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TEACHING JAZZ AS AMERICAN CULTURE

July 5-July 29, 2005 (4 weeks)

A summer institute for high school teachers to examine the impact of jazz on literature, fine art, film, and American social history.



Miles Davis, photographed by Vern Smith, *Down Beat* Archive.

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Publisher and Editor: Gerald Early
Managing Editor: Jian Leng
Proofreader: Amanda Beresford
Please address all correspondence concerning *Belles Lettres* to the Editor.

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ARTS & SCIENCES

The Center for the Humanities
Campus Box 1071
Old McMillan Hall, Room S101
One Brookings Drive
St. Louis, MO 63130-4899
Phone: (314) 935-5576
e-mail: cenhum@artsci.wustl.edu
<http://cenhum.artsci.wustl.edu>

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**Some Like It
Hot and Some
Like It Cool:
The Art of Jazz
in America**



Director's Notes



Professor Gerald Early

Editor's Notes

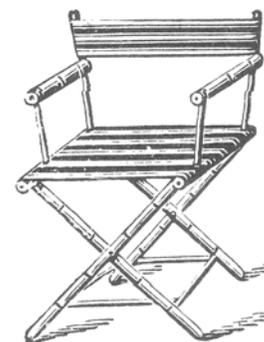
This issue of *Belles Lettres* is a close up on jazz, in honor of the National Endowment for the Humanities summer institute for high school teachers entitled "Teaching Jazz as American Culture" that the Center for the Humanities will host.

The institute will look at jazz from a number of

disciplinary angles: as an influence on literature, as a presence in film, as American social history, and as a performance art. Among the instructors are Ingrid Monson of Harvard, Robert O'Meally of the Center for Jazz Studies at Columbia University, Krin Gabbard of the State University of New York at Stony Brook, Jeff Smith of Washington University in St. Louis, William Kenney of Kent State University, Sherrie Tucker of the University of Kansas, and other leading scholars in jazz studies from around the country. Gene Dobbs Bradford has offered Jazz at the Bistro as a venue for the teachers to hear live performances of the music. It promises to be a very stimulating month of July.

Jazz is a remarkable music. It was once considered hip if it was hot and then, after World War II, it became hip if it was cool. It was always a musician's music, a music that was intended to be played by musicians among themselves, when they were playing a truly high-spirited improvisatory art. But jazz also became associated with commercial music, with the pop song. Indeed, for a time jazz was America's pop music. But this reign for jazz lasted fewer years than the reign of Rap has. Jazz is, without question, the most technically challenging popular music America ever produced, but the masses were never drawn to it for that reason. The masses like it for dancing. Only the intellectuals and pseudo-intellectuals like jazz for its pretensions as "serious art." Jazz, at one time in America, affected everything and began to resemble a major art movement, like surrealism. It affected clothing, speech, and virtually every other type of art being produced in America. It affected morals, race relations, and not only the way musical instruments were played but what sort of instruments got played.

We have three jazz pieces in this issue: Gabriel Solis, who is one of the instructors for the institute, provides a review of Scott Saul's *Freedom Is, Freedom Ain't: Jazz and the Making of the Sixties*; Wayne Zade offers an up-close and personal look at the late jazz pianist Sir Roland Hanna; and Bart Schneider talks about fathers, sons, and jazz in his personal essay "Who's Your Daddy?"



Also in this issue is a review of WU associate professor of Asian and Near Eastern Languages and Literatures Rebecca Copeland's book on Japanese women writers. We also have Washington University professor of physics Michael Friedlander on Isaac Newton and Joe Pollack on New York skyscrapers.

Finally, we are running a small section on the Republic of Georgia and that country's Rose Revolution. James Wertsch, director of International and Area Studies at Washington University in St. Louis, was responsible for putting this section together, reflecting a long-standing scholarly interest. Wertsch ran a summer institute for WUSTL undergraduates in Georgia last year with great success and hopes to do so again next year. Georgia is an excellent case study of a small, poor country, having endured many years of Soviet control, now trying to implement democracy and free markets. Because of our country's own intervention in Iraq, with the hope of establishing democracy there, an examination of Georgia should be instructive and perhaps, in some ways, even inspiring. How difficult is it to establish democracy in countries that have never really had it as part of their political tradition? How do people in those countries see Western-style democracy and how do they see their own faltering steps towards it? What might they learn from the United States and what might the United States learn from countries like Georgia?

Please let us know how you like having this kind of self-contained section in *Belles Lettres*. It is our hope that we can feature more such close-up looks at other faculty specialties in future issues.

Inside this Issue:

Director's Notes	2	Choosing Our Fathers in Jazz	10	Who Changed Science	17
Jazz and the Making of American Culture	3	Flesh and Fantasy: Some Notes on American Pornography, Part II	12	Our Own Voices: Review of WU Faculty Book	19
Remembering Jazz Pianist Sir Roland Hanna	5	The Skyscraper as American Icon	16	Georgia and the Rose Revolution: Creating Democracy in Eastern Europe	21
		Isaac Newton: The Genius			

The 1978 Demonstrations in Defense of Georgian Language

of the revolution and later as the president in a landslide victory), he felt the need to legitimize himself according to nationalist-mythological standards. He came to emphasize that the opposition invaded parliament on St. Michael's Day (November 22) and that Shevardnadze resigned on the day of St. George (November 23), the chief patron saint of Georgia.

Moreover, the day before taking the official oath as president, Misha (the name by which Saakashvili is popularly known in Georgia) paid a visit to the grave of the most important figure in Georgian collective memory, King David the Builder, who ruled from 1089 to 1125. This was a well formulated public relations move designed to rebut opponents' efforts to label Misha as a puppet of billionaire inventor George Soros or of Free-Masons, i.e., as non-religious or not an ethnically pure Georgian. At the grave of King David, Misha was blessed by the Patriarch of Georgia (religious legitimization); and he implicitly identified himself with the king who re-conquered lost Georgian territories and boosted the strength of the country (historical legitimization).

At the same time Misha sent an additional message to the people by emphasizing that King David had very close contacts with the western Catholic world and was tolerant towards the Muslim minority living in Georgia. This amounted to announcing his own pro-Western policy of openness and ethnic liberalism. Through frequent references to David the Builder and the strength of Georgia under his rule, Misha continues his efforts to promote productive nationalism, especially the idea that Georgians are the agents of their own political fate.

This episode of identifying with King David the Builder has had an interesting sequel. Two young writers, David Turashvili and Aka Morchildaze, approached Misha with the idea of making a blockbuster movie about King David, a la *Troy*, *Alexander*, or *Braveheart*. Misha became quite enthusiastic and proposed to help with the fundraising. However, the broader public became nervous and upset at one of the press conferences when Turashvili suggested that the director of this film would be invited from abroad. Supposedly, the individual they had in mind is an Irishman, the reason being that Georgian directors are not sufficiently skilled in the blockbuster technologies required to produce spectacular battle scenes and so forth.

This caused a major stir among domestic nationalists. They demanded to know: "How could a foreigner make a movie about our greatest king?!" "Why should he be asked to do so?" Misha condemned such speculations and openly supported the idea of the blockbuster. In his view, such a movie would be an excellent promotion for Georgia, communicating to the Western world that Georgia was a European state as early as the 11th century. It could also convey the message that Georgians played an extremely important role as agents, not passive puppets, in the historical developments of that period. The discussion is still underway, but it is most likely that the project will be implemented in cooperation with the invited director.

Dr. Zurab Karumidze is director of the US-Caucasus Institute in Tbilisi, Republic of Georgia and also Editor of Caucasus Context Magazine.

It is difficult to forget the spring of 1978 when a draft of the new Soviet constitution was published. No one seemed particularly worried or concerned about it until rumors suddenly started to circulate that Georgian would no longer be recognized as a state language and Russian would become the official language for everyone. This triggered an uproar, especially among university students. Committees were created, petitions were written, and tensions rose, culminating in a demonstration on April 14, 1978, in which several thousand students from various universities participated. They gathered in front of Tbilisi State University, and armored units of the Soviet army began to encircle the city. After the rally, the students marched towards the government offices in the city, where the top leaders of the republic had gathered. I took part in the rally and I don't think I will ever forget the elderly people standing on the pavement tearfully warning us, "Kids! Stop! They will never forgive this kind of thing . . ."

The protestors flooded Rustaveli Avenue, and the situation escalated. Here and there calls could be heard to break into government offices. Inside the state chancellery the situation had become tense. According to eyewitnesses, Shevardnadze appeared quite worried and left the hall frequently for consultations with Moscow. Finally, when some tragic outcome seemed inevitable, an announcement was made over the radio saying: "The draft republican constitution has been amended and Georgian will be a state language along with Russian" (similar amendments were made to the Azeri and Armenian constitutions as well, despite the fact that public objections had not been raised in these republics).

The sense of popular triumph was overwhelming and unforgettable. Strangers hugged each other in the streets, and everyone was laughing, crying, and singing. Everybody was filled with a sense of victory. Hardly anyone appreciated Shevardnadze's contribution. At most, one could hear comments such as: "Yes, Shevardnadze is a good fellow, but this is a victory of Georgian people." I am not absolutely sure, but if the White Fox [as Shevardnadze was known] was indeed behind the 1978 affair, then it seems to me that he was not always motivated solely by the desire for power . . .

George Nizharadze heads the Analysis Group at the International Research Centre of Conflict and Negotiation.

Mythic Roots of Georgian Nationalism

As was the case in Central and Eastern Europe in general, the roots of Georgian nationalism can be traced to the mid 19th century. However, language and classical texts of our country once again became heavily mythologized in the early 1960s.

In an essay on “Language, Fatherland, Faith,” the father of Georgian democratic nationalism Ilia Chavchavadze (1837-1907) outlined a “holy trinity” of Georgian nationalism. Language is the “first hypostasis” because “language is the mother of the nation” as a Georgian classical poem has it. This is an old notion, going back at least a millennium before Chavchavadze’s time, when a religious hymn to the Georgian language praised and glorified it as the tongue of the Last Judgment.

Such mythologized and eschatological attitudes toward the Georgian language provided the foundation for an important set of rallies that took place in Tbilisi in 1978. In April of that year the Soviet government decided to change the constitution of the USSR, and one of the amendments touched upon the status of the national languages. Up to then in the republics of Azerbaijan, Armenia, and Georgia, the languages of Azeri, Armenian, and Georgian, respectively, had held the status of national languages (together with Russian as the state language of the USSR). The new constitution would have done away with this status of the three republics’ languages. As a result, tens of thousands of students and intellectuals in Tbilisi came out in the streets to protest.

Eduard Shevardnadze, who was then the first secretary of the Communist Party of Soviet Georgia, heeded the people and argued against the amendment—a courageous move in those days. The result was that he managed to settle the conflict with the Kremlin authorities and retain Georgian as an official language. That was the first experience of “productive nationalism” in Soviet Georgia since the period of the First Democratic Republic of 1918-1921.

“Fatherland” as the second hypostasis comes to the fore in the late 1980s—when the National Independence movement got underway at the end of Soviet power. In April of 1989 nationalist leaders came forth with demands for independence from the USSR. After Soviet armed forces brutally quashed a rally in Tbilisi on April 9, the independence movement spread to the whole nation.

Two years later, Georgia’s first democratically elected president Zviad Gamsakhurdia declared Georgia’s independence. It is worth noting that Gamsakhurdia and other nationalist leaders maintained that the Georgian National Independence movement played the key role in the dissolution of the Soviet Union, thereby featuring Georgians as the agents of large-scale political change.

The third hypostasis, “Faith,” emerged strongly in the late 1990s and early 2000s. This was a time when various non-Orthodox confessions were becoming increasingly active in the country. Georgian Orthodox clergy and their parishioners staunchly opposed the growing influence of Catholic, Evangelist, and Baptist proselytizers, and most of all they attacked Jehovah’s Witnesses, sometimes physically. The attitudes that drove them are still strong in the country and have become even stronger with the advent of religious nationalism. All this reflects the fact that Orthodoxy has become the major basis for national identity.

Compared to the episodes noted above, the Rose Revolution of November 2003 was an event that was truly political in nature. Led by young leaders who had been educated abroad and by the civil society intellectuals, this event was only slightly colored by nationalist-mythological forces. Instead, social and economic problems stirred the people’s minds against the incumbents.

