhaps Albert Lirvat confused it with another photo.) In an earlier email, Meunier had claimed that Lirvat did not eat enough at the time and was much thinner than the musician photographed alongside Schulz-Köhn.

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[55] J-P Meunier, in email correspondences with author, Dec 3, 2021.
[56] J-P Meunier, in private correspondences with author, Dec 6, 2021.

So where does this leave us? What are the aims of such research, given the prismatic layers of blurring and obfuscation imposed by occupying forces as well as by the musicians themselves? Can we ever, with absolute certainty at this point, know the identities of the musicians photographed alongside Django and Schulz-Köhn in occupied Paris in 1942? What is it that we can learn about the realities of these men's lives? Even without absolute certainty regarding the identity of these men, so many significant stories remain surrounding the circumstances that produced such a photograph riddled with silences. These photographs offer us threads on which to pull. This one small thread has begun to unravel a hugely complex and intertwined narrative of the Black jazz scene that existed throughout the German occupation of Paris. By following figures in jazz scenes throughout the war who have heavily documented histories such as Schulz-Köhn and Reinhardt, not only can we trace and locate the silenced figures in these photos, but we can also gain insight into the massively complex web of politics as it intersected with the racial imagination of wartime Europe.

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[57] J-P Meunier, in private correspondences with author, Dec 6, 2021.

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Constructing Attention: Archival Theories of Silence, Absence, and Erasure

> *But while history is what happened, it is also, just as important, how we think about what happened and what we unearth and choose to remember about what happened…*[58]
>
> – Nikole Hannah-Jones

Throughout the postmodern era, the very premise of the archive has been debated, and yet these debates largely reside solely in theory itself. Even within the past few years, I have heard questions from scholars across the humanities – *how could mere collections of historical artifacts be political?* Following the intellectual lineages of Michel Foucault's *The Archaeology of Knowledge*,[59] Jacques Derrida's

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[58] Nikole Hannah-Jones, *The 1619 Project: A New Origin Story*, (New York: One World, 2021), xxvi.
[59] Michel Foucault, *The Archaeology of Knowledge*, (New York: Pantheon Books, 1972).

Archive Fever,[60] and Hayden White's *Metahistory*,[61] scholars have raised many doubts and questions around the nature of an archive and its relationships to structures of power. Questions of sexuality, coloniality, and ephemeral works of cultural production have complicated the notions that a collection of artifacts can be separate from a political sphere or mold a social consciousness outside of its walls. The relationship of sound and the photograph to archival practices and the construction of social memory have arisen even more recently in pieces such as "Ida B. Wells and the Shadow Archive," in *Pictures and Progress: Early Photography and the Making of African American Identity* (2012) by Leigh Raiford,[62] and within Daphne Brooks' *Black Sound and the Archive* study group at Yale and her revolutionary 2021 book *Liner Notes for the Revolution: the Intellectual Life of Black Feminist Sound*. Brooks writes, "*Liner Notes for the Revolution* tells the story of how Black women musicians have made the modern world…women who have been overlooked or underappreciated, misread and sometimes lazily mythologized, underestimated and sometimes entirely disregarded, and – above all else – perpetually undertheorized by generations of critics for much of the last one hundred years."[63] In these contexts, the very notion of what it is that constitutes an archive, where that archive must be held, and who is deemed worthy of such archival construction is brought into question. Black radical intellectual traditions and practices which have been long overlooked in academic inquiry are celebrated for their novel contributions to music and cultural thought.

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[60] Jacques Derrida, *Archive Fever: a Freudian Impression*, (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2008).
[61] Hayden White, *Metahistory: the historical imagination in nineteenth-century Europe.* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1985).
[62] Leigh Raiford, "Ida B. Wells and the Shadow Archive," in *Pictures and Progress: Early Photography and the Making of African American Identity*, eds Maurice O Wallace and Shawn Michelle Smith. (Durham: Duke University Press, 2012), 299-320.
[63] Brooks, 2.

In German contexts specifically, the histories of collecting are haunted with censorship, book burning, and other dark legacies of the Third Reich. This image is an advertisement for an art installation by Yoshinori Niwa in 2018 titled *Withdrawing Adolf Hitler from a Private Space*, in which he created repositories in Germanic cultures for citizens to anonymously get rid of Nazi relics. When speaking of archives in relation to the Third Reich, many practical and ethical issues arise. Not only is there a lack of documents around the regime, given the purposeful destruction of evidence, but evidence that does remain largely exists in the public sector, or in private homes. Niwa's artist statement reads:

> Perhaps it's a tattered photograph, an official-looking document, or a certain kind of book, or maybe even an entire uniform. Whatever it is, you can't show it to anyone because it implicates your long-gone relatives in the darkest episodes of the not-so-distant past, yet you wouldn't want to sell or destroy it either. Such objects are kept carefully stored away in the deepest of drawers and highest corners of the attic. You never really know who else owns similar relics, since their public display is illegal in Austria, but you imagine that many other people do.[64]

While I do not agree with the methodologies of this work in the sense that the public is unable to acknowledge the extent of these remnants, nor collectively process the psychic legacies which very much remain within the culture, the work does signify that traces readily exist throughout the culture in private lives. This work speaks to the omnipresent aura that this era in history and its remnants have left on the contemporary social consciousness in Germanic cultures, as it questions not only where the artifacts have been collected, but the extent to which the evidence must remain, and also questions the ethical and practical methodologies for processing such an intentionally vague and disparate archive. To me, this rings of the ways in which I serendipitously found jazz records of the late 20s and 30s in the Sunday flea markets in Berlin. While at first, I was completely perplexed as to how these recordings could be essentially erased from any institutional archive, and yet can be found during a chance afternoon stroll through the city, it became quite clear that it was in fact through private collections that the music survived on this scale. The records had lived in basements and attics throughout the war, and now could be found scattered amongst hundreds of discount vinyl on the streets of the city.

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[64] Yoshinori Niwa, *Withdrawing Adolf Hitler from a Private Space*, 2018. Accessed February 12, 2022. https://2018.steirischerherbst.at/en/volksfronten/artist/yoshinori-niwa

In their recent article, "Digital Digging,"[65] authors Evelyn Kreutzer and Noga Stiassny examine the evasive and fragmentary nature of Holocaust memory as they seek to reconstruct traces and gazes in film footage throughout the war. When speaking of photography, as well as the frames per second of films, Kreutzer and Stiassny refrence the Benjaminian concept of the shock factor of modernity, which turns images into empty events (*Erlebnisse*) rather than full experiences (*Erfahrungen*).[66] They claim, however, "quite commonly, such images are perceived as authentic representations of the event. The ability of the archival image – whether it was taken by Nazi cameramen or cameramen from the liberating units – to depict the atrocities of the Holocaust, and thus to 'truly' show what the Holocaust looked like, is limited."[67] In their video essay, they take educators to Auschwitz and try to make them see it as a place which they had not already seen in images or films. The educators are asked to stand on each side of the barbed wire fence and to gaze into the eyes of a person on the other side – acknowledging both the act of looking and the act of being seen through the fence, which holds the weight of so much human suffering.

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[65] Evelyn Kreutzer and Noga Stiassny, "Digital Digging: Traces, Gazes, and the Archival In-Between," *Audiovisual Traces*, no. 4, February 22, 2022.
[66] Kreutzer and Stiassny, 3.

The relationship of photographs to hard facts and to scientific evidence itself is fraught with problematic histories of racism. Art historian John Tagg asserts that "we have to see that every photograph is the result of specific and, in every sense, significant distortions which render its relation to any prior reality deeply problematic and raise the question of the determining level of the material apparatus and of the social practices within which photography takes place."[68] He emphasizes the history of photography's impact on policing, prisons, asylums, hospitals, education, and factory production – in all institutions that structure and regulate society. The history of eugenics itself was rooted in the photographing and pseudo-scientific measuring of human bodies, and the history of factory work and capitalistic production is rooted in the photographing and obsessive timing of miniscule movements on the assembly line. The concept of the photograph has always alluded to an expectation of measurable and verifiable scientific truth, but that notion is not only deceptive, but also functions far beyond the curatorial decisions of an individual photographer. He goes on to say:

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[67] Kreutzer and Stiassny, 7.

[68] John Tagg, "Evidence, Truth and Order: Photographic Records and the Growth of the State," In *The Burden of Representation: Essays on Photographies and Histories* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1993), 60-65. For further theorizations of representations of bodies in the archive, see also Allan Sekula, "The Body and the Archive," reprinted in *The Contest of Meaning: Critical Histories of Photography*, ed. Richard Bolton (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1989); Tina Campt, "The Motion of Stillness: Diaspora, Stasis, and Black Vernacular Photography" *In Remapping Black Germany: New Perspectives on Afro-German History, Politics, and Culture*, edited by Sara Lennox, 149-170. (Amherst and Boston: University of Massachusetts Press, 2016.); Ginger Hill, "Rightly Viewed: Theorizations of self in Frederick Douglass' Lectures on Pictures" and Leigh Raiford, "Ida B. Wells and the Shadow Archive" in *Pictures and Progress: Early Photography and the Making of African American Identity* (Durham: Duke University Press 2012).

> What I argue is that the coupling of evidence and photography in the second half of the nineteenth century was bound up with the emergence of new institutions and new practices of observation and record-keeping: that is, those new techniques of representation and regulation which were so central to the restructuring of the local and national state in industrialized societies at that time and to the development of a network of disciplinary institutions – the police, prisons, asylums, hospitals, departments of public health, schools and even the modern factory system itself. The new techniques of surveillance and record harbored by such institutions bore directly on the social body in new ways.[69]

Tagg emphasizes throughout his work the importance of visual representation - that a photograph of an othered body does not represent the body simply as it is, but also constructs the othered body in the social consciousness of a society. White photographers created the image of the exotic other they desired to see, that fit within their notions of a "healthy," orderly society.

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The archival collections of Dietrich Schulz-Köhn, however, present a particular set of challenges. Schulz-Köhn's images are not of prisoners or camps;

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[69] Tagg, 60-65.

many of the photos that remain from wartime are seemingly innocuous. The photograph with Reinhardt is the only image in which Schulz-Köhn is in uniform. In my *Jazz and Culture* article, I analyze a small image taken from a series in the collection, dated 28 June, 1942. When I first came across these 2”x2” images, I had little context to their significance. The images were so small and taken from such a distance that none of the faces are distinguishable. The only reason which I set these images aside was simply that they were dated during the war. I would later learn that these photographs were taken on the very same day that French resistance fighter and Hot Club de France leader Charles Delaunay wrote a tender dedication to Schulz-Köhn in a copy of his book *Hot Discographie*.

In my previous article, I elaborate on the political ambivalence required for the two to have attended this festival together in Bordeaux, as the war raged around them. What does it mean to read images taken by a Luftwaffe officer during the war, which attempt to portray jazz in occupied territories as separate from the war itself? How can we read images from a photographer, who in one moment was a high-ranking German officer, decorated with war medals, and simply an avid jazz fan in the next? In Kreutzer and Stiassny’s text, they speak of Tobias Ebbrecht-Hartmann’s concept of the three dimensions of archival footage from the Holocaust (trophy, evidence, and document):

> He further demonstrates the ways in which an object that was once perceived as a trophy (personal or as part of institutionalized propaganda) can easily be transformed over the years into so-called ‘authentic evidence’ and thereafter into historical document. The various ‘incarnations’ of the footage are dependent on the use and appropriation of the footage and therefore require an analysis of the context in which it was historically produced, as well as its

> later circulation and the specific conditions in which it was used, appropriated, viewed, and maintained in the archives.[70]

While Kreutzer and Stiassny, and Ebbrecht-Hartmann are all speaking of footage of violence in the Holocaust, viewing Schulz-Köhn's photographs in the same terms can be productive. Not only were many of his photographs, especially with famous musicians, held as trophies and taken under very particular racial and national power relations, they are simultaneously transformed over the years into "authentic" evidence and as historical document of Schulz-Köhn's "authentic" relationships with these musicians. Furthermore, the photograph must not be considered solely on the terms under which it was produced, but simultaneously considered in its subsequent incarnations in archives, scholarship, as well as in the social imaginary, as they redeemed Schulz-Köhn as altruistic "Dr. Jazz" in Germanic music cultures.

While Schulz-Köhn's persona as Dr. Jazz was built upon the idea that he was the savior of jazz in the Third Reich, and specifically that he saved the beloved musician Django Reinhardt himself, the fact remains that he was a high-ranking Luftwaffe officer who earned multiple war medals in the Reich. His collections embody both roles, and must then be viewed as such. And while many of the historical figures within Schulz-Köhn's archive are Black and Black American figures, they were not able to exercise the same agency that Brooks speaks of in her alternate concept of Black sonic archives. The collection itself does not live within

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[70] Tobias Ebbrecht-Hartmann, "Trophy, Evidence, Document: Appropriating an Archive Film from Liepaja, 1941," *Historical Journal of Film, Radio, and Television*, 36, no. 4, 2016, as cited in Kreutzer and Stiassny, 9.

Brooks' archival spaces of trunks or off-the-beaten-path record shops; it is formally housed in a university, in a former palace of Styrian Habsburg Archduke John. This project, then, asks a reader not only to broaden their understanding of the contents and locations of official archives as collections of artifacts, but it also more pointedly asks – what reparative work can be done within the archives, canons, and collections within our own institutions? Where might we look to restore agency to the silenced? What strategies might we take to connect the mere traces left behind? Even if it is not hard fact which we locate in such limited and opaque histories, we can constellate deeper understandings of our cultural heritage. As Fumi Okiji writes, "there is much to be explored concerning that incomprehensibility, about how such life, inaugurated in obscurity, comes into view in its invisibility, clothed in images and imaginings of a hostile society."[71] She argues that as analysts, we must approach without preconceived prejudice, be open to failure, and understand that our imaginings of the historical subject are built through a complex layering of social and cultural circumstances which produced them. In this, she asks us to sit in the discomfort, in the grey zone; she asks us to not try to *overcome the wretchedness*, but to take on and fully immerse ourselves to understand the lived realities of this compromised world.

Reparative Scholarship and Black Expression: a Path Forward

> *My question is thus: Can we devise another powerful descriptive tool that deals this time with matters of concern and whose import then will*

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[71] Fumi Okiji, *Jazz as Critique: Adorno and Black Expression Revisited*, (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2018), 82.

> *no longer be to debunk but to* ***protect*** *and* ***care****, as Donna Haraway would put it?*[72]
>
> Bruno Latour

In her text, *Jazz as Critique: Adorno and Black Expression Revisited*, Fumi Okiji challenges our notions of Western reason in music scholarship. She offers a path forward echoing the works of Walter Benjamin: "Rather than attempting to overcome wretchedness, expression is charged to take on the *complexion* of the compromised world,"[73] to dwell within it, and to attentively listen to its fraught modalities. She continues: "their indecipherability holds us analysts at arm's length, and at the very same time they wrap themselves around those who approach without prejudice. Those opaque sites – or what is darkened by density within these sites – cannot be grasped, mishandled, expropriated, or governed."[74] This principle of indecipherability as a Black rhetorical strategy can be located throughout histories of Black expression. In her text, Modernity's Ear, Roshanak Kheshti explains Barbara Christian's notion of "a race for theory":

> [P]eople of color have always theorized - but in forms quite different from the Western form of abstract logic. And I am inclined to say that our theorizing (and I intentionally use the verb rather than the noun) is often in narrative forms, in the stories we create, in riddles and proverbs, in the play with language, since dynamic rather than fixed ideas seem more to our liking…[75]

Kheshti locates this approach to theory within the cultural context of Black life by saying:

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[72] Bruno Latour, "Why has critique run out of steam? From matters of fact to matters of concern." *Critical Inquiry* 30 (Winter 2004), 232.

[73] Okiji, *Jazz as Critique*, 81.

[74] Okiij, *Jazz as Critique*, 82.

[75] Barbara Christian, "The Race for Theory," in *Cultural Critique* 54, no. 6 (1987): 54.

> [These] ways of theorizing that result from a lifetime of learning, not necessarily from the published text but from the marginalia scribbled along its borders, a learning that happens out of necessity based on exclusion from formal systems of knowledge production, a learning that results from being on the receiving end of various systematic phobias and -isms, a learning that is facilitated through community, alienation, and environment. The theorizing capability of the marginalized, legible in forms like literature, music, art practice, dance, movement, affect, and sexuality, are forms that are decidedly more accessible and vernacular than scholarly.[76]

Kheshti locates this in Zora Neale Hurston's "feather-bed resistance" used in her ethnography *Mules and Men* (1935). We can see here, in the very same era of Adorno's "On Jazz," a struggle over the very concept of "truth" itself, as well as its cultural embeddedness in art and cultural production. However, Hurston's rhetorical strategy outwardly rejects the white man's gaze, as well as any documentation or ossification of "authenticity" or "truth" of Black life. Hurston writes:

> And the Negro, in spite of his open-faced laughter, his seeming acquiescence, is particularly evasive….The Negro offers a feather bed resistance, that is, we let the probe enter, but it never comes out. It gets smothered under a lot of laughter and pleasantries. The theory behind our tactics: "The white man is always trying to know into somebody else's business. All right, I'll set something outside the door of my mind for him to play with and handle. He can read my writing but he sho' can't read my mind. I'll put this toy in his hand, and he will seize it and go away. Then I'll say my say and sing my song.[77]

Khesti notes that Hurston embodied a dual identity somewhere between a serious academic and a creative artist, and she actively sought out the *lore* in "folklore" - those "dreams, fictions, and fantasies that emerged post-emancipation."[78]

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[76] Roshanak Kheshti, *Modernity's Ear: Listening to Race and Gender in World Music*, (New York: NYU Press, 2015), xviii.

[77] Zora Neale Hurston, *Mules and Men* (New York: Perennial, 1990), 2-3, as cited in Kheshti, 126-127.

[78] Kheshti, *Modernity's Ear*, 128.

Similarly, Kheshti cites the work of Gina Dent and Angela Davis to speak to Hurston's use of fiction in ethnographic work, and the value placed on individual emotional needs and desires post-slavery.[79] Similar claims have been made concerning the use of dancing as rejuvenation and as a survival strategy, particularly for Black women in the Jim Crow South. Tera W. Hunter argues that "the complex rhythmic structure and driving propulsive action endowed participants with the feeling of metaphysical transcendence, of being able to overcome or alter the obstacles of daily life […]. In slavery, blacks were denied ownership of their bodies. In freedom, they reclaimed their right to use their bodies beyond their needs for subsistence alone."[80] Similarly, Fumi Okiji cites the work of Fred Moten and Saidiya Hartman to assure us that meaning and cultural significance is not limited to clear, linear, and rational histories.[81] While a clear image of the subject may never come into view, our understandings and imaginings of the historical subject are built through a complex layering of social and cultural circumstances which produced them. Ultimately, as Okiji argues, it is within such a clouded and amalgamated concept of history that we gain new insights, new ways of knowing, and new ways of perceiving and theorizing the past.

In her chapter on storytelling, Okiji makes a case for approaching academic scholarship in a new light. Utilizing Benjamin's theorizations of storytelling, she argues that a story is a "plural event" that can never be complete. Each retelling adds what Benjamin labels "transparent layers," through which "a collective of disparate participants, both living and deceased, can bring to light endlessly evolving sites of expressive and cultural significance."[82] In this, she directly compares Benjamin's theory to those of Black expression, and specifically Black expression in jazz. Okiji argues that if as academics, we treated our works more like that of musical practice, our stories might find significance beyond the norms of scholarly discourse. Through listening in preparation for communication, in a willingness to fail, and through conceiving of the writing process as an atemporal shared undertaking "(an endless, boundless rehearsal)," a writer gains insights into the wealth of significance in the unknown and the unknowable. Similarly, Kheshti equates such Black expression to that of a queer utopian practice of embodied listening, and advocates for a methodology of "playing by ear" - "a performative, rather than mimetic, method/ology - as a performative listening praxis where one listens with the body."[83] Within this methodology - as the author relates it to music which is not notated or musical systems in which music is learned by rote - there is an integration of feeling and knowledge, instead of a split between the abstract and the emotional. Kheshti argues that such a methodology requires "a radical form of interdisciplinarity that takes liberally from these seemingly opposed historical formations" and is "rooted in listening as a mode of survival and resistance [...] through which the listener relates differently to pleasure."[84]

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[79] Kheshti, *Modernity's Ear*, 128.
[80] Tera W. Hunter, "'Sexual Pantomimes,' the Blues Aesthetic, and Black Women in the New South", in *Music and the Racial Imagination*, eds. Ronald Radano and Philip V. Bohlman, (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2000), 159.
[81] Okiji, *Jazz as Critique*, 79-86.

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[82] Okiji, *Jazz as Critique*, 69.
[83] Kheshti, *Modernity's Ear*, xviii.

Music scholarship has resisted much of this type of inquiry, and the history of jazz, in particular, is dominated by what can be narrated by a collector, represented in a discography, or distinctly proven in the music itself. But what if we shifted our focus from matters of fact to matters of *concern*? We would have to define what actually concerns us and acknowledge how societal structures not only define who is worthy of historicization, but how a disproportionate burden of proof is placed on marginalized bodies. In his book, *Just Vibrations*, William Cheng boldly calls attention to this dilemma within music scholarship - the problem which he identifies as paranoid readings. Paranoid readings seek to debunk, to deconstruct. Paranoid readings demand hard, verifiable fact, as evidence of virtuosic scholarship, and insist on a constant state of suspicion. Cheng not only draws succinct connections between generations of queer and feminist theory, but also poses their intellectual challenges directly to the academic study of music. He argues for Jack Halberstam's (queer) "low theory" and for the use of "thin description." He acknowledges that terms such as low, thin, and sappy are often pejoratively written, yet argues that they perform disobedience and queer possibilities. He shows the tangible impact of such language when he states, "Reparative scholarship acknowledges that the transactions of power in rhetorical exchanges have the potential to harm and to heal."[85]

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[84] Kheshti, *Modernity's Ear*, xix.

[85] William Cheng, *Just Vibrations: The Purpose of Sounding Good*, (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 2016), 39.

In this chapter, he offers us a (queer) path forward. He signifies a music intellectual lineage by quoting Suzanne Cusick quoting Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick's work:

> The critical practices that result from the reparative position aim toward 'a sustained seeking of pleasure.' [...] And yet, Sedgwick concludes, the reparative is 'no less realistic, no less attached to a project of survival, and neither less nor more delusional or fantasmatic' than the paranoid. Unlike the paranoid, however, it leads us toward moments when joy (not 'gotcha!') can be a guarantor of truth, when practices that are weak, sappy, or anti-intellectual may bespeak the spiritually and psychologically healthy reclamation of sustaining pleasure from a world that may not have intended to sustain us.[86]

Following in this intellectual lineage, Deborah Wong asks, "What are the implications of erasing, ignoring, refusing, and disarticulating the erotics from the music we study? […] It's high time to lose the dispassion,"[87] as Audre Lorde defines the erotic as "a resource within each of us that lies in a deeply female and spiritual plane, firmly rooted in the power of our unexpressed or unrecognized feeling […] We have been raised to fear the *yes* within ourselves, our deepest cravings."[88] Lorde and Wong articulate the need in ethnomusicological discourse for the author to situate themselves within their work, but also to be self-reflexive as to what motivates us as scholars and why. My own impulse for my dissertation research began with Joséphine Baker. While any discussion of an erotic draw to Black historical subjects by a white academic could be fraught with the same fetishizing impulse I critique in this essay, my research seeks to restore the agential voice to those lost or miswritten in scholarship. With this distinction we can see that fetishization of Blackness is an act of reducing, rendering, silencing, and objectifying, while Wong's erotic impulse seeks to restore this feminized and unrecognized source of power and knowledge as a legitimate form of academic research. Such an impulse creates spaces for the full voices of our historical interlocutors.

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[86] Cheng, *Just Vibrations*, 39-40.
[87] Deborah Wong, "Ethnomusicology without Erotics," *Women and Music: A Journal of Gender and Culture*, vol 19, 2015, 178-185.
[88] Audre Lorde, "The Uses of the Erotic," *Sister Outsider*, (Old Saybrook: Tantor Audio, 2016), 53, 57.

The Erotic Impulse in Historical Ethnography

> *I am about to confess something that literary critics should not confess: James Baldwin* ***was*** *literature for me [...] when [he] came into the garden to be interviewed, I was so excited that I could not blink back the tears.*[89]
>
> Henry Louis Gates, Jr.

In this final section of this chapter, I would like to lead the reader through some of the most joyful moments throughout my research, and show how these erotic impulses led me to new discoveries and ways of constellating my work. In my *Jazz and Culture* article, I do extensive visual analysis of images of Dietrich Schulz-Köhn with musicians such as Miles Davis, Tadd Dameron, Kenny Clarke, Louis Armstrong, and Duke Ellington to construct an image of Schulz-Köhn's relationship with Blackness and American celebrity as a fetishizing collection impulse, but I would like to juxtapose that here with my interactions with traces of Black artists in my research.

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[89] Henry Louis Gates, Jr., "An Interview with Josephine Baker and James Baldwin," *The Southern Review* 21, Issue 3 (July 1, 1985), 596.

Joséphine Baker is everywhere, and nowhere to be found. Her name, her image, her omnipresent aura continues to saturate contemporary popular culture. Her image adorns wine bottles, and murals, and children's books. Her name is on the lips of popular and academic audiences alike - yet her name is barely spoken, if spoken at all in volumes of great American women, of great musicians, of any official record of an artist fully entrenched in her own autonomy. A woman who impacted the outcome of the Second World War did so under the cloak of her own superstardom.

In summer of 2018, I traveled from New York City to New Haven, Connecticut to the small collection of Joséphine Baker papers held at the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library. My trip was filled with moments of sheer awe. The simple act of opening a magazine and seeing an advertisement for Joséphine Baker *auf Deutsch* for the first time confirmed that I was headed down the right path.[90] Barely able to contain my excitement, I scribbled in my notes, "My academic life has been long, and bendy, and lonely, but it's moments like these where I'm astounded and so incredibly grateful, because I honestly adore what I do." While many of the materials in the archive dated long past the war, I found so much joy in reading handwritten letters scribbled on hotel notepads, in seeing where Joséphine scratched out thoughts or entire paragraphs to rework a statement or a letter, and in finding letters addressed to Joséphine from lesser-known African American musicians, asking for her help in getting gigs in Europe. I read anxious handwritten drafts of letters from Joséphine to JFK, asking for him to approve her return to the country in the McCarthy era. It was in these materials that I began to see Joséphine's personality aside and apart from the ways in which she had been portrayed in popular culture, and written about in scholarly texts. It was in these materials that I first saw the *banter* that Roshanak Kheshti describes in the ethnographic recordings of Zora Neale Hurston – the informal, or even private interactions of subjects before an official recording begins – that which is typically erased through scholarly processes of legitimation. *These* were the archival materials that began to weave an alternate and intimate history of the superstar.

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[90] For further analysis of Baker's time in Austria, see Kira Dralle, "The Historiography of Myths and the Racial Imagination: Recontextualizing Joséphine Baker in the Jim Crow South and the Third Reich," *Jazzforschung / Jazz Research*, forthcoming.

I took a few trains – from Hartford to New Haven, and from New Haven to Manhattan in the 100-degree heat index lugging my suitcase up 3 sets of dank, suffocating subway stairs and out into the sauna that was New York City. The streets were overflowing with summer tourists headed to Times Square or Theater Row. After a few days of research at the Beinecke, I was mentally exhausted. All I wanted was to sit in Chez Joséphine, have a nice, cold drink, and talk to Jari Baker – Joséphine's son. I'm not exactly sure what I expected to get out of this interaction. I wasn't sure how he would remember his mother. I wasn't sure if I'd come off as a silly fan, or as an academic who might once again, misrepresent her and her brilliantly complex life. They sat me in the corner by the piano. I requested "J'ai Deux Amours," and ordered a cocktail named the "Folies Bergère."

The walls were a lush red and the entirety of the restaurant felt as if it were wrapped in velvet. I most certainly felt like a fangirl. I knew intellectually that Joséphine had never stepped foot in this restaurant, but it had become a shrine of sorts. Even entering the restaurant from Theater Row and the blistering heat, suddenly transported me to a new place. The serenading songs from the piano were accompanied by the clinking of plates and silverware. The dim chandeliers produced a soft glow, as theater goers sunk into their closely packed seats and quietly chatted of their evening's festivities. I brought my friend Brett Wellman Messenger with me, who is the Curatorial Director of Live Arts at the Morris Museum and was planning Baker-themed shows at the time. Brett and I enjoyed a full five-course meal and stayed long past the time most everyone left for curtain call. As the dinner rush calmed down, Jari came to join us in our little corner. This would be the closest I had felt to learning Joséphine's true voice.

Throughout my research and talks on Joséphine, I frequently heard the most dazzling stories from my Black colleagues and friends. Art Historian Carolyn Jean Martin and I did our master's together in San Francisco, and she was one of the first to reach out –

> Your post made me smile because my mom was good friends with Jean-Claude. We used to eat there [Chez Joséphine] about once a month. I always loved it and the legacy of Joséphine. Thanks for the pic! […] She was such a humanitarian. Unfortunately, the world mostly knows the banana skirt and bird cage. It is quite sad and something Jean often talked about. I have been researching and writing about how the black body is viewed as one that is

> received and understood in a state of service…Anyway, glad you are giving Baker the due she deserves![91]

Jean-Claude owned Chez Joséphine before his death in 2015. Jari spoke of Jean-Claude as "not really" his brother, and he seemed to imply he had a more significant relationship with Joséphine. As one of Joséphine's twelve adopted children, Jari came from Norway at a young age. Jean-Claude, however, would be "adopted" by Baker later in life. Jari seemed to want to honor his mother's legacy, but also felt ambivalent about the presence of imagery of her in the banana skirt. Later in life, this was not the image she wanted her children to see. Jari seemed thrilled that I wanted to write a messier, more complex story of her life that looked beyond Joséphine the icon.

At the *Music and Erotics* conference at the University of Pittsburgh, composer Anthony R. Green approached me after my paper on Baker. His face lit up as he told me stories of his mother wearing hats fashioned like Joséphine's. The glamour and camp aesthetics that Joséphine embodied offered new possibilities; it opened up new futures. I was doing a research project that did not garnish much attention from the traditional musicological world, but I could feel how important it was to my Black colleagues and my queer colleagues. Even friends who live outside academic walls and outside music reached out – Joséphine still resonates today.

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Later that summer, as part of a conference trip to Vienna, I stopped in Paris with the hope that by tracing a path throughout the venues she performed in and the hotels and restaurants she frequented, I might find some small, unofficial, or personal collections. Yet, for a city that has dedicated its own "Place Joséphine Baker" and has reinterred her remains at the Pantheon, very little but her image remains. After visiting Le Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, Le Théâtre Bobino, Les Folies Bergère, the Montparnasse brasserie La Coupole, l'Église de la Madeleine, and l'Hôtel Scribe, not much more than a few images remain. *Where did all her extravagant dresses end up? What about concert posters? The sheet music famously inscribed with invisible ink, detailing Nazi war strategy?* The artifacts of her life seemed to be as scattered as her narrative. To this day, the image of Baker is held in the French imaginary, as well as in the social consciousness of the height of the jazz era, but her voice seems to be erased from both. How tragic it must be to have one's entire life flattened into an image, an icon, yet stripped of one's voice. While Baker was of little to no interest to jazz critics and collectors, her image remains rendered as the icon the Jazz Age itself.

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[91] Personal Communication with Carolyn Jean Martin, July 19, 2019.

The city of Paris is such a strange place coming from the eyes of an American. To so many Black American musicians, it represented a possibility of creative life, outside the confines of a racially violent America. As Joséphine Baker said in her interview with Henry Louis Gates, Jr. and James Baldwin:

> I left in 1924, but the roots extend long before that. One of the first things I remember was the East St. Louis Race Riots (1906). I was hanging on to my mother's skirts, I was so little. All the sky was red with people's houses burning. On the bridge, there were running people with their tongues cut out. There was a woman who'd been pregnant with her insides cut out. That was the beginning of my feeling. [92]

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[92] Henry Louis Gates, Jr. "An Interview with Josephine Baker and James Baldwin," *The Southern Review*, July 1, 1985, 597.

She continued, “I felt liberated in Paris. People didn’t stare at me. But when I heard an American accent in the streets of Paris, I became afraid. I would tremble in my stomach.”[93] Baldwin then commented that he left the United States for France because he was a writer: “I had discovered writing and I had a family to save. I had only one weapon to save them, my writing. And I couldn’t write in the United States.”[94] When Gates asked Baldwin if he thought the United States could ever change, Baldwin insisted that while he loved his home country, he believed that people do not willingly, fundamentally change. He compares the United States to the lasting white supremacy of the Third Reich as he says “…people don’t give up things. They have things taken away from them. One does not give up a lover; you lose her.”[95] When writing of the experience of interviewing Baker and Baldwin together, Gates wrote on the romantic nature of his train ride from Paris to Nice on the hottest night of August, 1973: “I was so captivated by the moment: under the weight of the star-filled evening sky that I can remember, in the backyard of Baldwin’s villa at St. Paul, drunk on conversation, burgundy, and a peasant stew, drunk on the fact that James Baldwin and Josephine Baker were seated on my right and left. It was my twenty-second summer; a sublime awe, later that evening, led me to tears.”[96] Paris, and France more broadly, have historically been an oasis for Black artists, writers, and musicians.

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[93] Gates, “An Interview with Josephine Baker and James Baldwin,” 597.
[94] Gates, “An Interview with Josephine Baker and James Baldwin,” 598.
[95] Gates, “An Interview with Josephine Baker and James Baldwin,” 599.
[96] Gates, “An Interview with Josephine Baker and James Baldwin,” 594.

To me, it was a city haunted with my own decadent romance with a brilliant Belgian-American violinist who teasingly left me for the last time in Charles de Gaulle with the trite Hollywood line, “We’ll always have Paris…” The city is saturated in decadent romance in the American imagination. I knew, however, that it was in loving Max, that my research gained a new depth. I had attended a lecture by Visual Studies scholar LuLing Osofsky at the University of California Santa Cruz, on the little-known story of the boxers at Auschwitz.[97] These boxers were said to have boxed to the death for the entertainment Nazi officers, and their ambiguous stories have been told in a few Hollywood films. There have been many debates around the accuracies of these films, and even the living survivors who boxed dispute the claims. The lecture spoke to the ways that trauma and the erosion of time affect memory, as well as to the lack of archival evidence to survive the camps. It is a common theme in both American and Germanic cultures among my generation, to want to “move past” debates around reparations for slavery and genocide. The argument is that we took no part in the atrocities, and therefore should not feel guilt or shame for historical events. And while academically, I could easily refer to Michael Rothberg’s *Menschen mit Nazihintergrund* analysis that histories of violence exist economically, materially, as well as ideologically and psychically, it could not begin to describe the devastation I felt to learn that one of the boxers, Harry Haft, shared his surname with my violinist.

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[97] LuLing Osofsky, “Based on a (Mostly) True Story: Conflicting Cinematic Portrayals of Jewish Champions Boxing at Auschwitz.” Public lecture, University of California Santa Cruz, May 4, 2018.

> *What does it do to see people like you tortured? What vitality and tranquility or capacity to think about other things, let alone do them, is lost, and what would it feel like to have them back?*[98]

Max told me that he could not be certain, as Harry was Polish, and his Jewish ancestors were from Belorussia, but that there was a possibility that it was the brother of his great-grandfather. Given that my German ancestry had been erased, I could not be certain that it was not my very own ancestors who forced Harry Haft to box for their entertainment. The very possibility that it *could have been* my ancestors who tortured Harry Haft, *could have been* my ancestors who caused unspeakable harm to Max's ancestors, while shock waves of such unspeakable grief and trauma permeated through his family to this day, I witnessed firsthand how the Holocaust had wounded – and continued to wound – the man I loved so deeply. My family is granted the luxury of forgetting the past, of being separate from such atrocities, while generational trauma reverberates through his.

> *Though so much of the stories of those who came before is missing, I understand now how the deep damaged passed down from my grandparents formed my parents, and how public histories have shaped our private lives in various ways. I've lived long enough to know five generations of my family and to see how the weight of history that happened two generations before me – hunger, genocide, poverty, the brutalities of emigration, discrimination, and misogyny – still has consequences two generations after me.*[99]

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[98] Solnit, *Recollections of my Nonexistence*, 66.

