

# FOLK SONGS FOR FAR OUT FOLK

ORCHESTRAS CONDUCTED BY **FRED KATZ**

Reboot  
Stereophonic





REBOOT STEREOPHONIC

**FRED KATZ**  
**FOLK SONGS FOR FAR OUT FOLK**

LINER NOTES BY JOSH KUN



# FAR OUT FRED

*Tradition is a terrible tyrant.  
Memory, man.  
It's better to live in the moment.  
I am eating this sandwich.  
Know what I mean?*

-Fred Katz

F

red Katz lives in Fullerton, a former citrus haven on the northern rim of Orange County, just a freeway crawl away from Los Angeles. Gwen Stefani was born there, as was Phillip K. Dick, as was at least one porn star (Jenna Haze, 2003 Starlet of the Year).

Katz moved there in 1970 to teach in the Anthropology department at the state university, where for nearly three decades the self-described “high school drop-out with radical political beliefs” offered classes on Kabbalah, jazz, ethnomusicology, and magic. He is now 86 and a professor emeritus, which he says “gives me the right to park wherever I want to,” but that doesn’t matter much. Thanks to a dose of agoraphobia, Katz doesn’t like to leave his quiet and cluttered house, which looks like his mind turned inside out: ritual sculptures, books on myth and “jungle magic,” a jazz encyclopedia and a battered copy of the *Bhagavad Gita*, tables covered in







chess boards, and in the middle of the living room floor, next to the electric piano and beneath the portrait of Maimonides, a race track for toy cars.

He keeps a “Shalom” welcome mat on his front doorstep, but to get there you have to first walk through a Zen garden, complete with a miniature bridge reaching over a river of pebbles.

“I’m open to anything,” he says, “except music that’s played badly.”

It’s a mantra that has served Katz well over the course of an extraordinary career, from his early days as a cello student of Pablo Casals to his work in Hollywood scoring Roger Corman films like *Little Shop of Horrors* and *A Bucket of Blood*, from his anti-Vietnam War piece for solo cello “The Soldier Puppet” to his late 50s stint as an A&R man for Decca Records where he created the experimental Jazz Moods series; from solo jazz cello albums like *Fred Katz and His Jammers* (that’s Katz in his pajamas on the cover, playing cello next to a Gidget surf bunny on Malibu beach) to his 1980s stint teaching jazz

*Left to right:  
The Katz garage  
recording studio;  
Katz in his kitchen;  
Living room memories;  
The Katz LP collection*

in a Benedictine monastery with a bongo-playing nun and a sax-playing priest (“I used to say to him, ‘Father, you’re a mutha—’”) to the gig that usually gets his name in the index of jazz history books: his 1950s run with the legendary Chico Hamilton Quintet when he became the first cellist in jazz.

There had already been a handful of bassists who played the cello like a bass, plucking it pizzicato style, but until Katz joined forces with the inter-racial group that would become the premier experimental unit on the West Coast—Hamilton on drums, Jim Hall on guitar, Buddy Collette on reeds, and Carson Smith on bass—there had never been a cellist who played the cello like a cello. He bowed it for “My Funny Valentine” the same way he did for the Saint-Saens cello concerto that he played when he was only 15 at New York’s Town Hall.

“I have had all these experiences and I don’t know why,” says Katz, who also conducted jazz arrangements for Sidney Poitier (the forgotten *Sidney Poitier Reads Plato*), Harpo Marx (the almost forgotten *Harpo in Hi-Fi*) and Ken

Nordine (the treasured Beat trilogy of *Word Jazz* albums). “I know it all sounds like science fiction, but it’s all true. Remember that, man. I never asked for anything. It was thrown at me—here, live this. I just follow my love for things.”

Katz gives most of the credit to his Russian immigrant father, a Communist dentist, self-taught Kabbalist, and proud member of the Workmen’s Circle who once served in the Russian underground as a spy against the Czar. He left Russia when he left the official ranks of the party for a new start in Williamsburg, Brooklyn where Katz was born and raised (“What Jew is not born in Brooklyn?”). He grew up surrounded by leftist politics, mystical teachings, and musical experimentation. On Friday evenings, Katz’s father would host “musical soirees” that became weekly intellectual salons, drawing an eclectic circle of local musicians, writers, and thinkers.

“People would crowd in, sit on chairs, sit on the floor,” Katz remembers, “There would be people playing chess in one corner, people having an argument about philosophy in one room, about Beethoven’s string quartets in another.”

A frequent guest was a young Tony Bennett, who Katz met when the two played in the same World War II army band. In Bennett’s autobiography, he also counts the Katz salons as foundational sites for the growth of his career.