Having said this, it is also worth noting that the event was marked by some nationalist self-fascination that took an aesthetic form. Georgians removed the corrupt, recalcitrant Eduard Shevardnadze government in a beautiful and peaceful way—with the help of roses, songs, and dances. Not a single window or car was broken or damaged. We performed and were watched by the whole world on CNN and the BBC, and we were thereby rediscovered by the Western world as a civilized nation. We are the best and deserve a better life, and so on.

However, after the success of the revolution, and after Mikheil Saakashvili was politically legitimized (both as the maker



Celebration in front of parliament on November 23, 2003.

Jazz and the Making of American Culture

Scott Saul, *Freedom Is, Freedom Ain't: Jazz and the Making of the Sixties*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2003, 394 pp., illustrations, index.

In *Freedom Is, Freedom Ain't*, Scott Saul marries a sensitive ear for the music with a historian's care for precise data to paint a picture of jazz's place in the broader American intellectual cultures of the 1960s. Rather than seeing jazz as a metaphor for the rest of the culture, Saul focuses on connections between jazz musicians and other artists and intellectuals, and on figures like Sam Shepard and his interest in the music.

While the book is principally a synthesis of older material, readers familiar either with hard bop and its various offshoots, or with the literary, artistic, and philosophical cultures of the time will find the connections both intriguing and compelling. There is significant overlap between Saul's book and Eric Porter's recently published *What is This Thing Called Jazz?* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2002), particularly in the sections dealing with bassist Charles Mingus (1922-1979) and saxophonist Julian "Cannonball" Adderly (1928-1975), but the difference in scope (one dealing exclusively with the '60s and the other surveying a wide swath of the music's history) makes them good companions.

Saul suggests that *Freedom Is, Freedom Ain't* is basically two books combined: one dealing with jazz's place in the larger culture and the other dealing with the larger culture's role in the careers of two exemplary figures, Charles Mingus and saxophonist John Coltrane (1926-1967). In addition, there is a roughly chronological organization, bringing the reader from the early-'60s hipster culture, itself a lingering presence from the 1950s, to the late-'60s hippie counter-culture and the displacement of jazz from the center of intellectual culture (if not really popular culture) to its margins. As the title suggests, the primary thread throughout the book is an exploration of how jazz and jazz musicians suggested, explored, and meditated on the meaning and practices of liberation.

The first two sections deal with hipsters, white adoptions of jazz as a marker of outsider identities, and black responses to the racism underlying that adoption. Here Saul sets up one of the fundamental cultural fault lines of the book. On the one hand, irony—which was a central facet, perhaps *the* central facet of the hipster's world view—could be seen as a “new form of political dissent,” but on the other hand irony could be seen as a disengagement that would ultimately seem frivolous in the face of the cultural battles over freedom in the 1960s. Saul tends to see this division in racial terms, an analysis that is at its most convincing in the chapters that deal with the Newport jazz festival in 1960 and '61. The story of the Newport riot—in essence, a confrontation over limited seating for the concerts that erupted and quick-

ly morphed into a bacchanal of alcohol and violence that appears to have been a nihilistic expression of chaos for its own sake—stands in stark contrast with Charles Mingus and Max Roach's “Newport Rebels” festival of the same year and Langston Hughes' piece, *Ask Your Mama*, written largely in response to the following year's festival. The riot was nothing if not irresponsible: causeless middle-class alienation. By contrast, the rebel festival—despite its keen sense of irony—and Hughes' poem—despite using the language of ironic reversal from the vernacular practice of insult known as “the dozens”—both showed a profound reaction to the racist practices undergirding the Newport festival. They brought into the light

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Abbey Lincoln and Max Roach: The vocalist and composer-drummer, a married couple in the 1960s and two of the most prominent activists in the jazz world, collaborated on the indelible *Freedom Now Suite* (1960). The pose of this photo—Roach steely and staring into the camera, Lincoln looking up to Roach—suggests some of the gender politics that informed the jazz militancy of the 1960s.

(Courtesy of Michael Ochs Archives)

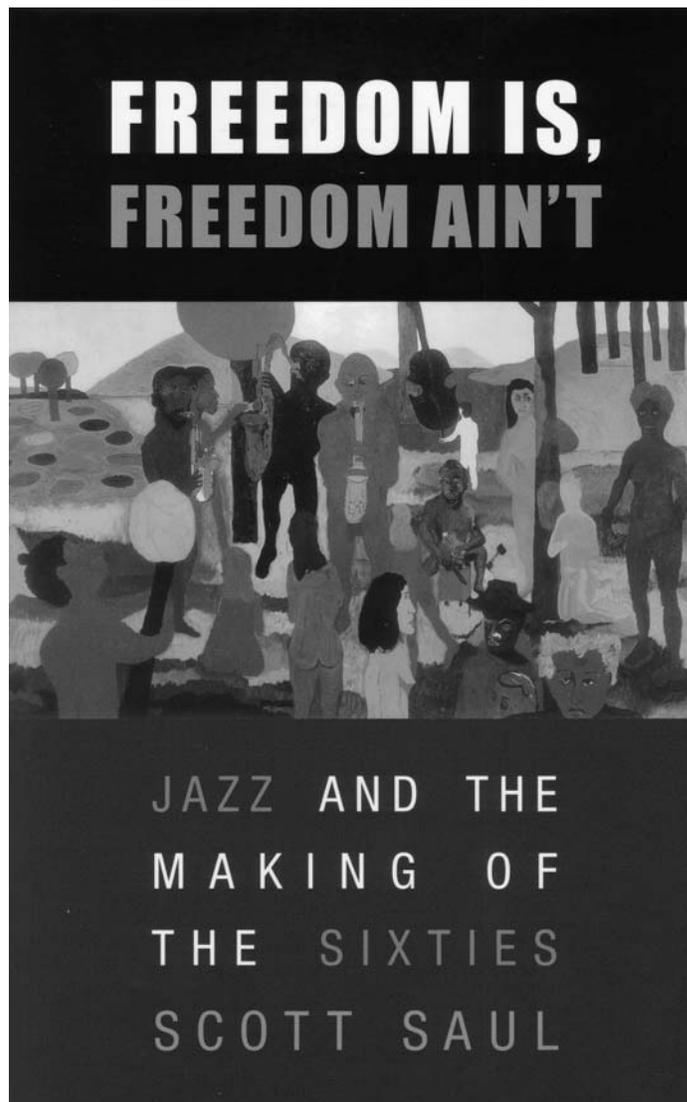
of day both the unequal treatment of black and white musicians and audiences at the festival and the more general problems with taking an urban, African-American art and constructing “safe” spaces for its consumption by the privileged classes in a predominantly white resort.

The sections dealing with Mingus and Coltrane present the two as paradigms for black expressivity in the 1960s, the former using an eclectic, ironic sensibility to assimilate virtually all that was around him, not so much to create a synthesis, as to revel in the power of juxtaposition, and the latter creating a sense of engagement so total as to be able to assimilate everything with which he came into contact with no sense of irony. Looking at Mingus, Saul focuses on works like “The Clown” and “Original Fables of Faubus,” which combine music and text to create deadly satire. Freedom, for Mingus, is necessarily a matter of this world: freedom from oppressive business relationships with club owners, festival promoters, record company executives, and so on. Through the Jazz Workshop, Mingus worked to find aesthetic and creative freedom, by con-

trolling both the artistic and economic ends of his music. While Mingus' approach could be notoriously constricting for his sidemen, he offered a vision of freedom that would ultimately be taken up by a host of radical (and not so radical) musicians later in the decade. Coltrane, on the other hand, offered a vision of freedom that was inherently spiritual. The quest for artistic freedom was one with the quest for enlightenment and transcendence. For instance, Saul shows how Coltrane's transformations of other people's compositions, rather than carrying the ironic wit of his bebop predecessors, involved a deadly serious sense of searching for the musical essence as a pathway to the dissolution of the self in a climactic moment. Interestingly, Saul notes a commonality between these two musicians that might go unnoticed: both were ultimately musicians whose personal energy totally drove their music. Mingus berated, belittled, and blustered his way there, and Coltrane strode there with a quiet, but overpowering intensity, but ultimately both were the absolute center of any music with which they were involved.

The final section of the book deals with jazz's waning importance to the counter-culture, and attempts by "Cannonball" Adderly and other soul-jazz musicians to remain relevant to a mass African-American audience as the decade came to a close. The material dealing with Adderly, in particular, hints at one of the weaknesses of the book. While a great deal of attention is paid to Mingus and Coltrane, and some to trumpeter Miles Davis, saxophonist Jackie McLean, and Adderly, by far the majority of the jazz played and recorded in the 1960s is never discussed or even referenced. One wants to ask why. Admittedly, this is not a book about jazz in the '60s, so much as a book about the intellectual culture of the '60s and what jazz can tell us about it. Moreover, it is an attempt "to write intellectual history with the help of...black artists and activists...who have too rarely been considered thinkers in their own right" (336). So while it would be unfair to criticize the absence of other musicians on the grounds that they were important to jazz history, one has to ask, does this mean that they were unimportant in the making of the 1960s? Insignificant as "thinkers in their own right"? Ultimately, that criticism aside, this book is provocative and engaging, and it draws enlightening connections that will help answer further questions both about jazz and American culture in the 1960s.

Gabriel Solis is Assistant Professor of Music, University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign.



Saul, Scott. *Freedom Is, Freedom Ain't: Jazz and the Making of the Sixties*.

Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2003.

CORRECTION:

In the last issue of the *Belles Lettres*, we published an interview with Professors Gail Boldt and Cynthia Lewis entitled "Kids These Days." In the text of the interview, several responses that should have been attributed to Dr. Boldt were incorrectly attributed to Dr. Lewis. We apologize for the error.



extraordinary mission. It was really a very clear gesture for President Bush to have appointed Baker as his special envoy on such a subject as Georgian parliamentary elections. He chose for this position Shevardnadze's personal friend Jimmy Baker. But Baker was very tough. He came to convince Shevardnadze that he was at what really amounted to something like a demarcation line. If parliamentary elections were not conducted properly, this would cost Georgia normal relations with the United States. Unfortunately, even this message wasn't accepted by Shevardnadze. So it is not surprising at the end of the day, after all these events, that he was behaving in a pretty strange manner in the post-election crisis.

J.V.W.: At what point did you think the revolution might really happen and that there would be no compromise? Was there a tipping point when it became clear that events were going to move in a different direction than you had started out thinking?

Z.Z.: It may have been on the 22nd of November, after the huge line of cars started to stream into Tbilisi from western Georgia, when it became obvious that all Georgians were active and almost no one in the society would stay neutral in the process. People were raising their voices all over the country, and they were ready to come to Tbilisi. And what was really most impressive about this revolution was that people were extremely cautious not to allow any violence. Everyone understood that everything was very fragile. The majority of protestors did not believe that Shevardnadze would in the end resign peacefully, so they were ready to sacrifice. They were ready to resist violence from the police, from armed forces, and it is incredible that tens of thousands of Georgians marched up and down Rustaveli Avenue [the main street in Tbilisi that runs past the parliament building] without breaking a single window or damaging a single car. They were really careful to make sure that everything went peacefully. People were driven not by hatred, but by their wish to have their own future. They ignored those who tried to prevent them from going forward, but they did not dismiss them because they hated them. It was not about destruction; it was about building [something], about constructing their own future.

J.V.W.: But had Shevardnadze suddenly made the right move even on the 20th or 21st, do you think things would have turned out differently?

Z.Z.: I can tell you that at 7 p.m. on the 21st I called Shevardnadze's chief of staff and told him I wanted to talk with Shevardnadze. It seems that nobody around him would convey this to him. By the way, what I have heard since is that the people around him had even disconnected his phone, so he was really isolated and was hearing stupid assurances to the effect that "Mr. President, we are in full control" and so on. So I spoke with Misha Saakashvili and Nino Burjanadze, and it was our common decision that we were ready to move forward. It would have been difficult at that point, but we were ready to explain to people that we would stop the protest if Shevardnadze would announce that parliamentary elections had failed and that new ones would be held.

J.V.W.: So even that late in the game, some compromise with Shevardnadze was possible?

Z.Z.: Yes. But he told me that it was impossible, Zurab [addressing Zurab Karumidze], when I met him. It was a pretty delicate matter because if the press would have discovered this, it would not have been pleasant that at such a tense moment we were continuing to discuss the possibility for compromise. But I felt that I was obliged to use this last chance to speak to him in person and explain that within several hours processes would become irreversible, and it would no longer be up to Zhvania or Saakashvili or whomever to stop the forces or stop people. Unfortunately, he missed this chance.

J.V.W.: You must have had some thoughts throughout these events of how things could have ended badly. What were they?