[99] Solnit, *Recollections of my Nonexistence*, 130-131.

Pops on the Road (1960)

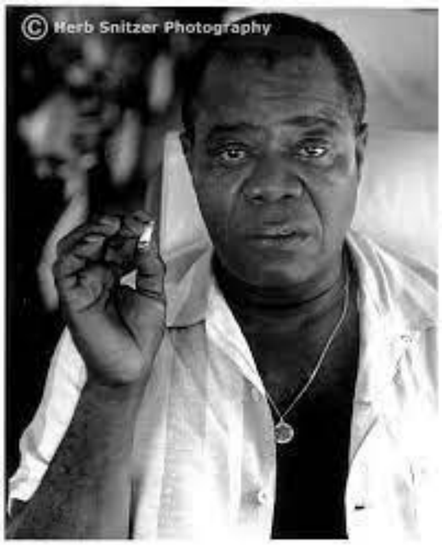

Figure 4: Herb Snitzer, “Pops on the Road – 1960,” Silver gelatin print, herbsnitzer.com

I would like to speak directly to the notion of feeling affinity with a photographic or historical subject. One of the main theories in Susan Sontag’s writings on photography is that in believing we feel kinship with the marginalized photographic subject, we tend to feel that our emotions absolve us of the power dynamics that have done violence to the subject. In fact, viewing such violence actively desensitizes us to violence. She quotes, “To suffer is one thing; another thing is living with the photographed images of suffering, which does not necessarily strengthen conscience and the ability to be compassionate. It can also corrupt them. Once one has seen such images, one has started down the road of seeing more - and more. Images transfix. Images anesthetize.”[100]

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[100] Susan Sontag, *On Photography*, (New York: Picador, 1977), 20.

Even when I first saw Herb Snitzer's photograph of Louis Armstrong, "Pops on the Road - 1960," I could not help but to be swept away in the heartbreaking romance of the photo – I saw the defeat in Armstrong's eyes, as he posed with his Star of David and his cigarette. It felt like empathy. The narrative perpetuated around this photograph, however, is that Snitzer and Armstrong must have had an intimate friendship, and that this photograph merely functions to document the tragic beauty of this moment in history. This dynamic, however, illustrates the exploitative nature of the relationship between a white photographer and a Black musician. The story behind this photo is that Armstrong had just been denied entry into a whites only bathroom, and had come back to the tour bus in a fury. The photographer claimed to have never seen Armstrong so angry. Moments later, visually isolated from the rest of the tour bus, and with this sense of sadness and defeat in Armstrong's eyes, Snitzer snapped the photograph. Being cognitively aware of the power dynamics did not automatically exempt me from the romantic narrative Snitzer wove and curated – one must be constantly aware of implicit biases functioning within themselves. The empathy that we believe to feel when looking at this incredibly personal moment with Armstrong, however, does not in fact make us closer to Armstrong, ease his pain, or shift the white supremacist ideologies that have permeated, and have been perpetuated in, our society. This photograph and its mythology illustrate the ways in which intention and narration not only construct the role of the photograph in the popular imaginary, but also succinctly highlight the violence done to the silenced subject.

The fact remains that this incredibly painful moment for Armstrong is misread and misused as it circulates in the social imaginary. In a simple Google search for "Pops on the Road (1960)," I found a Louis Armstrong birthday dedication from the Hudson River Museum dated 4 August, 2019. They shared the photograph with the caption, "Happy Birthday, Louis Armstrong! Enjoy this relaxed image of him that Herb Snitzer captured during the band's trip to the Tanglewood Music Center." I most certainly would not call him *relaxed*. This only insidiously perpetuates the narratives that white photographers have curated around Black subjects. And I can only assume that Armstrong would want to commemorate his birthday with a moment of *joy*, and not *pain*.

> *I wanted writing that could be lavish, subtle, evocative, that could describe mists and moods and hopes and not just facts and solid objects. I wanted to map how the world is connected by patterns and intuitions and resemblances. I wanted to trace the lost patterns that came before the world was broken and find the new ones we could make from the shards.*[101]
>
> Rebecca Solnit

Returning home to Illinois is a difficult thing for me to do. While I am critical of the silences that permeate the generations of my German American family, as well as the historical silences it maintains, it is my own impulse to escape and forget the pain encountered there. My grandmother died an unspeakably lonely death during the COVID pandemic, the circumstances of which make me want to withdraw from my extended family entirely. These are all things which are too painful to talk about. Her house is the house in which I remember most of my childhood, and now it has been sold and remodeled, and all the artifacts of memories have been divided and scattered amongst her children and grandchildren. This painted portrait was argued over – not because of its story, or the historical significance it could unlock – but because it was painted by my grandfather. This Black man's image now fails to even signify himself, but instead the white man who painted him. I may never know the nature of the relationship between this man and my grandfather, but I do know the silences the unnamed painting has maintained throughout the decades.

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[101] Solnit, *Recollections of my Nonexistence*, 126.

My grandfather painted this portrait in the same building in which I completed my undergraduate studies in photography, and this coincidence had barely crossed my mind. I recently reached out to the Art department at Bradley University to see if they could help locate the identity of this man in old class rosters. Unfortunately, their departmental records do not go back that far, and if I were to inquire with the registrar, I would need a court order to unlock such information. They merely suggested that I turn to social media, to see if anyone in the Peoria area might recognize the man. It seems that all the traces are lost or inaccessible. Currently, I can only dream of what it might be like to return the portrait to this Black man's family, and to learn of his daily experiences in Peoria, Illinois. The city itself, located on the Illinois River between Chicago and St. Louis, is entrenched and embedded with silenced histories. Joséphine Baker was born just a few hours south along the same river. It was said that Al Capone frequented a distillery down the street from Bradley during the prohibition era, and there are current plans to restore the Madison Theater, which was a center for vaudeville shows. The infamous line "If it plays in Peoria," indicated that if a vaudeville show was successful in Peoria, it would be successful on tour throughout the United States. We are not taught this "unfavorable" history growing up in Illinois. I faced similar shock when I learned of the East St. Louis Race Riots. Illinois was not a confederate state, so we were taught that such things did not happen there. Yet evidence of anti-Blackness and its historical embeddedness permeates our lives no matter how sterilized the history.

While my research is at once the search to return the names and voices of Black musicians to their reduced and rendered iconography, it is simultaneously an in-depth critique of the invisible functions and structures of Western archives and music scholarship. As Chicana writer Cherríe Moraga stated, "We don't need white people to be allies. We need them to go home. Which means, to deal with their origin stories."[102] And while geographically and ancestrally, I have been detached from my own Germanness, culturally and academically, I am a product of the legacies of German supremacy, as it lives in the genealogies of Western music in the form of Cartesian rationality, rigor, and prestige. Changing these disciplinary impulses means not only broadening the scope of the music which we study, but also broadening our conceptions of sources of knowledge. Even as I study jazz, in particular – *swing* – I participate in all the citational and methodological practices of legitimation in a Western musicological field. This is my origin story; here is where I can make my most powerful intervention – not by building a revolutionary system, but by shaking the ground of the practices and institutions that have constructed me as a scholar, and in preparing that ground for something new.

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[102] Cherrie Moraga lecture at Columbia University, as cited by Melody J. Nixon, Twitter Post. September 13, 2019, 08:36. https://twitter.com/MelodyJNixon/status/1172534548015566848.

It is too easy as an *Amerikanerin*, entrenched in the hero narratives of the United States post-World War II, to merely point out the atrocities of a Nazi, the enemy, the *ultimate* representation of evil. While a significant portion of my research critiques the collection and archival impulses of Dietrich Schulz-Köhn, the more I learn about this man, the more similarities I find to Western music scholarship and US-American culture more broadly. It was not just Schulz-Köhn who deeply fetishized Blackness and (mis)appropriated Black music, without paying credit to the musicians themselves, and without acknowledging his own active leadership in the ideologies and institutions that tried to eradicate Blackness itself. This research speaks to both the fetishizing collection impulses, as well as the historiographic silencing impulses of Western anti-Blackness more broadly, and it serves to locate the methodologies for identifying the traces, remnants, and evidence of such histories. This is my heritage – this is *our* cultural and musicological heritage. And the time has come for its displacement.

II – Philosophical Context

“The (Right to) Opacity”: hot rhythm and the racial imagination in the wake of the Third Reich

[The] deliberate blurring of fact and fiction can be read as an ironic comment on jazz historiography, [and it] function[s] as a metaphor for the silence of history.

-Andy Fry[103]

The ‘opacity of black song’ refers to a withholding, refusal, or perhaps an impossibility to disclose [...] a modern experience too horrific to communicate.

-Fumi Okiji[104]

In January 2020, I made my way from Graz to London before heading to the *Documenting Jazz* conference held in Birmingham that year. I was meeting up with my dear friend and colleague Nelsen Hutchison to spend a few days eating copious amounts of Indian food, listening to some live jazz throughout the city, and attending a few museum exhibits as he recovered from his jet lag from the long flight from San Francisco. I was more than excited to see that the V&A’s exhibit of “Entartete Kunst”[105] was still on display and made it a top priority on our to-do list. The exhibit, however, was - *dare I say?* - laughable. This exhibit that they had advertised so well on their website, and throughout the city - caught so many eyes with its promise of Nazi looting and degenerate art. However, once I reached the exhibit, it was merely a few small rooms full of silver and gold that had been stolen by the Nazis (*why had it not found its way back to a proper owner?*), but the actual *Kunst* section of the exhibit was merely a video one small monitor, at the back of the exhibit, which allegedly had been out of service for the past two weeks. The docents seemed to have little knowledge of the video's existence at all. So really, it was a V&A exhibit of silver and gold, marketed with the click-bait of "degenerate" and "forbidden" art under the Nazis.

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[103] Fry, *Paris Blues*, 218.
[104] Okiji, *Jazz as Critique*, 82.
[105] “’Entartete Kunst’: The Nazis’ inventory of ‘degenerate art,’” Victoria and Albert Museum, visited January 2020.

But that's just the problem - the notion of "forbidden art" itself is one that exists merely in the social imagination, constructed by limited historiographical accounts and Hollywood films. We conjure images that have been burned into our memory of staunchly militant men in Nazi regalia, utterly banning all such forms of art and entertainment. We think of the public, gathering en masse, to witness the racialized other in both fascination and disgust, in the age of phrenology and eugenics. Still today, we want to taste this forbidden fruit. It seems that the V&A was widely aware of this cultural phenomenon, and yet there was no period of time within German borders or Nazi-occupied territories, when jazz was ever "forbidden." Does jazz, in fact, represent *freedom* itself - a freedom which would then need to be banished and eradicated within an authoritarian regime? Wherever one falls on the debate of jazz as a metaphor for freedom, the fact remains that the music did in fact take on associations with freedom, with modernization, and with perceived racialized traits of Blackness in the early twentieth century. But more importantly, jazz was ambivalently used to embody a wide array of ideologies, in varying contexts, to satiate needs different in one moment from the next.

There remains a heavy fog of confusion and seemingly irreconcilable ambivalences in not only National Socialist perceptions of jazz, but of jazz more broadly throughout the war. This fog comes up against such stark convictions in US-American social consciousness, that we believe to know the rigidity of the Nazi regime - that we have such clear concepts of Nazi racial purity and the horrific genocide it insued; and that all of this stands in stark contrast to the imperfect, yet morally superior Allied nations. And generally, any study of the war must operate from the assumption that Nazi destruction of evidence will contribute to an inability to grasp a whole truth. However, as I began my search for unnamed musicians, I learned such ambivalences were not limited to just the Reich, and I was forced to relinquish the stronghold of academic "truth" into a murky sea of myths, lies, opacities, and obfuscations, in order to catch a glimpse of the reality of jazz as it exited in daily life throughout the Second World War.

Modernism & Aesthetic Judgment

In a chapter titled “The Lure of the Sublime: Revisiting the Modernist Project” published in 2015, Susan McClary writes on a resurgence of modernism in musical composition and its contested place within the academy. In the piece, she acknowledges her positionality late in her musicological career and claims she is becoming “something of an apologist for modernism - or at least attempting to see matters from their point of view,” and she continues by apologizing for her apologist stance in saying “I suppose this is something like the process that occurs to us all when we get old enough to view our parents not as tyrants of discipline, but as vulnerable human beings who made the best choice they could, given their array of options.”[106] At the root of this argument, McClary is attempting to reconcile the political anxieties that caused serious artists to define themselves by “cool intellect” rather than heated rhetoric and the emotions - based on aesthetic theory which created a binary between the Beautiful and the Sublime. According to McClary’s argument, the Beautiful - representing the classical era - was defined by pleasure, symmetry, and order, and the Sublime was characterized by “wild, untamable forces of nature.”[107]

In the beginning of the chapter, she outlines the ways in which music was weaponized by the Nazis and the Soviets - “censoring whatever seemed not to accord with their purposes and appropriating anything that suited them as propaganda,”[108] and continues, “It is no great wonder then that serious artists reacted by writing music that refused the heated rhetoric that made so much of the traditional canon vulnerable to totalitarian abuses [...] In the face of this unprecedented level of catastrophe, the very notion of conveying meanings seemed tantamount to manipulation.”[109] As she notes, Theodor Adorno believed such beautiful music to have led inexorably to the rise of the Third Reich, and eventually, to the Holocaust itself. It is truly perplexing, then, to consider how notions of the masculine, rational Sublime came to dictate and justify Modernist art and Marxist writings, *as well as* Nazi ideology on art and music.

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[106] Susan McClary, “The Lure of the Sublime: Revisiting the Modernist Project,” in *Transformations of Musical Modernism*, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2015), eds. Erling E. Guldbrandsen and Julian Johnson, 21-35, citation on 26-27.
[107] McClary, “The Lure of the Sublime,” 28.
[108] McClary, “The Lure of the Sublime,” 23.

As McClary notes, the *Beautiful* and the *Sublime* were not simply a dichotomy between classical beauty and the untamable forces of nature. Edmund Burke and Emanuel Kant identified femininity in the Beautiful and masculinity in the Sublime. Throughout the article, more definitions are associated with each. When speaking of Beethoven’s Ninth, she writes: “the Finale’s *cruelly dissonant* opening, which *shatters* that carefully wrought island of *bliss*. We celebrate him for having the *courage* to do so.”[110] Here we see that cruelty, dissonance, shattering, and courage are aligned with the masculine Sublime, and bliss with the feminine Beautiful. She goes on: “The fetishizing of *violence* even escalated: recall the case of Chris Burden, who once had someone shoot a bullet into his arm as part of a performance art piece.”[111] Violence and cruelty are thereby associated not only with masculine intellect, but ironically in direct opposition to authoritarian propaganda. Similarly, while speaking of the work of Olivier Messiaen, McClary notes that he "fashioned a language grounded not on *defiance*, but on his love of birdsong, his interest in *non-Western* musical procedures, and his *mystical contemplation* of the *Divine*."[112] McClary here defines Messiaen against the modernists, arguing that his work embodied themes of spirituality and pleasure, and that it intended to *include* listeners and *move them*.

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[109] McClary, “The Lure of the Sublime,” 23.
[110] McClary, “The Lure of the Sublime,” 28. (emphasis mine)
[111] McClary, “The Lure of the Sublime,” 29. (emphasis mine)

While McClary argues that the root of this debate is an argument over *pleasure*, and cites the ways in which pleasure has been associated with the feminine, the lower classes, the racial other, and cultural contamination more broadly, the argument overall fails to consider the ways in which the original concept of the Sublime in aesthetic judgment embodied pleasure in itself. Citing the writings of Christopher Small and his concept of 'musicking,' McClary writes:

> Instead of fetishized works…we should be observing how and why human beings engage in producing and sharing meaningful sounds. And in a world so fraught with anxieties and dangers, we surely cannot afford to sneer at pleasure, as if 'our' music were self-evidently morally superior. We all require music in our lives, perhaps for purposes of survival itself.[113]

Here, and throughout the appropriations of the Beautiful/Sublime debate, remains the incorrect assumption that the Sublime forgoes *pleasure* in the name of *intellect*. While this false dichotomy has been mapped across ideologies of class, gender, and race - in an attempt to justify corporeal and psychic violence in the name of moral *goodness*, it simply cannot be understood as a polarity. Because the sublime has been perceived solely as masculine, rational, intellectual, violent, and defiant - and has been stripped of its connotations with wonder, pleasure, intuition, spirituality, and astonishment - it has been (mis)appropriated not only by Modernists and Marxists, but in the very same way, by fascists themselves. Associations with the rational masculine have been extracted from the Sublime and used to justify an array of diametrically opposed ideologies since the beginning of the Modern era. Following McClary's argument, the entirety of Western musical composition in academia is predicated on the idea that musical pleasure (and all of its culturally defined associations) were appropriated by fascists, and therefore, its perceived opposite - the (hyper) *rational* - is morally good. Perhaps in order to reconcile our contemporary conceptions of music and prestige, we in institutions of music must similarly undo the binaries of pleasure and genius, of the emotive and the rational, as has been done throughout the whole of (Queer) Black Feminist thought.

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[112] McClary, "The Lure of the Sublime," 30.
[113] McClary, "The Lure of the Sublime," 32.

Hitler's Sublime

Paradoxically, philosophies of the sublime, or what Reinhold Brinkmann terms the "misused sublime,"[114] similarly lie at the root of National Socialist ideologies of art and music. He argues that aesthetic philosophy that distinguished between the beautiful and the sublime governed European aesthetics since the mid-eighteenth century, and had particularly affected music discourse around theories of musical genres.[115] While the 'beautiful' is merely aesthetically pleasing, the 'sublime' goes beyond what our sensible imagination can achieve.[116] In the Kantian sublime, reason fails, and in this, we experience distress (or *Achtung*) at the failure of the imagination to comprehend what is before us. The sublime has been described as being vast, powerful, and terrifying "(provided we are not actually afraid),"[117] but also as sensuous, playful, intuitive, and exultant. In 1757, philosopher Edmond Burke wrote that "the passion caused by the great and sublime in nature, when those causes operate most powerfully, is astonishment; and astonishment is that state of the soul in which all its motions are suspended with some degree of horror […] Astonishment is the effect of the sublime in its highest degree."[118] While many theories of the sublime use experiences of the vastness of nature, Murdoch relates this astonishment and exhilaration directly to notions of freedom: "the freedom of sublimity does not symbolize but *is* moral freedom [...] intuiting itself in an exultant manner."[119] For Murdoch, the intuitive play of the sublime is directly related to the *good*. And while it should be noted that all theories of the sublime and aesthetic judgment are both moral and religious philosophies, their implementations throughout European history seem in stark contrast. Brinkmann argues that Adolf Hitler's concept of the sublime "emphasizes the monumental, the heroic, forceful, and even violent actions - that is, a specific, selective view of the sublime."[120] Brinkmann cites *Mein Kompf* (vol 1, chapter 6) to illustrate that Hitler's concept of the sublime is inherently tied to his larger political ideology:

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[114] Reinhold Brinkmann, "The Distorted Sublime: Music and National Socialist Ideology - A Sketch," in *Music and Nazism: Art under Tyranny, 1933-1945*, edited by Michael H. Kater and Albrecht Riethmüller (Laaber-Verlag, 2003), 45.
[115] Brinkmann, 43.

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[116] Iris Murdoch, "The Sublime and the Good," *Chicago Review* 13, no. 3 (Autumn 1959), 45.
[117] Murdoch, 45.
[118] Edmond Burke, *A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, ed. Adam Phillips (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1990), 113.
[119] Murdoch, 46.
[120] Brinkmann, 45.

> ...for in a bastardized and ni----rized world all of the concepts of the humanly beautiful and sublime, as well as all ideas of an idealized future for humanity, would be lost forever. Human culture and civilization on this continent are inseparably bound up with the presence of the Aryan. If he dies out or declines, the dark veils of an age without culture will again descend on the globe [...] Anyone who dares to lay hands on the highest image of the Lord commits sacrilege against the benevolent creator of this miracle and contributes to the expulsion from paradise.[121]

Ultimately, while an experience of the sublime holds both *terror* and *exultant joy*, our understandings of the use of the sublime in European philosophical history must similarly hold this dialecticism, and acknowledge the ways in which the "aesthetics of the Lord's image"[122] have been weaponized against both Black and Jewish peoples throughout modern history.

Jazz in the Third Reich

I could barely make out the banks. Frequent mist slows Germany down. You can touch the mist, it touches you like a facecloth. But there's a rub. The mist keeps secrets. Germany has many secrets to keep; better not see too clearly. Years ago, driving north on the autobahn from Munich, the mist lifted at dawn as I passed the sign, just another autobahn exit: 'Dachau'. You miss the mist when it lifts.[123]

-Mike Zwerin

The Third Reich notoriously had a very ambivalent relationship with jazz. While the music was banned for its connotations with blackness, sexual promiscuity, and American modernism, it was later nationalized by Propaganda Minister Josef

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[121] Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, trans. Ralph Manheim (Boston, 1971): 177-8, as cited in Brinkmann, 44.

[122] Hitler, 44.

[123] Mike Zwerin, *La Tristesse de Saint Louis: Jazz Under the Nazis* (New York: Beech Tree Books, William Morrow and Company, Inc., 1985), 17.

Goebbels. State sponsored orchestras such as Charley and his Orchestra, The German Dance and Entertainment Orchestra (*Deutsches Tanz- und Unterhaltungsorchester,* or the *DTU*), and the Golden Seven produced jazz standards in line with the Reichsmusikkammer's musical restrictions and changed lyrics for propaganda efforts.[124] The music was restricted in its amount of syncopation, and tempos were not allowed to be too fast nor too slow, as it would negate an Aryan sense of discipline and moderation. Scatting, riffs, plucking of violin strings, and drum breaks were all forbidden. Major keys were preferred, and orchestras were advised to replace all saxophones with a violoncello, viola, or suitable folk instrument.[125] However, even the musicians in the state sponsored orchestras would often push the boundaries into hotter forms of the music. As Mike Zwerin notes, "the extent of the ban and the definition of the music had both been vague anyway."[126] The reality of how jazz was perceived (or even defined) in the Third Reich, as well as when, how, and on whom punishment for playing or dancing to the music was leveled, is quite a complex and ambivalent story.

One Nazi *Gauleiter*[127] outlined specific regulations for dance orchestras, in which tropes of the ills of syncopation, non-classical instrumentation, and a strong favor for folk music over popular music arise. While this is a list of regulations from a specific occupied region of the Reich, and the details of its enforcement remain both blurry and arbitrary, many of the same themes frequently occur in other regions and iterations of the list.

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[124] See: Bergmeier, H. J. P., and Rainer E. Lotz, *Hitler's Airwaves: the Inside Story of Nazi Radio Broadcasting and Propaganda Swing* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1997). See also Wipplinger, Jonathan, *The Jazz Republic: Music, Race, and American Culture in Weimar Germany* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 2017).

[125] Škvorecký, Josef, trans. Káča Poláčková-Henley, "Red Music," *The Bass Saxophone: two novellas* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1977), 8-9.

[126] Mike Zwerin, *La Tristesse de Saint Louis*, 6.

[127] Gauleiters were regional leaders of the Nazi Party. This was the third highest rank in the party, and Gauleiters were only subordinate to Reichleiters and Hitler himself.

> 1. Pieces in foxtrot rhythm (so-called swing) are not to exceed 20 percent of the repertoires of light orchestras and dance bands;
> 2. In this so-called jazz type repertoire, preference is given to compositions in a major key and to lyrics expressing joy in life rather than Jewishly gloomy lyrics;
> 3. As to tempo, preference is also to be given to brisk compositions over slow ones (so-called blues); however, the pace must not exceed a certain degree of allegro, commensurate with the Aryan sense of discipline and moderation. On no account will Negroid excesses in tempo (so-called hot jazz) or in solo performances (so-called breaks) be tolerated;
> 4. So-called jazz compositions may contain at most 10 percent syncopation; the remainder must consist of a natural legato movement devoid of the hysterical rhythmic reverses characteristic of the music of the barbarian races and conducive to dark instincts alien to the German people (so-called riffs);
> 5. Strictly prohibited is the use of instruments alien to the German spirit (so-called cowbells, flexatone, brushes, etc.) as well as all mutes which turn the noble sound of wind and brass instruments into a Jewish-Freemasonic yowl (so-called wa-wa, hat, etc.);
> 6. Also prohibited are so-called drum breaks longer than half a bar in four-quarter beat (except in stylized military marches);
> 7. The double bass must be played solely with the bow in so-called jazz compositions;
> 8. Plucking of the strings is prohibited, since it is damaging to the instrument and detrimental to Aryan musicality; if a so-called pizzicato effect is absolutely desirable for the character of the composition, strict care must be taken lest the string be allowed to patter on the sordine, which is henceforth forbidden;
> 9. Musicians are likewise forbidden to make vocal improvisations (so-called scat);

> 10. All light orchestras and dance bands are advised to restrict the use of saxophones of all keys and to substitute for them the violoncello, the viola or possibly a suitable folk instrument.[128]

This list of regulations does not come from any official National Socialist documentation, but instead from Czech bass saxophonist Josef Škvorecký. In his book *The Bass Saxophone: two novellas*, he states, “Elsewhere in Germany, several swingmen met a similar fate and one local Gauleiter issued an extraordinary (really extraordinary? in this world of ours?) set of regulations which were binding for all dance orchestras. I read them, gnashing my teeth, in Czech translation in the film weekly *Filmový kurýr*, and fifteen years later I paraphrased them - faithfully, I am sure, since they had engraved themselves deeply on my mind - in a short story entitled “I Won’t Take Back One Word.”[129] While it is difficult in a scholarly mindset to accept such paraphrasing, fifteen years after the fact, of a secondary (and possibly even artistic) source - noting the effects of time and trauma on memory, these themes recur frequently throughout the philosophical and political ideologies of the era. Even if unverifiable, I accept his remembrance of this reality as truthful, and in this chapter I will trace these patterns through primary source material and academic discourse.

Throughout my research, I have found that Nazi contempt for jazz centers around three main associations of jazz: hot rhythm, the concept of freedom, and its cultural ties to both Blackness and Jewishness in the Reich. While there were many musical restrictions based on instrumentation, key, and timbre, jazz was perceived to be, at its core, defined by rhythm. As Josef Škvorecký notes in his essay “Red Music”:

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[128] Škvorecký, Josef, trans. Káča Poláčková-Henley, “Red Music,” *The Bass Saxophone: two novellas* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1977), 8-9.
[129] Škvorecký, 7-8.

> It was Goebbels who declared, ‘Now, I shall speak quite openly on the question of whether German Radio should broadcast so-called jazz music. If by jazz we mean music that is based on rhythm and entirely ignores or even shows contempt for melody, music in which rhythm is indicated primarily by the ugly sounds of whining instruments so insulting to the soul, why then we can only reply to the question entirely in the negative.’[130]

There are endless references that signal how deeply the sound of this new rhythm was charged with the fall of humanity in the Third Reich. Earlier in 1941, Goebbels had outlined the three main principles regarding jazz’s ban on German radio - the first being its “distorted rhythms,” followed by atonal melody and the use of “stopped horns.”[131] Bergmeier and Lotz quote Goebbels on the difference between jazz and acceptable entertainment music:

> The answer to this question has to be negative if by jazz we mean a form of music that totally ignores melody, indeed even makes fun of it, and is based on rhythm alone, rhythm which manifests itself principally in a cacophonous instrumental squawk that offends the ear. This alleged music is revolting, being in reality not music at all, but talentless and unimaginative juggling with notes. Rhythm is fundamental to music. We are not living in the Victorian age [*in der Biedermeierzeit*], but in a century that takes its tune from the thousandfold humming of machines and the roar of motors.[132]

It was common for writings on rhythm to include references to motors, machines, and the loud noises of modernism and industrialization. Max Merz, a folk music researcher, spoke to the Vienna branch of the Reich Chamber of Music in 1941, warning of the evils of this new rhythm: “The perpetual pounding, this whole jerking rhythm, comes across like something machine made, fragmented images in sound, like some kind of mechanical formula, deviating from all that is human.”[133]

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[130] Škvorecký, 5.

[131] Josef Goebbels, as cited in Bergmeier and Lotz, “Propaganda Swing,” *Hitler’s Airwaves* (New Haven: Yale University Press), 140.

[132] Josef Goebbels, “Jazz on the Radio,” *Das Reich*, as cited in Bergmeier and Lotz, 144.

Simultaneously, this inhuman, machine-like, pounding rhythm was tied directly to Blackness through primitivizing conceptions of sexuality. In March 1933, the German Radio (RRG) had stated that “The Berlin programme is banning all the dubious dance styles that healthy public opinion calls ‘N----r music’, in which provocative rhythms predominate and melody is violently abused.”[134] In this one line, we can see that on one side, we have Black music being described as “provocative,” and it is set up to “violently abuse” the “health” of the German people, symbolized by melody. This, of course, has been stated in much more blunt terms. The newspaper article titled “Swing and N----r Music Must Disappear” from 1938 is often cited in literature on jazz in the Reich. However, while the title in itself is usually solely reproduced, the piece also directly links issues of both mental and physical health directly and abjectly to hot rhythm and Blackness:

> Disgusting things are going on, disguised as ‘entertainment’. We have no sympathy for fools who want to transplant jungle music to Germany. In Stettin, like other cities, one can see people dancing as though they suffer from stomach pains. They call it ‘swing’. This is no joke. I am overcome with anger [...] These people are mentally retarded. Only n----rs in some jungle would stomp like that. Germans have no n----r in them. The pandemonium of swing fever must be stopped…N----r music must disappear.[135]

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[133] Max Merz, as cited in Bergmeier and Lotz, 140.

[134] *Funk-Stunde*, Presseinformation, 8 March 1933, as cited in Bergmeier and Lotz, 138.

[135] Buschmann, “Swing and N----r Music Must Disappear,” 6 Nov 1938, Stettin newspaper, as cited in Zwerin, 13-14, among others.

This does raise questions then, as to how Black figures such as Joséphine Baker maintained a cult-like following in Germany. While many Black Americans fled, or were exiled from Paris before Nazi-occupation, Baker's return to the city was said to have been approved by Hitler himself.[136] In her banana skirt, performing in *La Revue Nègre* at the Folies Bergère, she came to embody Black female sexuality in the racial imagination of wartime Europe. She would use this cult following as a spy in the French Resistance to gain tactical information at National Socialist gatherings. Her perceived primitive sexuality protected her from German suspicion. As Michael Kater notes in his book *Different Drummers,*

> The German star cult around [B]lack personalities such as Josephine Baker really was an inverted form of racial prejudice: it was considered safe by good German burghers to flirt with this symbol of Eros as a manifestation of potential immorality, but the mere taste of temptation was satisfying enough […] she was an outsider who afforded audiences the titillating illusion of sin, while never endangering the moral standard.[137]

While hot rhythm and Blackness were appropriated to represent disease, violence, and primitive sexuality in the modernist era, Germans themselves were drawn to the music. They were exhilarated by that which they so feared.

To this day, it is perceived that people who are not of African descent do not have an innate sense of rhythm, and this applies to Germans in particular. The primitivizing trope of the *inner feeling* of the pulse and the sensuous, emotional, irrational nature of Blackness, is contrasted with whiteness, logic, and reason. When speaking of white German jazz musicians in the Weimar Republic and the Third Reich, Kater notes:

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[136] "Hitler O.K.'s Jo Baker; She Returns to Paris; IN HITLERVILLE," *The Chicago Defender* (National Edition), January 25, 1941, Proquest Historical Newspapers, 20.

[137] Michael Kater, *Different Drummers: Jazz in the Culture of Nazi Germany*, (New York/Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1992), 18.

> Yet if jazz rhythm is conventionally called syncopic, this is not the whole story. ‘Downbeats’ and ‘Upbeats’ mean that notes can be played with rhythmic variations from the main beat so subtle that they elude notation; if musicians are not born into an Afro-American culture, they may have to spend a long time acquiring this skill.[138]

He goes on:

> This applied particularly to the German popular musician approaching jazz, who was used to march time with its emphasis on the first (‘strong’) beat of each bar, rather than the jazz tradition with its equivalent weighting of all beats [...] The German musicians of the republic compensated for their lack of inner feeling for a secure pulse with excessive noise…[139]

While Kater seems to be merely complimenting Black musicians for their superior rhythmic skills, he feeds into the primitivizing tropes of Blackness and emotion, and in doing so in a context of National Socialism, merely reinforces the racial hierarchies of the Reich - placing “naïve” Blackness at the bottom of the social pyramid. Indeed, it is not so apparent as Kater claims, to hear such Germanness in recordings of hot jazz performed by white musicians. While much of the jazz produced in the Reich was regulated by state ideology and followed strict rules dictating how “hot” the music could be, many white musicians across Europe did successfully perform hot rhythms once they had heard and played the music.

The second major theme in literature on jazz during the Second World War is the concept of freedom. While this debate extends far past the war itself, and arguably to the present day in jazz scholarship, there were violent debates leading up to and throughout the war that marked jazz as both revolutionary as well as the tool for fascist domination itself. While Marxist theorist Theodor Adorno would claim that jazz was but a tool for propaganda and domination, many musicians, and even Nazis fervently believed that jazz prevented proper control over society. As Joachim-Ernst Berendt, a German jazz critic, producer, and broadcaster stated:

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[138] Kater, 13.
[139] Kater, 14.

> They [Nazis] knew the power of art, of communication in general, that's why they could move so many millions. They knew that jazz generates the kind of attitude that might shake their power. It can be no accident that totalitarian regimes are all against jazz. It's basic to their character. You improvise, you make your own decisions. You have a special sound, you do not sound like anybody else. Spontaneity means freedom. Bend notes, stretch the rhythm, negate the rhythm if you like.[140]

And while Adorno would argue that this is merely an illusion of freedom, which actually aids in complacency, and therefore domination, many persecuted musicians played jazz as a means of momentary escapism and survival. Škvorecký wrote about jazz in the camps:

> They were all there, all but one of them already condemned to die, in white shirts and black ties, the slide of the trombone pointing diagonally up to the sky, pretending or maybe really experiencing the joy of rhythm, of music, perhaps a fragment of hopeless escapism […] There was even a band in the notorious Buchenwald, made up for the most part of Czech and French prisoners. And since those were not only cruel but absurd times, people were put behind barbed wire because of the very music that was played inside.[141]

Škvorecký remarks at the absurdity of jazz musicians being put in camps for playing jazz, and then being forced to play jazz in the camps to lighten the mood. He believed that “totalitarian ideologists loathe[d] art, the product of a yearning for life, because they [could] not control it.”[142] In stark contrast to Adorno’s concept of jazz as a tool for domination, Škvorecký believed that jazz, as a popular mass art, was in fact, mass protest. To me, this rings of contemporary Black feminist theory and Audre Lorde’s claim that “caring for myself is not self-indulgence, it is self-preservation, and that is an act of political warfare.”[143] Škvorecký saw jazz as “the product of a yearning for life,” and as the momentary joy and escapism that allowed for even the bleakest hope of survival. Staying alive as a prisoner in a camp, was in fact directly protesting the National Socialist state, whose ultimate political goal was the eradication of such lives.

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[140] Joachim-Ernst Berendt in conversation with Mike Zwerin, *La Tristesse de Saint Louis: Swing Under the Nazis*, (New York: Beech Tree Books, 1985), 51.