“Those Friday evenings were incredibly inspiring,” Bennett writes. “By the end of the night I was so elated when I walked out of their house I felt like I was three feet



off the ground. Sometimes I didn’t leave it all; I slept over so I could do it all again in the morning.”

Katz was raised on a steady diet of classical music, mastering both piano and cello by the time he was a teenager. It wasn’t until he began frequenting the jazz clubs along Manhattan’s 57th Street that he got the improvisation bug and started imagining a way to meld his classical training with jazz techniques. Before long he was playing piano behind Vic Damone and Lena Horne, and in 1957 he landed his first gig as a conductor and arranger on Carmen McRae’s vaunted 1957 album *Carmen for Cool Ones* where he directed a 13-piece string orchestra in a series of innovative, mood-soaked arrangements that many still consider to be among the most legendary in orchestrated jazz.

“It made me love conducting,” he says. “Playing cello I always had to prove myself because I had such a reputation as a classical player. I had to prove that the cello had a place in jazz. But conducting, who’s the one who doesn’t play? The conductor. But from him, all the music flows. It’s a Zen idea. He does nothing but does everything. Who’s playing? Nobody! Very Zen.”



**F**olk Songs for Far Out Folk was never supposed to happen. Warner Brothers originally wanted Katz to record an album with Brigitte Bardot. He passed, but then managed to convince the label to let him go forward with something just a little less commercial: 1959's *Folk Songs for Far Out Folk*, a musical triptych of orchestrated jazz based on Hebraic, African, and American folk songs that Katz would conduct but not actually play on. He considers it the pinnacle of his work as a conductor and arranger.

"Those were the three cultures that were most important to me at the time," he says. "I was very involved with Kabbalah, studying it actively. The American culture I was very interested in but mostly as a radical guy who had to learn about folk music and protest songs. And the African element just followed because of my belief in the oneness of man."

From the American folk tradition he chose “Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child,” “Been in the Pen So Long,” “Foggy Foggy Dew,” and “Old Paint” which Katz says he “treated as sort of an erotic thing.” From the African songbook he went with “Chili’lo,” “Manthi-ki,” and “Mate’ka,” and from the Hebrew side “Baal Shem Tov” and “Rav’s Nigun.” While the tunes may be traditional, Katz’s intellectual arrangements are not, and he imbues each with varying sensibilities of jazz modernism. “Mate’ka” stutter-steps through horn blasts, vibe chants, and blistering conga runs. “Old Paint” swings between twinkling interludes that wouldn’t sound out of place in the repertoire of Penguin Café Orchestra or on a Danny



Photograph by William Claxton

Elfman film score. “Baal Shem Tov” languishes in a meditative bassoon-blown glow that wraps hints of the sacred in profane bass struts and flute flights.

“The reason for the Jewish stuff was the mystery,” he says. “I love the mystery of Judaism, rather than the idea of justice. There is no tribe in the world that doesn’t believe in justice. What interests me is the mystery, the idea that the Kabbalah does not answer the final answer—the mystery beyond mystery. It’s impossible to ever know what God is. The trillion-faced God!”

*Folk Songs for Far Out Folk* was produced by pedal steel guitar pioneer and famed bandleader Alvino Rey and recorded in 1958 during three separate sessions in Hollywood, one for each set of folk songs. Each session also had its own set of musicians, an impressive list of 50s jazz stalwarts hand-picked by Katz.

The American songs include jazz guitar great Billy Bean and on piano, Johnny T. Williams, better known nowadays as Hollywood film composer and Oscar mainstay John Williams (*Star Wars*, *Jaws*, *Schindler’s List*). The Hebrew sessions featured the flutes and saxophones of Buddy Collette and Paul Horn, Katz’s esteemed Los Angeles colleagues from the Chico Hamilton Quintet, and the African songs include appearances by bongo king Jack Costanzo and trumpeters Pete Candoli (alum of the Woody Herman and Stan Kenton bands) and Irving Goodman (brother of Benny).

Chico Hamilton,  
Carson Smith, Jim Hall,  
Buddy Collette, and  
Fred Katz



On the LP's back cover, Katz made it clear that for him *Folk Songs for Far Out Folk* was a jazz album with a philosophical mission, an argument for jazz innovation, musical humanism, and multi-cultural creativity. "If we accept Jazz as a modern culture, then we must also accept all the obligations and soul-searching and experimentation that all other arts are subject to," he wrote. "The shepherd who plays on his wooden flute...the African who dances and sings...the banjo player in the hills...the jazz musician in the night club have a common denominator, an eternal soul which unites all human kind."

To flesh out his ideas, Katz dug into the reserves of the 50s jazz poetry scene in Venice Beach and enlisted Lawrence Lipton—the Polish immigrant Beat poet, ex-*Forverts* reporter, and the author of influential counter-culture tomes *The Holy Barbarians* and *The Erotic Revolution* (and also the father of *Inside the Actor's Studio* host James Lipton)—to write a poem for each set of folk songs.