Z.Z.: I hate revolutions personally, and for me it was very strange that I found myself not just involved, but as one of the leaders of this revolution. I do not believe generally in revolutions. I should say that it was Saakashvili who was a strong believer in this, and that is why he became the main leader of this revolution. That is why he deserves to have become our joint presidential candidate. He really was a believer that now is the time to change the situation and to change it through this revolution. I would never think, for example, of entering parliament as he did, but now when we see things from this perspective, it was right.

J.V.W.: Do you think the country is really changed now?

Z.Z.: It's unbelievable, but a lot of people are telling me that the police are even taking much less in the way of bribes. Of course this is only a matter of the moment. If everything is not institutionalized and we do not move ahead with really substantial changes, everything will go back to what it was before. What we need to change is the system, the rules of the game. This is much more difficult than making a revolution.

This interview was held on January 4, 2004, in Tbilisi. Present at the interview were Zurab Zhvania, James V. Wertsch, Tedo Japaridze, and Zurab Karumidze.

Interview with Zurab Zhvania

Zurab Zhvania (1963-2005) was a leader of the Opposition during the Rose Revolution and was appointed as Prime Minister in the Saakashvili Government. Zhvania earned a degree in biology from Tbilisi State University. He founded Georgia's Green Party and was elected to the first post-Soviet parliament. He eventually became Parliament chairman under Shevardnadze, one of the most powerful political positions in the country. He was considered one of the most formidable intellectuals in the government. He eventually joined his protégé, Mikheil Saakashvili, in opposition to Shevardnadze. With Shevardnadze's downfall in 2003, Saakashvili became president and Zhvania prime minister. He died in February 2005, poisoned by a gas leak in his apartment. [Editor]

J.V.W.: Do you think the Rose Revolution was inevitable? Did the events have to happen? Back in September or October, could you have predicted that there would be a Rose Revolution?

Z.Z.: Absolutely not. I can tell you that even two days before President Shevardnadze's resignation [on November 23] he still had a chance to avoid the most dramatic scenario. People were not looking for a revolution. People in Georgia are very conscious about what could destabilize the situation. The new generation in Georgia has experienced what civil unrest means [in the civil war and war in Abkhazia in the early 1990s]. They have experienced how turbulent events can affect every family. They care a lot about peace and stability and order.

I remember in June as the opposition was campaigning for fair election legislation, and the government was ignoring all our calls for reform. Three major opposition parties were calling on people to rally, and we had five to seven thousand people who joined us. Elections were ahead. Everyone in this country was waiting for the elections, desperate to see changes. They were absolutely desperate that things would not continue as they were. The clear choice for them was to seek this change through the very simple procedure of protesting in the streets. So when two days after the elections of November 2 the former government declared that the government bloc had won, what this meant in the everyday life of the great majority of Georgian people was that nothing had changed or that what change would occur would only worsen the situation. This was the fuel that got people to go into the streets.

Even after the elections, when the actions of the government were obviously very arrogant, it was surprising how responsibly the general public acted. First I remember the gathering in the State Philharmonic Hall. I remember that at 3 p.m. on November 4 I called a meeting [an announcement that was aired on television] because our supporters were calling me from all around the country asking what we should do after such arrogant fraud. We agreed at 3 p.m. that we should meet in two hours at 5 p.m. with our supporters in that hall. At half past four, some guys who had gone there to prepare the logistics and so on called to say the hall was already overflowing. I have never seen this hall, the biggest in Tbilisi, with such a huge crowd. The hall's

staff were concerned over whether the building would survive [such a huge crowd].

We had gathered there to try to find some legitimate way to prevent manipulation of the election results. And I should tell you that these people were not from the bazaars or streets. All the most famous intellectuals and scientists were there. I was surprised when I looked at the people in the hall. It was like a last call to President Shevardnadze, a call to say that the people would not tolerate this. The U.S. embassy was also playing an extremely important role, not just the embassy but the U.S. administration insisted that after the violations that took place before and during the elections, proper procedure should at least be followed in counting the votes in an attempt to solve some of the problems that had been created. But again, the government was behaving in a most arrogant manner.

In the first week of his protest movement Saakashvili was demanding [that Shevardnadze] reject only a couple of the districts' elections results—in Adjara, for example, or Marneuli [Kvemo Kartli], where the government announced at noon on November 2 [election day] that the elections were over while many people had still not voted. In some districts the result was that 105 percent of the registered voters had supported the government. Unfortunately, Shevardnadze and those surrounding him shut the door to dialogue and compromise with the opposition. So the protest effort began to broaden. Day by day, more and more people, and not just in the political class, realized that Shevardnadze was not about to compromise. He was not about to allow any dialogue. The opposition came to realize that they either had to defend their right to confront the government themselves or they would be deprived of this right for a very long time. These were the reasons that we were pushed to move to such an active stance.

The majority of protestors did not believe that Shevardnadze would in the end resign peacefully, so they were ready to sacrifice.

J.V.W.: Were you surprised at Shevardnadze's lack of compromise? Was that in character for him or was it a surprise that he was so rigid?

Z.Z.: For me it was a surprise that he decided to ally himself with this discredited political party, the Citizens' Union of Georgia [CUG]. This party had originally been created by me and him back in 1993. Shevardnadze agreed to take the position of chairman, honorary chairman of the new version of this party. I was extremely surprised that after a couple of months he agreed to lead this government bloc personally. I was surprised because this was beyond all understanding or pragmatic interpretation. They started to bring into this bloc people who were held in very low regard in Georgian public opinion, the most corrupt, the most brutish people, those who had no competence, who symbolized all the bad sides of Georgian life. There was a joke that Shevardnadze had collected all these people together on purpose so we could be liberated from them en masse. There wasn't a single person [in this group] who enjoyed the confidence of the Georgian public.

Everything was extremely surprising. It was extremely surprising when Jimmy Baker arrived in Georgia with an absolutely

“It Only Happens Every Time”: Remembering Jazz Pianist Sir Roland Hanna

Once it would have been easy, perhaps a little quixotic, of me to think of riding into this essay as the proponent or defender of the honor of the late jazz piano master Sir Roland Hanna, who probably did not receive the full recognition due him during his lifetime in the art. Now I know he needs no such defense. From what I have gathered after finding and studying his music and interviewing people close to him, I can say Sir Roland knew who he was; he knew what he did in his music; he had the love and respect of his family and those next closest to him, his fellow musicians; and he was, justifiably, a proud man. Kenny Inaoka, a jazz record producer and author in Japan, recalls hearing Sir Roland perform in that country, as he performed there three times each year for many years. After a particular show Kenny casually mentioned that he thought Sir Roland had nodded in the direction of Thelonious Monk (1917-1982) that night, thinking this a compliment. Sir Roland responded, “Thelonious was a great pianist, but I am Roland Hanna!”¹ I keep hearing that Sir Roland loved to argue, but it is hard to argue with that. Sir Roland died at the age of 70 on November 13, 2002.

Most jazz magazine articles about Sir Roland date from the '70s, with a few from the '80s. All of these documents assert the immensity of his talent and achievement in performing, composing, and arranging, and acknowledge him as one of the greatest modern jazz pianists. And yet, even then, the writers acknowledged their struggles to win him wider recognition.

One of the best articles on Sir Roland Hanna is “Seven Steps to Heaven: The Artistry of Sir Roland Hanna,” by the late Mark Tucker, published in 2000.² Tucker starts by stipulating Sir Roland’s status as underrated jazz artist, and that’s the last we hear of that, except for his observation on Sir Roland’s determination to make the recordings he wanted to make and the necessity of moving from company to company to do that. Tucker is an unabashed fan and in his essay celebrates Sir Roland’s achievements. Most of his essay is an appreciation of his seven favorite albums of Sir Roland playing solo piano. (Tucker regards Sir Roland’s *A Gift from the Magi* (1979) as his masterpiece. Regrettably, this can still be found only as an LP; it has not been released on CD.) Tucker’s summation of Sir Roland’s musical qualities—“swing, technique, sound, taste, imagination, heart, soul”—serves as an outstanding introduction to the man and his music.

Aside from going out and buying his recordings (not always an easy task, finding them, but one I would like to urge my readers to do), the best way to learn about Sir Roland Hanna, if you don’t know about him already, is to consult the Web site for Rahanna Music, Inc., RMI: <http://www.rahannamusic.com>. Rahanna was the brainchild of Ramona Hanna, Sir Roland’s widow, more than 30 years ago. Rahanna Music was for many years a publishing company created to protect Sir Roland’s rights to his numerous compositions. Upon her retirement from employment in public television, Ramona Hanna expanded the

company to include the production of a series of recordings by young musicians “deserving of wider recognition,” as *Down Beat* likes to say, called *Sir Roland Hanna Presents*. Now, on the Rahanna Web site, in addition to information about sheet music, recent CD releases by Sir Roland and his protégés, and the book *Sir Roland Hanna Collection: Piano Solos*, edited by Milton Okun, one can find an extensive biography of Sir Roland. (Remember the best place to find those facts? Here’s one: Sir Roland was knighted by the Liberian government in 1969 for the concerts he played to benefit the schools in that country and afterwards he kept the title professionally.) Also on the Rahanna Web site you’ll find a comprehensive discography of his recordings, strongly recommended reading for anybody interested in jazz—period. The care and sense of detail that have gone into the production of this Web site are rare in the jazz world, making it a living memorial to Sir

Roland, as well as a labor of love. Plans are also in motion at Rahanna to create a foundation named for Sir Roland to assist young jazz musicians.

A few other facts about Sir Roland, and a few opinions about him, are in order. He was born in 1932 in Detroit, the son of a preacher in the black sanctified church. At five, playing in a snowy alley, he found a book of music and soon taught himself “for years” how to play the piano. Until he was 13, when he met one of the “Detroit school’s” other

great jazz pianists, Tommy Flanagan, Roland didn’t like jazz. It was Tommy’s “facility and technique” that got him interested in it. Drummer Eddie Locke, who grew up with both of them, adds, “Roland really learned about playing jazz from Barry Harris. Roland could play classical music but he couldn’t play jazz that well. Barry was the ‘jazz priest’ of Detroit and he taught a lot of people.”³

Although not his teacher, Art Tatum was another major influence on Roland’s development: “I try to carry on in the tradition that he started—in the tradition of piano playing that Tatum actually began. That tradition is *to compose at the moment one is actually improvising*.”⁴ Sir Roland adds that this tradition was also carried on by saxophonists Charlie Parker (1920-1955)

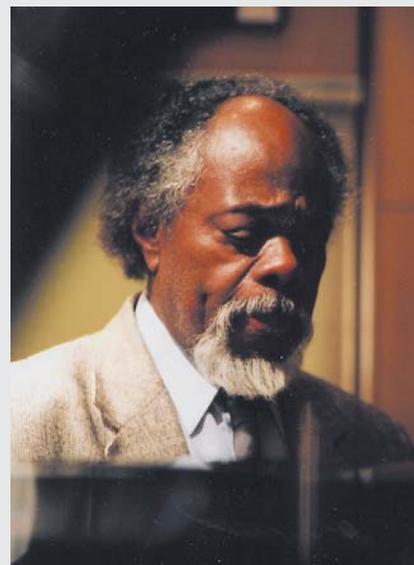


Photo from ISAM Newsletter, Fall 2000, Volume XXX, Number 1. <http://dephome.brooklyn.cuny.edu/isam/tucker00.html>.

Courtesy of the Institute for Jazz Studies Dana Library, Rutgers University.

and Coleman Hawkins (1904-1968), trumpeters Dizzy Gillespie (1917-1993) and Miles Davis (1926-1991), and in the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, in which he held the piano chair from 1968-74. But Roland's love of classical music took him to the Eastman School of Music, which he attended while working in a jazz club at night. He left the school shortly, however, because in the early '50s, the Eastman faculty would not allow their students to play jazz in public or private. He was then able to attend Juilliard for classical studies and play with clarinetist Benny Goodman (1909-1986) and bassist Charles Mingus (1922-1979) during the late '50s before joining singer Sarah Vaughan (1924-1990) as her accompanist in 1960. This synergy of jazz and classical music is at the heart of everything Sir Roland was to achieve in his music and the most immediately identifiable aspect of his style of playing.

Yet Eddie Locke notes that the synergy wasn't always easy.