[141] Škvorecký, "Red Music," 7

Propaganda Jazz

In March 1933, the Reich banned jazz from all radio programs on the basis of its “musical decadence.”[144] There were a few instances, however, when the Nazi Party later conceded to, or even embraced jazz. Goebbels knew that soldiers and officers alike loved what Kater calls “rhythmically accentuated dance music,”[145] and he realized that it would only help the war effort if both the citizens and the troops were in high spirits. So while in many ways, jazz had been banned in the Reich, as “the refuse of a rotting society,”[146] Goebbels began to construct the acceptable conditions for jazz to be played and broadcast within Germany, and state-sponsored jazz orchestras were assembled to take jazz standards and inject them with lyrical propaganda - all the while attempting to follow the musical regulations set in place by Goebbels.[147] Radio shows were also made for shortwave radio to appease German soldiers, and fighter pilots in particular, growing weary in the daily life of war. Goebbels specified his concept of an acceptable radio program for such German soldiers:

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[142] Škvorecký, 5.
[143] Audre Lorde, *A Burst of Light and Other Essays*, (Mineola: Dover Publication, 2017), 130.
[144] *Funk*, 17 March, 1933, as cited in Bergmeier and Lotz, 138.
[145] Kater, 118.
[146] Bergmeier and Lotz, 137

> The broadcasting programmes need to be put together in such a way that while they still cater for sophisticated tastes, they are also pleasing and accessible to the less demanding listeners [...] They should offer an intelligent and psychologically skillful blend of what is informative, stimulating, relaxing and entertaining. Of these, relaxation in particular deserves special care, for the life of by far the greater number of all radio listeners engages them in a tough and merciless everyday struggle that wears at their nerves and their strength, giving them the right to recuperate and refresh themselves for the few hours when they are off work.[148]

But beyond pacifying the German people, Goebbels realized that he could exploit the music's popularity as an offensive war strategy. From very early in the war, the German Radio (RRG) used jazz to bait listeners from Allied countries, particularly England. They specifically used jazz that was thought to appeal to the British, who had had far more access to American hot jazz records after the First World War and the Treaty of Versailles than the Germans would have had access to. Often, German versions of the news would be played in English immediately following the music portion. When speaking of this entertaining music, Goebbels claimed that "next to the press," relaxation and entertainment were "the most effective weapon in our struggle for national existence,"[149] and this functioned both defensively to maintain the morale of the German troops, as well as offensively to shift public opinion in Allied nations.[150]

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[147] See: Bergmeier and Lotz, *Hitler's Airwaves*; Kater, *Different Drummers*; Erik Levi, "Technology Serves Music: Radio and Recording in the Third Reich," *Music in the Third Reich* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1994), 124-146. Bergmeier and Lotz, in particular, collected extensive examples of Nazi lyrics set to jazz standards in "Appendix II: Propaganda Lyrics," 293-342.

[148] Goebbels (cit. in Pohle, 1955), as cited in Bergmeier and Lotz, 141

Blackness/Jewishness

While this dissertation is written from the standpoint that all of the music in question - however termed or defined - is without question Black American cultural production at its core and in its origin, it remains imperative to understand that the National Socialist Party did not conceive of the music in the same terms. In their chapter on "Propaganda Swing," Bergmeier and Lotz state: "while [B]lack people were supposed to revel naively in the perceived erotic ingredient of jazz, Jews were alleged to exploit it as part of a systematic conspiracy to corrupt the 'Aryan' German culture through acts of 'musical race defilement.'"[151] This concept, while it places Blackness at the bottom of the social hierarchy, and barely perceives Black people to be cognitive, sentient, nor human - simultaneously enacts incredible violence on the Jewish people, who were perceived to have knowingly exploited the music against the 'Aryan' German people. As Škvorecký writes in "Red Music," "and despite Hitler and Goebbels, the sweet poison of the Judeo-negroid music (that was the Nazi epithet for jazz) not only endured, it prevailed - even, for a short time, in the very heart of hell, the ghetto at Terezín."[152] While there is a long history of Black anti-Semitism, as well as Jewish anti-Blackness, as I will examine later in this chapter, the two groups were inextricably bound in the eyes of the Nazis.

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[149] *Das Archiv*, July 1939, as cited in Bergmeier and Lotz, 141.

[150] See also: Judith Keene, "German Wartime Broadcasting," *Treason on the Airwaves: Three Allied Broadcasters on Axis Radio during World War II* (Westport, Connecticut: Praeger, 2009), 53-67.

[151] Reinmar von Zweter, in *Der Artist*, July 1936; Friedrich Bartels, 'Die berufstätige Frau', in *Ziel und Weg*, 3/1933, as cited in Bergmeier and Lotz, 137.

While Black people certainly were not persecuted nearly to the extent of Jewish people in the Holocaust, this was merely due to the fact that Blackness was seen as less of a threat to the Aryan way of life, the reasons being two-fold: first, there simply were very few Black people in Germany throughout Hitler's rise to power. While Germany and Austria did have African colonies (Togoland - or modern day Togo; Cameroon; German South-West Africa; and German East-Africa), it was not to the extent of English, French, or even Spanish, Portuguese, or Dutch colonies of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Of the small Black population in Germany leading up to the war, many were French soldiers or children of French soldiers who had occupied the country following World War I, or children of Aryan men and African women in the colonies. However, under Hitler, these children were referred to as the *Rheinlandbastarde* (Rhineland bastards) and would be forced into sterilization in the Third Reich. Secondly, while Hitler feared miscegenation as a contamination of Aryan culture, Black people were not seen as a major threat by the Reich, due to the fact that they were not seen as intelligent beings, and therefore not capable of the conspiracies he feared of from Jewish peoples. Ultimately, as these two groups were inextricably bound in Nazi political ideologies surrounding jazz, the racial prejudices and violence against them became layered and magnified exponentially. Any discussion of jazz in the Third Reich must then account for this interconnectedness of racial imaginations.

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[152] Škvorecký, 6-7.

“Dissenting” Germans: Aristocracy & the Swing-Heinis

There were two major groups in German society which approached the music differently - first on the basis of the aesthetics of rebellion and freedom, and the second on the basis that jazz connoisseurship was considered to be an intellectual pursuit. The Swing-Heinis (sometimes referred to in literature as the Swing Jugend, Swing Kids, or Swing Boys), while not an officially formed group or affiliation, consisted of youth throughout Germany and Austria who listened to British and American forms of jazz, collected banned records from Jewish and Black American musicians, and participated in the aesthetics of American visual culture surrounding the music. The Swing-Heinis perceived jazz to be anti-establishment in the newly regulated Reich, but they were not inherently political. While the group touted the phrase “Swing Heil,” and is sometimes associated with the idea that if one loved jazz, they could not possibly be a Nazi, the political goals of various factions remained unclear and non-uniform, and many have associated them with teenage rebellion. While the Nazis did violently persecute the Swing-Heinis of Hamburg, most other regions remained untouched due to these ambiguous political ideologies. As Lusane notes in *Hitler’s Black Victims*, the subculture was not seen as inherently radical nor political.[153] It should also be noted that there were members of these Swing groups that joined the Hitler Youth, and it remains unclear as to where their ideologies lay.

A second, more powerful group existed in Germany and Austria that actively claimed disdain for Hitler and a love for jazz - the aristocracy. Zwerin cites German collector Hans Otto Jung and Hans Bluthner to reiterate that jazz fans believed that if they loved jazz, inherently, they could not be Nazis.[154] The aristocracy and intellectual elite of Germany and Austria claimed disdain for Hitler because he was low-class, not due to his political ideology.[155] During an interview with Zwerin, Blüthner described it as such:

> Yes, yes…There was a joke we told, cautiously, during Hitler times. It was sort of a fairy tale. The good fairy gave three attributes to the Germans. Honesty, intelligence, and National Socialism. Everybody had these three attributes. But then came the bad fairy. She took one of them from each person. Thereafter we had three categories of people here. First, those who were intelligent and National Socialists, but they were not honest. Second, there were honest people who were National Socialists, but they were not intelligent. And honest, intelligent people could not be National Socialists.[156]

In this, Blüthner unwillingly admits, however, that *National Socialism* itself is a trait from the “good fairy.” It is merely the implementation of National Socialism by Hitler’s National Socialists that could not be both honest and intelligent simultaneously. This would merely imply that one required moralistic - and likely religious - traits of goodness, in addition to a proper German education, in order to be separate from the Reich. And therefore, Blüthner’s remarks represent nationalistic ideologies not so disparate from those of Hitler himself. It imagines "proper" German-hood.

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[153] Lusane, 203. See also: Kater, *Different Drummers*; Fry, *Paris Blues*; and *Swing Kids*, film dir. Thomas Carter, Hollywood Pictures, 1993.
[154] Zwerin, 22.
[155] Zwerin, 18.
[156] Zwerin, 22.

When describing his interview with Hans-Otto Jung in his home in Rüdesheim, Zwerin writes: "Thin, reserved, moving with grace, Otto [Jung] led me through a series of tasteful salons. We passed two grand pianos, a violin case against a wall. He plays Mozart transcribed for four hands and string quartets with friends in the evening. This is the Germany of Beethoven and Thomas Mann."[157] He then remarks that when Jung became a "serious jazz fan" in 1938, he began to resent vocalists on records. Blüthner had agreed that vocals took away from the "real thing."[158] This argument is imbued with misogyny, specifically anti-Black misogyny, and merely reiterates tropes of male genius in Western music, while simultaneously attempting to justify its position as an intellectual pursuit among composers like Beethoven, Mozart, and Wagner.

While Kater notes that "as soon as their tastes had matured, these young friends of jazz [Blüthner, Jung] appear to have shown a predilection for American [B]lack musicians, especially Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington,"[159] this therefore can only indicate that these musicians were only valued in so far as they were objects to be collected, and not revered equals. Zwerin notes that a teacher of Jung, while at first wholly against his jazz fandom, "[began] to appreciate the life-affirmation in jazz, rough-and-tumble as it was. And anything the Nazis hated could not be all bad."[160] Largely, throughout the war, and even into present day jazz collections and scholarship, men such as Blüthner, Jung, and Dietrich Schulz-Köhn have been lauded for their progressive ideals and lionized as the valiant men who saved jazz itself from the Third Reich. Yet it remains difficult to determine where the political ideology of these men differed so greatly from that of Adolf Hitler himself. As we can see in the previous quotation, jazz and the Black people who played it were still perceived to be "rough-and-tumble," to be low-class, merely to be used for their life-affirming qualities of musical transcendence, under the heavy gloom of Hitler's fascism - the very same life-affirming musical play that would become demonized throughout the Western world for its connotations of Blackness, promiscuity, Modernism, and American decadence. Yet these collectors became the "rebellious heroes" who defied the Reich, both from within and outside of the Party itself. As Jung himself said, "jazz meant more than just music to us during the war…Please don't take this out of context but, strange as it may sound, I remember it as a happy time."[161] Jung and Blüthner were afforded the leisure of musical escapism in their position in high society. Famed collector Dietrich Schulz-Köhn, earned two war medals as a Oberleutnant in the Luftwaffe and an active member of the National Socialist Party, all while secretly saving jazz records and texts throughout the war. While the collections of these men remain invaluable artifacts in the wake of National Socialist destruction, it does not redeem them. These men preached radical musical ideology from positions of relative safety, while wars of moralistic and political ideology were fought upon the backs of Black and Jewish musicians throughout the whole of Western society.

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[157] Zwerin, 18.
[158] Zwerin, 18.
[159] Kater, 13.

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[160] Zwerin, 22.
[161] Zwerin, 19.

Vichy France and White Hot Jazz

> *'Blut und Shande' - blood and shame - Thomas Mann insisted, stained everything published in Nazi Germany…There were those in Occupied France who were equally categorical. Jean Bruller, better known by his pseudonym Vercors, posed the choice starkly: 'When the Nazis occupied France after the defeat of 1940, French writers had two alternatives: collaboration or silence.' For certain others the issue went further still: 'Today in France legal literature means treasonous literature.'*[162]
>
> -Frederic Spotts

The history of jazz in occupied Paris is endlessly stratified and shrouded in myths, obfuscations, negotiations, and failures of historiography. This section will draw heavily on the work of Andy Fry's chapter "'That Gypsy in France': Django Reinhardt's Occupation *Blouze*," in his book *Paris Blues*. Throughout this book, Fry has done an incredible amount of primary research and translation of music philosophy and critique in Paris between 1920 and 1960, and he directly relates his findings to the construction of the racial imagination itself. Often, Americans perceive of Paris as a romantic oasis – even African American artists, musicians, and writers such as Joséphine Baker and James Baldwin spoke of their decisions to leave the horrors of the United States to live in France. It is my hope, however, that Fry's incredible research here serves as a shocking and illuminating foil to my research on the philosophies of, and restrictions upon jazz in the Third Reich. If the Third Reich represents the blatant and violent anti-Black racism of early jazz in Europe, it is my intent to show the similarities of such ideology to its seemingly "softer" counterparts in Vichy France. Clouded and constellated in ambivalences, conflicting narratives, and unlikely alliances, the histories of anti-Blackness in Paris are much more violent than they appear.

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[162] Frederic Spotts, *The Shameful Peace: How French Artists and Intellectuals Survived the Nazi Occupation*, (New Haven/London: Yale University Press, 2008), 91.

Fry is able to capture these constellations perfectly: "If Django Reinhardt's life resists conventional narration, the same might be said of jazz in wartime France. As soon as the conflict was over, irreconcilable tales began to circulate, and their passage has not slowed. Three basic variants can be recognized, however, sometimes even coexisting within a single text."[163] Fry's first iteration of this history is that it is outwardly rejected by scholars, as he cites Tyler Stovall's assertion that "Jazz was classified as decadent music and forbidden during the occupation."[164] Fry's second iteration of this history is of the countercultural movement of the *zazous*, not dissimilar to the *Swing Jugend* and their arguably countercultural histories in Germany. The *zazous* were countered by the traditionalist (and collaborationist) Jeunesses Populaires Françaises, just as the Swing Jugend were by the Hitler Youth. Fry notes the *zazous*' use of the phrase *Je suis swing* (paralleling again the Swing

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[163] Andy Fry, *Paris Blues*, 176.

[164] Tyler Stovall, *Paris Noir: African Americans in the City of Light* (Boston: Mariner Books, 1996), 126, as cited in Andy Fry, *Paris Blues*, 177.

Jugend's *Swing Heil*), indicating that their *raison d'être* was to "affront the moral values that the New Order attempted to instill in citizens of occupied Paris."[165] The *zazous* were criticized much in the same way as other French and Marxist ideologies of the era - they were *décadent* and listened to *la musique allègre* (cheerful music). Many assumed their political tones were a false veneer. "Les 'swings' (zazous) sont une race aigrie, qui naît à quinze ans avec des trépidations politiques stupides." (The 'swings' are a bitter race, who are born age fifteen with stupid political tics.)[166] Here, as we will see, widespread Vichy doctrine responds remarkably similarly to Adorno's Marxist theories on jazz.

Fry's third iteration is far more complex. He states: "At the Nazi occupation, enthusiasm for jazz broke out spontaneously among the French. While this, again, signaled opposition to the Germans, skillful spin-doctoring by the Hot Club de France kept jazz safe: members established and maintained a collective myth that jazz was a French tradition."[167] He notes, however, that the reality of jazz in Paris is much more complicated than any of these iterations allows.

Fry asserts that jazz was never fully prohibited in occupied Paris, nor in the South of France.[168] While Fry notes that many (Black) Americans left France at the beginning of the war, he claims that there were "one or two" exceptions, and even those had later been interned. As I have learned throughout my research, this claim is both outwardly inaccurate (Joséphine Baker, for example, lived quite openly in Paris during the war - unless Baker is not classified amongst jazz musicians), as well as not representative of the occasions in which Black American musicians were able to hide under a veil of adopted Frenchness through marriage or racial ambiguity. Fry goes on to speak of the opacity of German censorship in Paris: “No firm instructions are known to have been given by the Propagandastaffel, which reviewed programs, much less a list of forbidden composers or music (such as existed in Germany).”[169] Generally, the working understanding of these restrictions was that there could be no Jewish composers, and English titles needed to be modified. The most famous example of titles changing is that of “St. Louis Blues” becoming “La Tristesse de Saint Louis,” as I have discussed in previous chapters. Here, however, Fry claims that Régnier has debunked this shift as an invention of the postwar period. This, however, directly refutes claims made by Zwerin, and allegedly Delaunay himself, as published in Zwerin’s book *La Tristesse de Saint Louis: Jazz Under the Nazis*. In this text, Zwerin writes that Delaunay claimed in both interviews and articles (although these sources go uncited), that he told musicians to go on playing the same songs, but change the names: “So ‘St. Louis Blues’ became ‘La Tristesse de Saint Louis,’ ‘Honeysuckle Rose’ ‘La Rose de Chèvrefeuille,’ ‘Sweet Sue’ ‘Ma Chère Susanne,’ and everybody went on swinging just like before.”[170]

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[165] William Shack, *Harlem in Montmartre: A Paris Jazz Story between the Great Wars* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2001), 119-123, as cited in Andy Fry, *Paris Blues*, 178.

[166] Pierre Ducrocq, "Swing qui peut," *La Gerbe*, 4 June 1942, cited in Emmanuelle Rioux, "Les Zazous: Un Phénomène socio-culturel pendant l'Occupation" (Mémoire de maîtrise, Université de Paris X-Nanterre, 1987), 90.

[167] Fry, *Paris Blues*, 179.

[168] Fry, 180.

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[169] Fry, 181.

[170] Mike Zwerin, *La Tristesse de Saint Louis: Jazz Under the Nazis*, (New York: Beech Tree Books, 1985), 145.

Returning to Régnier's text, however, does not prove in any certain or scholarly manner which songs were translated to French, nor by whom or for what reason exactly. He writes:

> *Cette initiative prise par Charles Delaunay dès son retour à Paris en novembre 1940, a entretenu l'idée que le jazz américain avait été interdit durant toute l'occupation. Deux titres fréquemment cités en exemple, La Tristesse de Saint-Louis pour Saint Louis Blues et Les Bigoudis pour Lady Be Good, sont de pures inventions d'après-guerre: on ne les trouve sous cette forme dans aucun programme de concert, de radio ou d'enregistrement de disques pendant cette période.*
>
> This initiative taken by Charles Delaunay upon his return to Paris in November 1940, maintained the idea that American jazz had been banned throughout the occupation. Two titles frequently cited as examples, 'La Tristesse de Saint-Louis' for 'Saint Louis Blues' and 'Les Bigoudis' for 'Lady Be Good,' are pure post-war inventions: they are not found in this form in any concert or radio program or recording discs during this period.[171]

There are a few important points worth further consideration, here, however. First, just because a title is not listed in an official concert program, broadcast via radio airwaves, or permanently etched into a record during this period does not signify that the song itself was not played, nor that it was not spoken of as detached from its American name and origin. Furthermore, Régnier goes on to claim that a man named Boris Vian was the origin of these false claims, yet "si tel est le cas, le plus drôle de l'affaire, c'est que plus tard il oublia lui-même qu'il avait été le géniteur de ce petit canular…" (If that's the case, the funny thing is that later he forgot himself that he had been the originator of this little hoax…)[172] Régnier, here, cites this hoax as a certainty, without any citations or evidence apart from hearsay to support his claim.

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[171] Gérard Régnier, *Jazz et Societé Sous l'Occupation,* (Paris: Harmattan, 2009), 58-59.
[172] Régnier, 59.

The man in question himself does not remember it, and Régnier does not explain as to how he himself came across this anecdote. While it is entirely possible that this story from Régnier could be true, and indeed, the extensive writings of Régnier have served my overall project immensely, it never ceases to amaze me when a white, Western, male scholar can make such bold claims, refuting a large body of evidence to the contrary, and merely dismiss the unknowable and contradictory nature of his claim with an ellipses (*of this little hoax…*) How coy, how privileged…No marginalized scholar, or even marginalized historical subject living through the event, would be taken so seriously at face value with such little verifiable evidence.

Charles Delaunay and the Hot Club de France

The wartime director of the Hot Club de France (HCF), Charles Delaunay played a major role in shaping perceptions of jazz in occupied Paris. This statement, however, should not be perceived as implying moral value to the work of Delaunay, or insinuating that Delaunay disguised, and therefore saved jazz in occupied Paris. On the contrary - Delaunay's rebranding of French jazz can be read as opportunist, "elevating" jazz's Americanness, allegedly in the service of satisfying occupying forces and Vichy ideologies. Jazz gained rapidly in popularity among the French public during the war. Delaunay hypothesized in various texts that this was due to either an "unconscious reaction to trauma," "moral and intellectual oppression," or that the public wanted to "taste of forbidden fruit."[173] As Fry notes, Delaunay invented a “myth,” as he would later call it, to defend the music to Vichy and Nazi forces alike. In this, he stripped jazz of its Black American origins, claiming that New Orleans instead embodied French histories of dance and military music.[174] Fry goes on to list the ways in which Delaunay perceived of the American form imbued with decadence and commercialism, and how the French model embodied ascendance, and a particularly French form of grace and genius. Fry notes here that while claiming these myths were to satisfy Vichy ideology, Delaunay was not feigning his French nationalist ideologies. At the same time, Fry acknowledges Delaunay’s resistance work under the name of the HCF, as well as the HCF’s active role in aiding musicians who had been interned.

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[173] Delaunay, *Delaunay's Dilemma*, 185; Delaunay, "L'Histoire du Hot Club de France (7)," *Jazz hot,* no. 26 (October 1948): 12; Delaunay, "Jazz Abroad: France," *Jazz Forum* (UK), no. 1 (1946): 13, as cited in Fry, *Paris Blues*, 185.

In his text *De la Vie et du Jazz* (1939), Delaunay elaborated on his philosophical critiques of the music, of which Fry and Matthew F. Jordan have referred to it as “bumper-sticker existentialism.”[175] Fry goes on to state: “Yet his book is not so much a manifesto as it is a quasi-philosophical treatise, caught between fatalism and utopianism, but ultimately revealing an understandable anxiety about what the future holds.”[176] This seems to echo much continental philosophy of the era, noting that capitalism is at once the symptom and the cause of reason overtaking emotion. “For Delaunay, the world is in a state of decadence and convention, out of touch with life and nature.”[177] In *De la Vie et du Jazz*, Delaunay writes, “Ils ont compris qu’ils se mouraient, et ont voulu retrouver artificiellement le paradis.” (They understood that they were dying, and wanted to recreate paradise artificially.)[178] It is truly astonishing to be able to sit in my contemporary vantage point and be able to see that all of these men were attempting to work through the same trauma and anxieties in the name of aesthetic judgment, of the beautiful and the sublime, caught between fatalism and utopianism. And yet, even as this plays out in National Socialist ideology, Vichy ideology, and Marxist ideology, it is jazz, and Blackness, and hot rhythms that are made the root signifier of this unadulterated "evil" of the unknown. It is incredible how murderous humans will become when they believe they, or their way of life, are dying. Delaunay thought that jazz represented life and utopian possibility, but only insofar as it was sanitized of its Black American origin.

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[174] Fry, *Paris Blues*, 185.
[175] Fry, 187.
[176] Fry, 188.
[177] Fry, 188.

Across Europe and its political polarities, jazz fans boasted their elevated intelligence and sensitivity from their American counterparts. In France, "real jazz fans" were cultured and elite, while in Germany and Austria, being a jazz fan allegedly prevented one from being a Nazi.[179] In all such cases, an outward refusal of the Black American creation of jazz was tactically necessary to justify its place and value in the European social consciousness. Lauded for its connotations of freedom and revolution, yet stripped of its inherent, violent histories of slavery and genocide, white Europeans danced and played to utopic notions of this new world, while simultaneously vehemently claiming their "superior" intellegence. André Coeuroy's writings on jazz claimed that the origins of jazz were not deliberate choices of Black people.[180] Fry notes how Coeuroy quotes Arthur Hoerée's writing, claiming that the *accent déplace* (displaced accent) was present in Scottish folk song, and therefore, was allegedly the origin of jazz music.[181] While this might seem an outdated historical debate, it was as late as 2021, during a Zoom-based jazz conference containing largely European speakers, that I heard yet another claim that jazz had originated in Wales due to some flimsy claim of one example of a scale degree.

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[178] Delaunay, *De la Vie et du Jazz*, 23.
[179] Bernd Hoffmann, "Die Mitteilungen – Anmerkungen zu einer 'verbotenen Fanpostille," *Jazz in Deutschland*, Jazzinstitut Darmstadt, 1996, 94.

André Cœuroy, speaking of jazz's musical form, claimed that jazz had nothing inherently Black in it and claimed that Django Reinhardt's playing was hot, but not "black," and was "a model of what could be, parallel to black hot, a white hot suited to the European sensibility." Cœuroy saw this as a "victory for whites."[182] He goes on to write of his preference for a tamer Chicago style over the "rawer" New Orleans style. Fry notes, "Familiar racial stereotypes, of the rational white gaining supremacy over the emotional black, are rife in this comparison."[183] It remains difficult to differentiate Delaunay's concept of a Kantian, emotive sublime from that of the racist stereotypes of the rational white, from that of the emotional black. Similar themes of nature and the sublime arise in the writings of Delaunay, and at the heart of European aesthetic theory, these are values of moral and humanistic virtue. Yet in the same breath, theories of primitivism and untamed sexuality are bound to the banana skirt of Joséphine Baker as evidence of her moral inferiority (and to the whole of Black jazz). As Fry writes, "real" jazz fans were always perceived to be intelligent, sensitive, cultured, and that these traits were seen to be solely and inherently white.[184]

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[180] Fry, 203.
[181] Fry, 203.
[182] Coeuroy, *Histoire générale du jazz*, 192, as cited in Fry, 205.
[183] Fry, 205.

The Jazz Writings of Theodor W. Adorno

A generation that had gone to school on a horse-drawn streetcar now stood under the open sky in a countryside in which nothing remained unchanged but the clouds, in a field of force of destructive torrents and explosions, was the tiny, fragile human body.

-Walter Benjamin, "Der Erzähler" (The Storyteller), 1936[185]

Whether we think art is an amusement, or an education, or a revelation of reality, or is for art's sake (whatever that may mean) will reveal what we hold to be valuable and (the same thing) what we take the world to be fundamentally like.

-Iris Murdoch, "The Sublime and the Good, 1959[186]

Echoing Fumi Okiji's line that "[Adorno's] inability to see past the figure of the bourgeois is depressing,"[187] or the opening of James Buhler's essay with "the jazz essays of Theodor W. Adorno are irritating,"[188] it is easy to see how annoyed and exhausted scholars have become with Adorno's inflammatory writings on jazz beginning in the 1930s. It is unyieldingly frustrating for me as a jazz scholar, particularly as a ‘swing’ scholar – as someone who takes commercial music and its use value as a survival strategy in marginalized cultures seriously – to allow intellectual space for Adorno’s ruthless critique of jazz, its associations with Blackness, and of *pleasure* itself. In speaking of the jazz works of Theodor Adorno, I merely intend to place his philosophy in constellation with other political and aesthetic philosophy in Western Europe of the time, to pointedly illustrate not only how saturated the continent was with orientalism and anti-Blackness, but also to specifically show how the very same terms are used in Adorno’s writings, as are found in Vichy and Nazi ideologies of jazz to villify Blackness itself. What I will do, however, is acknowledge the subject position from which Adorno came, the racial violence he endured, and the centuries of preexisting continental philosophy that shaped him as a theorist.

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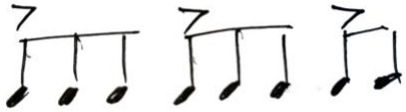
[184] Fry, 214.
[185] Walter Benjamin, "The Storyteller," *The Storyteller Essays*, (New York: New York Review Books, 2019), 49.
[186] Iris Murdoch, "The Sublime and the Good," *Chicago Review,* Vol. 13, No. 3 (Autumn, 1959), pp. 42-55.
[187] Fumi Okiji, "*Jazz as Critique: Adorno and Black Expression Revisited* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2018), 44.
[188] James Buhler, "Frankfurt School Blues: Rethinking Adorno's Critique of Jazz," *Apparitions: New Perspectives on Adorno and Twentieth Century Music*, New York: Routledge, 2006, p 103.

The Storyteller: Tales Out of Loneliness is a collection of Walter Benjamin’s essays written late in his life. The epigraph from *Der Erzähler* illustrates the all-consuming fear of the philosopher in his *tiny, fragile human body* - a fear that is, ironically, impossible to describe in written word. As a German Jewish philosopher, and a contemporary of Theodor Adorno, Benjamin took his own life on the 26th of September 1940 in Catalonia, Spain. He had feared being repatriated to France and into Nazi hands. It is both humbling and utterly impossible to imagine the helplessness and existential dread he must have felt on that day. His essays leading up to 1940 provide us with small fragments to reflect upon. It is hard to blame Marxist writings on aesthetic judgment of demanding a deeper meaning out of art itself in such an era. It’s even difficult to blame Adorno for writing on jazz as he heard it in Europe in the 1930s. My restless trouble with Theodor Adorno is rooted in the fact that even in his own persecution, he became a persecutor, and failed to consider the lives impacted by his brutal rhetoric.

It is, therefore, an impossible task for me - in my body and in my time - to coldly criticize the jazz writings of Theodor Adorno without an understanding of full context, zeitgeist, and individual and collective trauma. This is in no way claiming that the jazz writings of Adorno were not deeply and inherently anti-Black, nor does it seek to align Adorno with either Vichy ideologies or the Reich’s particular anti-Blackness. Instead, this argument rejects the oversimplified and outwardly erroneous binary of “good and evil” leading to and throughout the Second World War, and it will allow for the two to exist simultaneously in the legacy of Adorno’s writings. There is little I can say that would illuminate something new in scholarly discourse about his views on jazz. Fumi Okiji, in particular, has brilliantly taken this to task in her 2018 text *Jazz as Critique: Adorno and Black Expression Revisited*. While I will draw on her work in this section, it will merely be scratching the surface of the deep, insightful work she has done in this book. Instead, what I seek to do in this section is to illuminate the ways in which Adorno’s writing on jazz is difficult to differentiate from Vichy ideologies of jazz, and even those of the Third Reich. Marxist and fascist ideologies alike appropriated sonic and visual Blackness to represent a plethora of fears brought on by the modern world: Americanism, commercialism, decadence, promiscuity, and miscegenation. Across the violently polarized political spectrum of early 20th century Europe (and the Western world more broadly), hot jazz was used as a metonym of Blackness itself, and as Okiji notes, as "(doctored) evidence to justify the interdiction on black life."[189]

Rhythm and Domination

Adorno believed that jazz and its means of its capitalist production were tools of bodily control and domination for authoritarian regimes in late capitalist society.[190] There are many elements of his writings which could be elaborated here, but my focus in this chapter will be on his theorizations of the rhythmic elements of the music - rhythm, syncopation, meter, and tempo - as well as his overarching tropes of *cheerfulness* and *decadence*, as he theorizes their roles in capitalism and domination. In "On Jazz," Adorno defines his overly simplistic concept of syncopated rhythm as a "4/4 with a rhythm of 3 and 3 and 2 eighth notes, with the accent always on the first note of the group which stands out as a false beat."[191] In common time, the rhythm he describes in an accented grouping of 3-3-and 2 eighth notes can be notated as such:



Or could also more simply be notated in 4/4 time as:

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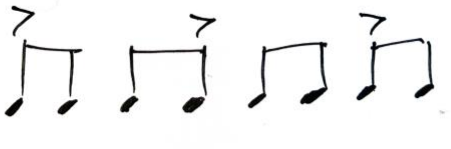
[189] Okiji, 52.

[190] Theodor W. Adorno, trans. Jamie Owen Daniel, "On Jazz," *Discourse*, vol 12, no. 1 (Fall-Winter 1989-90): 45-69.

[191] Adorno, 45-46.



Through this simplified concept of syncopated rhythm, Adorno argues that the underlying pulse of the music remains undifferentiated from that of military march music, and therefore lends itself to fascist domination. He argues one step further that the accents on “false beats” imply - or make it *feel* - that the music is in a different meter entirely. Through this, he concludes that while a performer or listener may *feel* that the underlying structure of the music has changed, it is in fact merely an illusion. He argues that the same metaphor can be applied to fascism more broadly. While many perceived jazz as a representation of freedom and expression, Adorno argued it was because of this illusion of freedom that listeners were blinded to the reality that the political structures remained unchanged.

Fumi Okiji’s brilliant analysis of Adorno’s concept of syncopation embodies a “refus[al] to abide by oppositional logic.”[192] While she does acknowledge the oversimplified nature of Adorno’s 3-3-2 structure, and asks us to “consider how swing might be understood as a result of a ghosting imposition of an ‘outside’ beat, say, a 6/8 over the regular 4/4 or, more radically, a Yoruba Elewe rhythmic complex over metronomic insistence,”[193] she asserts that the principal beat and heterogenous movement cannot be perceived as a polarization. Referencing the work of Du Bois and his concept of double consciousness, Okiji states, “Blackness is manifest in syncopation and swing as the play between regular beat and heterogeneity of variance [...] It does not accomplish this by way of revolution. Rather it calls white purity into profound doubt. It complicates and disturbs racial logic and distinction.”[194] Here, Okiji outwardly acknowledges that Adorno was correct to believe that the syncopated rhythms did not overturn the underlying meter of the music, but that jazz emerges from such double consciousness, as it shakes, loosens, and disturbs the structure itself. She concludes: “can we not say that jazz – and syncopation and swing more specifically – speaks the truth about the irreconciliation of modern life?”[195] In an era desperate to locate truth and reason, specifically through aesthetics in art and music, it is in Adorno’s unwillingness to address jazz as a form of Black cultural production, as constituted by the modern Black being holding contradictory but twinned positions.

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[192] Okiji, 46, referencing the work of Fred Moten, “The New International of Rhythmic Feeling(s)” in *Sonic Interventions* (Leiden: Brill, 2007), 31-56.
[193] Okiji, 46.

Sex and Domination

While Adorno believed that rhythm, meter, and even the instrumentation of jazz made it easily adaptable to fascist propaganda, he also believed that the act of dancing to music contributes to such domination. He states: “insofar as dancing is synchronous movement, the tendency to march has been present in dance from the very beginning.”[196] While this analogy illuminates his fears of fascist control through commercialism and mass media, he simultaneously falls victim to fears of sexuality -

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[194] Okiji, 46

[195] Okiji, 47-48.

[196] Adorno, 61.

and specifically Black sexuality - just as can be seen in the Reichsmusikkammer and Vichy fears of the perceived sexuality of jazz. Tropes of the cultured, intellectual, and rational again vilify stereotypes of Blackness as the emotive, decadent, primitive, and promiscuous. Adorno writes,

> the pace of the gait itself - language bears witness to this - has an immediate reference to coitus; the rhythm of the gait is similar to the rhythm of sexual intercourse, and if the new dances have demystified the erotic magic of the old ones, they have also - and therein at least they are more advanced than one might expect - replaced it with the drastic innuendo of sexual consummation.[197]

Just as Adorno references the pace in relation to sex, Nazi regulations stated "the pace must not exceed a certain degree of allegro, commensurate with the Ayran sense of discipline and moderation,"[198]indicating that a good German would not partake in such sexual and sweaty dances. Similarly in France, jazz was an *ascendance* from the visceral American form, as it reflected French *grace*, *genius*, and *purity*. After describing "obscene gestures," anal regression, and the Oedipal complex represented in the banana (and its common associations with the African Other), Adorno similarly ties sexuality to the form of jazz song. He states, "[the individual] then feels himself transformed (*aufgehoben*) in the refrain; he identifies with the collective of the refrain, merges with it in dance, and thus finds sexual fulfillment."[199] In later work, he writes on the concept of verse and chorus as metaphors of the individual inevitably merging with the collective, thereby intrinsically linking his theories of fascist coercion directly with orientalist views of Black sexuality. Adorno's thought that "one cannot free oneself of the suspicion that the crude and easily transparent sexual secretiveness of jazz conceals a secondary, deeper, and more dangerous secret"[200] is not dissimilar from eroticized fears of infection and miscegenation that justified projects of eugenics and permeated the whole of Western civilization in the modern era.

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[197] Adorno, 62.
[198] Škvorecký, 8-9.
[199] Adorno, 63.

On Cheerfulness, Commodity, & the Jazz Standard

In many ways, Adorno reviled jazz for its associations with *cheerfulness*, *shine*, and *veneer*, and their associations with capitalist commodity. Adorno speaks of the verse-refrain compositional structure in jazz as evidence of the cheap commodity nature of the music, but also yet another element that represents a loss of personal autonomy. In this analogy, the individual is represented by the verse, who is then subsumed into the dominant and musically superior chorus, which represents society. Okiji speaks of this highly formulaic harmonic movement of the basic twelve-bar blues form, noting that music of the modern European tradition share in the use of antiphony, and argues that its simplistic, unexceptional nature is the very reason the blues was so easily memorized and disseminated. She references the works of Susan McClary to illustrate that the very genius of the blues is its ability to facilitate "so many rich and varied repertoires,"[201] as well as John Coltrane and his concept that the collective is sounded in the "I."[202] Okiji concludes this chapter in stating:

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[200] Adorno, 62-63

[201] Susan McClary, *Conventional Wisdom: The Content of Musical Form* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2000), 39, as cited in Okiji, 29.

[202] Okiji, 29.