In his American ode, "Arco Passage for a Blue Bass," Lipton writes of "new instruments in hands kissed by the morning sun," and in "African Mirage," he conjures a drum-beat praise song for the "Healer of Wounds" and the blind "Giver of Life." Katz's fascination with the legends and teachings of Kabbalah inspired Lipton's Hebrew poem, "Trumpets in the Morning," the story of Reb Yussel's encounter with Satan. What Satan misses more than

*"That's gotta be from somewhere in the 60s," says Katz. "My goatee days."*





anything after being banished from heaven is the shofar call at sunrise—the music of a new day.

With its poems and praise songs, its melding of folk tradition with avant-garde expansiveness, its modern takes on mystical legends, *Folk Songs for Far Out Folk* is the ultimate Fred Katz album—the perfect crystallization of a

personal and musical worldview where ancient thought structures contemporary meaning, belief, and knowledge. In his conducting and arrangements, you can hear both the stamp of his classical training and the stamp of the jazz globalism that he had already begun to dip into with Chico Hamilton. Indeed, it's hard to imagine *Folk Songs* without its secret precursor from two years earlier, the Chico Hamilton Quintet's *Zen—The Music of Fred Katz*. There Katz's compositions—mergers of classical and jazz styles with Eastern philosophy and traces of Eastern European klezmer—were warm-ups for the conceptual arc and cultural crossroads that *Folk Songs* carries to masterful fruition.

Of course, for Katz—a Kabbalist, recovering atheist, and part-time Buddhist—this mix of belief systems and cultural traditions was only natural.

“Zen and Kabbalah and all these folk songs, how about that?,” he says. “I studied Zen Buddhism and every Saturday I read the Hebrew Bible. But I read it differently now. When I went through my militant atheist days I used to read it and poke fun. Now I respect people who relate to what they think God is. I respect the search for God, the search for understanding. What I am now is a Deist, like Jefferson and Franklin, all I know is that the world had to be created. The rest is make it up as you go along.”

*The Katz home archive.  
Not pictured, a room  
full of chess boards.*

O

n a recent Shabbat morning, Katz put down his Hebrew Bible, shuffled out to the recording studio in his garage, and picked up his cello. He spread out a wrinkled pile of charts for a 16th century Chasidic melody, hunched

his back, and dug his bow into the cello strings. Playing beneath a faded *Little Shop of Horrors* poster and a framed copy of the sheet music to “Satan Wears a Satin Gown” (a song he wrote for Frankie Lane in 1950), he kept his eyes closed—adrift in another time and place—until the last note left the room.

“This is from Chasidism,” he said. Then he took a deep inhale, exhaled slowly, and with the timing of a Borscht Belt tummeler, added, “That is, before they got corrupted by the Republican party.”





Then he tried it again, this time playing the same melody in what he called “Arabic” style. The similarities between the Hebrew and Arabic approaches inspired a riff on the tragedies of the Middle East (“If you listen to the music, they are there together as brothers, but as brothers, they kill each other.”) which led to a discourse on belief that touched on Spinoza, Plato, and Marx, a quick tangent on the prose of Victorian literature, and a treatise on musical innovation that ended with the virtues of hip hop.

“All I have ever wanted is new ideas, to be thrust into something I had never thought of before” he said. “Give me the new and I will listen.”

Then he lifted his bow, closed his eyes, and started searching all over again.





## Folk Songs for Far Out Folk

### The Fred Katz Orchestras

#### Original Liner Notes

Some thoughts on FOLK SONGS FOR FAR OUT FOLK:

I believe that music in general and Jazz in particular comes from and expresses the roots of people. Too many Jazz compositions do not fulfill the above principle. Without meaning to be critical, I feel that many Jazz compositions are based on a series of "riffs" usually on a 32 bar phrase (actually 16) which everybody then proceeds to blow on. The harmonic structure is in most cases not very different from the many "compositions" that have gone before. If we accept Jazz as a modern culture, then we must also accept all the obligations and soul-searching and experimentation that all other arts are subject to. I think it is time for jazz players and composers to extend their horizon towards other cultures rather than to "Tin Pan Alley" tune pickers. The shepherd who plays on his wooden flute. . .the African who dances and sings. . .the banjo player in the hills. . .the jazz musician in the night club have a common denominator, an eternal soul which unites *all* human kind. I know that this album is a humble beginning but it is a beginning!

Just as the music is interpretive, so is the following poetry. Lawrence Lipton is a product of our modern cultures, who you can see has made the same self-examination in the words that follow. "Arco Passage For A Blue Bass" is interpretive of American folk music, "Trumpets In The Morning" of the Hebrew folk songs, and "African Mirage" of the African folk selections.