"Roland really wanted to be a classical musician. That's the sad

Jeb Patton, now the pianist in the Heath Brothers Band and another former student of Sir Roland, remarks, "One time I brought in, I had transcribed a solo of his, and he said, 'Why would you learn that? I played that. Don't play that.'"

part of his being a black man. It's hard enough to be a classical musician if you're any color. To be a classical musician when he was growing up, for him there was no chance." Yet Sir Roland saw this in a different way, in a video interview with Monk Rowe he gave late in his life. He explained, "The time I spent in Juilliard

let me know that it wasn't the music of Chopin and Brahms and Beethoven that I had to play, it was the music of my people. I had to play Duke Ellington, and Fats Waller and Fletcher Henderson. You are born into a certain situation, and you have to learn to accept that. But when people recognize the individual culture of their people, where they come from, then they contribute to world humanity." Yet practicing the music of classical composers remained important to him throughout his career: "I practice the classical music because there are so many nuances and differences and changes to go through. Different minds coming together with music."⁵

However, jazz musicians didn't always accept Roland's classical leanings. Eddie Locke adds, "A lot of jazz musicians used to get on him about that. They'd say, 'Why are you playing all that music into the music, man?' But for years and years, this cat loved classical music, and he figured out a way . . . he wasn't going to be a classical musician, so he figured out a way to play it with jazz." In my view, one of the best demonstrations of Sir Roland's achievement in music was his pivotal role in forming and performing with the New York Jazz Quartet, from 1974-84, a group that still deserves more critical attention than it ever received. In its fusion of jazz and shades of classical music, this group rivals the Modern Jazz Quartet. But arriving on the scene

after the MJQ and shifting personnel a few times, the NYJQ did not have the staying power of the other ensemble. Its recordings are well worth the effort it might take to find them now.

Sir Roland's passion for classical music, particularly by 19th- and 20th-century French composers, and jazz permeated his teaching. For many years he had a studio on West 73rd Street and Broadway in New York. Eddie Locke relates that many of his students were classical musicians wanting to learn jazz. Stuart Isacoff, editor of *Piano Today* and the author of an excellent tribute to Sir Roland, "The Legacy of Sir Roland Hanna," was one of those students. In this essay Isacoff recalls, "He instructed me to take Chopin scores to bed at night, 'instead of novels,' and during lessons we often went through music by Bach, Chopin, Scriabin, and other composers. Of course, he and I didn't always agree. Roland was a man of strong opinions, and once when I excitedly gave him a copy of Charles Ives' *Concord Sonata* as a gift, he asked, 'Why would I want *this*?'⁶ Moreover, as Ramona Hanna has noted, "Roland would always say, 'You have to know *music* before you can play jazz or anything else. You've got to know music.' He was always demanding as a teacher in that sense. And he demanded pretty much the same thing from himself."⁷

Jeb Patton, now the pianist in the Heath Brothers Band and another former student of Sir Roland, remarks, "One time I brought in, I had transcribed a solo of his, and he said, 'Why would you learn that? I played that. Don't play that.' He had a way of—a lot of students might be frustrated because he would explain something in a sort of abstract way that you had to really think about. He would say transcribing is great, but that's not the end product. That's not what you should be striving for. But you have to do that to get to your own stuff."⁸

Sir Roland could also be encouraging to established musicians as well. The trumpeter Cecil Bridgewater, who played for several years with him in the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band, remembers that "Roland was always encouraging to me, to perform and to write. I had a lot of big band arrangements—this was after we had been away from Thad-Mel for a number of

years—and he said, 'Well, put your own group together, go out and do your own thing.'" Bridgewater also recalls feeling a "real kinship, musically as well as personally, that just made everything so easy. He was very opinionated about certain things, but he was also very flexible." He added that if Sir Roland himself would like to be remembered in a certain way, it would be in "his ability to fit into any kind of situation musically."⁹



Photo from *ISAM Newsletter*, Fall 2000, Volume XXX, Number 1. <http://dephome.brooklyn.cuny.edu/isam/tucker00.html>. Courtesy of the Institute for Jazz Studies Dana Library, Rutgers University.



Demonstrators on the way to the state chancellery.

important. The cars brought in something like 5,000 people to Tbilisi, not more. Overall in Tbilisi something like 150,000 or 200,000 people took part in the demonstrations. They were replacing one another all the time. We always had somewhere between 30,000 and 60,000 people out on the street, which meant that there was a constant rotation of demonstrators. For example, Rustavi-2 [the main independent television station] called to say that they were going to be shut down, and immediately 5,000 to 10,000 people showed up at the entrance. And when I went to meet Shevardnadze for his final resignation, there were something like 7,000 to 8,000 people already approaching his office, and these were above and beyond his demonstrators. So people were everywhere. When people entered the city in those cars [shown on television], there were sporadic happy celebrations on the road, but most of the people along the road were not part of the central demonstrations. They just came out to greet the others on their way to Tbilisi. So basically, people from all over the country were involved.

J.V.W.: What about Rustavi-2 and the NGOs? How important were they in this process?

M.S.: The NGOs were not that important, but Rustavi-2 was extremely important. It was really instrumental. And the mobile phone was very important. The NGOs did have some role in organizing student protests, but I think this was mostly Rustavi work really. Most of the students who came out on the streets were brought out by Rustavi, not by the NGOs. They had some younger students in the Enough! [Kmara!] movement, but these were relatively small numbers. However, they were very brave. They were very notorious as well, and outspoken, and they were visible. So people talked a lot about them. Numberwise, they didn't play too great a role, but they played a role in frightening the government. It was all about morality and restoring morality in the government.

J.V.W.: What about other countries who were watching the Rose Revolution? What kind of impact do you think you have had elsewhere?

M.S.: We immediately saw some movements in Ukraine, and we are still getting updates from that country. We saw things in Central Asia, where people are preparing [for action]. Some poor guy jumped on me in front of my hotel when I was staying in Moscow recently, shouting that he was the leader of the Kyrgyz opposition, that he was a Kyrgyz Saakashvili. They are constantly comparing [Viktor] Yushchenko [the former prime minister and current opposition figure in Ukraine]¹ with me. And not only with me. For example, the *Economist* compared recent events in Ukraine with those in our country and drew parallels. So basically, this event has been watched very closely.

Some CIS people—even leaders—have thought that I am some kind of Che Guevara, trying to export revolution. That's nonsense, but that's the feeling that they have.

J.V.W.: Where did the term “Rose Revolution” come from? Why the Rose Revolution?

M.S.: From CNN. It was either Rustavi-2 who first said it or CNN. They may have said it almost simultaneously, but independently of each other. What happened was that we had a couple of weeks to reach out to the military. We began by thinking that we needed to take our activists—especially the young ladies and give them flowers so as to demonstrate that our intentions were peaceful. That was one stage of the process.

And the second was when we went to the parliament, we needed to show that we had no weapons in our hands. So we not only raised our hands, but we had roses in them so they would see that we were not about to pull out guns. And when we arrived with roses like that, two hours later CNN said that this was the revolution of roses, and Rustavi-2 also started saying that. I don't know who was the first to make this statement. But it kind of became something like a national symbol. Before that roses had no special significance. And the price of roses increased greatly in the markets.

This interview was conducted on February 25, 2004, at Blair House, Washington, D.C. during Saakashvili's first visit as president of Georgia to the United States. Present at the interview were Mikheil Saakashvili (“M.S.” in the transcript), James V. Wertsch (“J.V.W.”) and Levan Mikeladze.

¹Yushchenko ran for the presidency of Ukraine in 2004. He was favored by the west. He ran against Viktor Yanukovich and neither man received a majority of the vote. In the run-off, Yanukovich won, but Yushchenko protested the outcome, claiming fraud. The Supreme Court of Ukraine set aside the results of the election. Yushchenko had in the meanwhile attracted attention in the west because he had been mysteriously poisoned and his good looks, as a result, had been disfigured. Yushchenko easily won the new election in what is now being called the Orange Revolution. [Editor]

Interview with Mikheil Saakashvili

Mikheil Saakashvili was a leader of the Opposition during the Rose Revolution and was elected president of Georgia on January 4, 2004. Saakashvili was born in Tbilisi, Georgia, in December 1967. He earned a law degree from Columbia University. A cosmopolitan man, Saakashvili speaks several languages fluently, including Dutch and English. He was a protégé of Eduard Shevardnadze but became disillusioned by corruption. His blow up with Shevardnadze was quite public and permitted him the opportunity to build a base for assuming national power. [Editor]

J.V.W.: Was the Rose Revolution really inevitable? From the perspective of June or July or October, did it have to happen?

M.S.: It was inevitable. At least from the perspective of my political party. Most of the parties in Georgia had no faith in the power of popular protest. I believed that it was the only way to change the government because I felt that Shevardnadze did not feel like quitting. He was like most presidents of CIS countries [countries of the Commonwealth of Independent States—the successor states to most of the republics of the USSR], who don't even contemplate quitting one day. So basically, I was thinking about how to organize an infrastructure that could react to the abuse of power or rigged elections.

So what we did during the pre-election campaign leading up to the November 2 elections was that I had 225 meetings within a two-month period. I had five, six, sometimes seven meetings a day in the most remote areas of Georgia. The reason for having these meetings was to see people personally, to let them feel like they knew me, that they could trust me. One of the things I had in mind was that if the elections turned out to be rigged, then people would be able to follow our lead when we called on them because of their personal trust.

And that's exactly the way it worked basically. Shevardnadze rigged the elections. He thought it was some sort of ritual for democracy that didn't mean much. It wouldn't lead to anything important. One of Shevardnadze's closest associates told me that he visited him in the immediate aftermath of the elections, when the negative OSCE [Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe, which monitored the presidential elections of November 2, 2003] reports were coming out. This associate said, "Look at these OSCE reports, Mr. President." Shevardnadze said, "You amuse me. Don't you know how these Westerners are? They will make a fuss for a few days, and then they will calm down and life will go on as usual." So that was his conception at that point because of his previous reputation or whatever experience he had had with Westerners that they did not have to be taken seriously.

J.V.W.: When did you think this process was going to turn into a revolution?

M.S.: Once the rigged elections had occurred. We had exit polls according to which we had won. And then the government said, "No, no way." They would never admit [that they had lost]

because first of all the government party cannot lose. And then the Revival Party could not be placed lower than second because they would never acknowledge that and resign themselves to our being in second position because they hated me. So basically, they arranged things such that I could only appear in third place, in a remote third place. And [they thought] I should be happy.

You see, Shevardnadze didn't have to do this because even if we had been recognized as having been in first place, we still would be short of any kind of majority [in parliament] because he still would have had almost a constitutional majority [i.e., a majority so large that it could have changed the constitution]. But for him this was more about symbols. The opposition party could not be in first position. His own coalition might not have had to come in first, but the opposition could not be allowed to occupy that position. The government tried to bargain with us, but we rejected any compromise. We said that we either had to be recognized as being in the first position or we would take the people out on the streets.

J.V.W.: How did they try to bargain with you?

M.S.: They sent people to talk to us, the state minister. The U.S. ambassador acted as an intermediary, and the state minister said that we should resign ourselves to being in third position. They thought that should have been OK. But I said, "No, that's not OK." So basically, we took a tough position in negotiating these things. And in the end we had no alternative to popular protest.

The government was not terribly afraid because in June there had been a protest rally about the election code, and in that case I was against the effort because I was afraid people would not go out on the streets for some vague pre-election code that they didn't understand. Other parties tried, but the demonstration was very small, so the government calmed down and thought there was no chance for us to get people out on the street.

But once we began getting people out on the street, Shevardnadze thought there would be a clash, and he wanted that clash in order to be able to say, "Look, that's what will happen." But what happened was that we let people go home, and then they went to regional meetings. I went to western Georgia, and there were demonstrations in the center of Zugdidi. There were armed, masked gunmen who fired at us, and people jumped on those gunmen and pulled off their masks. I think this was November 9 or so. There was this picture [in the newspapers] of a young woman jumping on a gunman. Three people were wounded, two of them in the chest, so it was very dramatic. They were basically ready to kill people, but fortunately all of [those who were shot] survived.

So there were clashes, and there was a campaign of civil disobedience that was quite successful in some cases. There were some sites where the demonstrators prevented government employees from entering their buildings, and in some cases government employees themselves stopped working. Eventually, these rallies were occurring all around Georgia, not just in the central region of Tbilisi.

J.V.W.: I saw the TV footage of the long stream of cars coming into Tbilisi.