> …driven by a propensity toward deviance, their responses are always reformations, deformations, and interruptions. The gathering of contribution that makes up a standard is a celebration of aberration [...] Perhaps if [Adorno] had taken the opportunity to tune into the dissonance between everyday black life and how it appears in mainstream imagination, [he] might have happened on this alternative source of social critique.[203]

Adorno, here, completely consumed by his own fear in the Third Reich, is simultaneously saturated with primitivizing and infantilizing tropes of Blackness that wholly permeated European society (even in its regionally and nationally specific variations). In later chapters, I discuss Adorno's connections to Kurt Weill and Bertholt Brecht's *Die Dreigroschenoper* (*Threepenny Opera*), as well as Joséphine Baker's tour through Vienna in 1928 in the wake of Ernst Krenek's *Jonny Spielt Auf* to illustrate that Germanic nations both deeply fetishized and violently protested Blackness years before the election of Adolf Hitler. So while it is reasonable to expect Adorno to fear for his own life as he wrote "On Jazz" in 1936, his beliefs about jazz and Blackness were forged much earlier in the era of the Weimar Republic of the 1920s.

In *Aesthetic Theory* Adorno writes that cheerful art is an injustice to the dead.[204] But Okiji reminds us yet again that Adorno did not understand everyday Black life, nor (the history of) Black consciousness. She writes,

> That said, his complaint against "cheerful art" (which is, typically for Adorno, underdefined but appears to refer to the material veneer - a work's surface - as much as it does the formal or constructive procedures to which Adorno most often gives priority) finds support by way of Saidiya Hartman's essential

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[203] Okiji, 29-30.
[204] Okiji, 77.

> exploration of the disjunctive intimacy of terror and pleasure that characterized the institution of slavery…[205]

In this later chapter in *Jazz as Critique*, Okiji notes that Adorno's definition of cheerful art is a blurry amalgamation of veneer - in his infamous line of the 'silver of the saxophone' as a 'coloristic effect' - of cheerfulness, as well as all of the structural elements of music he imbues with humanistic political philosophy. Here she illustrates yet again the complete disjuncture Adorno holds from Black social life, as she asserts: "Black enjoyment was (and is) inextricably tied to its subjugation, expressive practice being an important constituent of the governance under which black life falls."[206] She yet again, does not attempt to fully overturn the polarizing binary set up by Adorno and does not attempt to claim that music as entertainment is wholly radical nor revolutionary. Instead, she acknowledges what she calls the impurity of performance - in that Black social life, pleasure and pain, as well as complicity and resistance have been inextricably bound from nineteenth century antebellum to contemporary hip hop.[207] In this, she cites narratives from Frederick Douglass and the legacies of the singing of enslaved Americans. Okiji then cites the work of Saidiya Hartman to not only confirm Adorno's assertion that Black spirituals contained legacies of slave song as a "lament of unfreedom with its oppressed confirmation,"[208] but also to accept this paradox as it illuminates the responsibilities of historiography. She writes, "to counter the 'attempt to make the narrative of defeat into an opportunity for celebration,' to counter 'the desire to look at the ravages and brutality of the last few centuries…[and] still find a way to feel good about ourselves,' black expression must bear its blackness."[209] In this, she acknowledges historiography's tendency to overcome as an ego- (and Euro-)centric attempt to feel morally *good*, and challenges us "analysis-as-spectators" to take on "the *complexion* of the compromised world"[210] - to sit with the messy, ambivalent contradictions of history as they existed, and not to flatten such complexion. Jazz, here, is one of the complexions which could not be easily absorbed into Adorno's rational concept of the modern era, which then becomes weaponized against Black life itself. As Okiji so brilliantly and powerfully writes: "That which cannot be absorbed into ideologies of humanist aspiration and virtue can be used as (doctored) evidence to justify the interdiction on black life. Indeed, as far as this narrow conception of the human/world can see, these grotesque masks *are* black sociality."[211]

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[205] Okiji, 79.

[206] Okiji, 80.

[207] Okiji, 80-81.

[208] Theodor Adorno, "The Perennial Fashion - Jazz," in *The Adorno Reader*, ed. Brian O'Connor (Oxford: Blackwell, 2000), 269, as cited in Okiji, 80.

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[209] Saidiya Hartman, "The Position of the Unthought," interview by Frank B. Wilderson III, *Qui Parle* 13, no. 2 (2003): 185, as cited in Okiji, 81.

[210] Okiji, 81.

[211] Okiji, 52.

‘A Race for Theory’ or a path forward -

So where can we go from here? What is it that we do with philosophies that seem to negate themselves? What is it, exactly, that we stand to learn from Adorno’s writing in 1936, and how might we resist the urge to overcome the wretchedness we feel upon reading such vile and bombastic language, when we *know - when we have all accepted long ago* - that these writings are anti-Black rhetoric? Wouldn’t we rather wholly discredit, dismiss, or even selectively forget the jazz writings of Theodor Adorno, and instead focus on his later, and more academically championed writings on the culture industry? (Do we even conceive of a theorist’s body of work in its totality? As it modulates over time? Or are we too era- and ism-oriented to accept that the theorists we build our work upon, are messy and complex humans?) It does seem easier to approach the overwhelm of World War II, place the Nazis within a category of ultimate evil that we would rather not dwell within, categorize the occupied Parisians as having hopelessly resigned to their fate, and to read Adorno’s jazz writings as if we have already unanimously accepted them as embarrassing historical artifacts of their own, instead of scholarly critique worthy of contemplation? In this, Okiji and a lineage of Black and Black Feminist writers, challenge us and our very notion of Western reason. She offers a path forward echoing the works of Walter Benjamin: “Rather than attempting to overcome wretchedness, expression is charged to take on the *complexion* of the compromised world.,”[212] to dwell within it, and to attentively listen to its fraught modalities. She continues: “their indecipherability holds us analysts at arm’s length, and at the very same time they wrap themselves around those who approach without prejudice. Those opaque sites – or what is darkened by density within these sites – cannot be grasped, mishandled, expropriated, or governed.”[213] This principle of indecipherability as a Black rhetorical strategy can be located throughout histories of Black expression. In her text, *Modernity’s Ear*, Roshanak Kheshti explains Barbara Christian’s notion of “a race for theory”:

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[212] Okiji, 81.

> [P]eople of color have always theorized - but in forms quite different from the Western form of abstract logic. And I am inclined to say that our theorizing (and I intentionally use the verb rather than the noun) is often in narrative forms, in the stories we create, in riddles and proverbs, in the play with language, since dynamic rather than fixed ideas seem more to our liking….My folk, in other words, have always been a race for theory - though more in the form of the hieroglyph, a written figure which is both sensual and abstract, both beautiful and communicative.[214]

Kheshti locates this approach to theory within the cultural context of Black life by saying:

> [these] ways of theorizing that result from a lifetime of learning, not necessarily from the published text but from the marginalia scribbled along its borders, a learning that happens out of necessity based on exclusion from formal systems of knowledge production, a learning that results from being on the receiving end of various systematic phobias and -isms, a learning that is facilitated through community, alienation, and environment. The theorizing capability of the marginalized, legible in forms like literature, music, art practice, dance, movement, affect, and sexuality, are forms that are decidedly more accessible and vernacular than scholarly.[215]

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[213] Okiji, 82.

[214] Barbara Christian, “The Race for Theory,” in *Cultural Critique* 54, no. 6 (1987): 54, as cited in Roshanak Kheshti, *Modernity’s Ear: Listening to Race and Gender in World Music*, (New York: NYU Press, 2015), xvii.

[215] Kheshti, xviii.

Kheshti locates this in Zora Neale Hurston's "feather-bed resistance" used in her ethnography *Mules and Men* (1935). We can see here, in the very same era of Adorno's "On Jazz," a struggle over the very concept of "truth" itself, as well as its cultural embeddedness in art and cultural production. However, Hurston's rhetorical strategy outwardly rejects the white man's gaze, as well as any documentation or ossification of "authenticity" or "truth" of Black life. Hurston writes:

> And the Negro, in spite of his open-faced laughter, his seeming acquiescence, is particularly evasive….The Negro offers a feather bed resistance, that is, we let the probe enter, but it never comes out. It gets smothered under a lot of laughter and pleasantries. The theory behind our tactics: "The white man is always trying to know into somebody else's business. All right, I'll set something outside the door of my mind for him to play with and handle. He can read my writing but he sho' can't read my mind. I'll put this toy in his hand, and he will seize it and go away. Then I'll say my say and sing my song."[216]

Khesti notes that Hurston embodied a dual identity somewhere between a serious academic and a creative artist, and she actively sought out the *lore* in "folklore" - those "dreams, fictions, and fantasies that emerged post-emancipation."[217] Similarly, Kheshti cites the work of Gina Dent and Angela Davis to speak to Hurston's use of fiction in ethnographic work, and the value placed on individual emotional needs and desires post-slavery.[218] Yet Okiji argues that as a spectator-analyst, we can gain insight to such indecipherability if we approach without prejudice.

Okiji goes on to speak of the writings of Fred Moten and Saidiya Hartman to assure us that meaning and cultural significance is not limited to clear, linear, and rational histories. While she acknowledges that the stories written by "us spectator-analysts" must be considered both compromised and interrupted, she asserts that "there is much to be explored concerning that incomprehensibility, about how such life, inaugurated in obscurity, comes into view in its invisibility, clothed in images and imaginings of a hostile society."[219] While a clear image of the subject may never come into view, our understandings and imaginings of the historical subject are built through a complex layering of social and cultural circumstances which produced them. Ultimately, as Okiji argues, it is within such a clouded and amalgamated concept of history that we gain new insights, new ways of knowing, and new ways of perceiving and theorizing the past.

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[216] Zora Neale Hurston, *Mules and Men* (New York: Perennial, 1990), 2-3, as cited in Kheshti, 126-127.
[217] Kheshti, 128.
[218] Kheshti, 128.

In this chapter on storytelling, Okiji makes a case for approaching academic scholarship in a new light. Utilizing Benjamin's theorizations of storytelling, she argues that a story is a "plural event" that can never be complete. Each retelling adds what Benjamin labels "transparent layers," through which "a collective of disparate participants, both living and deceased, can bring to light endlessly evolving sites of expressive and cultural significance."[220] In this, she directly compares Benjamin's theory to those of Black expression, and specifically Black expression in jazz. Okiji argues that if as academics, we treated our works more like that of musical practice, our stories might find significance beyond the norms of scholarly discourse. Through listening in preparation for communication, in a willingness to fail, and through conceiving of the writing process as an atemporal shared undertaking "(an endless, boundless rehearsal)," a writer gains insights into the wealth of significance in the unknown and the unknowable. Similarly, Kheshti equates such Black expression to that of a queer utopian practice of embodied listening, and advocates for a methodology of "playing by ear" - "a performative, rather than mimetic, method/ology - as a performative listening praxis where one listens with the body."[221] Within this methodology - as the author relates it to "un-notated music"[222] or musical systems in which music is learned by rote - there is an integration of feeling and knowledge, instead of a split between the abstract and the emotional.[223] Kheshti argues that such a methodology requires "a radical form of interdisciplinarity that takes liberally from these seemingly opposed historical formations" and is "rooted in listening as a mode of survival and resistance [...] through which the listener relates differently to pleasure."[224]

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[219] Okiji, 82.
[220] Okiji, 69.

It seems ironic, and almost painfully self-evident, that the history of Western music in the postwar era - in its scholarship, canons, and curricula - in its very methods of thinking and ways of knowing - would be dictated through the very fears of modern notions of the Beautiful. In such a worldview, a new set of uses of the concept of the *sublime* - as a striving for moral good, seriousness, prestige; and the dissonant, defiant, and masculine Cartesian "I" - would finally reign supreme over the

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[221] Kheshti, xviii.
[222] Lars Lilliestam, "On Playing by Ear," in *Popular Music* 15, no. 2 (May 1996): 195, as cited in Kheshti, xviii,
[223] Christian, 56, as cited in Kheshti, xix.
[224] Kheshti, xix.

pleasure so easily appropriated and abused as a tool of propaganda by authoritarian regimes. As McClary wrote in "The Lure of the Sublime," *hilarious* and *playful* composers were contrasted with *serious* composers and therefore are not located within our principal canons. She also notes that these playful composers were associated specifically with French culture. She continues, "Is it possible that C. P. E. Bach was the last hilarious German composer? How sad is that! And why did we all allow the Germans to set the rules?"[225] What she illuminates here, but does not elaborate on, is the fact that in postwar Germany, it was German postwar guilt *itself* that decided our fate in institutions of music. It was the Germans who, in the wake of their shameful history, remembered Hitler's use of pleasure and music in propaganda, and decided that the answer was serious, intellectual music. Given the German supremacy that permeates the academic study of music, McClary directly links our current preference for serious music and composers to the postwar period and German reconciliation. Ironically (or obviously), the desire to be separate from German supremacy and National Socialism directly led to many of our contemporary issues of exclusion and canon formation, as well as insidiously reinscribed the racial hierarchies which defined Hitler's notions of German purity itself. Our discipline is haunted by the ghosts of National Socialism, parading under the guise of rational intellect.

Returning to my original epigraph, Okiji states, "the 'opacity of black song' refers to a withholding, a refusal, or perhaps an impossibility to disclose [...] a modern experience too horrific to communicate."[226] While specifically referencing opacity in Black expression as she theorized through Saidiya Hartman and Fred Moten, the notion of the impossibility to disclose the horrors of the Holocaust must simultaneously exist in any discussion of jazz in the Third Reich. Okiji ends this section titled "Sharing the Incommunicable" with the line, "Indeed, the proliferation of black expression such as the blues is really the amplification of this (right to) opacity."[227] As opacities, myths, lies, lore, and failed assumptions permeate every aspect of the history of Black jazz musicians in occupied Paris, who was granted the right to such opacity? Who had the agency to dictate such opacities? And which historical subjects, from our contemporary viewpoint, are granted the right to opacity? Considering the Black musicians throughout my dissertation, the answers vary widely. Black women such as Joséphine Baker and Valaida Snow wove intricate narratives, lush with notions of camp and glamour. But as we will see, they both were accused of lies, and therefore were not considered to be talented musicians nor taken seriously throughout the whole of music scholarship. Meanwhile, Fletcher Henderson wove lies surrounding his national origin (as did numerous Black musicians), and has been lauded for his survivalist strategies throughout jazz history. Furthermore, in considering the unnamed musicians in the photographic collections of Dr. Jazz, to what degree do we believe Mike Zwerin's comment that Al Lirvat did not remember, and did not want to speak of the photograph with Django? Can this be seen as

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[225] McClary, 30.

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[226] Okiji, 82.
[227] Okiji, 83.

Lirvat’s refusal to be ossified in the archives of a Nazi? Given that all four musicians were then located in a Guadeloupean archive, along with their full careers after the war, what are the ethics of a scholar then returning the identities of these men to the Nazi’s archive, and to white Western scholarship on jazz more broadly? How might scholarship contend with this opacity which cannot be proven? Is Lirvat knowingly or unknowingly withholding information, or is the non-existence of these Black musicians’ identities in the archive merely an erasure at Nazi hands? Drawing from the atemporal dialogue between Okiji, Hartman, Kheshti, Hurtson, and Christian, we learn that the spectator must approach without prejudice, perceive of the process as an atemporal, shared undertaking, conceive of the methodology as if it were a endless musical rehearsal, and accept their own willingness to fail, the spectator-analyst can begin to understand the history cloaked in incomprehensibility.

III. Case Study –

The Historiography of Myth: Joséphine Baker in the Jim Crow South and the Third Reich

> The desk I sit at is a desk given to me by a woman who a man tried to murder, and it seems time to tell what it meant to me to grow up in a society in which many preferred people like me to be dead or silent and how I got a voice and how it eventually came time to use that voice - to try to tell the stories that had gone untold […]
>
> I wanted writing that could be lavish, subtle, evocative, that could describe mists and moods and hopes and not just facts and solid objects. I wanted to map how the world is connected by patterns and intuitions and resemblances. I wanted to trace the lost patterns that came before the world was broken and find the new ones we could make from the shards.
>
> -Rebecca Solnit[228]

> Recovering this forgotten history indicates yet again how deeply musical and theatrical representations have, for better and worse, engaged the racial imagination. It is not only naive but reckless to consider that they have ceased to do so.
>
> -Andy Fry[229]

As I sit down to write this history of Joséphine Baker,[230] I am preceded by so many scholars who have all taught me that history can and must be written differently, that new questions beg to be asked, that studies of facts and solid objects fail to evoke the richness and immense depth of the histories of jazz. However, as I came to a popular history of Joséphine Baker, I read about stories of an entertainer, a dancer, a showgirl. I came across tokenized versions of her as a spy, caricatured in children's books, her face pasted on wine bottles and murals as an icon of women's liberation, and her banana skirt replicated in television shows and movies as the symbol for 1920s brazen sexuality. I read even scholarly texts where she was mentioned briefly in a few passing sentences and yet never taken seriously as a musician. I saw a vocalist without a voice.

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[228] Rebecca Solnit, *Recollections of My Nonexistence*. (New York: Viking, 2020), 47, 126.

[229] Andy Fry, *Paris Blues,* 79.

[230] Baker's name is sometimes published with, and sometimes without, the accent aigu. For the remainder of this paper, I will respect Joséphine's adaptation of the accent as a part of her persona. I will also often refer to her informally as "Joséphine," as this speaks to the very content and gendered intimacy of this paper.

Yet as I started to talk to my colleagues about Baker, I realized that the impact she had on many of my black colleagues was much more nostalgic, tender, and sincere. They told me stories of how their mothers would try to emulate the fashionable hats that Baker wore, and how she introduced them to liberating concepts of camp and glamour. I heard stories of hanging out in the dimly lit and lushly decorated Chez Joséphine in Manhattan in the 1990s. I heard countless voices say that Joséphine represented other possibilities for black futures. Joséphine's reality was an amalgamation of her own myths and fantasies, and a disruption to the ones forced upon her. She realized at a very young age that pleasure was for the privileged and spent the rest of her life in pursuit of that feeling.

Music scholarship, however, has resisted much of this type of inquiry, and the history of jazz, in particular, is dominated by what can be narrated by a collector, represented in a discography, or distinctly proven in *the music itself*. But what if we shifted our focus from matters of fact to matters of concern? We would have to define what actually concerns us and acknowledge how societal structures not only define who is worthy of historicization, but how a disproportionate burden of proof is placed on marginalized bodies. In his book, *Just Vibrations: The Purpose of Sounding Good*, William Cheng boldly calls attention to this dilemma within music scholarship - the problem which he identifies as paranoid readings. Paranoid readings seek to debunk, to deconstruct. Paranoid readings demand hard, verifiable fact, as evidence of virtuosic scholarship, and insist on a constant state of suspicion. Cheng not only draws succinct connections between generations of queer and feminist theory, but also poses their intellectual challenges directly to the academic study of music. He argues for Jack Halberstam's "low theory" and for the use of "thin description."[231] He acknowledges that terms such as *low*, *thin*, and *sappy* are often pejoratively written, yet argues that they perform disobedience and queer possibilities. He shows the tangible impact of such language when he states, "Reparative scholarship acknolwedges that the transactions of power in rhetorical exchanges have the potential to harm and to heal."[232]

In this chapter, he offers us another path forward - a path forged by scholars such as Donna Haraway, Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, Suzanne Cusick, Bruno Latour,

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[231] Cheng references multiple texts with regards to thin description. See: John L. Jackson, Jr. (2013). *Thin Description: Ethnography and the African Hebrew Israelites of Jerusalem*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, p. 153.

[232] William Cheng, *Just Vibrations: The Purpose of Sounding Good*, (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 2016), 41.

Deborah Wong, and Rebecca Solnit. He signifies a long intellectual history in quoting Suzanne Cusick quoting Sedgwick’s work:

> The paranoid, [Sedgwick] showed, believes in the efficacy of knowledge, exposure, and demystification. By contrast, the critical practices that result from the reparative position aim toward ‘a sustained *seeking of pleasure*.’ [...] And yet, Sedgwick concludes, the reparative is ‘no less realistic, no less attached to a project of survival, and neither less nor more delusional or fantasmatic’ than the paranoid. Unlike the paranoid, however, it leads us toward moments when joy (not ‘gotcha!’) can be a guarantor of truth, when practices that are weak, sappy, or anti-intellectual may bespeak the spiritually and psychologically healthy reclamation of sustaining pleasure from a world that may not have intended to sustain us.[233]

The history of Baker is riddled with doubt and disbelief, but what if instead of trying to debunk the myth of Joséphine Baker through accusation of falsehood, we explored a truth that allowed both the storytelling, and the full, messy, and complex life that elicited those stories to coexist? Would we come to see that all of her fantasies were what Sedgwick calls “projects of survival”? Could we begin to understand that the fantasies she created were no less or more delusional than the pervasive racial fantasies which permeated her life? By studying the myths and fantasies surrounding Joséphine Baker instead of the ‘objectively’ written ‘facts’ about her life and career, I argue that there is so much more we stand to learn about this woman who has been reduced to an image and stripped of her agential voice. Deeply entrenched racial fantasies have dictated the myths that scholars find suspect, but those fantasies, paradoxically, also dictate our methods of scholarly inquiry.

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[233] Cheng, 39-40.

I begin this paper with an analysis of social consciousness and its construction, in both the Jim Crow South, as well as in interwar Europe. Through an examination of the ways in which the history of the United States has been politically written and erased, I will show multiple ways in which the Third Reich adopted these methodologies to maintain social and racial hierarchies. All of these processes contribute to a project of creating national mythologies. The next section examines the ways in which Baker and other women of color were entangled in these projects of national memory making, specifically noting that the accuracy of stories told by jazz women have been scrutinized, while lies told by jazz men often become part of their mystique. The last section examines the ways in which Baker used her myth and her vocality as a weapon to counteract the racist systems in which she found herself. The rich history of Joséphine Baker demands that we abandon our academic insistence on 'fact' and allow ourselves to contemplate the political power of the *myth*.

The Nation State and the Social Consciousness of Genocide

Hollywood and American history curricula would have you believe in the innocence and moral superiority of the United States during the reign of the Third Reich. Research funded by American corporations such as John Kellogg of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and Henry Ford of the Ford Motor Company (Lusane 2002: 130) has propagated denial of Japanese internment camps and obfuscated our complicity with various forms of fascism before, during, and after the war. Many of the Reich's anti-Jewish legislation for the Nuremberg Laws were modeled on the United States. James

Q. Whitman, professor of Comparative and Foreign Law at Yale notes the significance of German lawyer Heinrich Krieger, who spent the 1933-1934 academic year as an exchange student in Fayetteville at the University of Arkansas School of Law. In 1936, Krieger published his most influential text, *Das Rassenrecht in den Vereinigten Staaten* ('Race Law in the United States').[234]

In addition to these legal texts, popular party magazines were made available for a broad Nazi readership. Whitman cites examples from the *SA-Führer*, which commented on how meaningless citizenship was not only for black Americans, but also Puerto Ricans, Filipinos, Chinese, and Native Americans. He goes on to cite examples from a propaganda newsletter produced by the National Socialist Office on Racial Policy, *Neues Volk* ('New People'). One example from 1936, claimed to explain blackness in America to a general German population. It included a map that outlined miscegenation law throughout the country, claimed to give an overview of the history of black life in the United States, and applauded the fact that black waiters in New York were "not allowed to speak a word to the white guests, and [brought] them the menu on a tray, not in their hand."[235]

The article continued by lamenting the high rate of black birth, as well as any interracial marriages: "Mixed marriages between White and Black are forbidden in most states of the Union. The former Negro boxer and world champion Jack Johnson cannot return to America, because he married a white woman in Paris."[236] As

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[234] James Q. Whitman, *Hitler's American Model: The United States and the Making of Nazi Race Law*, (Princeton / Oxford: Princeton University Press, 2018), 57.
[235] Whitman, 60.
[236] Whitman, 64.

Clarence Lusane notes in his book *Hitler's Black Victims*, the largest perceived threat of blackness in America was the "uncontrolled sexual activity." He quotes a 1913 statement by University of Chicago biologist Charles Davenport, saying that African Americans have "a strong sex instinct, without corresponding self-control."[237]

Germany is likely to have emulated eugenics practices in the United States, including national policies toward the genocide of Native Americans. Seminole-Muscogee-Navajo professor Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie recalls an oral history that was told to her one night on Haudensonee land by an elder:

> In the early 1930s, a German investigation team arrived at the Tuscarora Nation and sought out Clinton Rickard. They were searching for information about the genocidal practices of the United States, past and present, and Clinton Rickard was an authority on Native American history and law.[238]

She emphasizes that while there are multiple stories from various reservations, they still are not widely known in the United States, and many archivists who have heard about the German investigation teams still do not consider them to be true. While oral histories have been widely acceptable in academic institutions, these particular oral traditions carry a much higher burden of proof. She goes on: "When oral history coincides with photographic evidence the impact can be disturbing. The photographic evidence of U.S. genocidal practices is not extensive (if there is no evidence of genocide then there was no genocide)."[239]

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[237] Lusane, 132.

[238] Hulleah J. Tsinhnahjinnie, "When is a Photograph Worth a Thousand Words?" In *Photography's Other Histories*. Ed. by Christopher Pinney and Nicolas Peterson. (Durham: Duke University Press, 2003), 44.

[239] Tsinhnahjinnie, 45.

It is important to acknowledge the reasons why this evidence was either hidden, or never created to begin with. Photographs then serve as punctures to this veil of ‘truth.’ This yet again proves to us that the academic structures that build and maintain certain facts are inherently political projects, seeking to curate a whitewashed version of history. A lack of particular types of evidence can uphold the fantasies of an entire national consciousness. The heavy weight of the burden of proof is disproportionately placed on the shoulders of marginalized bodies, but rarely on projects of nationalism.

Joséphine Baker was said to have witnessed the horrific violence of the 1917 East St. Louis race riots. This particular event was erased from the curricula of the state of Illinois, as well as in the social consciousness of the American people. Having grown up in the public education system in Illinois, I can attest to the fact that not only was this race riot on our own state’s soil never mentioned in history classes, but students are still led to believe that Illinois, as a part of the Northern states, had nothing to do with slavery. This is easily translated into the idea that Illinois had nothing to do with the history of racism in the United States, as Illinois fought against the Confederacy to end slavery in the Civil War. To make matters worse, not only is the history of this horrific event wiped from history textbooks, many believe that Joséphine Baker did not actually experience the event. Baker experienced multiple levels of personal and social gaslighting, and this would become one of the most traumatic and defining events of her life.

East St. Louis is on the eastern bank of the Mississippi River in Illinois, while St. Louis lies on the western bank in Missouri. East St. Louis had always been known as an incredibly rough, industrial town where many racial and ethnic minorities would come in search of guaranteed work. This was especially true for African Americans coming from the deep South, where their only employment options were limited to sharecropping. Not being able to earn a living in this broken and racist system, workers would come to East St. Louis in search of factory jobs to support their families. Racial tensions in the city grew as white workers formed unions and went on strike for better wages, and black workers continued to come to the city in search of work. On the night of July 1, 1917, horrific violence broke out. Black women and children were pulled from trolley cars and beaten to death in the streets.[240] As quoted by journalist Carlos Hurd:

> I saw man after man, with his hands raised, pleading for his life, surrounded by groups of men - men who had never seen him before and knew nothing about him except that he was black - and saw them administer the historic sentence of intolerance, death by stoning. I saw one of these men, almost dead from a savage shower of stones, hanged with a clothesline, and when it broke, hanged with a rope which held.[241]

W.E.B. Du Bois' magazine *The Crisis* includes more scenes of sheer horror:

> His heels struck right in the middle of the battered face. A girl stepped up and struck the bleeding man with her foot. The blood spurted onto her stockings and men laughed and grunted […] One woman, according to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, wanted to 'cut the heart out' of a Negro, a man already paralyzed from a bullet wound.[242]

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[240] Thomas Gibson dir., *Bloody Island: The Race Riots of East St. Louis*, 1998. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OOl5KKYnFck (version: 02.06.2017, access: 30.05.2020).

[241] Carlos Hurd, "Post-Dispatch Man, an Eye-Witness, Describes Massacre of Negroes." In *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (St. Louis, MO, USA), 3 July, 1917, 1.

[242] W.E.B. Du Bois, "The Massacre of East St. Louis," In *The Crisis*. (September 1917), 222.

There is a large debate surrounding the accounts of the event from Baker herself, as to whether or not she was in St. Louis or East St. Louis when the violence broke out; some stories from scholars and documentarians seem to have little to nothing to do with Baker's own words. In this interview published in *Esquire* only a year before her death in 1975, Joséphine recounts not only the event, but how it had viscerally impacted her life for well over 50 years. She notes:

> East St Louis was a most horrible place, yes, worse than the deep South. I was a little girl and all I remember is people - they ran across the bridge from East St. Louis to escape the rednecks, the whites killing and beating them. I never forget my people screaming, pushing to get off the bridge, a friend of my father's face shot off, a pregnant woman cut open. I see them running to get to the bridge. I have been running ever since.[243]

An account told from the documentary *Bloody Island*: *the Race Riots of East St. Louis*, placed Baker directly within the conflict, yet no source material is cited:

> Josephine Baker, world renowned singer from the town hid in the basement of a shack while mobs pillaged and burnt homes outside. She managed to escape death with the help of an unknown funeral director who took her across the Eads bridge that led into Missouri.[244]

This account completely contradicts what Jean-Claude Baker, Joséphine's adopted son and biographer wrote about the event:

> Josephine, of course, always claimed to be smack in the heart of East St. Louis when it blew up, and insisted she remembered being shaken from her sleep by her mother, who told the children, 'It's the whites. Hurry!' The reality was that she had learned about the riots by listening to people who had

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[243] Ean Wood, *The Josephine Baker Story*. (London: Sanctuary Publishing Limited, 2000), 30-31.
[244] Gibson, n.p.

> escaped them; it was from the safe side of the bridge that she and Richard watched the flames.[245]

Another one of Joséphine's biographers, Lynn Haney, seems to fall somewhere in between, or at least in slightly a more empathetic position than Jean-Claude: "For Josephine, the riot would always remain an open wound. She told the story again and again, in such vivid detail that many people listening to her, including reporters and magazine writers, assumed that she had lived in East St. Louis."[246] In this version of the story, Haney is able to at the very least, shift the focus from Baker herself onto the reporters who were interpreting and writing her story.

Jean-Claude's account suggests that the horror stopped at the river. However, if we fast forward a century, and travel a mere 15 miles west, we find that activists in Ferguson, Missouri were suspiciously turning up dead, allegedly lynched. We find Burberry apologizing for sweatshirts with nooses for drawstrings. We find countless stories of blackface, of police brutality, of former police officers and their white sons hunting and murdering black joggers in broad daylight. And even as I write this, we are witnessing yet another case of a black man's life likely spared after an argument with a white woman, merely because he had video evidence of the encounter. We find white women wielding the power of their lies to hold black men hostage. And we watch as Minneapolis burns in the wake of George Floyd's murder.

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[245] Jean-Claude Baker, Chris Chase, *Josephine: The Hungry Heart*. (New York: Random House, 1993), 30.
[246] Lynn Haney, *Naked at the Feast: A Biography of Josephine Baker*, (New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1981), 26.

Racial terror and its hauntings would not stop at the Mississippi River to protect Joséphine Baker from violence. Does it matter from which side of the bridge she witnessed the horror? Does it matter where she stood, as she saw countless bodies which looked like hers, viciously brutalized that day? The racial tension was said to have hung in the air long after the riot. I will tell you now that it has yet to clear. Joséphine was running for the rest of her life, all the while being gaslit by a society that wanted to cover it all up, and gaslit by her own family who claimed she never experienced the violence in the first place. This trope is not a rare one, and it was not limited to Joséphine's account of the riot itself. Jean-Claude recounted stories of child abuse and domestic abuse, and claim they were merely for sympathy or attention. These tropes can also be found with many women of color throughout history, and the history of jazz is not immune.

The Disbelief of Women

It would seem that women of color are distrusted the most in jazz historiography. Two particular cases stand out to me - Joséphine, and the highly contested history of African American trumpeter and band leader, Valaida Snow.[247] Why is her story constantly being 'debunked' by scholars? Was she actually captured in Copenhagen by the Nazis and sent to a concentration camp? Or was it an internment camp? Was she arrested for drug use and merely sent to a prison in Denmark? Why is it that once released, she wouldn't speak of her time in Nazi-occupied Denmark, and then died shortly thereafter at the age of only 51? What do we do when there are no primary sources left to confirm nor deny these claims? *If there is no evidence of genocide, then was there genocide*.

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[247] See also: Griffin, Farah Jasmine (2001). *In Search of Billie Holiday: If You Can't Be Free, Be a Mystery*, New York: Ballantine Books. Griffin argues for a more complex reading of Holiday and analyzes multiple sources that contributed to her myth.

When considering a lack of primary source material, we must consider the simple fact that women performers on a broad scale had less exposure, recording opportunities, and press coverage than their male counterparts. It is also essential to consider the documentation of music that was ostensibly banned in the Third Reich. This speaks to a lack of evidence that has only been remedied thus far with traces of oral histories, anecdotes, and journalistic articles. Historian Clarence Lusane notes that while we might expect contradictory reports from journalistic sources, even scholarly articles have published conflicting information on these women. He speaks at length to the messy story of Valaida Snow: "Questions surrounding her year of birth, who her father was, whether she was mixed-race, and even her name are debated as fiercely as the issues surrounding her horrific experiences during the war."[248] He then makes particular note of the role of the whitening of historiography itself, which plays a large role in how these questions are perpetuated. Why is it that contemporary scholars so distrust the narratives around Snow? Herb Flemming was also known to weave lies about his ethnicity and birthplace, but most historical accounts focus instead commending how his lies opened up performance opportunities to him. So, was it that they were women? Black women? Or was it because they were black women who were unabashedly leading glamourous lives in the 1930s?

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[248] Lusane, 166.

The commonality between performers like Snow and Baker is their extravagance, showmanship, and vocality. Snow not only took on singing in order to advance her performance opportunities, but she also styled her life in flamboyant colors, and even dressed her pet monkey. Even women instrumentalists criticized Snow, claiming she could be a great player if she would stick to the trumpet.[249] This not only fails to acknowledge the lack of options afforded to women at the time, but also fails to recognize the power these women attained from a glamourous, camp lifestyle and the celebrity that came with it.

I would like to place these issues of not believing women into a broader context of understanding facts about the Holocaust. While it is difficult to prove certain aspects with a lack of verifiable evidence, we know and accept that on a large scale, it was due to a pointed erasure by the Third Reich. *If there is no evidence of genocide, then there was no genocide.* It becomes imperative to consider not just mass violence as metaphor, but the specificity of the lives irrevocably harmed by these regimes. Visual Studies scholar Lu Ling Osofsky spoke of the conflicting narratives around the champion boxers at Auschwitz in a lecture at the University of California Santa Cruz.[250] Osofsky described her interview with a survivor, where he acknowledged that the men would claim stories that were not their own, to gain traction in Hollywood.[251] While films on the topic have produced conflicting stories, we never call them *liars*, or accuse them of attention-seeking. We speak to their trauma and its effect on memory; we speak of the erosion of time on memory; we speak to the lack of tangible evidence, and to how state power destroyed evidence.

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[249] Lusane, 168.

[250] For references to the Hollywood film features, see *The Boxer* (1963), *Triumph of the Spirit* (1989), *Victor Young Perez* (2013), and *Harry Haft* (2020).

So, what do we do about 'lies' within the Holocaust when some people think that the Holocaust itself was a lie? What do we do, in an era such as this, where the former president of the United States refused to believe in climate change or global health pandemics? Can we admit that there are things we care incapable of knowing without surrendering ourselves to right wing conspiracy theories? Can we make ourselves vulnerable enough to admit that we cannot always know the truth? Does value remain in the myths left behind? Were the myths themselves political weapons - bound up in, and magnified by, our own erotic fantasies of war, and blackness, and womanhood?

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These fantasies came to be represented not only in social consciousness and popular journalistic outlets, but also very pointedly in scholarly sources, the most popular of which being the jazz writings of Theodor W. Adorno.[252] Ultimately, in

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[251] Lu Ling Osofsky, "Based on a (Mostly) True Story: Conflicting Cinematic Portrayals of Jewish Champions Boxing at Auschwitz." Public lecture, University of California Santa Cruz, 4 May, 2018.