FRED KATZ



**ARCO PASSAGE FOR A BLUE BASS**

Where in what mad alleyway  
Under what gaslit transom  
Holding whose hand, O daughter,  
Shall I find you? Treasured  
In sweet innocence, bone deep,  
By all the bells of morning lauded,  
On green shuttered eyes my fingers  
For your comfort moved, the blessed  
Unspeaking hours were all we had,  
And final. Through the years we kept  
Occasional tryst- remember spring  
And lilac? Birds sang in the trees-  
They sing for others now. No matter.  
Not a beat was missed in all  
The musics of the world that night  
When from the stem of a black rose  
Was plucked to die amid cries of  
Frightened children, wounded, sightless ,  
Yet unborn. New instruments  
In hands kissed by the morning sun  
Swing out the rhythms where your feet have run.

LAWRENCE LIPTON



## TRUMPETS IN THE MORNING

Reb Yussel to the synagogue one day  
Walked his accustomed way at sundown  
For the evening prayer, and as he strode,  
His head bent and his eyes downcast,  
His shadow strode before him, climbed  
The synagogue wall, and stood there  
Come to life, a princely figure, smiling  
And majestic tall.

Black samite

Was his cloak and edged with fur;  
A Rabban cloak of the highest rank, perhaps  
From some far distant city come.

"Torah is my trade,

A princely merchandise," he spoke,  
His voice like jewels on white satin laid,  
"I have all my knowledge, son, so ask me  
What you will-would you the future know?"

"The future is with God,"

Reb Yussel said.

"Who would not, if he could,  
Trade hopes for certainty?" the Rabban said.  
Lives there the man who would not give his soul  
To know his destiny?"

Reb Yussel knew

He was Satan then, yet notwithstanding  
Showed him every courtesy.

"You are a Prince of Heaven," he said,  
"Among the angels at the throne of God,  
As set forth in the Book of Job; And since cast down  
(as others tell us)  
For the sin of pride. Then tell me,  
As you walk this sorrowful earth  
What is it that you miss more than all else  
Of heaven's bliss?"

The Satan pondered long,  
Bowed down his head, then sighed and said;  
"Trumpets in the morning," and was gone.

LAWRENCE LIPTON

*\*It is an old Jewish legend that when The Satan was banished from heaven. . .what he missed most in the realm of Eternal Night was the sunrise, which he called "Trumpets (Shofar) in the morning."*

## AFRICAN MIRAGE

Let the daughters and the sons come first  
Into the sky dance, each  
According to his secret name  
Wherein the power of love is hidden  
And all music made; let all  
The continents rise up in holy praise.

Dance on air / the thunder  
is their foot beats

Hand clap, stick on log;  
Storm out of mountain/ what  
Did the lion speaking say/ what  
Did the great gorilla answer  
beating his drum-chest?