M.S.: That was more a symbolic thing. Numberwise it wasn't that

The bassist Richard Davis played with Sir Roland many times over many years. When I asked him about his first encounter with Sir Roland he said, “It was like an instant marriage. Instant rapport.”¹⁰ Yet Davis experienced his obstinacy on at least one occasion. They were playing a club date and Davis, whose gig it was, called a Monk medley, playing only eight to 16 bars of several tunes as a “collage.” While the audience loved this, when Richard suggested that they do it again on another night, Sir Roland simply said, “I’m not doing that.” Richard added, “And when he says it like that, you don’t say, ‘Well, wait a minute.’”

Perhaps it was this kind of determination that led Sir Roland to build a piano while on a six-week gig with Sarah Vaughan in Las Vegas. Richard Davis, also on the gig, recalls that Sir Roland was unable to practice during the daytime in the Flamingo Lounge, where the gig was. Richard came into Sir Roland’s hotel room one day and found him seated with some wood before him on a cocktail table: He was making a keyboard. “Then he started going over to the lounge and borrowing the hammers off of those pianos over there. He MADE a piano. And when we got to the airport with that piano, man, that thing weighed a ton. But he was that frantic and that determined to practice.”

Saxophonist Jimmy Heath, for 10 years Sir Roland’s colleague in the Jazz Performance Program in the Aaron Copland School of Music at Queens College of the City of New York, has noted that he had never played many duos, with just the piano. “But there would be occasions at Queens College when we had to do a duo, and Roland and I would just play. It was like playing with a whole big band! Roland just filled all the spaces, his rhythm was incredible. He was a listener, and he accompanied, he led, he rhythmized everything, his solos were incredible. He was just a perfect musician, as far as I was concerned.” Heath also recognized the “completeness” Sir Roland had as a musician: “He could make you feel so comfortable in everything he did. And it would be complex, but understandable. He could make complicated things sound simple. And digestible. He could write in the Western classical style, and he could write in the Afro-American classical style. He had just the complete comprehension of the way music should be played.”¹¹

Sir Roland performed in the orchestra of the Broadway musical revue, *Black and Blue*, from 1989-91. His musical talents also included arranging and accompanying singers. I’ve mentioned his work with Sarah Vaughan, but he recorded also with Helen Merrill, Ruth Brown, and Carrie Smith. Probably his longest collaboration with a singer was with Nancy Harrow, with whom he worked on five albums, including one never released in the States called *The Beatles and Other Standards*, which to the amazement of other musicians, Sir Roland was willing to do. In remembering him, Harrow stressed how he was “a totally open, generous man, always interested to hear my thoughts about the mood of each song and always helpful with his own suggestions, rhythmic and otherwise. Roland always gave everything and held nothing back on any project he worked on.” Three of the albums Harrow worked on with Sir Roland were based on literary works: *The Adventures of Maya the Bee*; *The Marble Faun*, the Nathaniel Hawthorne novel that was the subject of her senior thesis in col-

lege; and finally, *Winter Dreams: The Life and Passions of F. Scott Fitzgerald*. Harrow suggests that Sir Roland might have been most proud of *The Marble Faun*, for which he wrote “marvelous arrangements of my melodies, turning them into a dramatic jazz opera.” In addition to playing on the album, he orchestrated for a string quartet “as easily as he had the jazz instruments.”¹²

Sir Roland never left the world of classical music. His catalogue of over 400 compositions includes not only jazz pieces but also trios for cello (which he played as well), flute, and French horn, as well as larger works for piano and orchestra, including *Oasis*, which he performed with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra in 1993. Sir Roland also recorded, with the American Composers Orchestra, Ellington’s *New World a Comin’*, for Piano Solo and Orchestra, orchestrated and conducted by Maurice Peress. Jeb Patton replaced his late teacher in performing, in January 2003, the world premiere of Sir Roland’s arrangement of this Ellington concerto with the New York Philomusica, an ensemble with which Sir Roland often played.

A Robert Johnson, artistic director and founder of the New York Philomusica, and Sir Roland’s close friend and associate in music for 50 years going back to their student days at Juilliard, recalls that Sir Roland wrote a significant amount of music for the Philomusica.¹³ In 1985, he wrote the deeply moving *A Story Often Told, Seldom Heard* for a benefit honoring George Plimpton and re-orchestrated it in 1988 for another benefit by the Philomusica, also honoring Plimpton. In 1991, he was commissioned to write *Desert Knights*, which premiered in March of the following year. Also in 1992 he wrote *Quest Sonata for Violin and Piano*, which was rewritten in 1996 as a trio for piano, violin, and cello, and performed in 2000. Johnson adds, “That program included a *Trio Suite*, comprising three pieces from Roland’s vast output of music for flute, horn, and cello, and performed by Frank Wess, flute, and Akua Dixon, cello,” two musicians prominent also in jazz. With the Philomusica, Sir Roland also was invited to perform the music of Mozart, “which he did most appreciatively, a lifelong ambition fulfilled through our friendship and shared ideals.”

Bob Johnson has commented further on Sir Roland’s piano playing. “The one quality that I most admired was the knitting of great musicians’ personae with his own, especially, but not limited to, the giants of the past—Chopin, Schumann, Beethoven. His improvisations were often flights of the most incredible structural and technical facility, so that, while listening to him, one honestly imagined the timeless presence of other legendary figures before him—the greatest ones—Bach and Beethoven.” Moreover, “When he addressed a keyboard, the tone he produced was as warm and as generous as his soul, and absolutely ravishing in its beauty.”

The bassist Richard Davis played with Sir Roland many times over many years. When I asked him about his first encounter with Sir Roland he said, “It was like an instant marriage. Instant rapport.”

I asked Jimmy Heath about whether Sir Roland Hanna had been given proper recognition as a musician, and he warmed to the topic. “This is not the problem of talented people. This is the problem of controlling entities, and in this country, the precedent and standards are set, usually, in the tendency to pick one person, on any instrument, and that’s it. Nobody else can play. This is why we have these polls: Who’s Number 1? Or they make a list of the Top Ten. So it’s only 10 people who are good at anything at one time. And the rest of the people are chopped liver. So that’s not Roland’s fault. Roland Hanna is a multi-talented super musician among his colleagues. But the general public—they don’t know! And they don’t care! They already think ‘I already know’ that so-and-so is the baddest one.”

Heath stresses the American musical scene in his comments. Sir Roland’s popularity and recognition in Japan, where jazz is a highly revered art form and appreciated more than anywhere else in the world, has never been questioned. It is important to note that many of Sir Roland’s most significant, and in particular, recent recordings were issued in Japan first and are often only available as imports from Japan. Kenny Inaoka told me that Sir Roland was often called “Hanna chan” by his fans in Japan. The suffix “chan” is put after a first name for a baby or child, and to be called Hanna chan was a sign of great endearment. The brilliant young Japanese pianist, Satoko Fujii, recalls that her parents often went to Sir Roland’s gigs in Japan with the bassist Eiji Nakayama, and her mother in particular became a fan of his. “She sometimes asks me, ‘Why don’t you play like Roland Hanna?’ I of course say, ‘Mom, I am not him, and if I play like him, people have no reason to listen to my music.’”¹⁴ This indeed sounds like something Sir Roland himself would say.

Michael Pronko, an American writer who teaches at International Christian University in Tokyo and is the jazz critic of the *Japan Times*, has commented, “There is a breed of jazz fan here who likes clean, crisp playing, with no bullshit, that swings heavy and yet is infinitely beautiful. Hanna ALWAYS played pretty, and fans here I think liked the fact that he wasn’t out to try to change jazz, but to work within the tradition in endlessly creative ways.” Pronko also pointed out to me that during breaks and after concerts, huge lines of fans would wait for Sir Roland to sign an autograph and also to chat. “I was always amazed at how well some people spoke English when they wanted to. They would talk with him and joke and laugh. He was kind of a serious guy, it seemed here, but very friendly.” Pronko suggested that in a final analysis, Sir Roland was a “solid player, a player that others learn from, but one who doesn’t have that kind of flashiness that the new MTV-influenced video jazz machinery likes to offer instead of content.”¹⁵ To this one might only add, thank goodness.

Bassist Yoshio Aomori studied with Sir Roland in 1995 and 1996 in the Master’s Program at Queens College. He recalls that Sir Roland’s philosophy “was to treat college students as professional players, and he always demanded higher goals for all of his students. At times, he was harsh with his criticisms, but because of that many great players came out of his tutelage.” Later, when

Sir Roland became gravely ill while on tour in Japan, Yoshio was able to fly there to assist his former teacher in communicating with his doctors. When Sir Roland was well enough to leave the hospital to travel home to the States, Yoshio recalls that he hugged each of the 30 staff members who had helped him and gave them a signed copy of *I Love Bebop*, the CD on which he introduced Yoshio to the jazz world and the first CD on Rmi (Rahanna Music Inc). Yoshio recalls, “He really loved Japan, and the people of Japan. But as Ramona has said, he may have gone to Japan to say his farewell.”¹⁶

Jimmy Heath, who is now 77 and still going and playing strong, told me that he thought Sir Roland would have assessed his career the way Jimmy assesses his. “That we do the best we can, we produce music and hope that somebody likes it. And that we can survive doing something that we like to do, whether it’s a commercial success or not. We want to do this and we are lucky enough in our lives to be able to write our own music and play our own music and receive some kind of a reward, monetarily. We don’t have to be a billionaire or a millionaire. We don’t need 10 cars and three homes. We can’t live in but one, can’t ride in but one at a time.” Perhaps Jimmy Heath’s ultimate tribute to Sir Roland comes in his applying the title of a tune by Thad Jones to Sir Roland’s success as a musician: “It Only Happens Every Time,” which I’ve borrowed for the title of this essay.

When I asked Richard Davis how he would like to see Sir Roland remembered, he said, “I don’t know whether there is any Jazz Musicians’ Hall of Fame, like in sports, but I see a bust of Roland being someplace, somewhere, in a place where he’s known to be, like Queens College.”

We see again and again the world’s greatest artists doing strong work right up until the end of their lives. So it was with Sir Roland Hanna. Longtime friend, the drummer and singer Grady Tate regards the CD *Après Un Rêve*, which Sir Roland recorded with him and bassist Ron Carter only a few weeks before he died, as perhaps his greatest recording.¹⁷ Coming close to the end of his life also were the solo piano albums *Tributaries: Reflections on Tommy Flanagan* and *Everything I Love* for IPO Recordings. These albums were the ones I started with after his death, and they challenged me to go back and find what I had missed in his many other recordings. Now I think I can say that these are absolutely among his finest work. William Sorin, who produced *Tributaries* and *Everything* commented to me about Sir Roland, “He was extraordinarily intelligent, and his intelligence is very much reflected throughout his playing. His music conveys a broad, and *genuine* range of feeling that is rare in jazz. He had an amazing ear, and was capable of hearing and reproducing a range of sonorities that you really don’t hear anywhere else in jazz piano. This also made him unique as an accompanist and ensemble player.”¹⁸ Our great good fortune is that Sir Roland recorded more material for IPO, and there will be additional releases of him playing at the height of his powers.

Another of Sir Roland’s projects near the end of his life was a collaboration with his son, the singer Michael Hanna, *Michael Hanna, Family and Friends* (Rmi). Sir Roland wrote several of the tunes and did all the arrangements, and Ramona Hanna wrote the lyrics for them. Some of Sir Roland’s close musical associates, such as Cecil Bridgewater, Eddie Locke, and Paul West play on

Georgia and the Rose Revolution: Creating Democracy in Eastern Europe

After more than a decade of turmoil and decline, the Republic of Georgia—a tiny country smaller than South Carolina, tucked away in the Caucasus—has emerged as one of the world’s most dynamic laboratories of democracy. A crucial turning point in this new trajectory is the Rose Revolution. A three-week period of political intrigue and public demonstrations in November 2003 led to Georgian President Eduard Shevardnadze’s resignation, and the result was that a demoralized and lethargic society seemed to turn into an energetic experiment in democracy.

Events subsequent to the Rose Revolution provide a sobering reminder that this is just the beginning of a long and difficult transition, but regardless of where the future leads, this bloodless rebellion will remain a fascinating chapter in its own right. It has left a powerful impression not only on Georgians, but on people throughout the world—such as the neighboring Ukrainians, who had their own “Orange Revolution” in 2004.

In this issue of *Belles Lettres* we draw on materials from the journal *Caucasus Context* and from a volume published in 2005 titled *Enough! The Rose Revolution in the Republic of Georgia*. These materials outline an early historical snapshot of the Rose Revolution and present a glimpse of the exciting events that occurred in November 2003 in Georgia.