[252] For a complex and nuanced analysis of Adorno's writings on jazz and concepts of individualism and modernity as pertaining to black expression, see: Okiji, Fumi (2018). *Jazz as Critique: Adorno and Black Expression Revisited*. Stanford, California: Stanford University Press. See also: Buhler, James (2006). "Frankfurt School Blues: Rethinking Adorno's Critique of Jazz." In: *Apparitions: New Perspectives on Adorno and Twentieth Century Music*. Ed. by Berthold Hoeckner. New York / London: Routledge, pp. 103-130.

Adorno's mind, jazz itself was linked to his fears of the looming fascist state. He is infamous for various anti-jazz statements about the role of syncopation in music, as well as his racialized perceptions of the saxophone. His concept that this music instigated pleasure yet perpetuated domination has been critiqued repeatedly for its inherently racist presumptions.[253] Concerning journalistic press coverage at the time, Ronald Radano notes,

> By the 1910's and 1920's, fears of racial transmission through sound had overtaken other dimensions of social life [...] The vast repetition of references to black music as a fever, drug, disease, and intoxicant indicate that the threat of black music related above all to fear of miscegenation, through which hot rhythm becomes a metonym of the black male body and, specifically, Negro semen or blood.[254]

The idea that there could be a racial transmission through sound, not only speaks to the fear of blackness, but more specifically black sexuality. Black music came to viscerally represent the fears society had around miscegenation. What is most shocking about all of these ideals about music strewn throughout academic scholarship and large-scale social consciousness at the time, is how much it directly aligns with the ways in which the Third Reich policed jazz. A Nazi Gauleiter outlined regulations for dance orchestras, in which many of the same tropes of the ills of syncopation, non-classical instrumentation, and a strong favor for folk music over popular music arise. It should be noted that while these rules were ostensibly binding for all performances of jazz, state-sponsored orchestras in the Third Reich were able to bend or break the rules,[255] and figures such as Dietrich Schulz-Köhn, a *Luftwaffe Oberleutnant*, were still able to collect forbidden records while escaping any punishment. Schulz-Köhn would later be celebrated as the man to save jazz itself from the Nazis.[256] The following are excerpts from this list of regulations:

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[253] See also: McGee, Kristin (2008). "The Feminization of Mass Culture and the Novelty of All-Girl Bands: The Case of the Ingenues," *Popular Music and Society*, vol. 31, no. 5, Taylor & Francis, pp. 629-662. Here McGee argues a gendered critique of Adorno not present in Radano's critique. It is imperative to acknowledge that race and gender worked inextricably in these matters.

[254] Ronald Radano, "Hot Fantasies: American Modernism and the Idea of Black Rhythm." In: *Music and the Racial Imagination*. Ed. by Ronald Radano and Philip V. Bohlman. (Chicago / London: University of Chicago Press, 2000), 474.

- In this so-called jazz type repertoire, preference is given to compositions in a major key and to lyrics expressing joy in life rather than Jewishly gloomy lyrics;
- As to tempo, preference is also to be given to brisk compositions over slow ones (so-called blues); however, the pace must not exceed a certain degree of allegro, commensurate with the Aryan sense of discipline and moderation. On no account will Negroid excesses in tempo (so-called hot jazz) or in solo performances (so-called breaks) be tolerated;
- So-called jazz compositions may contain at most 10 percent syncopation; the remainder must consist of a natural legato movement devoid of the hysterical rhythmic reverses characteristic of the music of the barbarian races and conducive to dark instincts alien to the German people (so-called riffs);
- Also prohibited are so-called drum breaks longer than half a bar in four-quarter beat (except in stylized military marches);
- Plucking of the strings is prohibited, since it is damaging to the instrument and detrimental to Aryan musicality; if a so-called pizzicato effect is absolutely desirable for the character of the composition, strict care must be taken lest the string be allowed to patter on the sordine, which is henceforth forbidden;
- Musicians are likewise forbidden to make vocal improvisations (so-called scat);
- All light orchestras and dance bands are advised to restrict the use of saxophones of all keys and to substitute for them the violoncello, the viola or possibly a suitable folk instrument.[257]

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[255] For provisions on the performance practice of jazz in Germany, see Wipplinger, Jonathan (2020). *The Jazz Republic: Music, Race, and American Culture in Weimar Germany*. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press. See also Kater, Michael (1992). *Different Drummers: Jazz in the Culture of Nazi Germany*. New York/Oxford: Oxford University Press.

[256] Leonard Feather, "How Jazz Survived the Third Reich." In: *The Los Angeles Times*, 5 July 1992.

[257] Škvorecký, 8-9.

While these written rules came later in the reign of the Third Reich, this represents the amalgamation of racial and musical fantasies that confronted Baker's early career. As she toured throughout Central and Eastern Europe in the late 1920s, the National Socialist Party was building momentum. As I will illustrate, she spent this period both playfully engaging and negating the racial musical fantasies forced upon her.

Racial Fantasies of Baker's Music

In what follows, I illustrate how the constructs of race as they pertain to music impacted Baker's reception in Europe – in particular, I examine receptions from her audiences in Paris and Vienna between 1928 and 1934. I argue that Baker understood the complex racial dynamics and the opportunities that would be afforded to her in an array of situations, as she continuously curated her image and reception, by means of her voice itself.

Baker's first major success abroad came in 1925 with her role in *La Revue Nègre* and one of the most widely circulated images of Baker is in her banana skirt on stage at the Folies Bergère. This image continues to pop up in nearly every media representation of a Weimar era Berlin or 1930s Paris, as it comes to represent not only the African other, but also with intense phallic imagery, it projects white male fantasies of black female sexuality.[258] Baker knew her body not only represented the African other, but was also a signifier of fetishized American culture at the time. She played into the idea that her *Amerikanismus* amplified both the fascination, as well as the deeply entrenched fear of the black body.

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[258] Images of the banana skirt have shown up in the Netflix show *Babylon Berlin*, Julie Taymor's 2002 film *Frida*, signifying a sexual encounter with a nameless black woman in a banana skirt in Paris, and on Beyoncé as she performed her song "Déjà Vu" at Fashion Rock in 2006, among many others.

It is imperative to note that while Baker, in a contemporary mindset, *still* stands in as the icon of the jazz age, many jazz collectors dismissed Baker's early recordings as being of no interest to jazz collectors.[259] Baker began recording jazz standards in 1926 with Odeon. Titles such as "That Certain Feeling," "Bye Bye Blackbird," and "Blue Skies" caught the interest of collectors, but it is unclear as to why she was so outwardly rejected in these circles when similar figures such as Snow had been accepted as jazz vocalists. One possibility is that Baker was not an instrumentalist, and Snow was able to earn the limited respect of these critics with her mastery of the trumpet. However, Joséphine's voice was widely criticized during this time.

Listening to these early recordings, it is obvious that Baker's voice does not neatly fit into any category of vocal timbre. She strains to hit notes, her voice cracks, and her timbre is very light and tinny. Baker's biographer Phyllis Rose notes, "she could not sustain a note, and the singing was not impressive."[260] In 1992, Robert L. Johns notes: "There was a genuine problem with the voice. The range and expressiveness were fine, but she lacked the power of projection needed to fill larger theatrical spaces in the days before microphones"[261] In the collection *Black Europe,* the authors claim that she "strains to reach higher notes – she would have been wise to have taken singing lessons," and continues with that she "often seems to speak the words rather than sing them."[262] It should be noted, however, that a feathered, jeweled, and bare-chested image of Baker from 1926 fills the title page to the second volume of this anthology. She may not yet have been the voice of jazz, but she was *undoubtedly* the image of it. And while most agreed that Baker did not have the most technically proficient voice, many started to find charm in it toward the end of the 1920s: "Her singing, like a wounded bird, transported the crowd."[263] In the documentary, *Joséphine Baker: the 1st Black Superstar*, many noted that Baker was "more of a personality than a singer," and that "she got away with murdering the French language, and they loved it."[264]

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[259] Robert Pernet, *Jazz in Little Belgium*, (Bruxelles: Robert Pernet & Ets "Sigma," 1966).
[260] Phyllis Rose, *Jazz Cleopatra: Josephine Baker in Her Time*. (New York/London: Doubleday, 1989), 150.

Baker's performances in Vienna in 1928, however, were violently contested, as she began to tour with the *Schwarz auf Weiß* revue. She reminisced that she found the capital city flooded with leaflets denouncing her as the "black devil,"[265] yet her shows consistently sold out throughout the region. Upon arrival in Vienna, she was escorted by armed guards around the city. As Jean-Claude Baker notes, "A week earlier, students had thrown tear-gas bombs in a theater playing the jazz opera *Jonny Spielt Auf*, because a black character bragged about his conquests of white women. A petition to ban Joséphine's 'brazen-faced heathen dances' was circulating,"[266] and she was banned from the Ronacher, the first theater she planned to headline. Biographer Ian Wood notes that there was "an uncomfortable similarity between some of the mobs she encountered [in Vienna] and those she had seen in her childhood during the East St. Louis riot."[267]

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[261] Charlene B. Regester, "The Deconstruction of an Image and the Deconstruction of a Star – Josephine Baker Racialized, Sexualized, and Politicized in the African-American Press, the Mainstream Press, and FBI Files." In: *The Josephine Baker Critical Reader: Selected Writings on the Entertainer and Activist*. Ed. by Mae G. Henderson and Charlene B. Regester. (Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland & Company, Inc., Publishers, 2017), 89.

[262] Green, Jeffrey / Lotz, Rainer / Rye, Howard, "Josephine Baker." In: *Vol. 2, Black Europe, 1910-1930*. (Bear Family Productions, Ltd., 2013), 308.

[263] Baker/Chase, 171.

[264] Phillips, Suzanne, dir. *Joséphine Baker: The 1st Black Superstar*. Forget About It Film & TV, for BBC Wales, 2006.

[265] Baker/Chase, 155.

It is interesting to compare Jean-Claude Baker's account of this trip to Vienna in 1928 with interviews published in promotional materials by the Johann Strauß Theater, where Baker's show was able to premiere. Jean-Claude's account claims that, "Apparently unconcerned, she traveled to the Alpine pass of the Semmering, where she played in the snow."[268] This trip to the Semmering takes up a mere two sentences in Baker's 499-page biography, but it seems that if she arrived in Vienna to such radical protests, and was then forced outside of the city, there would have been a stronger reaction.[269] However, in an interview published in the theater's promotional materials, the same infantilizing sentiments are echoed: "in such a modest, naive way, that one completely forgets that one is chatting with a world celebrity, and even believes one is speaking with a true child of nature, that has no other worries than to make their life as happy as possible."[270] In calling Baker naive, as well as a *Naturkind*, is Müller trying to disarm the Viennese public so that she can perform, or is he merely essentializing and primitivizing the young celebrity?

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[266] Baker/Chase, 155.
[267] Wood, 142.
[268] Baker/Chase, 156.
[269] Regarding black feminists and technologies of survival, see: Lorde, Audre (1986). "Sisterhood and Survival," *The Black Scholar*, vol. 17, no. 2, March/April 1986, pp. 5-7. See also: Brown, Jayna (2008). *Babylon Girls: Black Women Performers and the Shaping of the Modern*. Durham: Duke University Press.

In the interview, Joséphine claimed, "Vienna is supposed to be a very beautiful city. However, I have not seen much of it, because immediately after my arrival, I drove to my hotel and during the two days before I traveled to the Semmering, I didn't have a single free hour to see the city."[271] While she admits that she drove directly to her hotel, and she was completely unable to tour Vienna, there is no mention of the protests over her presence. Later in the interview, she states that she drove back into the city at night to see "Wien bei Nacht" and that she found Vienna to be "even more cozy and welcoming than my beloved Paris."[272]

The interview ends with her talking about her rehearsals for *Schwarz auf Weiß*, where she claims, "They read an article from a newspaper to me in which I was called a black cultural scandal. First I felt hurt, but then I had to laugh out loud."[273] Consequently, every account of how Joséphine actually experienced racism in this climate has been whitewashed.[274] While *Der Tag* was comparing Baker to Jezebel, all accounts said she laughed it off. While men were shooting and stabbing themselves at Joséphine's feet,[275] or crowds ripped apart her clothes to see her naked,[276] she outwardly remained lighthearted. It becomes clear that Baker was capitalizing on not only her sexuality, but also the primitivizing, patronizing stories about her naiveté. It does not mean she was not aware of the racial or intense sexual violence happening around and to her. She knew that at this time, and in these places, these myths of an innocent, naïve *Naturkind* is how she would survive - as a woman and as a performer.

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[270] Erich Müller, "Josephine Baker über Wien." In: *Johann Strauß Theater*, promotional materials. Vienna, 1928. Courtesy of James Weldon Johnson Memorial Collection, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University, New Haven.

[271] Müller, 2.

[272] Müller, 2.

[273] Müller, 2.

[274] For a thorough and nuanced analysis of black classical musicians in Austria during this era, see: Thurman, Kira (2019). "Performing Lieder, Hearing Race: Debating Blackness, Whiteness, and German Identity in Interwar Central Europe." In: *Journal of the American Musicological Society*, vol. 72 (3): pp. 825-865.

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One of the most fascinating aspects of Baker's career is the way in which she manipulated her voice between 1930 and 1934. Up to this point, she had mainly recorded jazz standards, and harsh criticisms of her vocal ability and timbre dominated her reviews. However, with her recording of "J'ai Deux Amours" in 1930, we can begin to see a very pointed shift away from jazz iconography and into an image of Parisian glamour. This image, however, is in fact driven by her voice itself. Charlene B. Regester proposes that Baker's first major vocal shift came that year with recordings of songs from the revue, *Paris que Remue*, where Baker also sings entirely in French.[277] However, Regester claims this is where Baker perfected her voice, yet there was another significant shift in style and tone a few years later.

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[275] "Croatian Stabs Self Over Josephine Baker." In: *The Chicago Defender*. 4 May 1929.

[276] Baker/Chase, 157.

[277] Regester, 89.

In 1930, her voice begins to be described as having a mezzo-quality. The runs that Joséphine would sing in “J’ai Deux Amours” would specifically be described as operatic *coloratura*,[278] while they fall more accurately somewhere between a melisma and the articulated nonsense syllables of scatting. This song was an opportunity for Baker’s lighter voice to be elevated to Parisian taste, during a time when microphone technology itself was rapidly developing. With this new technology, there was no longer a dire need for belting or concert hall projection.[279] While she is able to sing higher pitches than before, her timbre remains much the same, and her ability to sustain pitches does not progress much at this time. This shift in her vocal style was the beginning of her transition to high French culture – she would even be compared to French singer Edith Piaf during this time.[280]

In 1933 however, she would undergo rigorous vocal coaching for her role in *La Créole*. During this time, her timbre changes completely, her vibrato develops, and her stardom continues to grow exponentially. However, it would be a mistake to think that this was accomplished through voice alone, and we must think more critically about Baker’s audiences instead of the figure of Baker herself. As musicologist Nina Eidsheim writes,

> Voice’s source is not the singer; it is the listener […] The reception of these African American opera singers’ voices is not founded on the singers’

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[278] Phillips, n.p.

[279] See: Lockheart, Paula (2003). “A History of Early Microphone Singing, 1925-1939: American Mainstream Popular Singing at the Advent of Electronic Microphone Amplification.” In: *Popular Music & Society*, vol. 26, no. 3, pp. 367–85.

[280] Phillips, n.p.

> perceptions of themselves, nor on their demonstratable skills and artistic accomplishments; rather it is based on an encultured understanding of race.[281]

In his chapter "'Du jazz hot à *La Créole*': Joséphine Baker Sings Offenbach," Andy Fry shifts the narrative surrounding Baker by collecting popular commentary from her performances of *La Créole*. Throughout this commentary, critics celebrated Baker's evolution toward high French culture. This acculturation was achieved through a process of the heightened sexualization of Baker that is inextricably tied to her new *voice*. Fry cites a review from Gérard Bauer in 1930 which stated, "This little *café au lait* devil delights me,"[282] and another from Jacques Soubies in 1935 that stated that Baker was a "delightful compromise of a young savage brought up *à la Parisienne*" (Ibid.). Fry demonstrates that the fascination over Baker is directly linked to musical proficiency in citing music-hall critic Gustave Fréjaville: "The eccentric little dancer ... has become an amazing artist; she sings, plays, dances, with delicious naturalness. What progress has been made!"[283] Another critic Louis Laloy expresses more musical specificity in stating, "Her voice, which is colored like her complexion in the normal register, possesses in the upper fifth, between G and D above the stave, notes of an incomparable brilliance and purity."[284] In her lower register, Laloy claims to hear her blackness; above the stave, he hears her as being *whiter* and *purer*. Laloy was not alone. An anonymous review of the show in *Le Cri de Paris* from December

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[281] Nina Eidsheim, *The Race of Sound: Listening, Timbre, & Vocality in African American Music*, (Durham and London: Duke University Press, 2019),178-179.
[282] Fry, 145.
[283] Fry, 144.
[284] Fry, 160.

1934, the author claims, “Josephine, the negress, was no longer so black. Josephine was growing paler….Now [in *La Créole*], her skin is [even] lighter….And Josephine sings delightfully. She sings with a profound art.”[285] Critics believed Baker was sounding whiter, which metastasized into her skin *looking* paler and becoming more sexualized to these men. The higher the notes she hit, the more desirable she became.

The trope of the sexualization of vocality, however, was nothing new to French music criticism. And while Baker faced particular challenges surrounding race, we must not fail to acknowledge the fact that Baker was at the very least, perceived to be bisexual or queer. In a recent conference paper at the *Music and Erotics* conference at the University of Pittsburgh, musicologist Christopher Moore alluded to the myriad references within popular criticism of French chanson in which vocal quality is directly tied to both sex appeal and lesbian eroticism in the popular imaginary of Paris in the 1930s. In speaking of Suzy Solidor in 1938, Jean Cocteau noted that her voice was described as one that, “comes out of the most intimate zones of her being…it issues from her sex.”[286] The painter Kees Van Dongen, claimed that Solidor “sings from her genitals.” Moore cited a 1937 article entitled “The Sex-Appeal of the Voice,” where author “X” writes:

> It is constantly remarked that those who are particularly gifted for love-making are those that naturally possess the most beautiful voices […] There are very pretty women who don’t have charm and that is the result of the

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[285] Fry, 145.
[286] Christopher Moore, “Singing Lesbian Eroticism in 1930s France: Suzy Solidor, Camp, and the Construction of Persona.” Conference Paper, *Music & Erotics*, University of Pittsburgh. 23 February, 2019.

> quality of their voice that possesses neither life nor warmth. It is indisputable that the voice is one of the secrets of sex appeal.[287]

The concept that Moore constructs in his work is that the voice worked not only to construct sexuality in the Parisian imagination, but that it was inextricably tied to queer eroticism, and that Solidor was able to thrive by manipulating these fantasies. While this was the era of the *New Woman* and sexual freedom, musicologist Sherrie Tucker reminds us that the perceptions of *loose* and *lesbian* were often conflated.[288] While the official nature of Joséphine Baker's sexuality is highly contested, I refuse to assign her a label she did not claim herself. However, it becomes evident here that Baker's own perception or identification is entirely engulfed by the sexual and racial fantasies created in the collective mind of her audiences. If she sang beautifully, she became "gifted for love-making," and all of the exotic racial fantasies attributed to her image only served to intensify the Parisian fascination with her sexuality. However, as Fry suggests, Baker knew exactly what she was doing:

> Not to recognize Baker's agency in the construction of her characters (and the power she derived from manipulating them) would be to do her a disservice [...] We can locate an intelligent actor who pandered to her audience's imaginations at one moment but challenged them at the next.[289]

It would be too simplistic a conclusion to derive that this acquisition of power merely served Joséphine as an individual, or even that what it achieved for black musicians was solely metaphorical. Joséphine's first performance of *La Créole* in 1934, which was later revived in late 1940, set the stage for the level of fame and excessive glamour she would need in order to work with Jacques Abtey as a spy for the French Resistance. Baker and Abtey were to travel to Portugal with written tactical material pinned under her dress. Abtey, unable to attain a visa to travel through Spain, posed as Joséphine's ballet master; Joséphine insisted that she would not be able to tour without him. In addition to the grandeur her status afforded her, she lavishly cloaked herself in an immense fur coat. No one would dare search below her layers. After making it safely to the plane with Abtey and the visas, "she slept, disappearing into her fur."[290] As Abtey reflected later, "This woman had undertaken, of her own volition, to cover me to the very end, closing the door behind her and binding her fate to mine. I call that courage."[291] In addition to these instances during the war, Joséphine used the veil of her celebrity to fight in the Civil Rights Movement in the States and for racial equality in South America; she refused to perform to segregated audiences in Miami, and she adopted twelve children from around the world to live peacefully together in her chateau Les Milandes in the south of France. Baker understood her audience's fantasies surrounding her, and she toyed with them.

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[287] Moore, n.p.
[288] Sherrie Tucker, *Swing Shift: "All-Girl" Bands of the 1940s*, (Durham / London: Duke University Press, 2000).
[289] Fry, 167-168.

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Joséphine Baker was creating illusions, which had very tangible impacts on both her own life, as well as the political sphere and racial imaginations in which she was embedded. Born into extreme poverty as a black woman in the Jim Crow South, she stood no chance for survival. The woman who was sold into servitude by her own mother, who married her first physically abusive husband at the age of only 13, who witnessed the horrific racial violence of the East St. Louis race riots - this woman stood no chance and had no choice. Her life there was simply unlivable. So she made a camp and glamourous life that would become her reality in a world and a music industry dominated by deeply entrenched racism, sexism, and authoritarian politics. Baker clearly understood the concept that Eidsheim identifies that the "voice's source is not the singer; it is the listener,"[292] and she toyed with all of the racial and sexual fantasies that were built, and sustained, to destroy her. Yet as Fry emphasizes, she did not confuse fact and fiction.[293] Joséphine lived, not in a white Western construct of reality, but playfully navigating our constructions of racial fantasy, which have never themselves been grounded in any version of scientific truth.

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[290] Baker/Chase, 235.
[291] Baker/Chase, 235.

Joséphine Baker died on April 12, 1975 in Paris, and she was given a regal funeral at La Place de la Madelaine, accompanied with a twenty-one-gun salute, historically reserved for statesmen and reigning monarchs. The streets of Paris were filled with mourners – she had become a symbol of Paris itself. Joséphine had "defied all laws but gravity"[294] and was accompanied by her war medals, the Légion d'Honneur and the Médaille de la Résistance. As Haney notes, a member of the vast crowd chanted, “Elle est morte. Elle est immortelle.”[295] Baker’s persona had shifted the social consciousness of France. The young woman escaping treacherous racial violence in the United States would weave new fantasies in the imaginations of her public. Facts, as they stand, hold little use in writing the history of Joséphine Baker.

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[292] Eidsheim, 178.

[293] Fry, 167.

[294] Lynn Haney, *Naked at the Feast: A Biography of Josephine Baker*, (New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1981), xii.

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[295] Haney, xi.

IV. Case Study –

Archival Silence in the Collections of Dietrich Schulz-Köhn

> This is the ‘romance’…that exceed[s] the fictions of history – the rumors, scandals, lies, invented evidence, fabricated confessions, volatile facts, impossible metaphors, chance events, and fantasies that constitute the archive and determine what can be said about the past.[296]
>
> - Saidiya Hartman

> To photograph people is to violate them…it turns people into objects that can be symbolically possessed. Just as a camera is a sublimation of the gun, to photograph someone is a subliminal murder - a soft murder, appropriate to a sad, frightened time.
>
> -Susan Sontag, *On Photography*

I enter the ringing halls of the Palais Meran - the top floor of which now houses the Institute for Jazz Research of the University of Music and

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[296] Saidiya Hartman, “Venus in Two Acts,” *Small Axe* 26 (Vol. 12, no. 2), June 2008, 9.

Performing Arts Graz.[297] *Coming from the United States,*[298] *the mere concept that this institution is housed in the private residence of the Styrian Habsburg Archduke John, already embeds a level of formality and extravagance to which I am unaccustomed. This is a building in which he died; this is a building which his heirs inhabited until 1939, a mere year after Germany's annexation of Austria. It is in the bones of this building itself that Austrian history has been written, shattered, and written over and over again.*

I was guided to this collection by my colleague Dr. Lawrence Davies. After hearing me speak on the mythology of Joséphine Baker in Paris during the Second World War, he told me that as a post-doc at the Kunst Uni Graz, he was provided an office that had a painted portrait of former Luftwaffe officer Dietrich Schulz-Köhn hanging on its walls. Dr. Davies remarked on the unease he and his other colleagues at KUG felt about this portrait, with a contradictory aura of menace and the innocuousness of the everyday that was cast upon their daily experience in the Palais Meran. In a palace where a reigning Habsburg

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[297] I would like to acknowledge the incredible support and intellectual generosity of André Doehring and Christa Bruckner-Haring of the Institute for Jazz Research at KUG, and former KUG postdoc Lawrence Davies. Without them, this research would not have been possible. It should be noted that the *Universität für Musik und darstellende Kunst Graz* (University of Music and Performing Arts Graz), is also colloquially referred to as Kunstuniversität Graz, Kunst Uni Graz, and KUG.

[298] This article largely uses "United States" or US, as opposed to a colloquial use of the term "American." It understands "American" as encompassing of both North American and South American continents. By "Black American" – typically used in reference to Black musicians from the United States, given Schulz-Köhn's specific obsession with these men as the "authentic" producers of hot jazz, but this will shift throughout the article to include all North and South American musicians, as the layers of the mystery unfold. In almost all cases, this article will use a capitalized "Black" or "[B]lack" when citing, with the exception of when Black authors have chosen to use "black."

died, a painted portrait of a high-ranking officer remains. Schulz-Köhn, often referred to casually as Dr. Jazz, was a leading figure in Germanic jazz scenes until his death in the late 1990s. He was a senior lieutenant in the Luftwaffe[299] *but was redeemed in German social consciousness largely around narratives claiming he saved beloved musician Django Reinhardt from Nazi peril. Social historian Carolyn Steedman reminds us that, "you think, in the delirium: it was their dust that I breathed in."*[300] *Uncomfortable history seemed to hang in the palace's air.*

Dr. Davies directed me to some not-so-commonly known materials that exist in the Schulz-Köhn collections housed at the KUG. Schulz-Köhn's library and record collection are meticulously catalogued and kept in the main rooms of the Institute for Jazz Research. However, when I arrived last January, Dr. Davies directed me toward what was commonly known as the "fishbowl." The fishbowl exists outside of the institute proper. Once you enter the towering doors of the institute, the rooms of the library, the record collections, and subsequent offices open into each other. The fishbowl can be found on the top floor, just before entering the institute. Sandwiched between the restrooms, a copy machine, a hallway of offices, and the employee kitchen, the fishbowl is a

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[299] The title *Oberleutnant* (or senior lieutenant) in the Luftwaffe, was only given to officers after at least five years of active-duty service. Schulz-Köhn achieved this rank in 1937. His need for glasses, however, prevented him from flying. Further evidence of his involvement in student organizations of the National Socialist Party in 1932-1933 also exists within the collection.

[300] Carolyn Steedman, *Dust: The Archive and Cultural History*, New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 2002),19.

corner protected by a glass half-wall. Inside the glass walls, there is a large study table, and eight cabinets full of bits and pieces of uncatalogued materials from a few different collections. No one seemed to work in this space, especially in the winter, when the hallways themselves are not actively heated. On more than one occasion, I was encouraged to grab some materials and work in the library, so I would not catch a cold.

What I found, uncatalogued in the fishbowl, seems to me to be the richest and most productive materials in the archive. It was filled with random boxes and even grocery bags full of professional and candid photographs, collected or taken by Schulz-Köhn himself. Autographed Charlie Parker portraits were stored alongside National Socialist membership documentation, with notes and newspaper clippings that Schulz-Köhn had in his possession until his death in 1999. These documents were not part of his formal collections, but they do signal that they were pieces that he held onto until his passing and deemed worthy of donation and historization. Random and scattered—some artifacts with detailed descriptions, others with no notes at all—I began to sort through the thousands of photographs and correspondences. In doing so, I found the strangest connections between Schulz-Köhn and some of the most virtuosic jazz musicians of his time. I spent most of my days in the fishbowl unable to lock down or identify which artifacts held the greatest significance. Among the countless stacks of unlabeled photos and vague handwritten notes, each

> *seemingly mundane piece connected to the next, and to the whole. Each unnamed face had a story in their eyes. And I did catch a cold.*

Referencing a recent debate around the phrase *Menschen mit Nazihintergrund* (people with a Nazi background) in German culture, American literature and memory studies scholar Michael Rothberg reminds us, "To be German requires remembering the Holocaust and confronting the Nazis' genocidal practices. Yet such a confrontation risks simply repeating the original problem if it does not challenge the very notion of Germanness that made genocide possible in the first place."[301] As an American scholar with German heritage, I bring a distinct vantage point to this research. While my family's complicated relationship with our heritage risks reifying the original problem of the notion of Germanness, I have begun to see Germanness not in my hair color or genealogy, but in the ways I perform Germanness itself. Rothberg emphasizes that histories of violence persist ideologically and materially, as well as psychically. I realized that even when speaking English in Austria, I soften my hard R's, I adjust my syntax, and I swallow my words. It was then that I began to realize that my performance of Germanness has been fostered within me my whole life, most predominantly as I have mimicked and performed the codes of rigor and virtuosity in the institutions of Western music. Music and musicology in the United States have a long legacy of German supremacy; performing Germanness is the key to becoming audible in such institutions, and this violence of exclusion psychically reverberates in invisible ways.

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[301] Michael Rothberg, "People with a Nazi Background': Race, Memory, and Responsibility," *Los Angeles Review of Books*, May 20, 2021, 5.

The Third Reich itself had a very ambivalent relationship with jazz. While the music was banned for its connotations with Blackness, sexual promiscuity, and American democracy, it was later nationalized by Propaganda Minister Josef Goebbels. State sponsored orchestras such as Charlie and his Orchestra, The German Dance and Entertainment Orchestra (*Deutsches Tanz- und Unterhaltungsorchester,* or the *DTU*), and the Golden Seven produced jazz standards in line with the Reichsmusikkammer's musical restrictions and changed lyrics for propaganda efforts.[302] The music was restricted in its amount of syncopation, and tempos were not allowed to be too fast nor too slow, as it would negate an Aryan sense of discipline and moderation. Scatting, riffs, plucking of violin strings, and drum breaks were all forbidden. Major keys were preferred, and orchestras were advised to replace all saxophones with a violoncello, viola, or suitable folk instrument.[303] However, even the musicians in the state sponsored orchestras would often push the boundaries into hotter forms of the music.

However, these musical restrictions and underlying metonymical fears were not limited to the Third Reich; many philosophical and political ideologies of the era were grappling with the music and not only how it was being produced and consumed, but more importantly, how it was perceived as shifting social and national consciousness. In all such cases, fears and fetishization of Blackness itself placed musicians in the crossfire.

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[302] H. J. P. Bergmeier and Rainer E. Lotz, *Hitler's Airwaves: the Inside Story of Nazi Radio Broadcasting and Propaganda Swing* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1997). See also Jonathan Wipplinger, *The Jazz Republic: Music, Race, and American Culture in Weimar Germany* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 2017).

[303] Škvorecký, Josef, trans. Káča Poláčková-Henley, "Red Music," *The Bass Saxophone: two novellas* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1977), 8-9.

German Jewish philosopher Theodor Adorno's writings on jazz shared many of the same prejudices against the music, particularly in his racialized theorizations of syncopation as a tool of coercion and control in late capitalist society.[304] While I certainly do not condone the ways in which Adorno's scholarship places the burden of the failures of late capitalist society on Black music, it is in fact difficult to brashly critique a Jewish philosopher living on the brink of the Holocaust – a Jewish philosopher who only witnessed the ways in which jazz was being appropriated and reproduced in bourgeois European society. Fumi Okiji bluntly writes, "[Adorno's] inability to see past the figure of the bourgeois is depressing."[305] It is unyieldingly frustrating as a jazz scholar, particularly as a swing scholar – as someone who takes commercial music and its use value as survival in marginalized cultures seriously – to allow intellectual space for his ruthless critique of the music, yet it remains impossible to separate Adorno's theories on jazz from his own fight for survival.

Similarly, jazz critics such as Charles Delaunay in authoritarian and antisemitic Vichy France echoed anxieties of hot jazz as commercialized American decadence. He strived to rebrand French jazz as an ascendance from the American form, championing French musicians' grace, genius, and purity. Across Europe and its political polarities, jazz fans boasted their elevated intelligence and sensitivity from their American counterparts. In France, "real jazz fans" were cultured and elite,[306] while in Germany and Austria, "anyone who [was] interested in jazz [could] not be a Nazi."[307] In all such cases, an outward refusal of the Black American creation of jazz was tactically necessary to justify its place and value in the European social consciousness. Lauded for its connotations of freedom and revolution, yet stripped of its Blackness, it came to pacify political anxieties during the looming rise of the authoritarian regimes. In contemporary scholarship, terms such as "incubation," "infected," "hot jazz virus," and "high-grade hot jazz fever" are still being used to describe Schulz-Köhn and his fellow hot jazz fans, without any consideration of their implied anti-Blackness or their historical embeddedness.[308] Writing on the anti-Black racial imaginary in the early 20th century, ethnomusicologist Ronald Radano notes, "The vast repetition of [B]lack music as a fever, drug, disease, and intoxicant indicate that the threat of [B]lack music related above all to fears of miscegenation, through which hot rhythm becomes a metonym of the [B]lack male body, and specifically, Negro semen or blood."[309]

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[304] See: Theodor W. Adorno, trans. Jamie Owen Daniel, "On Jazz," *Discourse*, vol 12, no. 1 (Fall-Winter 1989-90): 45-69.

[305] Fumi Okiji, "Double Consciousness and the Critical Potential of Black Expression," *Jazz as Critique: Adorno and Black Expression Revisited* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2018), 44.

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[306] André Hodier, *Le Jazz, cet inconnu* (Lyon: Éditions France-Empire, 1945), 9, as cited in Andy Fry, *Paris Blues: African American Music and French Popular Culture* (Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 2014), 214.

[307] Hans Blüthner, as cited in Bernd Hoffmann, "Die Mitteilungen – Anmerkungen zu einer 'verbotenen Fanpostille," *Jazz in Deutschland*, Jazzinstitut Darmstadt, 1996, 94.

[308] See Andreas Kolb, "Angepasst und widerständig: Wehrmachtsoffizier und Jazzpropagandist Dietrich Schulz-Köhn," *Jazz Zeitung*, vol 11, 2002, 2-3. https://www.jazzzeitung.de/jazz/2002/11/dossier-koehn.shtml.

[309] Ronald Radano, "Hot Fantasies: American Modernism and the Idea of Black Rhythm," *Music and the Racial Imagination,* eds. Ronald Radano and Philip Bohlman (Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 2000), *474*.

Yet while Adorno seemed to demand of jazz a revolution against alienation, capitalism, and fascist propagandistic control, Okiji pushes back on Adorno's concept of syncopation, claiming the rhythmic structure was never meant to be an act of revolution. She states, "Rather it calls white purity into profound doubt. It complicates and disturbs racial logic and distinction… Syncopation should not be seen as an opposing pole to the main beat but as a shaking of that beat, a loosening of the soil around its roots, preparing the ground for its displacement."[310] She concludes, "can we not say that jazz – and syncopation and swing more specificially – speaks the truth about the irreconciliation of modern life?"[311] The engulfing anxieties and hypocrisies surrounding such irreconciliation are theorized by historian Julian Jackson, as he writes, "People who made different choices [during the war] often did so in defense of similar values…antagonists might share as many assumptions with their enemies as with those on their own side."[312] Jazz, and Black American jazz in particular, speaks truth to these anxieties, and calls the racialized logics of both the Axis and Allies into profound doubt.

Dietrich Schulz-Köhn, while at once an Oberleutnant in the Luftwaffe, also shared a passion for hot jazz. Covertly, throughout the war, he would attend gigs, collect and preserve banned records, and exchange secret jazz newsletters with enthusiasts throughout Europe. In many ways, he did immeasurable work to preserve the music throughout the war which has been well-documented by scholars.

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[310] Okiji, 45-47.
[311] Okiji, 47-48.
[312] Julian Jackson, *France: The Dark Years, 1940-1944* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2001), 4. As cited in Andy Fry, *Paris Blues*, 209.