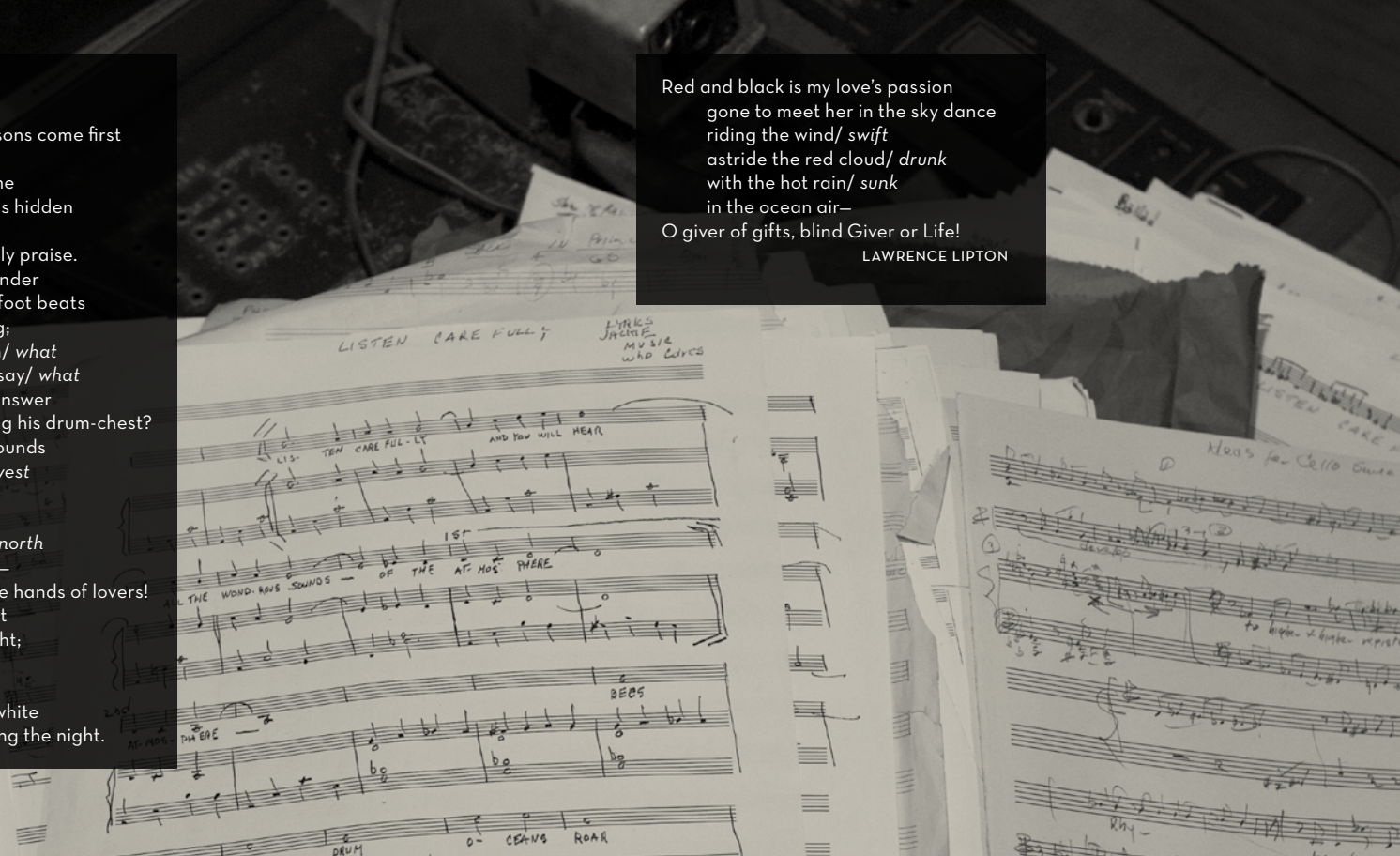
I will go to the Healer of Wounds  
Ten sky centuries of light/ west  
To the land of silver/ east  
To the diamond lake/ south  
To the cave of the women/ north  
To the white mask of death—

How gentle are the hands of lovers!  
The magic circle moves, first  
Right to left, then left to right;  
Moon dancers  
Love dancers  
Eyes moonwhite  
Drinking the night.

Red and black is my love's passion  
gone to meet her in the sky dance  
riding the wind/ swift  
astride the red cloud/ drunk  
with the hot rain/ sunk  
in the ocean air—

O giver of gifts, blind Giver or Life!

LAWRENCE LIPTON









**Reboot Stereophonic:** History sounds different when you know where to start listening.

**“Make your ear like a funnel...”** – Rabbi Yohanan, Babylonian Talmud.

**“Abre cuto guiri mambo”** – Arsenio Rodriguez, from the Congo saying “open your ear and listen to what I’m going to tell you.”

We believe that music creates conversations otherwise impossible in daily life. Our goal is to incite a new conversation about the present by listening anew to the past. We will do this by unearthing lost classics from the archive, sounds that are languishing in thrift-store crates across the nation. The stories that accompany them have yet to be told: hybrid identities, eclectic communities, racial dialogue and pioneering musical style. This is music that forces listeners to ask themselves anew, who am I, what have I inherited, and what am I going to do about it?

We will do that with no museum stuffiness. This is music you might actually want to throw on at a party, music that will make you laugh, will make you think, stuff you probably have never heard before and will definitely not find on any Jewish music compilation your Hebrew School teacher gave you to get in touch with your roots. Our approach is new school, secular (but we hear the spirit when it calls), multicultural, progressive, irreverent, obsessive, self-deprecating, and urban. The label is helmed by Jews who grew up on new wave and punk, know what a dub-plate is, and put mambo, Tupac, and The Ramones on the same iPod playlist, and who believe, more than

anything, that history sounds different when you know where to start listening.

Be in touch with us: [www.rebootstereophonic.com](http://www.rebootstereophonic.com)

And if you like this, check out the magazine *Guilt & Pleasure* – [www.guiltandpleasure.com](http://www.guiltandpleasure.com)