In the following section we present interviews with two major figures in the Rose Revolution. A central theme that runs throughout these pieces is the emergence of a new form of Georgian political agency during the revolution. The late Zurab Zhvania, who became the prime minister of the government in 2004 identifies several points in the tense and heady days of November 2003 where the outcome was in doubt, but where the disciplined commitment of the Georgian people made success possible. The interview with Mikheil Saakashvili (who became the president of Georgia in 2004), along with an interview with Zhvania provides insights into the thoughts and actions of the revolution’s leaders during the hectic events of November 2003. We also have an article by Zurab Karumidze in which he outlines the mythic and textual underpinnings of the Georgian nationalism. We then turn to an excerpt of an article written by George Nizharadze about an episode in 1978 when the role of the Georgian language in the country’s national identity came into clear focus.

The Rose Revolution raises a host of issues, many of which will take years to unpack. Even at this preliminary point, however, it is possible to identify a few core forces that shaped events and made possible the emergence of a new level of political agency on the part of Georgians.

The first is the emergence of civil society, especially in the form of NGOs (non-governmental organizations). Many of these organizations had been active in Georgia for years, and they clearly had an impact on government and society by the time of the parliamentary elections of November 2, 2003. For example, some actively defended the rights of minority religious and ethnic groups and in the process fostered new forms of public discourse in the country. While it remains unclear just how important NGOs were in the Rose Revolution itself, they are generally viewed as playing a major

role at least in laying the groundwork that made it possible.

A free press is the second theme that comes through in the interviews. During the Rose Revolution the Georgian public was often inspired by the images and stories provided by the media, especially the television station Rustavi-2. The media had become such a powerful force in the two years leading up to the Rose Revolution that attempts by government authorities to muzzle them had been met with massive public resistance. Virtually all observers agree that television, radio, and newspapers played a pivotal role in initiating and maintaining public support for the Rose Revolution.

The third factor in the Rose Revolution was the absence of state authority. Eduard Shevardnadze’s style of power (especially during the last three or four years before 2003) was marked by a sort of “liberal detachment” from the corrupt processes in his government, and the result was a very weak state. This is one of the reasons that the leaders of the Rose Revolution, along with NGOs and the media, encountered relatively little resistance from law-enforcement agencies.

The fourth theme to be found in the following accounts of the Rose Revolution is Georgian national identity and unity. Despite years of poverty and demoralization, the leaders of the Rose Revolution were successful in appealing to positive feelings of national unity when it came time to mobilize the nation. These feelings have deep roots in Georgian history. It was largely thanks to the power of national identity and unity that the leaders of the Rose Revolution were able to organize a focused, disciplined effort, something especially noteworthy in a country where it is said that whenever two Georgians get together, at least three political parties spring up.

There is still hard work ahead to build a new society, but this moment will long stand in memory as a high point in Georgia’s history, a point where its people insisted on something better than what they had known for so many years.

Dr. Zurab Karumidze is director of the US-Caucasus Institute in Tbilisi, Republic of Georgia and also Editor of Caucasus Context Magazine;

James V. Wertsch is a professor of education and International and Area Studies at Washington University in St. Louis.

Acknowledgments: The authors wish to express special appreciation to Joy Guzé and William Wasserman for their generous support of this effort to bring word of the Rose Revolution to a broader audience.

Both *Caucasus Context* and the volume are published by Nova Science Publishers in New York. We gratefully acknowledge Nova’s willingness to allow us to use materials from this volume in this issue of *Belles Lettres*. “Enough!” is the translation of the Georgian word “Kmara!” the moniker of a student group that played an essential role in the Rose Revolution.



works, and then to trace in detail the connections between those writers and works and the male-dominated literary culture in which they were produced. In doing so, her research provides a series of richly detailed vignettes concerning some of the most important moments in the literary history of late 19th-century Japan. Copeland's tracing, for instance, of the connections between Miyake Kaho's *Warbler in the Grove* and the famous work to which it is frequently compared—and often argued that it is a copy—the Meiji polymath Tsubouchi Shôyô's (1859-1935) novel *Tôsei Shosei Katagi* (Character of Modern-Day Students, 1886), paints a much more detailed picture than a narrow comparison between the two works would disclose. Copeland shows how the culture of the time is refracted and reproduced (if not actually produced!) by the two novels.

This aspect of the book is, for me, the most outstanding and impressive feature of Copeland's well-researched study. It is the enthusiasm and energy that she brings to the task of illuminating the macro discourse of Japanese culture and history by her detailed forays into the micro discourse of the specific examples of female writers and their creations that brings these forgotten works back to life. Copeland's gifts as a translator also deserve mention. She translates long passages from a number of the works under discussion, and without her fine translations, much of the impact of her argument would be lost. Her back-translations of Wakamatsu Shizuko's English translations from Victorian children's literature also serve to illuminate much that has hitherto remained hidden.

The theme of the book is primarily that of Japanese women and what role they were permitted to play in the society of their time. Copeland argues that, in many cases, they subverted the roles thrust upon them by society at large but this subversion in the form of their literary productions has, until recently and with only a few exceptions, not been recognized. Thus, Copeland's rereadings of these works are attempts to reshape radically their reception and the position that literary history has traditionally assigned to them. In this, she succeeds amply. The re-issuing

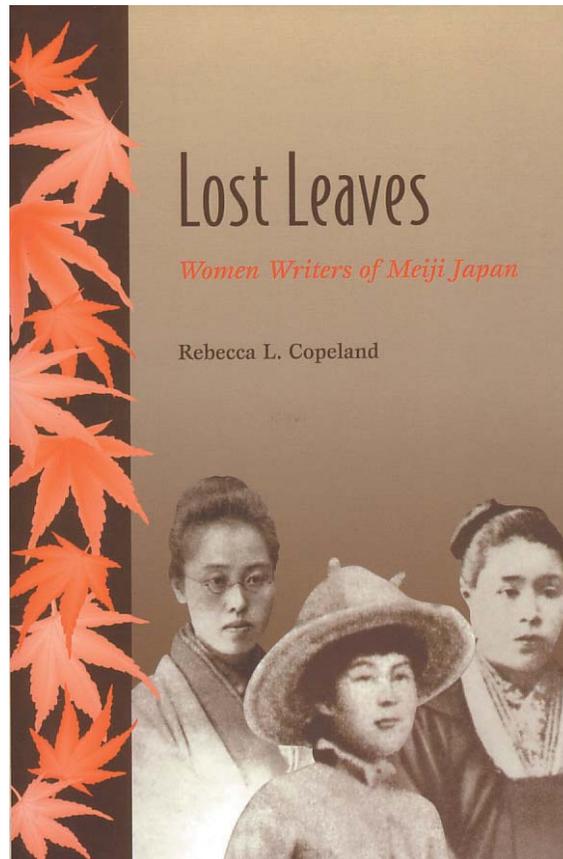
of a number of the works discussed by Copeland in the Meiji section of the new Iwanami series of Japanese literary classics is proof that her judgments are shared by contemporary Japanese scholarship.

Studies of modern Japanese literature in English have increased remarkably over the past three decades so it may be that, despite the clear historical differences in function and approach, English-language scholarship and Japanese-language scholarship are beginning to draw closer together. Whether this is a good or necessary thing is a separate issue but it is noticeable that in this period of rapid growth in English-language scholarship on Japanese literature, the approaches in the two languages were, generally speaking, poles apart. This meant that little useful dialogue was possible between scholars inside and outside Japan working on the same topic—notwithstanding the huge borrowings of English-language scholarship from the massive scholarly accomplishments of their Japanese colleagues. One of the areas in which the fundamental approach of literary scholarship within and without Japan lacked much in common was women's writing. In its arguments, Copeland's book bears several similarities to the approach of the Iwanami editors and commentators in their annotations of the same works. This, I believe, is an important development with considerable implications for the future relationship of English-language and Japanese-language scholarship.

To be sure, Copeland's study is an outstanding scholarly achievement. It opened my eyes to new readings of old works, as well as rescuing some of those works from the neglect of history. It is elegantly written, and produced, and (with Yukiko Tanaka's book) adds immeasurably to the existing English-language library of books of Japanese women writers. Finally,

Rebecca Copeland has constructed an argument which extends well beyond literary history to encompass the issues of how we read and construct literature itself, and also history in general. For these insights, too, readers will be most grateful.

Leith Morton is Professor of Foreign Language Research and Teaching Center, Tokyo Institute of Technology.



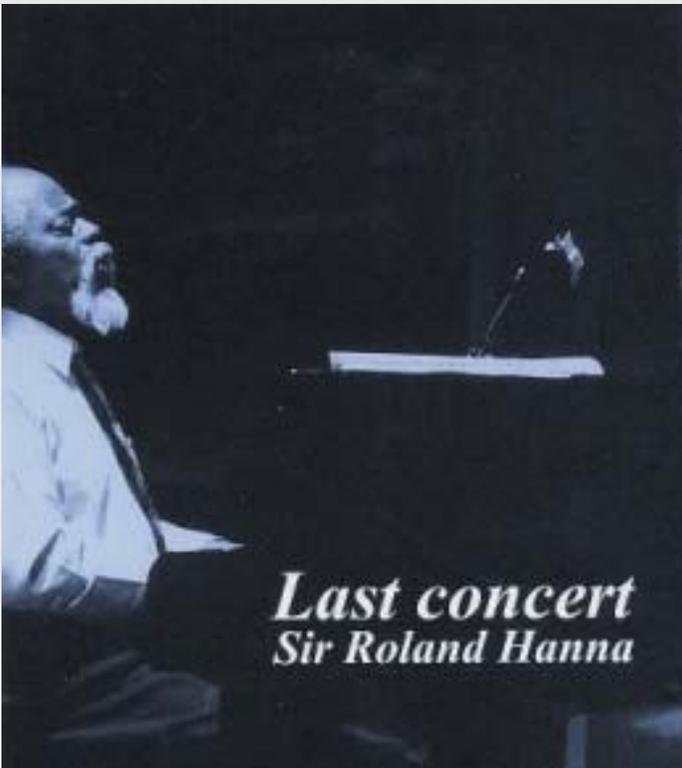
Copeland, Rebecca L. *Lost Leaves: Women Writers of Meiji Japan*.

University of Hawaii Press, Honolulu, 2000.

the recording. I believe many of Sir Roland's talents discussed in this essay, as a man and as a musician, come together on it.

When Ramona Hanna kindly showed me Sir Roland's music room in their home, I noticed that the sheet music on his piano was for his composition "Seasons," which appears on *Family and Friends* and which Sarah Vaughan had beautifully recorded on her album *Crazy and Mixed Up*. Ramona later wrote to me, "He was a complicated, driven, committed, cantankerous, loving, gentle, talented, dedicated man/child that I am still coming to know," after 48 years of marriage. Also recalling Jimmy Heath's high praise for his completeness as a musician, I have come to respect him as a musical man for all seasons.

Echoing Ramona Hanna, Grady Tate personalized a reworking of the lyrics of "But Beautiful" for his performance in a tribute to Sir Roland held at Birdland on November 5, 2003. Tate explained to me. "It didn't take that much thought. The thing that makes 'But Beautiful' so beautiful is that it does criticize itself, it critiques itself. Love is funny, or it's sad, or it's wise or it's unwise. All these things that are diametrically opposed to one another. Roland to me was just that kind of person, that kind of performer, that kind of artist, that kind of genius." Tate added, "It's difficult to really pinpoint any one specific thing that he did very very well and remember all about it because half the time I was so angry with him I could've kicked his ass. In fact, we threatened to kick one another's ass, oh thousands of times. He was just brilliant."



Sir Roland Hanna. Last Concert.

Audio CD. 3d, 2003.

Three weeks before he died, the great Irish poet William Butler Yeats called for his *Collected Poems* so that he could begin to revise them again. Such humility in the art also characterizes Sir Roland Hanna and what he described in his book as his attempts at "sound painting . . . a sound photograph."¹⁹ Again in the interview with Monk Rowe he gave not long before he died, he reviewed his own *ars poetica* and stated, "I try to let the music develop itself. When I make a conscious effort, it doesn't work. But when I make a feeling effort, in other words when I let the music flow out, then it works. Well, that's what happens when I play. It develops, but I never know how it's going to develop. Never know. It just happens on its own." It just might have happened every time.

Wayne Zade is Professor in English at Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri.

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Who's Your Daddy? Choosing Our Fathers in Jazz



Lester Young

the image in its original context on <http://airjudden.tripod.com/jazz/lester-young>

Every Sunday night at seven, a soothing, reverential voice came on KJAZ (the pioneering San Francisco jazz station that has since met its demise) to announce the “Lester Young Show,” a half-hour devoted to the tenor saxophone legend known as Prez, for president of the tenor sax.