However, referencing the selective memory surrounding Schulz-Köhn's wartime activities after the war, Andy Fry posits that these were "complexities of the wartime period people no longer wanted to hear."[313] While Schulz-Köhn was an avid collector and enthusiast of hot jazz that was banned in the Reich, there remains visual evidence of musicians and jazz narratives that he effectively purged from institutional memory.

I will read one photograph in his collection as the punctum that begins to unravel the altruistic persona created around Dr. Jazz. It is an image of Django Reinhardt, Schulz-Köhn, four unknown Black musicians, and Jewish man Henri Battut. It should be noted that while the photograph itself does not identify any subjects, discourse and scholarship in jazz continued to reproduce these erasures to present day. The photograph was taken outside La Cigale jazz club in occupied Paris in late 1942. While the focus of this article is on these four Black men who have been effectively lost for seventy-nine years, it is not my intent to downplay the racism and violence experienced by Reinhardt as a Roma musician, nor Battut as Jewish. Scholars such as Fry have written on the fraught existence of Reinhardt in Paris throughout the war, as well as how his music and image were deliberately whitened to satisfy Vichy ideology.[314] "In its horror and glory,"[315] this photograph encompasses a multitude of mysteries and racialized dynamics of power that played out through jazz music in occupied Paris, and it disrupts the narrative built around the figure of Dr. Jazz as the heroic savior of jazz musicians in the Third Reich. While it seems he may have had genuine relationships with some Black American jazz musicians and helped perpetuate their careers in post-war Europe, it remains unclear as to when and how he used the cloak of his uniform to protect himself in the Third Reich, as well as when and how he remained loyal to his oath to the fatherland. However, his active fetishization of Black musicians can be read through this photograph, which was distributed and published widely, during and after the war. Here, nameless Black musicians visually contribute to Schulz-Köhn's cultural capital, while being granted neither a name nor a voice. This article contemplates the role that such Black swing-era musicians played in the formulation of the persona of Dr. Jazz in Germanic consciousness and jazz consciousness more broadly.

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[313] Fry, 200.
[314] See: Andy Fry, "'That Gypsy in France': Django Reinhardt's Occupation *Blouze,*" *Paris Blues*, 172-219.
[315] Fry, 213.

Entering the archive with the knowledge of this photograph, I spent my time not searching for audible traces, but instead listening for silences. While the aim of this research is to tangibly locate and memorialize the lives taken, lost, or miswritten, it becomes imperative to critically contemplate silence, to take seriously the agential voices of our historical interlocutors, and to refuse to be separate from the wealth of knowledge available to us in the unknown and the unknowable. How might we productively consider the silencing impulse of Dietrich Schulz-Köhn, the allegedly altruistic, "most distinguished promoter of jazz in the Third Reich."[316] This article leads a reader through my process to locate the identities of the four unnamed musicians, and it concludes with their miraculous discovery seventy-nine years later, in a small archive in Guadeloupe. Throughout the process, I show that even musicians who were photographed and celebrated extensively by Schulz-Köhn were still stripped of their agential voice. Furthermore, this work asks us to puncture the ways our attention moves through an archive, and it dreams of a world in which the voices and agency of the silenced can be restored.[317]

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[316] Michael Kater, *Different Drummers*: *Jazz in the Culture of Nazi Germany* (New York, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1992), 202-203.

Silences of the Archive

What is gained in dis(re)membering?

-Fred Moten, *In the Break*, "German Inversion"[318]

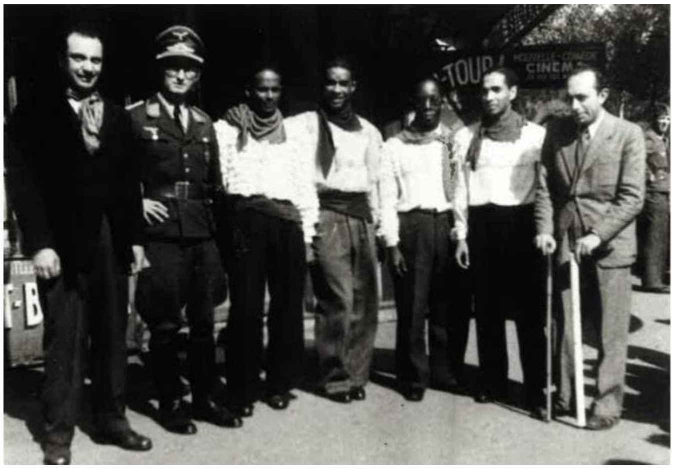

Figure 5: Django Reinhardt, Dietrich Schulz-Köhn, Al Lirvat, Robert Mavounzy, Claude Martial, Harry Cooper, and Henri Battut at La Cigale, late 1942, Dietrich Schulz-Köhn Archive © Institute for Jazz Research / University for Music and Performing Arts Graz, Austria.

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[317] This work and its methodologies are informed and inspired by the work of Afrofuturism, Black feminism, and Black "jazz feminism" within the work of artists and thinkers like Angela Davis, Daphne Brooks, Gina Dent, Carrie Mae Weems, Alexis Pauline Gumbs, Jayna Brown, Ferah Jasmine Griffin, and Audre Lorde. The Berklee Institute of Jazz and Gender Justice recently hosted a conference entitled "Return to the Center: Black Women, Jazz, and Jazz Education," in which many of these women came together to speak of the future of jazz, free from the restraints of patriarchy.

[318] Fred Moten, "German Inversion," *In the Break: the Aesthetics of Black Radical Tradition* (Minneapolis, London: University of Minnesota Press, 2003), 122.

"They are out there"[319] – *they are out there; they have to be out there,* I repeated Daphne Brooks' revolutionary archival theories to myself. I simply could not accept a reality in which these musicians could be lost to history. I entered the archive in Graz with the knowledge that many of the photographs taken by Schulz-Köhn at gigs contained not only information on the musicians, set lists, and instrumentation, but also often contained dark room data and camera settings; he seemed to be so meticulous. The archives house four copies of this photograph, so it was my hope that I could find such information, yet the backs of all four images were left completely blank. It rings of Moten's text as it alludes to the congruency of the absence of memory with the dis-membering of historical Black subjects. To this day, the photograph circulates in contemporary transatlantic jazz scholarship and in the racial imaginary of Blackness in wartime Europe. It is a photograph taken by a German soldier per the request of Schulz-Köhn outside La Cigale jazz club in occupied Paris in late 1942.[320] I became obsessed with this photograph for two years, simply because the names of all four Black musicians were not only omitted from the original photograph, but these omissions also have been uncritically reproduced in jazz scholarship. In 1985, Mike Zwerin was able to identify the musician to Schulz-Köhn's left as Guadeloupean trombonist Al Lirvat,[321] but future scholarship on jazz in the Third Reich would revert to all four being unidentified.[322] After two years of research, sifting through thousands of documents, photographs, news clippings, and texts, and going down hundreds of rabbit holes, I have finally been able to identify all four Black musicians in this photograph as trombonist and guitarist Al Lirvat, alto saxophonist and clarinettist Robert Mavounzy, pianist and guitarist Claude Martial, and whom I believe to be either trumpeter Harry Cooper or double bassist Henri Godissard. The following will lead the reader through my research process and its limitations.

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[319] Daphne Brooks, *Liner Notes for the Revolution: The Intellectual Life of Black Feminist Sound* (Cambridge, MA, London: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 2021), 377.

[320] Siegfried Schmidt-Joos, *Die Stasi swingt nicht: Ein Jazzfan im Kalten Krieg*. (Halle (Saale): Mdv Mitteldeutscher Verlag GmbH, 2016), 88-89.

[321] Mike Zwerin, "Doctor Jazz," *La Tristesse de Saint Louis: Jazz Under the Nazis* (New York: Beech Tree Books, William Morrow and Company, Inc., 1985), 39.

The stories that remain around the circumstances that produced this photograph are vague and conflicting. Very few Black musicians remained in Paris under occupation. However, this is not an uncommon theme in the historiography of jazz in the Third Reich. When considering a lack of primary source material, we must first consider the reasons for which Black musicians would want or need to remain under the radar in occupied Paris, but also consider the lack of recording and performing opportunities afforded to them due to both the French and German ambivalent relationships with American jazz. Many Black American musicians had fled Paris in anticipation of occupation, while others such as Joséphine Baker,[323] who had left for the south of France, was allowed to return to the city for entertainment purposes.[324] Musicologist Andy Fry writes of the conflicting histories of jazz in Paris during the war:

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[322] While the most prominent example of jazz scholarship that enacts this re-erasure is in Kater's *Different Drummers*, I do not necessarily find it productive to point to each example of the image's publication after 1985. As my intent is to identify the patterns of erasure, I discuss a few further examples throughout the piece.

[323] Joséphine Baker's name will appear with the accent aigu in this article. She added it to her name to imply her adopted French identity, as she no longer felt connection to her birthplace of the United States.

> As soon as the conflict was over, irreconcilable tales began to circulate…The first take shows that jazz was removed all together from occupied France; banned by the authorities, it fled the city along with its American performers prior to or early in the war. The few musicians who did not heed warnings were arrested and interned after the United States entered the conflict.[325]

Multiple Black American performers remained in Paris, even if our scholarly attention has not yet fully accounted for their presence, and not all of them were interned. While Arthur Briggs, Freddie Johnson, Maceo Jefferson, and Valaida Snow were interned, Joséphine Baker, Harry Cooper, and Charlie Lewis are known to have remained free in Paris during the war.[326] At this point in my research, these are the only Black American names I have found, but my gut tells me that given their vague and conflicting narratives, there is a significant possibility that there were more. Historian Clarence Lusane notes that while we might expect contradictory reports from journalistic sources, even scholarly articles have published conflicting information on Black American jazz trumpeter and bandleader Valaida Snow. "Questions surrounding her year of birth, who her father was, whether she was mixed-race, and even her name are debated as fiercely as the issues surrounding her horrific experiences during the war."[327] He then makes particular note of the role of the whitening of historiography itself, which plays a large role in how these questions and ambiguities are perpetuated. He also points to the ways in which misogyny further obfuscates historical narratives, as scholars have often distrusted historical accounts from women.

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[324] "Hitler O.K.'s Jo Baker; She Returns to Paris: In Hitlerville," *The Chicago Defender* (National edition), January 25, 1941, 20.

[325] Fry, *Paris Blues,* 176-177.

[326] Johnson and Jefferson are cited in: Ben Kragting, Jr. "Harry R. Cooper (1903-1961): the Shadow of a Forgotten Musician," Storyville 142, 1 June 1990, p 132.

[327] Clarence Lusane, *Hitler's Black Victims: the Historical Experiences of Afro-Germans, European Blacks, Africans, and African Americans in the Nazi Era* (New York, London: Routledge, 2002),166.

Given these methodological challenges, locating the actual identities of these four musicians as well as their reasons for remaining in Paris during this time, proved to be a challenging task. Understanding the complex web of power dynamics and racial relations encircling the hot jazz scene demands consideration beyond the realm of documented facts, and it must account for the ways in which jazz was appropriated to symbolize a wide array of conflicting European nationalist ideologies and political anxieties of the era.

The Photograph as Evidence

The relationship of photographs to hard facts and to scientific evidence is fraught with problematic histories of racism. Art historian John Tagg conceives of the relationship of photography to fact as being deeply problematic and argues that the photograph produces distortions to our perceptions through both materiality as well as the social practices surrounding it.[328] Since its invention, the concept of the photograph has alluded to an expectation of measurable and verifiable scientific truth. That notion is not only deceptive, but also functions far beyond the curatorial decisions of an individual photographer.

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[328] John Tagg, "Evidence, Truth and Order: Photographic Records and the Growth of the State," In *The Burden of Representation: Essays on Photographies and Histories* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1993), 60-65. For further theorizations of representations of bodies in the archive, see also Allan Sekula, "The Body and the Archive," reprinted in *The Contest of Meaning: Critical Histories of Photography*, ed. Richard Bolton (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1989); Tina Campt, "The Motion of Stillness: Diaspora, Stasis, and Black Vernacular Photography" In *Remapping Black Germany: New Perspectives on Afro-German History, Politics, and Culture*, edited by Sara Lennox, 149-170. (Amherst and Boston: University of Massachusetts Press, 2016.); Ginger Hill, "Rightly Viewed: Theorizations of self in Frederick Douglass' Lectures on Pictures" and Leigh Raiford, "Ida B. Wells and the Shadow Archive" in *Pictures and Progress: Early Photography and the Making*

Tagg, among others, emphasizes throughout his work the importance of visual representation - that a photograph of an othered body does not represent the body simply as it is, but actively constructs the othered body in the social consciousness of a society. White photographers created the image of the exotic other they desired to see, that fit within their notions of a healthy, orderly society. Art historian Denise Murrell takes this further to address the construction of institutional attention, silence, or blindness:

> While nineteenth century European histories rationalized the maintenance and expansion of empire, postcolonial histories of Western art have largely been constructed in a manner that sustains myths of white cultural superiority. This institutional silence, or blindness, can be seen to render depictions of blacks[329]…as unimportant, unworthy of attention; seeing is both the physical act of looking and the cognitive processes that construct attention.[330]

Schulz-Köhn in fact created the image of the exotic other he desired to see, and the institutional silence encompassing their narratives continue to render these four Black musicians as unimportant and unworthy of attention. I am asking of a reader to begin to *see* these musicians, to shift attention from what it is we have been entrained to see

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of African American Identity (Durham: Duke University Press 2012). For further theorizations of jazz photography, see Heather K. Pinson, *The Jazz Image: Seeing Music Through Herman Leonard's Photography* (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 2010).

[329] Denise Murrell is a Black scholar and did not capitalize the word in this text, and I will respect her editorial choices.

[330] Denise Murrell, *Posing Modernity: The Black Model from Manet and Matisse to Today* (New Haven, London: Yale University Press, 2018), 3. For a discussion of theories of vision and attention, see Denise Murrell, “Seeing Laure: Race and Modernity from Manet's Olympia to Matisse, Bearden and Beyond” (PhD diss., Columbia University, 2014), 105-112.

and value as academics in white Western institutions, and to contemplate the histories which we keep silent.

In the Fishbowl

Looking through Schulz-Köhn's collection of thousands of personal photographs, I found myself in so many moments of awe and utter disbelief. My moments of joy came from seeing jazz musicians in photographs which I had never seen before or seeing figures such as a young Miles Davis in his almost unspoken of swing days. The most stunning moment of all came when I opened a plastic grocery bag full of random documents and found an autographed Charlie Parker portrait sandwiched inside. *Do I leave it exactly where I found it*? If I had a few years, I could properly organize and catalogue this material, but leaving it in the Absolut Vodka-themed grocery bag in which I found it seemed a betrayal to both Parker, as well as my conservationist archival sensibilities. I tried to imagine the possessions of Schulz-Köhn being hastily gathered up and delivered to their new home at the Palais Meran. It is still unimaginable that this portrait is not more prominently displayed or catalogued. *Did Schulz-Köhn forget about it? Did someone miss the relatively small, fading signature*? These moments of pure historian bliss, however, were suddenly met with new moments when my disbelief was coupled with inescapable unease.

One of the most shocking images was that of Schulz-Köhn posing with Miles Davis, who could have been no more than twenty-two years old, Tadd Dameron, and Kenny Clarke. The back of this photograph with Miles Davis, Tadd Dameron, and

Kenny Clarke reads, "*Die 3 Neger von links nach rechts*" (The three Black men from left to right).[331]

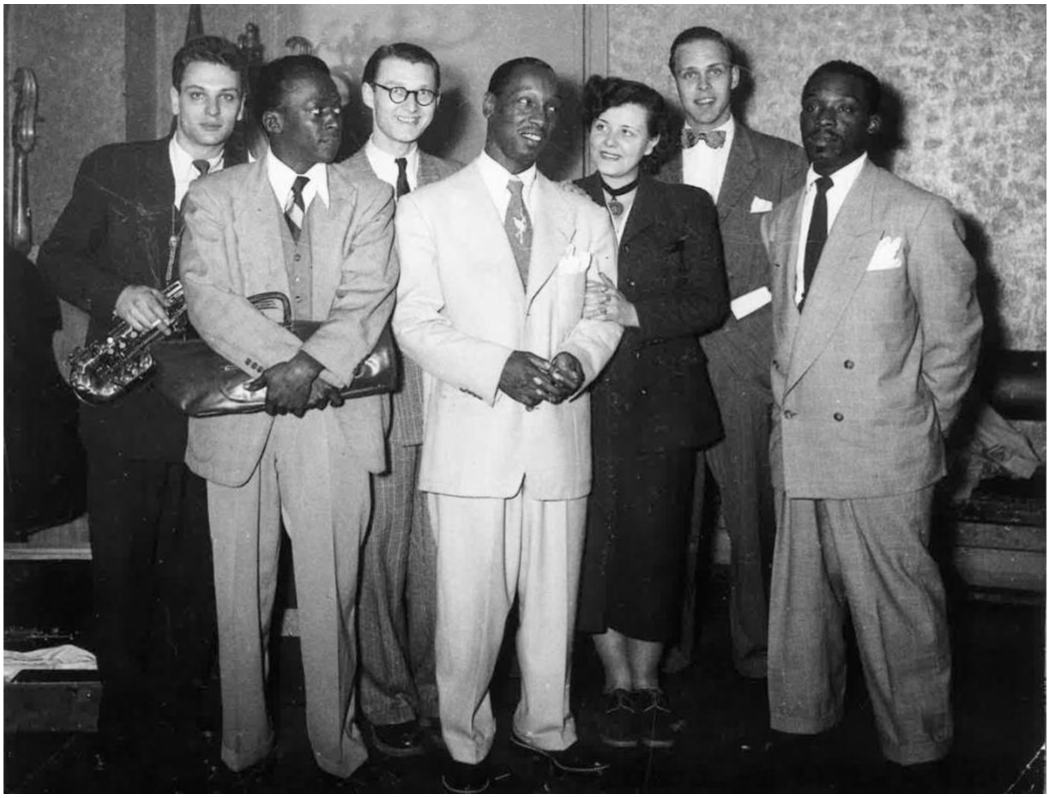

Figure 6: Miles Davis, Tadd Dameron, and Kenny Clarke with Dietrich Schulz-Köhn and Inge Klaus (c. 1947– 1949), Dietrich Schulz-Köhn Archive © Institute for Jazz Research / University for Music and Performing Arts Graz, Austria.

The photograph does not mention, however, the names of the white bodies posing alongside them. The man in glasses is Schulz-Köhn, and the woman hanging onto the arm of Tadd Dameron and gazing at him in adoration is Schulz-Köhn's wife,

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[331] In conversation with Stephan Pennington, "The term 'Neger' has come to be seen as a slur, but my understanding is that the understanding of the term as a slur is a product of the late 60s/early 70s, and it is only the most recent Dudens that list the term as a slur. A better translation…would be 'Negro' – which in 1947 would not have been a slur, and the Black people he was standing with would also be familiar with the translated Negro as a term in common usage."

German jazz vocalist Inge Klaus. The expressions on the faces of Davis, Dameron, and Clarke, however, indicate unease and defiance. None of the Black musicians made direct eye contact with the camera, or even hint at a smile. Clarke's wideset stance with his arms linked behind his back reads as the most defiant of them all. The visceral discomfort, juxtaposed with the joy and adoration from Schulz-Köhn and Klaus, indicate a sense of obsession and collection, not genuine admiration. "It turns people into objects that can be symbolically possessed,"[332] and it insinuates that Schulz-Köhn only valued these men insofar as they were objects to be collected.

There was an additional layer of unease I felt upon finding photographs that seemed to imply genuine intimacy between Schulz-Köhn and Black American musicians. In these photographs Schulz-Köhn seemed to share casual, chummy moments with musicians like Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and Louis Armstrong. They were not rigidly posed photographs, but instead candid or semi-candid moments that implied the musicians were just "hanging out" with their friend Dietrich. Even considering strategic essentialism and cultural ambassadorship, this perceived intimacy with Schulz-Köhn so shortly after the war seemed too egregious to accept. I am aware of the complexities of unfavorable histories such as Davis' treatment of women,[333] yet these were still my musical idols. I cognitively understood that they came from a country with violent racial histories and dynamics, and that they had to constantly negotiate their way through the music world. But at this moment, I viscerally felt the pain of my idols falling, and I had to personally contend with the notion that these musicians I revered could be ideologically ambivalent, and may have been friendly, or even *friends* with Dr. Jazz.

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[332] Susan Sontag, *On Photography* (New York: Penguin Books, 1978): 14-15.

[333] For a discussion on Black feminism's separation from white feminism, as well as a nuanced discussion of misogyny in hip hop, see: Tricia Rose, "When and Where I Enter: White Feminism and Black Women Rappers," *Black Noise: Rap Music and Black Culture in Contemporary America* (Hannover, N.H.: Wesleyan University Press, 1994), 175-182.

Accepting Duke Ellington's friendship with Schulz-Köhn, however, did not compare to the pain I felt when opening an autographed copy of *Beale Street Blues*, and a photograph fell out of a smiling James Baldwin hanging out with Schulz-Köhn and Jutta Hipp. *Giovanni's Room* breaks and mends my heart. The queer, imagined intimacy I shared with Baldwin through his writing felt wounded. I felt a similar pain years earlier upon learning of Du Bois' fond recollections of the time he spent in Germany in 1936.[334] My expectation of revolutionaries, however, is a glaring privilege, in my time and in my body, and it fails to account for the lived lives of multi-faceted human beings. But then I realized that Schulz-Köhn dated this photograph in 1989, two years after Baldwin died from stomach cancer in December of 1987. While there is a chance that this was a mere typo or oversight, the posthumous date on this photograph not only calls into doubt the nature of the relationship between Baldwin and Schulz-Köhn, but also the accuracy of his other documented "facts." I held these uncertainties as I moved forward in my research.

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[334] Clarence Lusane, "Color and Fascism: W.E.B. Du Bois and the Nazis," *Hitler's Black Victims: the Historical Experiences of Afro-Germans, European Blacks, Africans, and African Americans in the Nazi Era* (New York, London: Routledge, 2002),124-128.

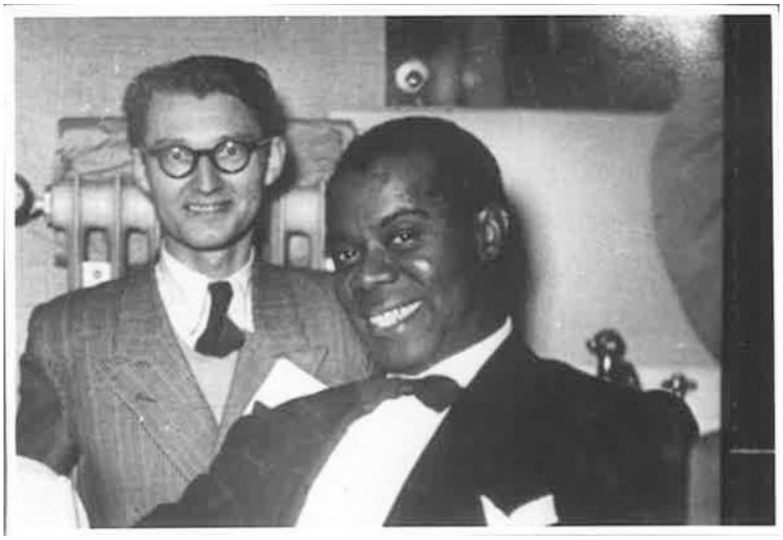
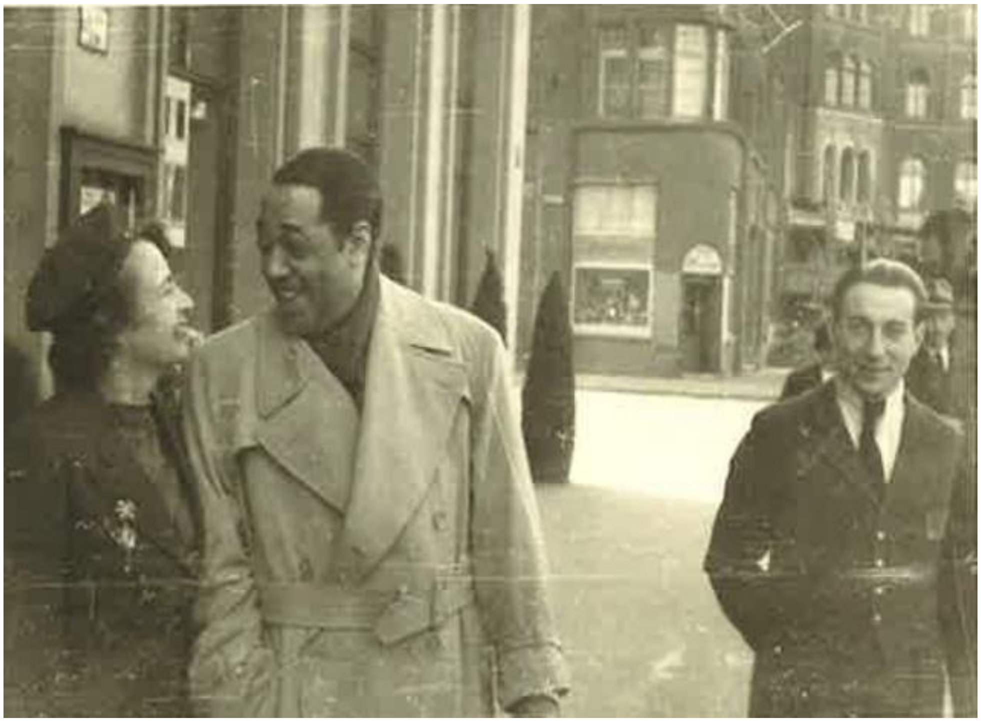
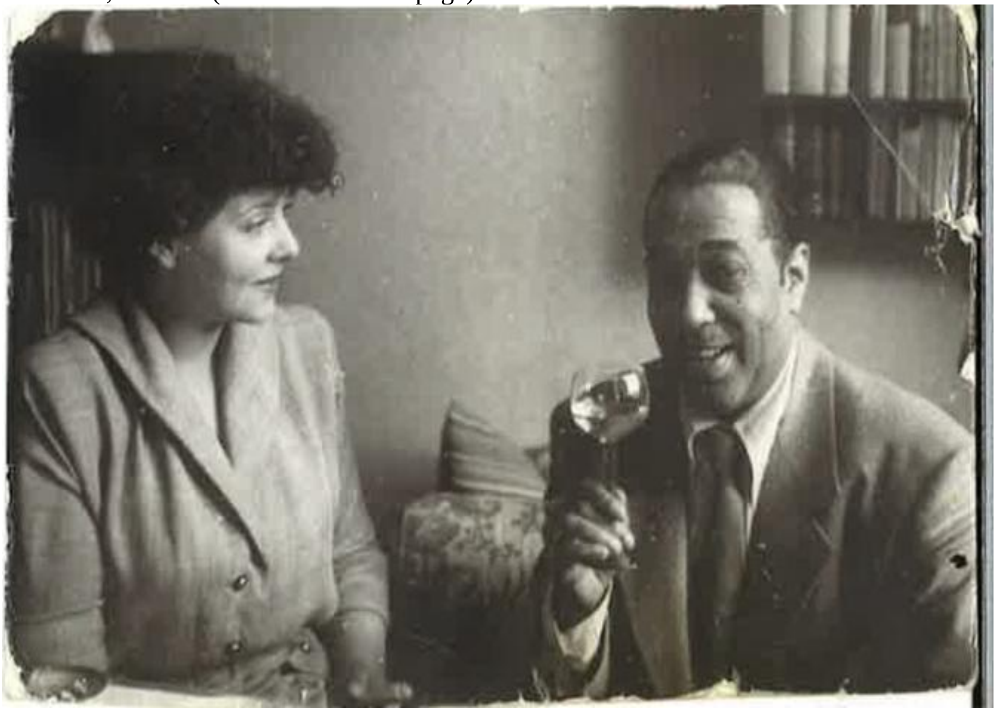


Figure 7: Louis Armstrong with Schulz-Köhn (c. 1950), Dietrich Schulz-Köhn Archive © Institute for Jazz Research / University for Music and Performing Arts Graz, Austria.

This small photograph was one of the first that I encountered in the archive and was certainly one of the most shocking. The back of this photograph reads, "Schulz-Köhn und Armstrong bei seinem Gastspiel in Zürich, Okt. '49." (Schulz-Köhn and Armstrong during his guest appearance in Zürich, Oct. '49.) It was easier for me to accept or rationalize the context of photographs when the musicians presented themselves as viscerally uncomfortable posing with Schulz-Köhn. But in this photograph, Armstrong is making direct eye contact with the photographer, his posture is relaxed as he leans to his left, even his eyes are smiling. Each of these factors suggest he was actually enjoying himself – if anything, Schulz-Köhn's posture is the one that seems stiff, and he smiles much more formally than he would in his candid photographs with Duke Ellington.



Figures 8–12: Images of Duke Ellington, Dietrich Schulz-Köhn, and Inge Klaus (c. 1950, Hanover), Dietrich Schulz-Köhn Archive © Institute for Jazz Research / Uni - versity for Music and Performing Arts Graz, Austria. (continues on next page)



In this series of casual photographs, the relationship of Duke Ellington to Schulz-Köhn and Klaus extends beyond the realm of a gig. While only Figure 4 lists its location, it is likely that these images came from a few days in Hannover, Germany in 1950. Contrasting most images in the collection, they were not at a gig or festival. They were taken during the daytime - on a sidewalk, a train platform, and even in a private residence. These imply the informality of sharing a home, something that notoriously can take years in a German friendship. It could be imagined, here, that Schulz-Köhn would use the friendly and informal form of "you" (*du*) instead of the common formal *Sie* with Duke, which is a significant shift in German culture. Seeing a series of playful interactions, on multiple occasions on a train platform might even suggest that Duke traveled or vacationed with Dietrich and Inge. Duke even leans his head toward Inge, their bodies touching, as she happily hangs on his arm.

The camera we see Schulz-Köhn using alongside a smiling Ellington is a Minox subminiature espionage camera, given the nickname "spy camera." These cameras were produced between 1937 and 1943 and were designed by Walter Zapp to take high-quality, spontaneous photographs.[335] The camera produces small prints from 8x11mm film, which is one quarter the size of 35mm film. The size of the resulting images requires a viewer to come closer to the image to see its detail, creating an even greater sense of intimacy. The viewer almost becomes part of the interaction between friends. The name "spy camera" itself implies the viewer is granted rare access to intimate scenes. It also imbues the camera and its images with a sense of authenticity and truthfulness, in allowing the viewer to witness that which is not public knowledge. It positions the viewer as a detective or spy. As we spy on Schulz-Köhn and Ellington, we are led to believe that we are seeing the authentic and true nature of their friendship.

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[335] "Minox," Crypto Museum, Created April 1, 2010, Last modified September 25, 2019. https://www.cryptomuseum.com/covert/camera/minox/index.htm

In the Schulz-Köhn Library

In almost all reproductions of the photograph with Reinhardt at La Cigale, all four of the Black musicians are left unnamed, even after the identity of Al Lirvat was officially published in Mike Zwerin's *La Tristesse de Saint Louis* in 1985. It should be noted that the very first acknowledgement in the book, however, thanks Schulz-Köhn himself. In the text, Zwerin reproduces the photograph with Schulz-Köhn's own words, "'Amazing. Here I am in uniform with a Gypsy, four Negroes, and a Jew.' Dietrich Schulz-Koehn with Django in front of La Cigale."[336] Zwerin then speaks to Schulz-Köhn's pride in the photo: "He seems to show it everywhere. I kept running into people who had seen the photo. One German musician laughed condescendingly: 'He hands them out like business cards.'"[337] It is unclear, however, which time period the author is referencing. Was this interaction with the German musician during the war, when Schulz-Köhn's involvement in jazz scenes was largely kept from party members? Or was this after the war, or at any time leading up to publication in 1985? Any option seems odd, considering that Schulz-Köhn deliberately tried to rebrand himself after his release from French captivity in 1947. There seems to be no opportune time to have been a jazz fan in military uniform. Perhaps this merely perpetuated narratives around his alleged radicalism. But which violent acts do these narratives compensate for? Or cover up? Schulz-Köhn's actions as an Oberleutnant in the war are never mentioned in jazz circles or in jazz texts. As Sontag might ask, where do these narratives focus our attention as the viewer? And what do they pull our attention away from? As Native American photographer Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie theorizes, "…(if there is no evidence of genocide then there was no genocide)."[338]

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[336] Mike Zwerin, *La Tristesse de Saint Louis: Jazz Under the Nazis.* (New York: Beech Tree Books, William Morrow and Company, Inc.,1985), insert between 54 and 55.

[337] Zwerin, *La Tristesse de Saint Louis: Jazz Under the Nazis,* 39.

Zwerin goes on to speak of Al Lirvat as "the [B]lack Guadeloupian trombonist standing next to Schulz-Koehn in the photo."[339] He writes that Lirvat claimed to have not remembered taking the photo and did not consider it interesting. The text also does not address whether the other musicians were discussed, or when the conversation happened. Given the verb tenses in Lirvat's quotations, it seems to be after the war, but could have been anywhere between 1945 and the book's publication in 1985. Lirvat's point of view and what he is willing to transparently discuss, is entirely dependent on a situated knowledge of time and place. While Lirvat first claims he felt no racism in occupied Paris, he then says that the French were much more racist against Black people than the Germans. Zwerin simply concludes, "If it embarrassed him, he was good at hiding it."[340] Zwerin then raises the question to the reader, "Was subtle, even unconscious, occupational pressure involved?...Is Lirvat cool, insensitive, or defensive?... [His] experience must have been in the French context. He was French, not [B]lack."[341] He acknowledges that Blackness was not seen as a prioritized threat in the Third Reich, simply because there were so few Black people in German territory.[342] He offers a reading of Lirvat's commentary in saying, "From this point of view, a German racist was no worse than a French one."[343] Zwerin then speaks briefly of the ways in which there was in fact anti-Blackness in the Reich, noting particularly that Joséphine Baker was met with violent protests in Vienna, and her first performances there were banned due to the then common belief that she posed a threat to Austrian public morals.[344] It should be noted that the reception and mobility of a Black American woman in wartime Europe would, in fact, be vastly different than that of a Black French colonial male musician.

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[338] Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie, "When is a Photograph Worth a Thousand Words?" In *Photography's Other Histories*, eds. Christopher Pinney and Nicolas Peterson (Durham: Duke University Press, 2003), 45.

[339] Zwerin, *La Tristesse de Saint Louis: Jazz Under the Nazis*, 39.

[340] Zwerin, *La Tristesse de Saint Louis: Jazz Under the Nazis*, 40.

[341] Zwerin, *La Tristesse de Saint Louis: Jazz Under the Nazis,* 39, 41.

In Michael Kater's 1992 book, *Different Drummers: Jazz in the Culture of Nazi Germany*, the caption for Schulz-Köhn's photo reads, "Wehrmacht Lieutenant Dietrich Schulz-Köhn outside Paris club, near Place Pigalle, featuring Django Reinhardt's group, in late 1942. Reinhardt is standing on Schulz-Köhn's right. On his left are four French colonial [B]lack musicians and Henri Battut, a French Jew. (Private Archive of Dr. Hans Otto Jung, Rüdesheim)."[345] In this text, it is unclear as to why Kater used the term "French colonial" to describe the four musicians. If he took "French colonial" from Zwerin's identification of Lirvat as Guadeloupean, he would then also have pointedly re-erased the identity of Al Lirvat. This would have also given a blanket identification to all four musicians without sufficient evidence. Where else would he have received this information? Potentially, he might have assumed that Black musicians from the United States had largely left France at the start of the war, but that would also fail to acknowledge the presence of musicians like Joséphine Baker, Valaida Snow, Arthur Briggs, and Harry Cooper. Potentially, this information is housed in conjunction with the holding of the copy of the photograph in the private archive of Hans-Otto Jung in Rüdesheim, but the text does not indicate if the caption was from Jung or from Kater himself.

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[342] See also, Clarence Lusane, *Hitler's Black Victims*; Reinhold Grimm, Jost Hermand, eds. *Blacks and German Culture* (Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, Ltd., 1986); Larry A. Greene and Anke Ortlepp, eds. *Germans and African Americans: Two Centuries of Exchange* (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1994).
[343] Zwerin, *La Tristesse de Saint Louis: Jazz Under the Nazis,* 41.
[344] For further analysis of Baker's time in Austria, see Kira Dralle, "The Historiography of Myth and the Racial Imagination: recontextualizing Joséphine Baker in the Jim Crow South and the Third Reich," *Jazzforschung / Jazz Research*, Graz, forthcoming, 2021.
[345] Kater, *Different Drummers*, insert between 201 and 202.