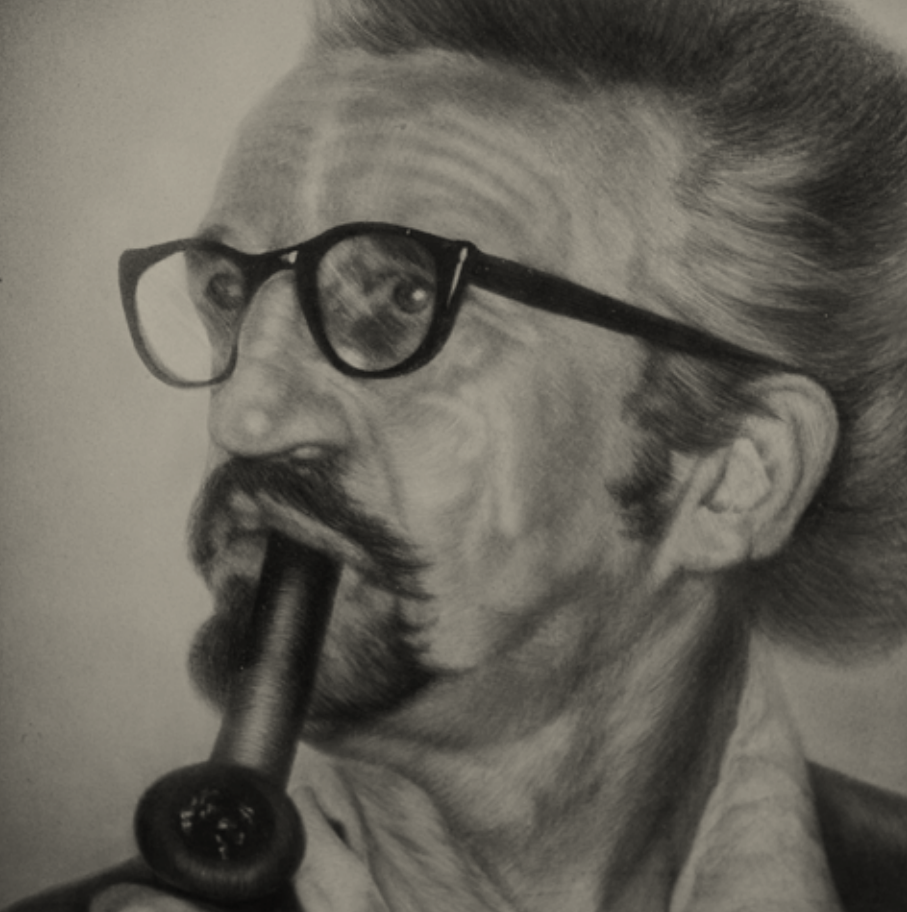
**Reboot Stereophonic is:** Courtney Holt, David Katznelson, Josh Kun, and Roger Bennett  
Special thanks to the following: Stacy Abramson, Erin Potts, Rachel Levin, Jeffrey Solomon, Birdman Recording Group, Hippo and Campus at [hippocampusmusic.com](http://hippocampusmusic.com), Jules Shell, Jane Steinberg, Shaina Feinberg and all at Reboot, Ber Calder, Samuel Holt, Cecilia Bastida, Michael Cohen, Matthew Johnson, Brian Huizingh, Dana Ferine. David Katznelson would like to especially thank Scott Colburn.

**Josh Kun wishes to thank:** Fred Katz for his enthusiastic support of this project, for his warmth and generosity of spirit, and above all for giving us all a model for leading a creative and intellectually adventurous life. Ari Michelson for his incredible photography and for signing up for such an unconventional project. Cynthia Sesso of CTS Images for her help and generosity. The Los Angeles Jazz Institute for their archival assistance. USC’s Steven Rafferty for his deft research assistance.

Design by: Nove Studio – [www.novestudio.com](http://www.novestudio.com)

Photography by: Ari Michelson – [www.arimichelson.com](http://www.arimichelson.com)  
(unless otherwise indicated)

Reboot Stereophonic 2007





RebootStereophonic®

# FOLK SONGS FOR FAR OUT FOLK

Printed in the U.S.A.

HISTORY SOUNDS DIFFERENT  
WHEN YOU KNOW WHERE  
TO START LISTENING

ORCHESTRAS CONDUCTED BY

# FRED KATZ

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## Folk Songs for Far Out Folk

The Fred Katz Orchestras

### Some thoughts on FOLK SONGS FOR FAR OUT FOLK:

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### ARCO PASSAGE FOR A BLUE BASS

FRED KATZ

Where in what mad alleyway  
under what gaslit transom  
holding whose hand, O daughter,  
Shal I find you? treasured  
in sweet innocence, bone deep,  
by all the bells of morning hushed,  
On green shattered eyes my fingers  
for your comfort moved, the blessed  
unspeaking hours were all we had.  
And final, Through the years we kept  
occasional trust - remember spring  
and liars? Birds sang in the trees -  
They sing for others now, no matter.  
Not a beat was missed in all  
the musics of the world that night  
When from the street a black rose  
was plucked to die amid cries of  
frightened children, wounded, sightless,  
Yet unborn, New instruments  
in hands kneed by the morning sun  
swing out the rhythms where your feet have run.