By 13, when I started listening to KJAZ, I was an aspiring junior high school sax player, as taken with the laid back atmosphere that the radio hosts created when they talked about jazz as by the jazz itself. Classical music was revered in our household—my dad played violin in the San Francisco Symphony and my mother was an opera aficionado—so I enjoyed an alternative to the tired and pedantic, old world hosts on KKHI telling me more than I wanted to know about Bruckner and Sibelius.

Of course, I didn't realize until I was older how important these respective purveyors of the music were to my appreciation of it. How could the scholarly, classical creatures, who always sounded a bit choked by their neckties and who seemed the antithesis of cool, possibly compete for my attention with the sonorous jazz dudes, whom I imagined driving around town in hip convertibles, the cherry tobacco from their pipes sweetening the world they passed through? These velvet voiced jazzbos relayed some of the legendary jazz tales, but also offered personal testimony about the first time they heard Prez in their college dorms or the times they caught Bird or Clifford Brown at the Black Hawk or the Say When.

It wasn't lost on me that all the KJAZ hosts were white and most of the musicians they lionized were black. It was the mid-'60s, after all, and civil rights seemed to be on everybody's mind; it was even on the mind of a disaffected white adolescent, who hoped to grow into a hipster with his own convertible. I remember my father, who had no interest in hipness or convertibles, ranting about the fact that of the 100 musicians in the San Francisco Symphony there was not a single black member.

Around this time, I embarked on my initial tour of great sax players, beginning predictably with Stan Getz, the hugely popular white descendent of Lester Young's cool school, who

had just helped popularize Brazilian music in this country with his forays into bossa nova. I remember being so knocked out by Getz's lyric inventiveness that I had my father listen to a couple of tracks with me, certain that he'd recognize this musical genius as soon as he heard him. Instead, he shrugged, muttering something sour about Getz's intonation. My father's inability to hear jazz was a major disappointment to me.

Within the next year, the upper floor of our house was colonized by the sax players I'd fallen in love with, from Harry Carney and Johnny Hodges, through Bird and Dexter, Sonny Rollins and Jackie McLean, to my master, John Coltrane. Perhaps my father was in mourning for his classical music household when he asked me, quite seriously, “Don't you think that after hearing all those sax players, you'd be just as well off if you'd

stuck with Stan Getz?” To have the wonders I'd discovered in the past year reduced to that silly comment was more than I could bear, and I responded with just as foolish a remark: “Look, we're not comparing Isaac Stern and Yehudi Menuhin here. These are guys with distinctive sounds, with actual imaginations.” My father didn't say anything that struck me as outrageous as his Getz comment for nearly 40 years, when, as an old man, he told me that he'd never really believed in God.

Bob Houlihan, the host of the weekly Lester Young show, was a school principal in the East Bay—not exactly my image of

a jazz hipster, yet it was impossible to listen to his impassioned tributes to his idol each week without realizing that the school principal had been saved by jazz and, in particular, by Lester Willis Young, as he called him. To men, both white and black, a couple of generations older than me, Lester Young was a revelation, a fresh, loose-limbed lyricist whose understated elegance represented quite an alternative to their stiff, authoritative fathers.

One of the jazz world's beloved fables involves Lester Young dueling Coleman Hawkins, the majestic, reigning king of the tenor sax, in an after-hours Kansas City jam session in the late '30s. The old school, muscular toned Hawkins, perhaps after Louis Armstrong the most forceful and innovative improviser of his time, was not about to cede his dominance to the thin-toned Young, five years his junior. But in the end, Prez's supple meanderings undid Hawk; as Hawk's frustration bloomed, he blew harder and harder, while Prez, his body folding into lazy, cross-legged nonchalance, slayed Hawk with solos that grew progressively cooler.

As much as I grooved on the counter intuitive reasoning of this fable—that less is more, that indirection may be a wiser

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Our Own Voices: Review of WU Faculty Book

Japanese Women's Literature: The Recovery of Words

Rebecca Copeland is Associate Professor of Japanese Language and Literature at Washington University in St. Louis. She has published extensively on Japanese women's writing, and is also highly regarded as a translator of Japanese fiction. Her books include: *The Sound of the Wind: The Life and Works of Uno Chiyo* (University of Hawaii Press, 1992); *The Story of a Single Woman* (a translation of *Aru hitori no onna no hanashi* by Uno Chiyo) (London: Peter Owen, Ltd. 1992); *Lost Leaves: Women Writers of Meiji Japan* (University of Hawaii Press, 2000); and *The Father-Daughter Plot: Japanese Literary Women and the Law of the Father*, edited by Rebecca L. Copeland and Esperanza Ramirez-Christensen (University of Hawaii Press: 2001). In October 2001, Rebecca was invited to lecture at a variety of institutions in her home state of North Carolina, as part of the Distinguished Lecture Series on Japan sponsored by the Association for Asian Studies.



Rebecca L. Copeland, *Lost Leaves: Women Writers of Meiji Japan*, Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, xiv 285 pp. illus. ⓔ index.

The explosion of scholarship on women's literature that has occurred since the end of the Second World War has probably been one of the most notable developments in literary scholarship over the past five decades. This huge boost in our knowledge of women authors has led to many exciting re-evaluations and reassessments of literature generally. It took a while for scholarship on Japanese literature written in English to catch up to the larger trend but there is no doubt that, over the past decade and a half, studies of Japanese women's writing—whether in monograph or article form—have steadily increased.

The year 2000 was undoubtedly vintage with the publication of two excellent books on Japanese women writers. Yukiko Tanaka's book *Women Writers of Meiji and Taishō Japan* has received good reviews in the scholarly press, and it is my pleasurable task here to review the other major study published in that year: *Lost Leaves: Women Writers of Meiji Japan* by Rebecca L. Copeland. Students of modern Japanese literature will already be familiar with Rebecca Copeland's scholarship from her earlier, much praised book *The Sound of the Wind: The Life and Works of Uno Chiyo* (1992) which also explores the writing of a distinguished modern woman author.

Copeland's new book discusses a number of Japanese women authors who were active in the last few decades of the 19th century. In her preface, Copeland tells us how difficult it was to obtain sources for her study (a problem also noted by Tanaka in her book) as the writing of most of the women she discusses has disappeared into, if not the dust-bin of history, then certainly its ante-room awaiting collection. Obviously, this is the fate that awaits most writers and their works, and only a

tiny proportion of the literature written during this period in Japan is still read—or is still readable—today. The case that Copeland is determined to make is that works by such writers as Miyake Kaho (1868-1943), Wakamatsu Shizuko (1864-1896) and Shimizu Kikin (1868-1933) have been neglected and deserve to be reread and reassessed.

Copeland's study is not merely a reevaluation of these women's writings but also explores several other important scholarly topics, such as the way in which the language of Japanese narrative prose was altered and modernized by writers such as Wakamatsu Shizuko. Copeland further investigates the question of why the explosion of writing by these authors was, for the most part, relatively short-lived and thus her book engages larger issues relating to the role of women in Meiji Japan, the profession of writing itself, and how literary history comes to be written.

Copeland makes the case that the writing of women at this time cannot be read or appreciated without a knowledge of some of these larger issues. She also allows us to read fictional works like Miyake Kaho's *Yabu no Uguisu* (*Warbler in the Grove*, 1888) and Shimizu Shikin's *Koware Yubiwa* (*The Broken Ring*, 1891) in a new light, interpreting them from a feminist perspective as works that resist prevailing patriarchal values, despite the fact that, generally speaking, they were originally not interpreted in this way.

It is unlikely that (with one or two exceptions perhaps) the works championed by Copeland will be read much outside college courses on Japanese women's writing. Little of this work has been translated into English, and even if it were, I believe it would be difficult for it to find an audience outside the university. This is a point acknowledged in part by Copeland herself, with her repeated references to the stereotypical and melodramatic plots of a number of the works she discusses. Moreover, the prose style in which these works are composed is nearly incomprehensible for the average contemporary Japanese reader, especially those aged under 40. What then is the justification for the study?

In line with similar studies produced for English literature, Copeland's arguments go to larger issues than simply whether a given work of literature is capable of being added to the "canon"—however this notion is interpreted, the need to choose remains paramount—or whether it will suit the tastes of contemporary readers. Her book is a rewriting of modern Japanese literary history, whether composed in Japanese or English, with the aim of providing a significantly revised understanding of women's writing at this pivotal point in the history of modern Japan. Indeed, Copeland's purpose goes beyond literary history per se to construct an argument that addresses how Japanese culture and thought in the late 19th century accommodated women, how gender roles were constructed culturally and intellectually, and what the implications were for the 20th century.

The means by which Copeland accomplishes this demanding and difficult task is to focus on a very few writers, and a very few

Rule II : Therefore to the same natural effects we must, as far as possible, assign the same causes.

Rule III : The qualities of bodies, which admit neither intensification nor remission of degrees, and which are found to belong to all bodies within the reach of our experiments, are to be esteemed the universal qualities of all bodies whatsoever.

Here we find set out for the first time the foundation of what we call the scientific method. Generations of philosophers have expounded on the methods of science (or what they think are the methods of science), yet, largely oblivious of these studies, we still, automatically, apply Newton's rules and find that they guide us with great precision.

From his own astronomical observations, Galileo Galilei had built on Nicholas Copernicus's move away from an Earth-centered universe to a planetary system with the brilliant sun at its center. Using Tycho Brahe's stunningly accurate measurements of the changing positions of the planets, Johannes Kepler had discovered the shape of each orbit and numerical relationships between the size of each orbit and the time taken for one traversal. Now Newton, with his rules of reasoning and of motion, was able to derive Kepler's relationships with the addition of only one postulate: the existence of a force of gravity between any two bodies, a force whose size diminished in inverse proportion to the square of their separation. The story of the falling apple may be apocryphal, but there was no denying Newton's gravity and his mathematical description of its behavior. Newton applied his theory to the motion of comets and deduced the shapes of their orbits—some elliptical and highly elongated, others parabolic, always with the sun at the focus. Newton invented the mathematical universe.

There has long been a fascination with light. What is light and why does it behave in the ways that we see? Newton addressed these questions in his other great book, *Opticks or, a Treatise of the Reflections, Refractions, Inflections and Colours of Light* (1704). *Opticks* did not command prompt universal respect. Gleick quotes Nicolas Malebranche: "Though Mr. Newton is no physicist, his book is very interesting ...". This view of Newton's ability as a scientist did not prevail, as we saw in Einstein's graceful comment.

Today, in our teaching, we often distinguish between geometrical optics and physical optics. In geometrical optics, without needing to make assumptions about the nature of the light, we can describe the paths followed by rays of light as they bounce off mirrors or travel through lenses with curved surfaces. We can, geometrically, show how rays of light can be persuaded to come to a focus and create an image, and we can prescribe the appropriate eyeglass lenses to correct our defective vision.

Newton, as we would expect, attacked this subject with thoroughness. He investigated the behavior of light using lenses. When he saw sunlight stream through a hole in the window shutter and onto his prism, he observed the production of a spectrum on the wall of his darkened room, and he saw the similarity with the rainbow. His sketches show the paths of light rays as they are refracted by lenses and prisms and the human eye.

When we move to physical optics, we develop theories to describe the intrinsic nature of the light and how, as a result, we can then explain the exotic patterns of bright and dark that are produced when light rays travel through very small apertures and are later combined to "interfere." Already in Newton's day, there was debate on the merits of competing theories based on particles ("corpuscles") and waves. As we now know, light exhibits the properties of both waves and particles; which description we use depends on the particular circumstances we need to describe. Newton entered into this debate, mostly on the side of the particles, but still acknowledging the merits of the wave ideas.

Though *Opticks* ranges widely, Newton knew that many puzzles remained unanswered. He ends with a lament "I have not finish'd this part of my Design I shall conclude with proposing only some Queries, in order to a farther search to be made by others." Then there follow his 31 Queries. But, as we might by now expect, Newton is not content simply to provide a list of Queries. Some are little more than questions, while others have many pages of discussion.