It should also be noted that the printed reproduction in this publication is of very low quality. While it does include the full scene, with an extra German soldier's face in the background, the image is fuzzy, lower contrast than the original, and obfuscates the faces of the subjects. It goes as far as to erase the mouth of the fourth Black musician. It is clear the author had no intention of identifying the men in the photograph, but deemed it historically important or shocking enough to publish. He did, however, sign a copy of the book that is currently available in the Dietrich Schulz-Köhn collection with, "For Dieter 'Doctor Jazz,' who started it all! -Michael H. Kater, May 1992." In the epilogue, Kater writes, "Dietrich Schulz-Köhn, the most distinguished promoter of jazz in the Third Reich from 1933 to 1945 (and also one of the most altruistic as far as the musicians themselves were concerned), at the climax of an aggressive war assured his trembling friends that the National Socialist state would propel the genre to the greatest heights after the Final Victory!"[346] This indicates that Schulz-Köhn actively believed in the tenants of Nazi ideology and fought for Nazi victory. He was not merely a jazz fan caught up in a political moment. I can only ask, to which musicians was Schulz-Köhn altruistic? And to whom was Kater?

The unease I feel when considering the relationship between Schulz-Köhn and Michael Kater was reaffirmed when I found a newspaper clipping tucked inside Schulz-Köhn's copy of *Different Drummers*. It was a book review written by Leonard Feather for the *Los Angeles Times* in July 1992 titled "How Jazz Survived During the Third Reich." In the clipping, the line, "A storm trooper at 21 and a Nazi party member four years later, Schulz-Koehn was nonetheless a crusading defender of American jazz" is highlighted in yellow.[347] Feather's review celebrates that he was both a storm trooper and a jazz fan at such a young age, as if the incompatibility of the two did not exist. If authors were thanking Schulz-Köhn and writing personal book dedications, how critical would they have been allowed to be? How critical did they *want* to be? At the very least, they were indebted to Schulz-Köhn for the artifacts he left behind, and at the worst, they were blind to, or willfully ignorant of, or in ideological agreement with his beliefs and actions as a high-ranking officer in the Third Reich.

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[346] Kater, *Different Drummers*, 202-203.

[347] Leonard Feather, "How Jazz Survived During the Third Reich," *The Los Angeles Times*, July 1992, 1.

In an even more recent text from 2016, *Die Stasi swingt nicht: Ein Jazzfan im Kalten Krieg* (The Stasi does not swing: a Jazz Fan During the Cold War),[348] author Siegfried Schmidt-Joos gestures toward the role of the photographer.[349] He quotes Schulz-Köhn (translated from German): "Well…we had been listening and drinking in the club. When we came out, I said to a German soldier: 'Here is my camera. Take a picture of us.' He said, 'Jawohl, Oberleutnant.'"[350] Schmidt-Joos continues, "The snapshot taken is probably the most amazing jazz photo from the Nazi era. On the right, the allegedly racially inferior Reinhardt, on the left Henri Battut, a French Jew who had to hide and was supported by the German officer with food stamps, in between four musicians of [B]lack African origin."[351] Unfortunately, we currently have no knowledge of what happened to Henri Battut or his role at the Hot Club de France (HCF). Additionally, while Reinhardt's position is qualified with "allegedly racially inferior"[352] in this 2016 text, the four Black musicians are still labeled with "[B]lack African origin." At the time of publication, Zwerin's book identifying Lirvat and his Guadeloupean nationality had been published for thirty-one years, so the terminology used (*schwarzafrikanischer Herkunft*, or "Black African origin") either assumes an incorrect and ambiguous nationality from the African continent, or it shows how misguided the author is in his understanding of the differences of race, ethnicity, and nationality.

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[348] The Stasi were the secret police of former East Germany.

[349] Siegfried Schmidt-Joos, *Die Stasi swingt nicht: Ein Jazzfan im Kalten Krieg*, 88-89.

[350] The original German states "Jawohl, Oberleutnant." While "yes" is a direct translation, the term "jawohl" has etymology in Mid-high German as "yes, indeed" or "yes, of course," it has specific military connotations in German history, in addressing higher ranked officers. In a contemporary context, the "o" sound is shorter and less sharp, and the term is used mainly in a mocking tone, as "yes, sir."

[351] Siegfried Schmidt-Joos, *Die Stasi swingt nicht: Ein Jazzfan im Kalten Krieg*, 89.

[352] See Andy Fry, *Paris Blues*, 172-219, for a detailed analysis of the perceived whiteness of Reinhardt's music in occupied Paris.

There are also a handful of primary source publications in Schulz-Köhn's collection that were written by collectors who were active in jazz scenes in France and Belgium. Often these texts highlight Django Reinhardt's career and speak of his time at La Cigale. Even when following a close linear history of Reinhardt's music throughout the war, however, none of these texts mention the identities of the Black musicians who played with him in late 1942. Many texts skip over this period entirely. The co-founder of the Hot Club de France Charles Delaunay published *Django Reinhardt* (1961), which includes discographies and writings on jazz between 1936 and 1945. Chapter titles include "Back to Paris," "The War," and "The Last Days of the War," without a singular mention of the group or its members.[353] Similarly, Delaunay's 1954 text *Django Reinhardt Souvenirs*, has a subheading of *La Guerre* (The War), again without identifying information.[354]

In violinist, composer, and jazz writer André Hodeir's book *Le Jazz, Cet Inconnu* (1945), a cut-out is inserted from Schulz-Köhn stating, "War had utterly failed to deflect French Jazz Pundit Hugues Panaissié from listening to innumerable U.S. records. Paris kept up its hot concerts. When the German authorities, sensing sedation, looked in, they found the 'St. Louis Blues' had become 'La Tristesse de St. Louis.'"[355] Hodeir comments here that when questioned, the Germans were told that this of course referenced “the sadness of Louis XIV,” and not St. Louis, Missouri. Hodeir’s text also includes a discography that does not mention the group playing with Reinhardt at the time, but as I would later learn, Reinhardt did in fact record with an iteration of the group. Hugues Panassié’s *La Véritable Musique de Jazz* includes statements from June 1941 through September 1945 about Django Reinhardt, but no Black musicians. Schulz-Köhn’s own article, “German Jazz Scene” in *Jazz Record* includes subheadings such as “Gestapo Issue,” “The Clubs,” and “Foreign Visitors,” but does not mention the musicians he so proudly posed with at La Cigale.[356]

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[353] Charles Delaunay, translated by Michael James, *Django Reinhardt* (London: Cassel & Company Ltd.,1961).
[354] Charles Delaunay, *Django Reinhardt Souvenirs* (Paris: Éditions Jazz-Hot,1954).
[355] André Hodeir, *Le Jazz, cet inconnu* (Paris: Collection 'Harmoniques,' 1945).

One of the most jarring yet illuminating texts, however, was that of Charles Delaunay. Upon opening Schulz-Köhn’s copy of Delaunay’s *Hot Discographie* (1938), a reader is confronted with a tender book dedication to his friend: “*28 Juin, 1942 / A mon vieil ami Dietrich / dans l’attente d’une Europe plus ‘Swing’ encore! Bien Amicalement, Charles Delaunay*” (June 28, 1942 / To my old friend Dietrich / waiting for Europe to ‘swing’ again! Sincerely, Charles Delaunay).[357] It was disheartening to read this, knowing that Delaunay was an active member of the French Resistance,[358] implying that the war and their roles in it were merely a nuisance, impeding their musical activities. Even more painfully illuminating was the realization that this dedication was written on the same day that Schulz-Köhn’s photographs were taken at the Grand Festival du Hot Club de France in Bordeaux. Allegedly vehement political enemies set aside the war, removed any visual markers of their political leanings, and attended a jazz festival together in the south of France on June 28, 1942, as if their politics were just a costume they could wear and remove at will.

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[356] Hugues Panassié, *La Véritable Musique de Jazz* (Paris, Robert Laffont, 1952).
[357] Charles Delaunay, *Hot Discography* (Paris: Hot Jazz, 1938).
[358] Schmidt-Joos, *Die Stasi swingt nicht*, 88.

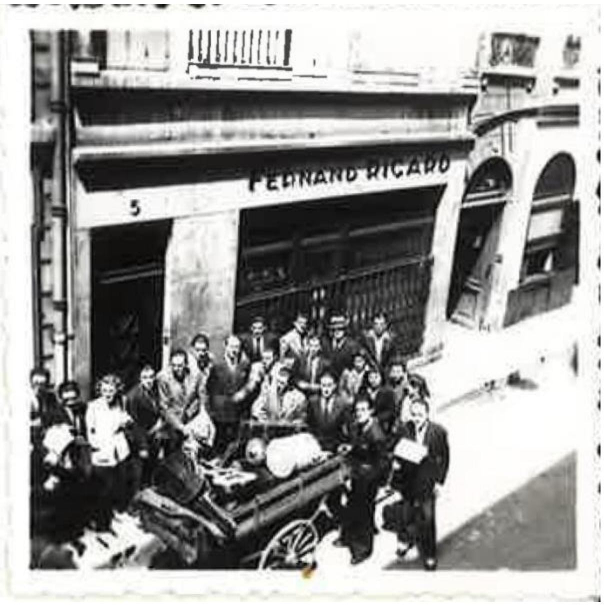

Figure 13: Grand Festival du Hot Club de France à Bordeaux, June 28, 1942, Dietrich Schulz-Köhn Archive © Institute for Jazz Research / University for Music and Performing Arts Graz, Austria

After initial consideration, however, I realized that my shock has little to do with Schulz-Köhn's ability to be selectively separate from the Reich, but instead my own assumption in an American consciousness of Paris being an oasis for Black American musicians, artists, and writers, when in fact, Delaunay had done more to strip hot jazz of its American roots and its connotation with Blackness than Schulz-Köhn himself. As Andy Fry notes, "[Delaunay] presented jazz not as [B]lack or American, but as a 'universal music' with different national traditions. Delaunay also emphasized its origins in New Orleans and its sources in French dance and military music,"[359] which would appease not only Vichy notions of French tradition and classical order, but also German notions of jazz and folk music. Fry goes on to discuss other French critics of the era and the stripping of American influence from hot jazz. André Cœuroy, for example, claimed that jazz "n'y a rien de nègre" (has nothing negro)[360] and claimed that Django Reinhardt's playing was hot, but not "[B]lack," and was "a model of what could be, parallel to [B]lack hot, a white hot suited to the European sensibility."[361] Cœuroy saw this as a "victory for whites."[362]

Fry then speaks at length of Henry Rousso's concept of the "resistancialist myth" when explaining Delaunay's selective memory during and after the war.[363] While Schulz-Köhn had in fact, joined the Hot Club de France in 1935 and was said to have provided Delaunay with information to finish the fourth edition of *Hot Discographie* in 1943,[364] Delaunay was required to demonstrate the role the Hot Club had played in the resistance after the war, so any account of the nature of the relationship between the two remains clouded with selective memory and ethical ambiguity. As Andreas Kolb writes: "As a German officer, [Schulz-Köhn] always played a double role; on the one hand, he had sworn his oath to the fatherland and was doing his job; on the other hand, he must have been very well aware that after

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[359] Fry, *Paris Blues,* 185.
[360] André Cœuroy, *Histoire générale du jazz: Strette, hot, swing* (Paris: Denoël, 1942), 58-59. As cited in Fry, *Paris Blues,* 204.
[361] Cœuroy, *Histoire générale du jazz,* 192. As cited in Fry, *Paris Blues*, 205.
[362] Cœuroy, *Histoire générale du jazz,* 193. As cited in Fry, *Paris Blues*, 205.
[363] Henry Rousso, *The Vichy Syndrome: History and Memory in France since 1944*, trans. Arthur Goldhammer (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1991).
[364] Fry, *Paris Blues,* 200.

1942, Delaunay used the HCF as a camouflage for the resistance."[365] The *must have been very well aware*, however, merely indicates the lack of evidence we have to substantiate these claims in scholarship. Is there any evidence remaining of exactly when and how Schulz-Köhn embodied his oath, or selectively ignored it? The lionization of Schulz-Köhn in jazz scholarship would lead us to believe that he was only an Oberleutnant in name, and instead used his uniform as a disguise to protect and promote jazz throughout the war.[366]

An inappropriate diagnosis of mental illness has been used to explain this conundrum. As a contemporary of Schulz-Köhn, Hans Otto-Jung claimed, "He was the only one in our small group of jazz fans who refused to admit what was happening in Germany. He acted like an anti-Nazi, but when you talked to him…well, it was schizophrenic."[367] The pathologizing of Schulz-Köhn's ethical and political ambivalence may be read on one hand as an unwillingness to engage with the complexities of the figure of Schulz-Köhn, while simultaneously confirming his active party ideologies. The mere ellipses in this quotation imply that there was in fact evidence of his actions as a party member, which have since been redacted. This deliberate erasure serves only to perpetuate the myth and hagiography of Dr. Jazz.

The Unraveling

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[365] Andreas Kolb, "Angepasst und widerständig: Wehrmachtsoffizier und Jazzpropagandist Dietrich Schulz-Köhn," *Jazz Zeitung*, vol 11, 2002, 2. https://www.jazzzeitung.de/jazz/2002/11/dossier-koehn.shtml.

[366] Kolb, "Angepasst und widerständig: Wehrmachtsoffizier und Jazzpropagandist Dietrich Schulz-Köhn," *Jazz Zeitung*, 2.

[367] Hans-Otto Jung, as cited in Bernd Hoffmann, "Die Mitteilungen – Anmerkungen zu einer 'verbotenen Fanpostille," *Jazz in Deutschland*, Jazzinstitut Darmstadt, 1996, 94.

It took me nearly two years of sorting through thousands of photographs, handwritten notes, publications and their dedications, news clippings tucked away within Schulz-Köhn's books, and innumerable correspondences to find the identities of Lirvat, Mavounzy, Martial, and Cooper. I spoke with early jazz experts throughout Europe and the United States, and for a time I honestly believed that I was too late – that Al Lirvat had passed away, and that no jazz scholar or enthusiast retained any memory or documentation of these men. Maybe everyone just wanted to put the war behind them. Maybe they just did not care enough to memorialize these men. But in revisiting one of Schulz-Köhn's texts, *Django Reinhardt: ein Porträt* (1960), which is only accessible to the German speaking world, I found one small line that referenced a musician named Robert Mavounzy.[368] While the names were not mentioned in any of his previously published texts or photographic notes, here the text reads, "Django Reinhardt mit dem Verfasser und Mitgliedern der farbigen Combo von Robert Mavounzy aus der 'Cigale' und Henri Battut." (Django Reinhardt with the author and the members of the colored [sic] combo of Robert Mavounzy at the 'Cigale' and Henri Battut.)[369] The name Robert Mavounzy, now paired with knowledge of Al Lirvat, began to unravel the mystery.

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[368] Issues of access and gatekeeping are prevalent in dealing with this work. I have had archival materials withheld from me, potentially based on nationality, gender, age, or fluency in the German language. It is particularly interesting to me, then, that the information which would unravel the mystery around the unnamed musicians, was in fact published in German sixty-one years ago and remains untranslated. The evidence was there, but to what level was gatekeeping a factor in the continued erasure of these musicians?

[369] Schulz-Köhn, *Django Reinhardt: Ein Porträt* (Wetzlar: Pegasus Verlag, 1960) n.p.(insert)

This eventually led me to the collections of Jean-Pierre Meunier at *La Médiathèque Caraïbe Bettino Lara* (Caribbean Media Library) located in Basse-Terre, Guadeloupe. In this archive, all the names, group names, recordings, and careers of the musicians beyond the war were documented. It did not, however, include any images of or references to Dietrich Schulz-Köhn. A file in the collection titled "La Biguine in Paris," states (translated from French):

> In June 1942, Fredy Jumbo, drummer from Cameroon, a former German colony, obtained permission to perform a [B]lack orchestra at La Cigale. This first includes Sylvio Siobud and Robert Mavounzy on saxophones, and Guyanese Henri Godissard on double bass. They were joined at the end of 1942 by Albert Lirvat on guitar and Claude Martial on piano…Most Americans having left France, the West Indies are taking over.[370]

The file goes on to provide a group photo from a recording session at the Polydor studio, explains how French professor of jazz piano, Charles Henry secured their contract, and links to a recording of "Swing 42" (1942). The record credits D. Reinhardt and Freddy Jumbo et Son Ensemble, with Robert Mavounzy on sax and clarinet, André Siobird[371] on tenor saxophone, Albert Lirvat on guitar, [Henri] Godissard on double bass, and Pierre Lamidiaux on piano, under the direction of Charles Henry.

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[370] Jean-Pierre Meunier, "L'occupation et le jazz (1940-1944)," *La Biguine à Paris*, La Médiathèque Caraibe Bettino Lara, accessed June 16, 2021. http://www.lameca.org/publications-numeriques/dossiers-et-articles/la-biguine-a-paris/5-loccupation-et-le-jazz-1940-1944/.

[371] André Sylvio Siobud was the group's tenor saxophone player, but later went by Sylvio. "Siobird" could be a misprint, or it could be a nickname referencing his skill being on par with Charlie Parker. This is the only instance I have yet to find that prints or refers to him as "Siobird."

The narratives surrounding Fredy Jumbo and the “only [B]lack jazz band”[372] that played in Paris during the war, however, is not so simple. In his 2009 text *Jazz et Société sous l’Occupation*, Gérard Regnier writes of Camaroonian drummer and bandleader Fredy Jumbo, who was said to have impressed occupying officers with his German language skills in order to attain the gigs at La Cigale.[373] Regnier writes that while Delaunay agreed to make recordings with the group, he replaced Jumbo as bandleader with African American trumpeter Harry Cooper, who had become naturalized French through marriage. It remains unclear when this shift happened, or exactly for what reason. Given Delaunay’s particular distaste for American jazz, and his preference for the folklore of the French colonies, it would require a certain level of cognitive dissonance for Delaunay to accept Cooper as fully French. As I would soon learn, Fredy Jumbo was not present in the photograph with Schulz-Köhn, yet it remains unclear as to whether Harry Cooper was present or not.

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[372] Kolb, “Angepasst und widerständig: Wehrmachtsoffizier und Jazzpropagandist Dietrich Schulz-Köhn,” *Jazz Zeitung*, 2.

[373] Cameroon was a German colony up until the Treaty of Versailles, and German was still widely spoken.

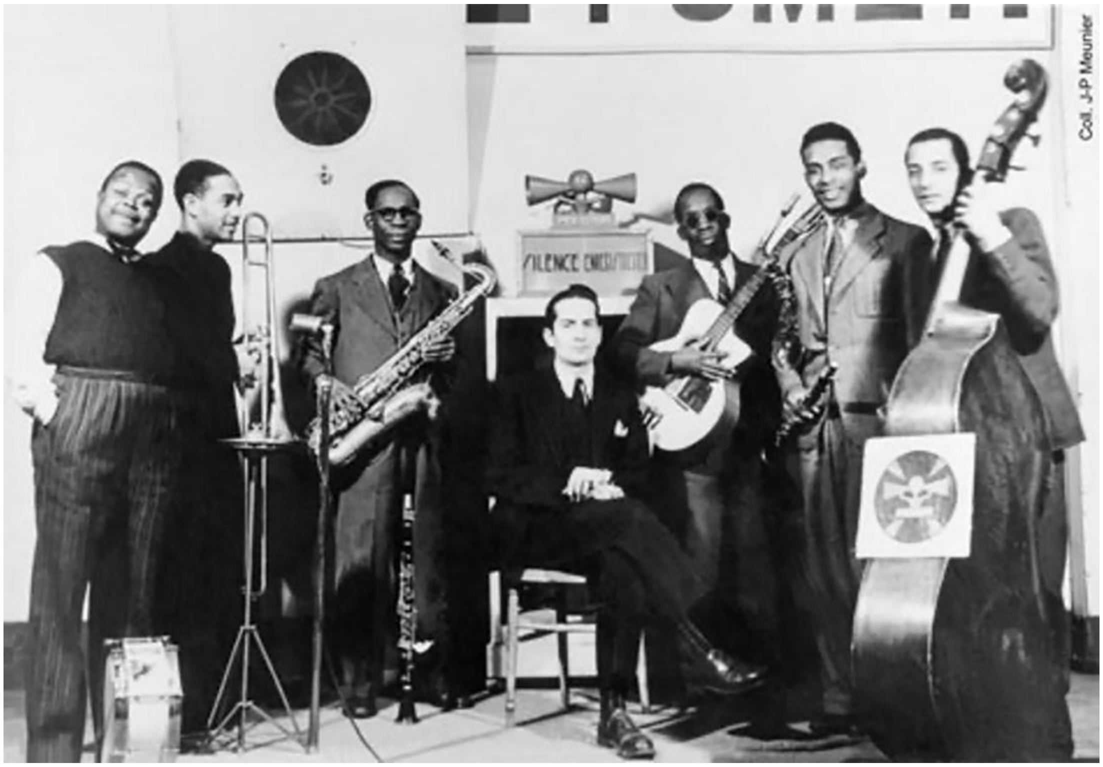

Figure 14: “Fredy Jumbo, Al Lirvat, Sylvio Siobud, Charles-Henry, Claude Martial, Robert Mavounzy, Henri Godissard at the Polydor recording studio (January 7, 1943).” From the Collection of Jean-Pierre Meunier, La Médiathèque Caraibe Bettino Lara. © Caribbean Media Library / General Council of Guadeloupe, 2005.

In a group photo of Jumbo’s ensemble from the Polydor session, we can begin to put names with faces. The first identification I made between this image and Schulz-Köhn’s is that of blind musician, Claude Martial, pictured here with his sunglasses and guitar, who also played piano. While Al Lirvat also played guitar at La Cigale, he is identified here with his trombone, and aligns with Zwerin’s identification. Schulz-Köhn’s text mentioned Robert Mavounzy in the context of the group, but did not mention which he was, or his instrument. According to the collection in Guadeloupe, Mavounzy was an expert reed player, performing on both clarinet and alto saxophone. He now can be identified as the man to Al Lirvat’s left in

Schulz-Köhn's photograph. It is my belief that Sylvio Siobud was not present for the particular instance with Schulz-Köhn, and that the remaining musician could either have been the double bassist identified in Fredy Jumbo's group, Guyanese Henri Godissard, or potentially, it was in fact Harry Cooper. The image itself seems to me to more closely resemble Harry Cooper, from the limited references available. However, given Cooper's recording history in Paris, the timeline is blurred.

In an article titled "Harry R. Cooper (1903-1961): the Shadow of a Forgotten Musician," published in *Storyville 142*, Ben Kragting Jr. writes on Cooper's interactions with Delaunay and his label Swing in 1942:

> Harry Cooper wasn't a great name among jazz musicians in Paris…but in 1942 he started recording for the label Swing. As I pointed out earlier, this was strange, because during the Nazi-occupation, Americans, and especially [B]lack Americans were imprisoned in special camps. Musicians like Freddie Johnson, Arthur Briggs, and Maceo Jefferson were interned until 1944.[374]

Kragting goes on to discuss Delaunay's explanation of working with Cooper:

> Harry wasn't very ambitious…Musicians knew of him, but would seldom call him for a session as there was little showmanship in his playing. He was one of the few American-born musicians who could work and live in France during German occupation, he being married with a French woman. Same applied to pianist Charlie Lewis who was married with an Indian woman. When I asked Harry to play for the 'Swing' sessions and concerts, that was because there was no other trumpet player available in France who could play like a genuine New Orleans player. Harry Cooper most likely had very delicate lips which enabled him to play sophisticated solos.[375]

This quote from Delaunay himself certainly accounts for the ways in which he justified Cooper's presence at La Cigale – not only was Cooper naturalized French, but even as an American-born musician, he was able to perform specifically in a New Orleans style that could be written off as embodying French influence. While it sounds like Cooper was his last choice, Delaunay believed he could play in the "sophisticated" style of French jazz. Nothing in this article, however, indicates that Cooper was brought to La Cigale to specifically replace Fredy Jumbo, especially as a drummer at HCF.

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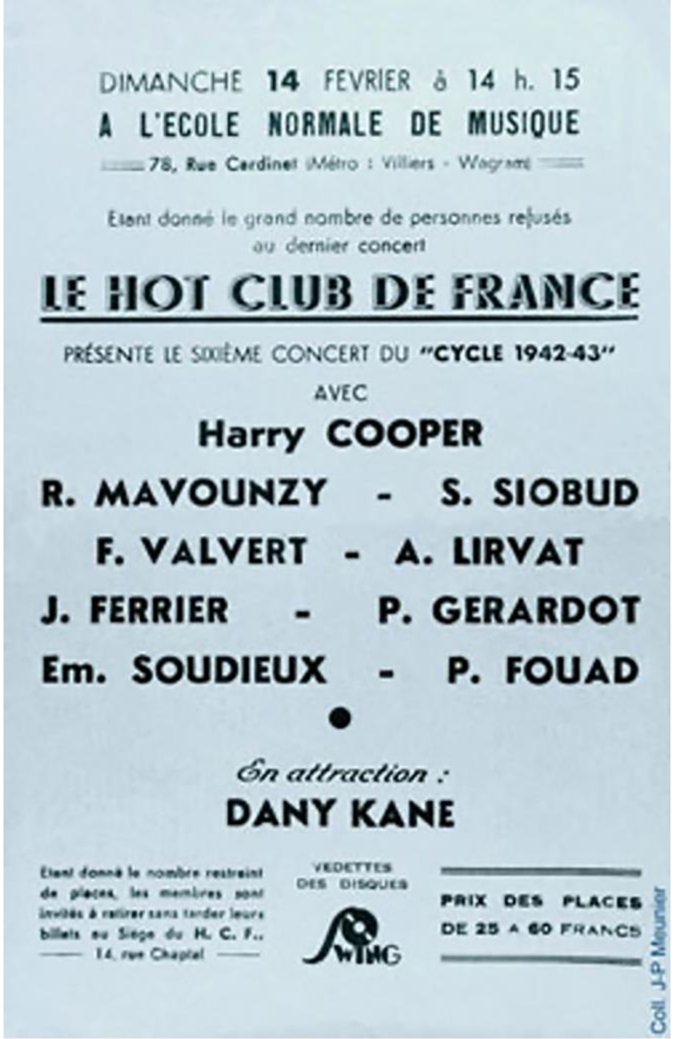
[374] Ben Kragting, Jr. "Harry R. Cooper (1903-1961): the Shadow of a Forgotten Musician," Storyville 142, 1 June 1990. p 131.

[375] Kragting, Jr.,132.

By comparing the timelines of the discographies of Fredy Jumbo et son Ensemble with that of Harry Cooper et son Orchestra, a few more details come to light. According to Paul Vernon's text *Jean 'Django' Reinhardt: a Contextual Bio-Discography 1910-1953*, Fredy Jumbo et son Ensemble recorded Reinhardt's "Swing 42" on December 18, 1942, which would align with Schulz-Köhn's note of the photograph being taken in late 1942. It would also account for Reinhardt's presence in the photo, as he did not perform with all iterations of the band. Jumbo's group then recorded again on January 7, 1943, again with Polydor. Both Vernon's text and the photograph from La Médiathèque Caraïbe confirm that this recording consisted of Fredy Jumbo, Lirvat, Siobud, Martial, Mavounzy, and Godissard. However, a mere week later on January 14, Harry Cooper et son Orchestra recorded with the Swing label, crediting Harry Cooper on trumpet, Robert Mavounzy on alto sax, Sylvio Siobud (no instrument listed), Félix Valvert on tenor sax, Jacques Dieval on piano, Pierre Gerardot on guitar, Lucien Simoens on bass, and Armand Molinette on drums. While Cooper and Mavounzy remain on the group's next three releases as well, Siobud, Lirvat, Martial, and Godissard were not involved in this group. Interestingly, as of a May 11, 1943 recording, H.P. Chadel takes over on drums. This was Charles Delaunay's nom-de-plume, as well as potentially a reason for ousting Jumbo as drummer.

If we know now that Delaunay did not necessarily value the musicality of Harry Cooper, but retained Mavounzy for his recordings on the Swing label, it could explain why Schulz-Köhn believed it was in fact Mavounzy's group he posed with at La Cigale. And according to a concert poster found in La Médiathèque Caraïbe, a new configuration of Harry Cooper's group did perform at the HCF on February 14, 1943.



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AVEC

Harry COOPER

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F. VALVERT - A. LIRVAT

J. FERRIER - P. GERARDOT

Em. SOUDIEUX - P. FOUAD

●

En attraction :

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VEDETTES DES DISQUES

SWING

PRIX DES PLACES DE 25 A 60 FRANCS

Coll. J-P Meunier

Figure 15: "The sixth concert of the 'Cycle 1942–43' at Le Hot Club de France (February 14, 1943)." From the Collection of Jean-Pierre Meunier, La Médiathèque Caraibe Bettino Lara. © Caribbean Media Library / General Council of Guadeloupe.

This group consisted of Cooper, Mavounzy, Siobud, Lirvat, John Ferrier (piano), Pierre Gerardot (guitar), Emmanuel Soudieux (bass), and Pierre Fouad (drums). It should be noted that various sources list Fouad as French, and some list him as Egyptian, signaling yet another obfuscation of nationality and ethnicity. Additionally, Godissard was replaced on bass, and Jumbo was replaced on drums. While I believe that the fourth unnamed musician in Schulz-Köhn's photograph is in fact, Harry Cooper, the circumstances surrounding this photo remains unclear. While Cooper was likely already at HCF in December 1942, prior to the recording in January 1943, Fredy Jumbo's full ensemble was intact until at least the beginning of January. This could speak to an added level of visual discomfort of the musicians in the photo. Ultimately, neither Delaunay nor Schulz-Köhn was overtly invested in the exact members of the band that Jumbo assembled. Schulz-Köhn seems invested in what the image of Black musicians could do for his own, and Delaunay replaced members of the original group for either his own performance interests, or musicians he could justify as embodying enough Frenchness. In either context, these musicians were not valued for their musicianship, or even as individuals – they became interchangeable pieces that were passed around to visually and sonically represent ambiguous Black authenticity, as well as purified French notions of hot jazz.

An important consideration, however, is that these musicians had performing and recording opportunities outside of the control of figures such as Delaunay. Even after Jumbo was replaced at HCF, the full original ensemble released four singles throughout 1943 including "Oh! Cette Musique/Seul ce Soir," "Bégonia Swing/Voyage au Long Cours," "Ce Soir/La Wa Di Wa Wa Ou," and "Swing 42/Boogie-Woogie." Additionally, in late 1943, Mavounzy wrote "Georgina" which was recorded by Polydor under the group name "Ensemble Swing du Hot Club Colonial." This record credits Robert Mavounzy on alto sax, Robert Roch on bass, Jacques Bourgarel on drums, Vincent Ricler on guitar, Claude Martial on piano, André Sylvio Siobud on tenor sax, Al Lirvat on trombone, and Abel Beauregard on trumpet.[376] The careers of these musicians went on without the savior narratives of Delaunay and Schulz-Köhn, and many continued performing for decades past the war.

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[376] Ensemble Swing Du Hot Club Colonial, "Georgina / J'adore La Musique," n.d., Polydor, 590.145, 10" Shellac, 78 RPM, https://www.discogs.com/Ensemble-Swing-Du-Hot-Club-Colonial-Georgina-Jadore-La-Musique/release/6540748.

Toward a conclusion –

> *Theirs is a history unfolding on other frequencies while the world adores them and yet mishears them, celebrates them yet ignores them, heralds them and simultaneously devalues them.*
>
> -Daphne Brooks, *Liner Notes for the Revolution*[377]

At this point, we can revisit Schulz-Köhn's photograph and name (L to R): Django Reinhardt, Dietrich Schulz-Köhn, Al Lirvat, Robert Mavounzy, Claude Martial, Harry Cooper, and Henri Battut. This was not in fact, the "only [B]lack jazz band" left in Paris during the war; it was not either entirely Fredy Jumbo et son Ensemble, or Harry Cooper et son Orchestra, or Ensemble Swing du Hot Club Colonial. It certainly was not all French colonial, nor Black American performers, and it negates any prescribed assumptions that all Black Americans had left France before the war. The complexities of the lives of these musicians were reduced to the mere phrase the "only [B]lack jazz band" left, they were shuffled around at the whims of men like Delaunay, and they were used for the color of their skin to pose in this photograph with Dietrich Schulz-Köhn. Their histories were nearly entirely eradicated from French and German jazz scholarship, and evidence of this erasure was only found in a Guadeloupean archive. For nearly eighty years, we complicitly accepted this silencing – a silencing which was repeatedly reinscribed with each new reprint of the photo in jazz scholarship. While it is true that many instrumentalists have been erased throughout the history of jazz, it was upon *this* image that Schulz-Köhn's altruism was built. *This* image insinuates a narrative that not only could he

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[377] Brooks, *Liner Notes for the Revolution*, 1.

"not be a Nazi if he liked jazz," but here he is – a friendly and avid fan of a Roma man, four Black men, and a Jewish man. To this day, we have no context as to Battut's role. Schulz-Köhn gave him a name, but why was he there? He does not seem to be a musician, so it only seems that Schulz-Köhn wanted to pose with these three minority groups which were violently persecuted by the Third Reich, with specific intent to plant seeds of doubt around his party loyalty, and to fabricate his own rebellious hero narrative. This image then only serves to deliberately obfuscate the diametrically opposed ideologies of National Socialism and hot jazz fandom. Echoing Andy Fry, this "deliberate blurring of fact and fiction can be read as an ironic comment on jazz historiography," and it "function[s] as a metaphor for the silence of history."[378] Afterall, Schulz-Köhn could only become Dr. Jazz in such a silence.

This photograph has functioned not as an act of revolution, but as an impetus that "disturbs racial logic and distinction." The discovery of these musicians does not radically transform jazz historiography, nor immediately shift nearly a century of the racial logics in the study of jazz. Locating these musicians was a massive and enthralling discovery - adrenaline rushed through my body, tears welled in my eyes, and yet it was a mere glimpse of the vast reparative work that was left to accomplish. While at once a huge victory, it was no revolution. Guilt crept in, as it sunk in that these were not, in fact, nameless musicians; they were not lost to history – they were lost to *Western* music history. They were lost to white, Western archives embedded in fascist history. They were lost to *me.* Having just recently received two rare records by these musicians, this work is just the beginning of what is possible, and what new work it will open up.

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[378] Fry, 218.

While this article is at once the search to return the names and voices of Black musicians to their reduced and rendered iconography, it is simultaneously an in-depth critique of the invisible functions and structures of Western archives and music scholarship. As Chicana writer Cherríe Moraga stated, “We don’t need white people to be allies. We need them to go home. Which means, to deal with their origin stories.”[379] And while geographically and ancestrally, I have been detached from my own Germanness, culturally and academically, I am a product of the legacies of German supremacy. Even as I study jazz, in particular – *swing* – I participate in all the citational and methodological practices of legitimation in a Western musicological field. This is my origin story; here is where I can make my most powerful intervention – not by building a revolutionary system, but by shaking the ground of the practices and institutions that have constructed me as a scholar, and in preparing that ground for something new.

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[379] Cherrie Moraga lecture at Columbia University, as cited by Melody J. Nixon, Twitter Post. September 13, 2019, 08:36. https://twitter.com/MelodyJNixon/status/1172534548015566848.

It is too easy as an *Amerikanerin*, entrenched in the hero narratives of the United States post-World War II, to merely point out the atrocities of a Nazi, the enemy, the *ultimate* representation of evil. The word "Nazi" often functions as a trigger and is used as click bait. It is where most Americans will draw the line – but not a moment before. But it was not just Schulz-Köhn who deeply fetishized Blackness and (mis)appropriated Black music, without paying credit to the musicians themselves, and without acknowledging his own active leadership in the ideologies and institutions that tried to eradicate Blackness itself. Dietrich Schulz-Köhn is in all of us. This is our heritage. And the time has come for its displacement.