### TRUMPETS IN THE MORNING

Lawrence Lipton

Reb Yussel is the spongy one day  
Walked his accustomed way at sundown  
For the evening prayer, and as he stode,  
His head bent and his eyes downcast  
His shadow stode before him, climbed  
The synagogue wall, and stood there  
Come to life, a princely figure, smiling  
And majestic tall.

### Black samite

Was his cloak and edged with fur;  
A Rabban of the highest rank, perhaps  
From some far distant city came.

### SIDE ONE

1. MATE'YA Adapted by Fred Katz. (Ad Lib Music Publishing, ASCAP Time: 6:35)
2. SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD Adapted by Fred Katz. (Ad Lib Music Publishing, ASCAP Time: 4:05)
3. BEEN IN THE PEN SO LONG Adapted by Fred Katz. (Ad Lib Music Publishing, ASCAP Time: 3:09)
4. CHIL'LO (Lament) Adapted by Fred Katz. (Ad Lib Music Publishing, ASCAP Time: 3:14)
5. RAY'S NGUN Adapted by Fred Katz. (Ad Lib Music Publishing, ASCAP Time: 2:56)

### SIDE TWO

1. OLD PAINT Adapted by Fred Katz. (Ad Lib Music Publishing, ASCAP Time: 4:15)
2. MANTHOKI Adapted by Fred Katz. (Ad Lib Music Publishing, ASCAP Time: 5:06)
3. BUAL SHEM TOY Adapted by Fred Katz. (Ad Lib Music Publishing, ASCAP Time: 3:27)
4. FOGGY, FOGGY DEW Adapted by Fred Katz. (Ad Lib Music Publishing, ASCAP Time: 5:23)

### PERSONNEL:

#### American Folk Tunes -

*Motherless Child, Been In The Pen, Foggy, Foggy Dew, Old Paint;* Gene Estes, *vibes*; Billy Bean, *guitar*; Johnny T. Williams, *piano*; Mel Pollin, *bass*; Jerry Williams, *drums*

#### Hebrew Folk Tunes -

*Bual Shem Toy, Ray's Ngun;* Justin Gordon, *tenor sax and bass clarinet*; Paul Horn, *flute and solo saxophone*; Buddy Collette, *alto*; Jules Jacobs, *oboe and clarinet*; George Smith, *clarinet*; Mel Pollin, *bass*.

#### African Folk Tunes -

*Chil'lo, Mantoki, Mate'ya;* Pete Candoli, Irving Goodman, Don Fagerquist, *trumpets*; George Roberts, Harry Belafonte, Bob Enevoldson, *trumpets*; Larry Bunker, Gene Estes, Jack Combs, *Carlo Majis, Lou Singer, percussion*, recorded July 21, August 19, September 17, 1958 Hollywood, Calif.

Produced for Records by Alvino Rey.

"Torah is my trade,  
A princely merchandise," he spoke,  
His voice like jewels on white satin laid,  
I have all my knowledge, son, so ask me  
What you will - would you the future know?"

"The future is with God,"

Reb Yussel said

"Who would not, if he could,  
Trace hope for certainty?" the Rabban said,  
"Lives there the man who would not give his soul  
To know his destiny?"

Reb Yussel knew

He was the Satan then, yet notwithstanding  
Showed him every courtesy.

"You are a Prince of Heaven," he said,  
"Among the angels is the throne of God,  
As set forth in the Book of Job;  
And since cast down (as others tell us)

For the sin of pride, then tell me,  
As you walk this sorrowful earth  
What is it that you miss more than all else  
Of heaven's bliss?"

The Swan pondered long,  
Bowed down his head, then sighed and said:  
"Trumpets in the morning," - and was gone. *Lawrence Lipton*

"It is an old Jewish legend that when The Titan was banished from heaven... what he misses most in the realm of Eternal Night was the music, which is called "Trumpets (Shofar) in the morning"

### AFRICAN MIRAGE

Let the daughters and the son come first  
into the sky dance, each  
according to his secret name  
wherein the power of love is hidden  
and all music made; let all  
the continents rise up in holy praise.

Dance or air/ the thunder

is their foot beats

hand clap, stick on log;

Sturm out of mountain/ what

did the lion speaking say/ what

did the great gorilla answer

beating his drum-chest?

I will go to the Healer of Wounds

ten sky centuries of light/ soon

to the land of silver/ and

to the diamond lake/ south

to the cave of the women/ north

to the white sack of death

How gentle are the hands of lovers

The magic circle moves, first

right to left, then left to right:

Moon dancers

love dancers

eyes moonwhite

drinking the night.

Red and black is my love's passion

gone to meet her in the sky dance

riding the wind/ swift

across the red cloud/ drunk

with the hot rain/ drunk

is the ocean air -

O giver of gifts, blind Giver of Life!

Lawrence Lipton

### May We Suggest Other New And Exciting Jazz

Performances Available On Warner Bros. Records:

GONGS EAST, The Chico Hamilton Quintet	W/WS 1271
THE THROMBONES, INC.	W/WS 1272
RUBY RAFF GIES "GIRL CRAZY"	W/WS 1273
THE FIRST JAZZ PIANO QUARTET	W/WS 1274
RIX/MEXICO, Dick Callhart	W/WS 1275
CHARLSTON 1978, The Bob Prince Tensette	W/WS 1276
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN REVISITED, Jim Timmerman and his Jazz All-Stars	W/WS 1278
THE ORIGINAL JAZZ PERFORMANCE OF ROBERT L. MOTIS NATION TRIO	W/WS 1279
FOUR-SIXTYN SIXTY, Matty Matlock and the Paducah Patrol	W/WS 1280
JAZZ FESTIVAL	W/WS 1281

### WARNER BROS. RECORDS, INC., THE FIRST NAME IN SOUND

VITAPHONIC HIGH FIDELITY, THE FIRST NAME IN SOUND, is the optimum in modern sound recording technique, conforming to the fine tradition of sound reproduction that has been the standard of Warner Bros. for more than thirty years. Only the finest materials and equipment are used in these recordings, from actual studio recording session to final pressing.

TECHNICAL DATA: Recorded range, 70,000 cycles. Three channel Ampex 300 tape recorder, latest nonlinear microphones in conjunction with Vitaphonic FM optimum frequency range control. Mastering on specially designed, electronically controlled variable pitch Scully athen, and Westrex feedback cutters. RIAA playback curve. Roll-off, 13.75 DB at 10 KC.

CAUTION: Be sure your playback stylus is in good condition. A worn needle will not reproduce the full fidelity of this recording, and will shorten its life.

WARNING: Reproduce only with stereophonic cartridge and stylus, pressure not to exceed 5 grams.

ABOUT VITAPHONIC STEREO: This is an outstanding Vitaphonic Stereo recording, every note of which was originally recorded live or multi-channel stereophonic techniques. This recording is a guaranteed original stereo record, and no a pre 1958 conversion from older monaural masters. See your record dealer for complete information regarding the use of your stereophonic playback equipment.



Master Control at Warner's



1. **MATE'KA** Adapted by Fred Katz.  
(Ad lib Music Publishing, ASCAP. Time: 6:35)
2. **SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD** Adapted by Fred Katz.  
(Ad Lib Music Publishing, ASCAP. Time: 4:05)
3. **BEEN IN THE PEN SO LONG** Adapted by Fred Katz.  
(Ad Lib Music Publishing, ASCAP. Time 3:09)
4. **CHILI'LO (LAMENT)** Adapted by Fred Katz.  
(Ad Lib Music Publishing, ASCAP. Time: 3:54)
5. **RAV'S NIGUN** Adapted by Fred Katz.  
(Ad Lib Music Publishing, ASCAP. Time: 2:56)
6. **OLD PAINT** Adapted by Fred Katz.  
(Ad Lib Music Publishing, ASCAP. Time: 4:55)
7. **MANTHI-KI** Adapted by Fred Katz.  
(Ad Lib Music Publishing, ASCAP. Time: 5:06)
8. **BAAL SHEM TOV** Adapted by Fred Katz.  
(Ad Lib Music Publishing, ASCAP. Time: 3:57)
9. **FOGGY, FOGGY DEW** Adapted by Fred Katz.  
(ad Lib Music Publishing, ASCAP. Time: 5:20)



Personnel:

American Folk Tunes-  
Motherless Child, Been In The Pen, Foggy,  
Foggy Dew, Old Paint; Gene Estes, vibes;  
Billy Bean, guitar; Johnny T. Williams, piano;  
Mel Pollen, bass; Jerry Williams, drums.

Hebrew Folk Tunes-  
Baal Shem Tov, Rav's Nigun: Justin Gordon,  
bassoon and bass clarinet; Paul Horn, flute  
and alto saxophone; Buddy Collette, flute;  
Jules Jacobs, oboe and clarinet; George  
Smith, clarinet; Mel Pollen, bass.

African Folk Tunes-  
Chili'lo, Manthi-ki, Mate'ka; Pete Candoli,  
Irving Goodman, Don Fagerquist,  
Trumpets; George Roberts, Harry Betts,  
Bob Enevoldsen, Trombones; Larry  
Bunker, Gene Estes, Jack Constanzo,  
Carlos Mejia, Lou Singer, Percussion.  
Recorded July 21, August 19, September 17,  
1958 Hollywood, Calif.

Produced for Records by Alvino Rey.

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