Afterward –
The Jazz Record/s

> To talk about the history of jazz is really to talk about the history of the jazz record.[380]
>
> -Fumi Okiji

> "*Je reconnais Robert Mavounzy et Claude Martial au milieu mais je peux vous certifier que les deux musiciens de chaque côté ne sont ni Albert Lirvat ni Henri Godissard. Ils ne leur ressemblent pas du tout*."
>
> [I recognize Robert Mavounzy and Claude Martial in the middle but I can assure you that the two musicians on each side are neither Albert Lirvat nor Henri Godissard. They don't look like them at all.][381]
>
> -Jean-Pierre Meunier

In the final stages of publishing an article on the Dietrich Schulz-Köhn Archive and the four unnamed Black musicians found there, I had reached out to La Médiathèque Caraïbe in Guadeloupe to obtain copyright permissions for the images from the Jean-Pierre Meunier collection, and I was provided a direct email for M. Meunier himself. Throughout my correspondences with Jean-Pierre, he and I were equally surprised to learn of the stories of which we were respectively familiar, and it became enlightening to realize just how many translations are required between both languages and cultures for a story to be held as 'truth.' My first surprise came when he said he knew the photograph well, but he had never known the identity of the German officer. He then went on to claim that not all of the musicians were Black, and he questioned the reputability of my sources.[382] It is hard to tell at this point what the reasoning is behind this particular obfuscation. It could be my assumption that the musicians were of Afro- or Afro-Latinx origin, while Meunier might assume solely a Latinx origin. However, in later conversations about American-born Harry Cooper, Meunier claimed that he was unaware of any Black ancestry: "*En tout cas, il est très clair de peau*." [In any case, he is very fair skinned.][383] He did not indicate, however, in his original email which musicians he believed to not be Black, or what substantiated that claim.

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[380] Okiji, 87.

[381] Jean-Pierre Meunier, in private correspondences, Dec 3, 2021

Meunier did, however, confirm my suspicions that Henri Godissard was not present in the photograph with Django and Schulz-Köhn, but simultaneously he outwardly rejected the identity of Al Lirvat, who allegedly confirmed his own identity in the photograph through conversations with Mike Zwerin. The singular self-identification of a musician in this photograph that has been published in scholarship has now been refuted by a contemporary: "*Je suis assez étonné car je vous garantis que le premier musicien n'est pas Albert Lirvat. Il ne lui ressemble pas du tout. Mais, comme je vous l'ai dit, la photo n'est pas nette... Peut-être Albert Lirvat a-t-il confondu avec une autre photo*."[384] [I'm quite surprised because I guarantee you that the first musician is not Albert Lirvat. He doesn't look like him at all. But, as I told you, the photo is not clear... Perhaps Albert Lirvat confused it with another photo.] In an earlier email, Meunier had claimed that Lirvat did not eat enough at the time and was much thinner than the musician photographed alongside Schulz-Köhn. In this exchange, he did agree that the fourth musician was quite possibly Harry Cooper, while also noting how strange it would be to see an American photographed with a German in Paris at the time. He included an image of Harry Cooper in 1946, when he was playing in Félix Valvert's orchestra, *Feli's Boys*, at the Couple de Montparnasse in Paris:

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[382] J-P Meunier, Dec 3, 2021.
[383] J-P Meunier, Dec 6, 2021.
[384] J-P Meunier, Dec 6, 2021.

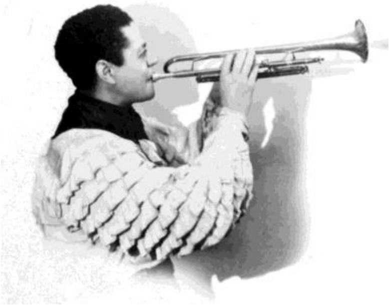

Figure 16: Harry Cooper, c. 1946. © Jean-Pierre Meunier.

Given the angle of the photograph, it remains difficult to confirm this image alongside the soft-focused reprints of Schulz-Köhn's photograph.

So where does this leave us? What are the aims of my project, given the prismatic layers of blurring and obfuscation imposed by occupying forces as well as by the musicians themselves? Can we ever, with absolute certainty, know the identities of the musicians photographed alongside Django and Schulz-Köhn in occupied Paris in 1942? And if not, what exactly do we stand to learn?

* * *

Just this past April, I was finally able to return to the archive in Graz after two years of a global pandemic. Prior to this, I was only equipped with the sources which I had copied, as well as the level of quality of any given reproduction. After two years of research, writing, and assembling of the small discography of Black jazz musicians in occupied Paris, I needed to return to the archive equipped with the knowledge I had attained – to search for new names, nom-de-plumes, aliases, and clues that had appeared throughout the process of writing. My main goal upon entering the archive was to identify any records collected by Schulz-Köhn that included the musicians he had left unnamed in nearly all iterations of his photograph, as well as other Black US-American and Caribbean musicians. My return to the archive answered few questions, but instead further complicated them, and presented a plethora of new ones.

The most surprising revelation was that the collection of hundreds of shellacs which Schulz-Köhn covertly collected throughout the war – the collection which would define his claim to fame as the man who saved jazz itself from the Third Reich – remains uncatalogued and untouched in the archive. It took the majority of my visit just to find a record player that could play 78s, not to mention the cables which would allow me to digitize some of my findings. Thanks to the incredible efforts and skill of KUG student Michael Gamweger, I was able to bring back some music with me. The jazz institute's director, André Doehring, did a little digging to find out that upon receiving the donation from Schulz-Köhn, stacks of shellacs were taken directly out of his boxes and placed in that exact order in the cabinets. While there were a few small groupings of major artists like Django Reinhardt or Stéphane Grappelli, many of the names and titles were scattered throughout the collection. On occasion, Schulz-Köhn's distinct penciled handwriting had labeled a date in the upper lefthand corner of the cover. I was unsure if this represented the date on which he received the record, or if it was the recording or release date. I checked a few of the dates on albums which would be represented on well-documented discographies – all of the dates listed on Reinhardt's titles represented the date of recording.

I kept my eye out for titles from Delaunay's *Swing* label, as well as *Polydor*, where Fredy Jumbo's original group recorded, and Odeon, a known label for Joséphine Baker's early recordings. Admittedly, I did not have the time to carefully sort through the entirety of the collection, or at least carefully enough to not do damage to any of the shellacs or their browned and aging covers. At first, I was consumed with the thought of putting them all back in the exact spot in which I found them. Afterall, there might have been a method of organization that Schulz-Köhn used which no one had yet identified; maybe they were in the order in which they were collected. But even that seemed *silly* – how could he have possibly maintained an accurate organizational system for these records which he so covertly collected throughout his travels during the war? I made small stacks of records which were of interest to me, and after digitizing them, returned them to the shelf with now a small trace of my own curatorial preferences rendered in the archive.

What seems even more surprising to me is that those records have been left untouched – unheard – since *at least* their donation to the Jazz Institute after Schulz-Köhn's death in the late 1990s. They have been of no interest to any jazz scholar to have entered the institute in the past twenty-three years, and it is entirely plausible to assume that they were not actively listened to by Schulz-Köhn later in his life, either. As the needle of the record player glided over the pressed grooves, dust, and imperfections of each shellac, I wondered when the last time was that these records were played. I imagined a young Schulz-Köhn listening to this very same pressing, how wildly different our interpretations are, all of the “lenses” through which we heard the very same physical record, and the realities we would subsequently produce in the world as listeners and theorists of this music. The record, in this sense, represented to me an aura with which I am deeply uncomfortable, yet wholly reliant. These grooves produced the sound waves which would physically enter the ears of Schulz-Köhn and myself alike. The tactility of holding a shellac, which was not only forbidden during the war, but also covertly traded to a German Oberleutnant for undocumented favors, created a sense of abjection and fascination in me. Our contemporary digital culture of musical recordings does not carry this immense weight. Not only was it a record traded during the war and owned by Schulz-Köhn, in its own time, it was rare and forbidden. This amplified sense of the tactility of the record, of the sound waves entering the body. Yet this palpable notion of the sound waves, coupled with deeply entrenched fears of miscegenation in the 1930s and 1940s, is what would directly lead to societal and political fears of jazz itself.

In the whole of aesthetic judgement, aura is perceived to be a good thing when associated with a work of art. But what if the aura conjures images of Nazi war crimes? What if the aura of the record is used to legitimize violence in the racial imaginary?

Schulz-Köhn's Shellacs and the 'Jazz of No Interest'

Dismissing the entire catalogue of Joséphine Baker, Belgian jazz critic Robert Pernet wrote, "Despite some good-looking titles, these recordings are of no-Jazz interest."[385] In this discography, Pernet does not list any titles, nor period of Baker's career. It is curious then, why Pernet would make the decision to include her name in the book at all. Certainly, readers must have expected to find Baker's name within the book, must associate the titles of some of her songs with popular jazz standards (or titles which *sound* as if they must be jazz), and yet Pernet merely notes that she recorded with some (unnamed) Belgian musicians, and proceeds to dismiss her from the category of "Jazz" entirely. I suppose he at least needed to mention the woman whose image would come to represent The Jazz Age in its entirety. This theme, however, of using a name or an image of a Black musician to gain authenticity as a critic or collector, all the while devaluing their musicianship and influence on the scene, is not uncommon in (early) Western European jazz criticism. More broadly, speaks to the perception of what was included in the category of "jazz" in Europe at the time, as well as everything considered to be of "no-Jazz interest." As this dissertation has begun to illustrate, this category encompassed much of the music which fell outside of the "elevated," white-hot, intellectualized notions of white European jazz collectors and critics. Or, as I should say, this dissertation is on the jazz which was of no interest to white European jazz collectors and critics.

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[385] Pernet, 7.

Given that Schulz-Köhn's shellac collection remains entirely unorganized and uncatalogued, I cannot say with absolute certainty that he did not own a record of Fredy Jumbo et son Ensemble, Harry Cooper et son Orchestre, Ensemble Swing du Hot Club Colonial, or any of the other groups led by Black musicians in Paris throughout the war. However, I could not locate any. What I did find were a few instances of when one or two of the Black musicians played in ensembles or orchestras led by bigger names. For example, I found a record that Schulz-Köhn had labeled 24 February 1941 – from Alex Renard et son Orchestra, on which Pierre Fouad played drums. This, however, was to be expected, as Fouad's ambiguous Egyptian/French nationality allowed him to perform more freely throughout Paris, and his name is recognized by early jazz connoisseurs to this day. Schulz-Köhn also owned a record from Christian Wagner et son Orchestre with Charlie Lewis on piano and Fouad on drums, as well as a record from Gus Viseur et son Orchestre which lists Robert Mavounzy on clarinet and alto sax. There were many records in the collection from Django Reinhardt, most often listed with *son Orchestre* and no further names. This in itself fails to account for the many occasions in which Reinhardt performed with, wrote for, and dare I say *learned from* Black musicians during the war, including "Swing 42" by Fredy Jumbo's ensemble, as well as with Arthur Briggs et son Orchestre, who recorded with Reinhardt in 1940. These recordings were not released until after the war, and Briggs himself was interned in a Nazi camp, but it definitively indicates that musicians such as Reinhardt actively performed with Black American musicians, even as it is seldom listed in his official discographies. It is also fascinating to note that none of these records made in France and owned by Schulz-Köhn are from *ensembles*, but instead from *orchestras*, in accordance with Vichy musical ideologies. Ensembles represented a lower class (and lower talent) iteration of the genre, while orchestras embodied the music's elevation to French purity and genius. It seems this French preference in taste rubbed off on the German officer – while he claimed to value American forms of jazz more than his French counterparts, groups such as Fredy Jumbo's ensemble did not make it into his collection.

It is also important to consider that out of Schulz-Köhn's entire collection of shellacs, I only found one instance of a featured female performer. While it must have been difficult for him to obtain during the war, he held a copy of the Mary Lou Williams Trio on Polydor Série U.S.A. from August 10, 1944, playing "Night and Day" and "Persian Rug." Given the vast absence of female performers in his collection, as well as the extreme difficulty of obtaining any US-American jazz records during the war, it seems that this was a record which Schulz-Köhn must have deeply valued as "authentic" jazz. He must have made an incredible trade – leading me to wonder – other than cigarettes, ration stamps, and safety, what jazz might have Oberleutnant Schulz-Köhn traded *away*?

Outside of the archive, however, I was able to locate numerous recordings made by Black musicians in Paris during the war. In addition to the instances in which individual musicians played in other ensembles, I found and obtained numerous titles from Fredy Jumbo et son Ensemble, Harry Cooper et son Orchestre, Ensemble Swing du Hot Club Colonial, as well as other predominantly Black groups such as Félix Valvert et son Orchestre Antillais, many iterations of Valvert's Caribbean groups, and groups with some Black members such as Jean Ferret et son Sixtette [Sextette], Léo Chauliac et son Orchestre, Arthur Briggs et son Orchestre, and groups led by Philippe Brun and Émil(e) Stern in Marseilles before the occupation of the "Southern Zone" by German and Italian forces in late 1942. As I have stated previously, there were also many iterations of Reinhardt's recordings and performances which included Black musicians throughout the entirety of the war. There are also numerous recordings of jam sessions in Paris immediately after the war which feature these Black US-American and Caribbean musicians. All of this indicates that not only did renowned musicians such as Reinhardt value the musicianship of the Black musicians who remained in Paris throughout the war, but they also actively recorded and performed under the Vichy regime and Nazi occupation and held successful careers after the war. The only factors which actively diminished their musical talent and relevance were the disparaging commentaries of jazz collectors such as Delaunay's remarks about Harry Cooper, as well as the collection impulses of these hot jazz critics and collectors.

Embedded in a project such as this, lies an unsettling relationship with the *record* itself, with discographies, and with the big names of celebrities, collectors, and critics. This dissertation in itself began with my interest in Joséphine Baker. It was during a conference paper on Baker in which I presented the photograph of Schulz-Köhn and Reinhardt standing alongside four unnamed Black musicians in the same occupied city where Baker resided. I had assumed this photograph represented all of the stories which were irreparably lost. But it was because of this conference paper, and the conversations I had with a few colleagues after that paper, that I was led to believe that a tiny fragment of information might possibly be located in the archives in Graz. If I were to figure out the identities of these musicians in the photograph, I would have to start in the collections of a former German Oberleutnant. I would have to value his contributions and his conservation impulses. I would have to acknowledge that it was only through him and his work that I could find the answers I was looking for. And once in the archive, I largely followed the traces of Django Reinhardt through his biographies and discographies to find any trace of these musicians he posed with in late 1942. While the vast majority of the evidence had been deliberately or passively destroyed over time, it was in one very small text written by Schulz-Köhn in German (and never translated) in which I found the first name – Robert Mavounzy. I was forced to follow the very names and the very discographies which I find so deeply flawed, in order to identify the pieces of history they sought to erase. And it was in the comparison of multiple versions of these inherently flawed discographies that I could begin to trace both names and incongruencies. It was in sitting with Schulz-Köhn's immense photographic and library collection for over a year when I realized that a Luftwaffe Oberleutnant and a French Resistance fighter casually enjoyed a jazz festival together in Bordeaux in June 1942.

Given that once I had one name, the lives and long careers of all four unnamed Black men were easily found in an archive in Guadeloupe, I wonder what the purpose of this entire study was. They were not unnamed Black men – they only seemed unnamed through the lens of Dietrich Schulz-Köhn and the study of Western European jazz history, so why not leave that entire system behind? Did these men even want to be known to Western jazz history? Given Zwerin's account of Al Lirvat not recognizing or showing any interest in the photograph with Schulz-Köhn, it would suggest that he did not want to be associated. However, Jean-Pierre Meunier claimed that Lirvat was not possibly in that photograph, contradicting the entirety of Zwerin's text. It is safe to assume, however, that the majority of the men in the photograph left the Paris jazz scene and continued their careers elsewhere. Because of this, their histories were found intact in Guadeloupe, but what about the ones who did not – or could not – leave? The issues of such documentation and historization are inextricably woven with issues of gender, race, sexuality, nationality, and all of the iterations of power acting upon them.

There are quite a few mysteries which remain, and each time I think I have discovered an answer, I only find a slew new paths and new questions. Recently, I was enthralled to find that a recording of Jean Ferret et son Sixtette included a performer named Camille Martin on vibraphone. While I have absolutely no evidence that Martin might have been Black, I do know that she is one of an infinitesimal number of women documented during this time. After a brief search, I can only locate two instances of her name in newspapers in Marseilles between September and December of 1941, and she was referred to as "one of the best elements of Philippe

Brun's jazz."[386] It should be noted that trumpeter Philippe Brun had also played with famous names like Django Reinhardt, Stéphane Grappelli, and Alix Combelle. However, I have so far failed to find any additional information on Martin or her music.

Another surprise came after seeing the name Jacques Bourgarel a hundred times throughout my research. Initially, I assumed he must have been a white performer in Paris – his name had not come up in other contexts. Bourgarel is listed as the drummer on many recordings from Paris throughout the war, and allegedly Jacques Bourgarel was his legal name at birth. However, I started to see some references to Jacky Bamboo, Jacky Bambou, Saki Bamboo, Saki Bambos, and finally Jacky Bamboo and his Creole Combo. I have yet to locate extensive information or images of Bourgarel, but I am led to believe that he was in fact a Black Caribbean performer who used nom-de-plumes to navigate his racial and national identity in the Parisian jazz scene dominated by Vichy ideologies. This now brings into question the identities of guitarist Vincent Ricler and bassist Robert Roch, who had performed with predominantly Caribbean groups, but whose histories remain opaque. Musicians such as Léo Chauliac and Jean Ferret similarly played with predominantly Black groups but are of white French ancestry. Such national ambiguity played a large role in the success of musicians during the war but have now led to deeply complicated issues in reparative historiography.

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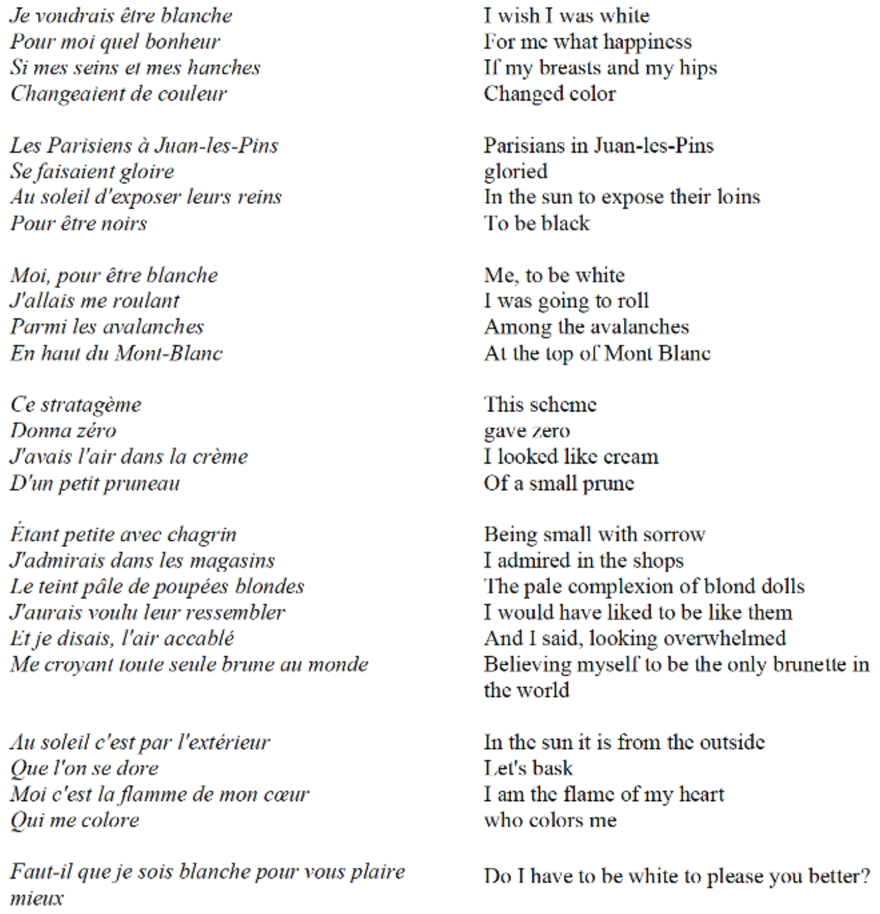
[386] *Artistica: Weekly Shows and Social Events*, Marseilles, France. 27 September 1941.

Listening for *Black* & *White* in Early European Jazz



Je voudrais être blanche	I wish I was white
Pour moi quel bonheur	For me what happiness
Si mes seins et mes hanches	If my breasts and my hips
Changeaient de couleur	Changed color
Les Parisiens à Juan-les-Pins	Parisians in Juan-les-Pins
Se faisaient gloire	gloried
Au soleil d'exposer leurs reins	In the sun to expose their loins
Pour être noirs	To be black
Moi, pour être blanche	Me, to be white
J'allais me roulant	I was going to roll
Parmi les avalanches	Among the avalanches
En haut du Mont-Blanc	At the top of Mont Blanc
Ce stratagème	This scheme
Donna zéro	gave zero
J'avais l'air dans la crème	I looked like cream
D'un petit pruneau	Of a small prune
Étant petite avec chagrin	Being small with sorrow
J'admirais dans les magasins	I admired in the shops
Le teint pâle de poupées blondes	The pale complexion of blond dolls
J'aurais voulu leur ressembler	I would have liked to be like them
Et je disais, l'air accablé	And I said, looking overwhelmed
Me croyant toute seule brune au monde	Believing myself to be the only brunette in the world
Au soleil c'est par l'extérieur	In the sun it is from the outside
Que l'on se dore	Let's bask
Moi c'est la flamme de mon cœur	I am the flame of my heart
Qui me colore	who colors me
Faut-il que je sois blanche pour vous plaire mieux	Do I have to be white to please you better?

-Joséphine Baker, "Si J'etais Blanche," 1932

Thus far, this dissertation has discussed the ways in which music was perceived to be Black, as well as the ways in which it was "whitened" in order to satisfy both Vichy and Nazi ideologies around jazz. German jazz itself has often been spoken of as if it were blatantly white, and in some ways and at some times, this remains true. It is true that Germans had less access to audio recordings of American performers in the 1920s due to the economic restrictions under the Treaty of Versailles, and it is true that in many "official" or documented ways, jazz in Germany followed the musical restrictions outlined by Goebbels and the Reichsmusikkammer. It is often said that German drummers laid out a heavy-handed pulse, as Michael Kater writes, “this applied particularly to the German popular musician approaching jazz, who was used to marching time with its emphasis on the first (‘strong’) beat of each bar…the German musicians of the republic compensated for their lack of inner feeling for a secure pulse with excessive noise.”[387]

Other over-generalizations of the music will speak to a lack of “swing” in the rhythm, less syncopated rhythmic structures, more moderate tempos, and generally more commercialized forms of the music. Michael Kater claims that “[German jazz fans] were usually born between 1910 and 1920 and came from middle-class homes…as teenagers they had been exposed to the pop tunes of the day, often dance pieces of little sophistication.”[388] He continues by listing the elements of jazz which he deems innately foreign to the German sensibility, the first of which is *rhythm*, for which he claims rhythmic variations can be “so subtle that they elude notation; if musicians are not born into an Afro-American culture, they may have to spend a long time acquiring this skill.”[389] Jazz melodies, he claims, “artificially composed as well as naturally grown ones (like the work song in cotton fields)…utilize elements that are not exclusively triadic and diatonic, or Western.”[390] He then speaks of jazz harmonies, as well as the “dirty state” of jazz’s tonal inflections, as to prove that the German sensibility was in direct contest with any “true” nature of jazz. Yet while speaking of aristocratic German connoisseurs, or collectors and critics such as Schulz-Köhn, their tastes for what was properly (and yet morally acceptable) jazz, has little to do with any of the terms laid out by Kater.

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[387] Kater, 14.
[388] Kater, 10.
[389] Kater, 13.
[390] Kater, 13.

When listening to the shellac collection of Schulz-Köhn, for which he allegedly risked his life to acquire, as well as the musical tastes of Charles Delaunay and the Hot Club de France, the differences in technique and style of white musicians and Black American musicians are not nearly so concrete or easily identifiable. While musicians in Paris did in fact have access to US-American jazz records in the early 1920s, they certainly did not possess the "naturally grown" "inner feeling" that Kater identifies specifically in Black US-American performers. Much of what is perceived to be a racialized difference in the performance of jazz, as well as the preferences for jazz that would arise out of this Black/white binary, are strictly that of the racial imagination.

It is interesting to consider, for example, the role of Joséphine Baker specifically in the collections of Dietrich Schulz-Köhn. Given Pernet's statement that Baker was of "no-Jazz interest" to serious critics and collectors, it makes sense that I found no evidence of Joséphine Baker in the collection of shellacs in the archive, as well as no photographic or written evidence that the two had ever met within the occupied city of Paris. It is curious, however, that Baker, who was an incredibly famous Black US-American performer was not sought out by the German officer who claimed to value the contributions of Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington so deeply. While these names were sought after in the German jazz underground as banned

American records, their music was very much considered to be a highly commercialized form of jazz. Not only did European political ideology disdain American commercialism and decadence, but German aristocracy in particular valued the perceived intellectual value of American folk music over commercial forms. If Schulz-Köhn valued US-American Blackness and its "authenticity," then why would he champion the music of men who were widely perceived as "sell-outs" who performed for largely white audiences? And why was Joséphine Baker different?

Schulz-Köhn did in fact own two records from Baker, but they were compilations from long after the war: *Josephine Baker, Maurice Chevalier – Les Favoris De Paris* (Columbia, C 83 572), pressed in Germany, as well as *Josephine Baker – Encore!... Josephine Baker ... Encore!,* (Columbia, SCX 6264), pressed in the UK in 1968. This second title was not only labeled "Pop" like the first, but also "Funk/Soul," which is a category that is impossible for me to hear in the music. Schulz-Köhn also owned the 1960 text by Jacques Damase, *Les Folies du Music-Hall: Histoire du Music-Hall à Paris de 1914 à nos Jours*. This book was dedicated solely to Baker herself and begins with the quote which Schulz-Köhn underlined and emphasized which reads: "N'oublions pas que le music-hall est le pays de l'artifice, de l'illusions, de l'improbable et de l'abnormal." [Let's not forget that the music hall is the land of artifice, illusions, the improbable and the abnormal.][391] Schulz-Köhn underlined the section on Baker in his typical multi-colored, colored pencil, indicating that he did in fact read the text and value Baker’s musical contributions to at least *the abnormal artifice* of the music hall. While some of the titles on *Les Favoris De Paris* include some of the “sweeter” sounding hits such as “J’ai Deux Amours,” “C’est Lui,” and “Sur Deux Notes,” *Encore!... Josephine Baker ... Encore!* includes some of her earlier recordings such as “You’re Driving Me Crazy.” Not only was this song a jazz standard, recorded by names such as Django Reinhardt, Stéphane Grappelli, Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman, and even the German band Charlie and His Orchestra, but this recording also represented Baker’s tinny voice before she underwent vocal coaching for her role in *La Créole*. As I discussed in chapter four, Baker’s vocal training is what profoundly elevated her popularity in France. As she learned a more operatic vocal style, her audience claimed to witness a shift in both talent and the color of her skin itself: “Josephine, the negress, was no longer so black. Josephine was growing paler…. Now [in La Créole], her skin is [even] lighter….And Josephine sings delightfully. She sings with a profound art.”[392] Here, however, Schulz-Köhn collected a record in the late 1960s which celebrated Baker *before* her shift in vocal styles. It is difficult to say why Schulz-Köhn decided to collect a few titles from Baker and texts on her career, while completely disregarding her presence in the city of Paris during occupation. Perhaps it signals Schulz-Köhn’s nostalgia for his time in Paris, or his expectations of “authentic” Blackness in the music. However, I would have to assume that it is more likely evidence of his misogyny and nationalism being shown in his musical preferences.

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[391] Jacques Damase, *Les Folies du Music-Hall: Histoire du Music-Hall à Paris de 1914 à nos Jours* (Paris: Éditions "Spectacles" Paris, 1960), n.p.

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[392] Anonymous, *Le Cri de Paris*, December 1934, as cited in Fry, *Paris Blues*, 145.

If we look at Baker's recording history in the 1930s, we see a level of political awareness and activism which is unprecedented in commercial jazz in Western Europe. While at once, she is working to *sweeten* her timbre and *whiten* it to French operatic standards beginning in 1933, she is simultaneously injecting themes of radicalism into the music. For example, Baker recorded "Si J'étais Blanche" [If I Were White]. While her timbre remains nasally and tinny in much of the song, it is also one of the first songs in which we can definitively hear her vibrato develop. Her voice does not crack at the higher notes, as it did in recordings in the 1920s. She also begins to play more with phrasing and dynamics, as she does not attempt to forcefully project throughout the entirety of the song. Most importantly, however, she sings not only of her admiration of the blond hair and pale complexion of dolls in shops, but directly acknowledges that it is not the sun that is in control of her color – "moi c'est la flame de mon coeur, qui me colore." Here she acknowledges that no matter how light or dark her skin, she is perceived Black, as she closes with the question, "Do I have to be white to please you better?"[393] It is no coincidence that her whitening in the eyes of the French public would come later that year.

Baker's radicalism would develop throughout the 1930s as Schulz-Köhn climbed the ranks of the National Socialist Party. In 1935, Baker recorded "Sous Le Ciel D'Afrique" and "Espabilate" with the Jewish members of the Comedian Harmonists who were exiled from Germany. Not only did this record defiantly stand with the exiled members, but the music was in the style of rumba and sang of preferring life on the African continent. While embodying such a defiant stance against the policies of the Third Reich and playing in musical styles outside the European concept of "jazz," Baker's voice on this record is a complete break from even "Si J'était Blanche." She seems to have gained complete control over her new vocal style. She easily jumps octaves without strain, and her voice richly resonates through her vibrato. Her voice and her message become much more audible to the French audience, while concurrently resisting politics of the zeitgeist. While she does not record during the war, she continues in 1936 and 1937 with recording congas with the Lecuona Cuban Boys and titles such as "Nuit D'Alger." Understandably, these fall outside the realm of "hot jazz" as defined by men such as Schulz-Köhn and Delaunay.

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[393] Joséphine Baker, "Si J'étais Blanche," Columbia, Shellac,1932.

Aside from the politics represented in Baker's music, it is no secret that Schulz-Köhn and other hot jazz collectors had no interest in jazz with lyrics. Authors such as Sherrie Tucker, Farah Jasmine Griffin, Lara Pellegrinelli, Ursel Schlicht, Ingrid Monson, and Kristin McGee, among many others, have brilliantly analyzed the ways in which the voice is gendered feminine throughout the history of jazz (as well as the subsequent lack of women's voices in jazz history). They have also pointed to the ways in which female instrumentalists were considered "sexually suspect, either as loose or as lesbian."[394] Valaida Snow, for example, while possessing incredible talent on the trumpet, was expected to embody the role of a canary, if she wanted to be a successful musician. It came as no surprise to me, then, that I found no records in

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[394] Tucker, *Swing Shift*, 23.

Schulz-Köhn's shellac collection with lyrics, and I only found one instance of a leading woman musician with his copy of the Mary Lou Williams Trio's recording of "Night and Day" and "Persian Rug." In both conscious and unconscious ways, gendered expectations vastly dictated Schulz-Köhn's conception of hot jazz and serious music.

In comparing the records I found in Schulz-Köhn's shellac collection with those by Black musicians I located elsewhere, the differences are negligible, if not easily explained. It is deeply perplexing to me how Schulz-Köhn made his curatorial choices as to what he would keep in his infamous collection, and that which he would ignore. If Schulz-Köhn so outwardly valued (or fetishized) the music of Black US-American performers, then his concept of "American" did not include US-born Harry Cooper, Charlie Lewis, or Arthur Briggs. He certainly did not include Black musicians from Central America, South America, or the Caribbean, or have an understanding of musical migration, even from the Caribbean to New Orleans itself. For a man who claimed to value Black American musical talent, his collection during the war is surprisingly white.

If we were to compare the rhythmic structure of Schulz-Köhn's shellacs to those of Black groups in Paris, they are nearly indecipherable. The drum kit itself in nearly all of these recordings is minimal – when it is audible, the ride cymbal keeps the pulse, while the hi-hat pedal stroke marks two and four in common time. There are no drum breaks in these recordings, and largely the guitar maintains a steady pulse. It is astonishing to imagine that Delaunay ousted Fredy Jumbo as drummer, so that he could play under his nom-de-plume, H.P. Chadel. This decision certainly could not have been based on talent, as the drums are barely audible in the recordings of Harry Cooper and His Orchestra which feature H.P. Chadel. Admittedly, many of Reinhardt's recordings are discernable, from not only the sound of Django's signature guitar sound, but also notably from variation from the drum kit. More snare drum with slightly more complex rhythms is used to accentuate Django's solos, and harder accents resembling rim shots add depth to the standard percussive swing sound. It seems impossible to claim, however, that Django's sound represented a "white-hot," "elevated" form of French jazz as distinct from "black hot" jazz from the United States. While the instrumentation of the French groups contained traditional instruments like the accordion on occasion, the instrumentation and techniques of jazz in Paris could all similarly be located in US-American jazz.

Additionally, any claims that Black musicians in Paris were just not technically proficient is easily disputed with Robert Mavounzy's performances in "Misty Sunrise" and "The Good Earth." Mavounzy's ease and command in improvising on multiple instruments far surpasses his French counterparts represented in Schulz-Köhn's collection. Harry Cooper's improvisation on "Misty Sunrise" easily refute Delaunay's claims that there was little showmanship in his playing, and that Delaunay only used him as a last resort because he was familiar with the New Orleans style. Additionally, while there is little mention of Arthur Briggs' name as an influence on the Parisian jazz scene, Reinhardt recorded with Briggs in 1940 before Briggs was interned. There remains ample evidence of not only the technical ability of the musicians that Schulz-Köhn neglected in Paris, but specifically that big name musicians performed with and learned from their experiences with them.

Musical preferences and collection impulses of men like Dietrich Schulz-Köhn and Charles Delaunay were deeply entangled in the racial imagination and Orientalist views of Blackness, in misogynistic expectations of musicianship, in elitist conceptions of serious music, and within projections of acceptability grounded in a wide array of political ideology. To try to reduce all of this to merely the labels "Black-hot" or "white-hot" jazz merely functions to further erase the complexities and diversity of what was the jazz scene in occupied Paris.

In *Jazz as Critique: Adorno and Black Expression Revisited*, Fumi Okiji closes her text with a section titled "Postscript: Some Thoughts on the Inadequacy and Indispensability of Jazz Records." In this section, she writes: "The unrecorded tradition is the antehistory of jazz, traces of which no doubt still inform the material being used today, despite our inability to identify them with any certainty."[395] In her footnote, she claims that "the multitude of instances of nonrecorded 'play' is what (most) jazz recording is a response to," yet we have no original record to which we can refer.[396] While Okiji here is speaking broadly of themes associated with jam sessions and non-commercial iterations of the music, this theory certainly applies to the multitude of reasons why much of jazz has been left either unrecorded, uncatalogued, or purposefully destroyed in the Western histories of the music. Given

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[395] Okiji, 87.

[396] Okiji, 121.

Okiji's claim, while there might be little to no remnants remaining of our previously unnamed musicians, we know that the traces of these performances not only informed the music being produced and recorded in Paris at the time, but also the traces of which informed and continue to inform jazz performance practices to this day. Okiji continues, "while what is written about jazz musicians and the scene is shrouded in myth and half-truth, the jazz record gives what is most often considered the indisputable document of the tradition."[397] Given this reality, it is indisputable to claim that the collection and conservation impulses of critics such as Schulz-Köhn have created the very parameters of what can and cannot be studied when we study the history of jazz. In an era in Europe when political ambivalence threatened the daily existence of musicians of color, yet demanded the continuation of the musical tradition, the only documents that were allowed to exist and survive the war were ones created by men like Delaunay and Schulz-Köhn. These men held the power of documentation, and these men attempted to define an entire era of jazz while holding such power. Following Okiji's theories, we know that unrecorded music impacted that which we can still hear today. Equipped with the fractured knowledge of those who have been erased, we can insight into the opaque histories of early jazz. Our role as historians is to learn to listen in new ways, to approach our work as a musical rehearsal, with a willingness to both collaborate and fail – "rather than attempting to overcome the wretchedness, expression is charged to take on the *complexion* of the compromised world…about how such life, inaugurated in obscurity, comes into view in its invisibility, clothed in images and imaginings of a hostile society."[398] In this, may we understand more deeply the world which we have inherited and whose legacies continue to silently reverberate within us.

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[397] Okiji, 87.

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[398] Okiji, 81, 82.

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