Query 1. Do not bodies act upon Light at a distance, and by their action bend its Rays; and is not this action (cæteris

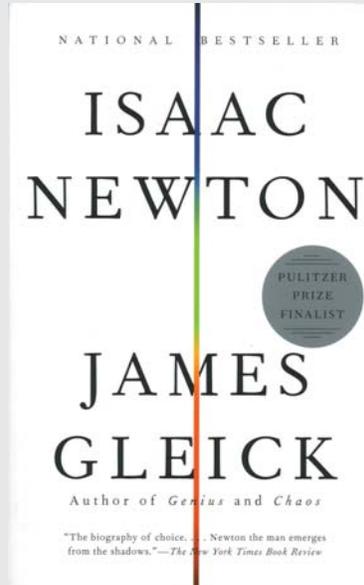
paribus) strongest at the least distance?

(A preview of the effect, later predicted by Einstein from general relativity, and so dramatically demonstrated during the 1919 total solar eclipse?)

Query 3. Are not the Rays of Light in passing by the edges and sides of Bodies, bent several times backwards and forwards, with a motion like that of an eel?...

In summary, there is in Gleick's book much more, such as Newton's fascination with alchemy, than there is space to review here. Gleick has enticed us to follow him through an exploration of the peaks of Newton's achievements and the valleys of his relations with and use of the Royal Society, his character, his adversaries (real and imagined) who were such major scientists and mathematicians as Robert Hooke (1635-1703), John Flamsteed (1646-1719), Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz (1646-1716). Do we truly understand Newton? Probably not, but the journey has been fascinating.

Michael Friedlander is Professor of Physics at Washington University.



Gleick, James. *Isaac Newton*.
New York: Vintage Books, 2003.

means to an end than sheer force—it didn't exactly work for me because I found myself more drawn to Coleman Hawkins playing than to Lester Young's.

By the time I came upon Prez, he sounded like an anachronism. His Jazz at the Philharmonic solos from the '50s were filled with crowd-pleasing honks and dying quail faints. I admired his fine, early work from the Basie band, including his elegantly weaving solos behind Billie Holiday, but that stuff was ancient history. The generation of tenor players who went through Prez's school, guys like Getz, Dexter Gordon, and Wardell Gray, were far more compelling to me than their daddy.

As a young man in the '20s, Coleman Hawkins was credited with inventing the soloist's role for the tenor sax in jazz with the Fletcher Henderson band. Hawk's 1939 recording of "Body and Soul," may be the first recorded masterpiece of modern jazz.

By the time I heard him, Hawk's thick tone with its rippling vibrato gave him the sound of father time, but he remained a daring improviser into his 60s, his line taking dangerous vertical leaps over the chord changes as if they were fences. Among musicians, Hawkins was known as "Bean" because he was said to always use his bean when he played. In 1960, a year after Lester Young's death, Hawkins played on drummer Max Roach's edgy and intensely topical "We Insist! Freedom Now Suite," and in 1966, he appeared in a Tenor Titan concert that also featured Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane.

Once in awhile, when the house was empty, I'd turn on the hi fi and blast Hawk's tune "Picasso," a majestic, free-form unaccompanied solo, and pretend it was me. I stood by the opened window with my tenor sax in place, hoping that the neighbors would think that the broad, painterly, shape-shifting modulations were coming from my sax, that the boy in the window had miraculously become the man nearly 50 years his senior.

Perhaps what I admired most about Coleman Hawkins was his earnestness and intensity. Adolescents are noted or disparaged for their rebelliousness, but their parallel streaks of earnestness, when recognized, are often cited as puppy-like evidence of their immaturity. I remember how frustrated I'd get with my father, in those years, when he responded to my attempts at sincere, soul-searching conversation with a joke. The everyday cynical banter



John Coltrane
Photograph by Francis Wolff/
Courtesy Mosaic Images



Coleman Hawkins
image from Coleman Hawkins
© The Jazz Files

that was standard fare among symphony musicians didn't go over well with me.

It wasn't long before I traded in Coleman Hawkins and made John Coltrane my everyday horn player, the guy I could go the distance with. It's curious to realize that my musical taste has essentially not evolved from the time I was 15. But where

does one go after John Coltrane? As much as the beauty and dazzling virtuosity of Trane's playing, I've always admired the yearning, spiritual intensity of his long lines. It's hard to think of another major artist, in any field, who can get away with being so earnest and humorless.

The year I turned 16, I witnessed a bit of my father's earnestness firsthand. Each morning I woke to hear him practicing the Roger Sessions Violin Concerto. The next year he'd give it its West Coast premiere,

playing out front of the San Francisco Symphony. The concerto, written in 1936, was considered too difficult to play, and I listened in awe to the way he doggedly assembled it, measure by measure, over the course of the year.

On my 16th birthday, my father offered to take me to hear John Coltrane play a Sunday matinee concert at the Jazz Workshop in North Beach. I couldn't believe the generosity of his offer. I knew that there was no way my father could begin to "hear" the music Trane was playing in 1967, that there was probably no way I could "hear" it. But I was so thrilled at the prospect of seeing the master that I didn't care. Alas, the Jazz Workshop's liquor license wouldn't allow me in the club even in the presence of my father. Trane died not long after that, and I felt an ache for a while, but later, I realized that I've always been lucky when it comes to fathers, both in choosing them and seeing them for what they are.

Bart Schneider is the author of the novels Blue Bossa, a finalist for the Los Angeles Times Book Prize, Secret Love, a New York Times Notable Book of the Year, and the just published Beautiful Inez, a novel about a violinist in the San Francisco Symphony.

Flesh and Fantasy:

Notes on American Pornography, Part II

The Whores of Babylon

A Review of

Sex: The Annabel Chong Story, co-produced

and directed by Gough Lewis, 2002; and

The Girl Next Door: From Housewife to Porn Star,

co-produced and directed by Christine Fugate, 1999

Tire tracks all across your back, baby

I can see you've had your fun.

—Jimi Hendrix, "Cross Town Traffic"

If I'm horny, I go to work.

If I want affection, I have my cats.

—Porn star Stacy Valentine in *The Girl Next Door*

Of the spate of documentaries about the porn industry and its performers, the two most striking are Christine Fugate's *The Girl Next Door: From Housewife to Porn Star*, about porn actress Stacy Valentine, and Gough Lewis's *Sex: The Story of Annabel Chong*. Both films, expertly made, seem to capture opposite tendencies of the massive underground cinema world of pornography. (It is a remarkable realization that more commercial films in America are being made about explicit sex than about anything else. Thousands of porn films, amateur and professional, are made annually.) Put another way: both Fugate and Lewis show us different aspects of the marginalization of pornography, the irony of that marginalization, as this industry continues to fascinate, as it may also confound and bewilder much of the mainstream public, as it continues to penetrate popular culture with amazing alacrity. Fifty years ago, it was virtually impossible for the average person to see an explicit sex movie without making a real effort to do so.¹ Now, one must almost make a considerable effort not to see one. Of course, at the heart of this fascination with porn is a bourgeois hypocrisy that flatters bourgeois morality even as that morality is revealed in its hollowness. Fugate's film gives us the porn actress as the blonde bitch-princess without a kingdom or a prince or even much of a life. Lewis's film gives us the porn actress as neurotic, unstable rebel in search of a cause that turns out to be no more than hideously histrionic narcissism. What we have here are films that give us the further marginalization of the marginalized. That is to say that one can come away from these films feeling superior to the subjects. "There but for fortune," which is how the bourgeois world, when it is feeling kindly, thinks of people who play in porn. Nothing can be more "other," more unlike us, more to be demonized and pitied, than these two women.

"There was never anything I was really good at," Stacy Valentine says at the beginning of *The Girl Next Door*, "I know

I'm good at sex. I can give head really well. I can go down on a woman really well. I fuck great. I'm really confident about my sexual capabilities." She does not say this with great bravado or swagger, but with a sweet assertion of genuine pride, almost a form of innocence. She is not presented in the film as seeing her work in any sort of political or feminist way. She just wanted to be good at something, as most people are expected to be. She later admits in the film that sex is not much to be good at, but it is something, after all. And it is certainly better than being good at nothing or good at something that hurts people. When she came to the realization of this sex talent, sometime during her marriage when her husband encouraged her to do nude modeling and she actually became successful at it, she went to Los Angeles from her home in Oklahoma and became a porn star, leaving her "suck ass life" with a husband she did not like and who became jealous of her success.

"I would advise someone to get into the business if they love to have sex. That's the only reason to get into the business," she says. But it is curious to say. If one can fake it well, as acting is supposed to be, and after all in some sense or another she is supposed to be an actress, why not go into it? Fugate betrays Valentine a bit by showing scenes where Valentine herself is clearly faking it. She pretends to be giving herself an orgasm through masturbation but can coolly come out of character and ask the director between takes if she is sufficiently convincing. In another scene, where she is depressed and feeling particularly unsexual (she said her sex drive was "zero" that day) she proceeds to do an anal sex scene as if it she were in the throes of ecstasy. No, it would seem that Fugate is saying that one does not necessarily have to love sex to be a porn star but only that one has to like the idea of loving sex, like the idea of fooling people about loving sex, to be one. It is difficult work and not especially sexually alluring: women must perform sex in uncomfortable positions and angles for the benefit of the camera; they must almost always wear high heels when they have sex (they look sexier than they do in bare feet because the heels give their legs a better line). They must do freakish things like double penetrations (have anal and vaginal sex with two men at the same time) or triple penetrations or gang bangs, which differ from orgies as gang bangs involve one woman being used as a sexual object by several men—or women, as the case may be (what happens in these encounters I will leave to the reader's imagination). There is vaginal and anal fisting as well as bondage and domination. Few can love sex so much as to like these entire varieties of acts, this smorgasbord of sexual aesthetics, being performed, remember, not for the performer's pleasure but for the viewer's sense of fantasy. Faking it would, therefore, seem fairly commonplace, more in tune with real acting, and even sensible. After all, women have long been known to fake enjoying sex, largely for the benefit of men. This artifice, this dissembling on the part of women seems the heart of the hard-core film. What are we watching when we watch? What women feel sexually is the imaginative engine that drives non-gay sex films.

Isaac Newton: The Genius Who Changed Science

James Gleick, *Isaac Newton*, New York: Vintage Books, 2003, pp. 272, \$13.00.

*Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night. God said,
"Let Newton be!" and all was light.*
—Alexander Pope

“Fortunate Newton, happy childhood of science! ... Nature was to him an open book, whose letters he could read without effort. He stands before us strong, certain, and alone; his joy in creation and his minute precision are evident in every word and in every figure.”

In his inimitable way, Albert Einstein paid tribute to another giant and captured this unique epoch in the history of science in his foreword to the 1931 edition of Newton's great *Opticks*.

The 17th century marked a major point in the consolidation of mathematical science from almost-science. With great technical skill, Galileo Galilei fashioned his telescope. Then, with equal observational skill, he scanned the heavens and saw what no man had ever seen before. His sketches show wonderful detail: the irregularities of the Moon's surface, moons in orbit around Jupiter, the sometimes-crescent shape of Venus, and spots that moved across the face of the sun showing its rotation as well as its lack of unblemished perfection. And then, born on Christmas Day in 1642, came Isaac Newton (1642-1727), inventor of a new type of telescope as well as new mathematics, which he applied with devastating precision to the description and prediction of movements both in the heavens and on earth.

James Gleick, in his *Isaac Newton*, has made an important contribution to the literature on Newton. Gleick's style is friendly and relaxed and his volume is more welcoming than we find in the magisterial *Never at Rest* by Richard S. Westfall. Gleick's attractive book is four times smaller than Westfall's, though still with close to 50 pages of notes with citations. These notes can be distracting, though with practice the reader can quickly see which are only citations and which have extensive and interesting detail.

What do we learn of Newton, that legendary figure and the center of so much scholarly attention? Here was a complex, intense man, gifted in his mathematical ability and insights but short on interpersonal skills. Hungry for recognition of his scientific and mathematical discoveries, hypersensitive to slights or to what he considered insufficient credit, yet counterproductively secretive in his reluctance to publish his works; reaching the pinnacles

of public life as president of the Royal Society and Warden of the Mint yet always vengeful and harboring resentments.

What of his science? It was monumental. Probably best known are his Laws of Motion, set out in his magnum opus, *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica* (*The Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*, 1687):

Law I: Every body continues in its state of rest, or of uniform motion in a right line, unless it is compelled to change that state by forces impressed upon it.

Law II: The change of motion is proportional to the motive force impressed.

and

Law III: To every action there is always opposed an equal reaction ...

These laws formed the foundation for all physics research and application for the next 200 years. Even now, though Einstein's special theory of relativity takes us into the realm of speeds unimaginable to Newton and is essential in many parts of modern physics, Newton's formulation is mathematically much simpler and is still used overwhelmingly where speeds are small.

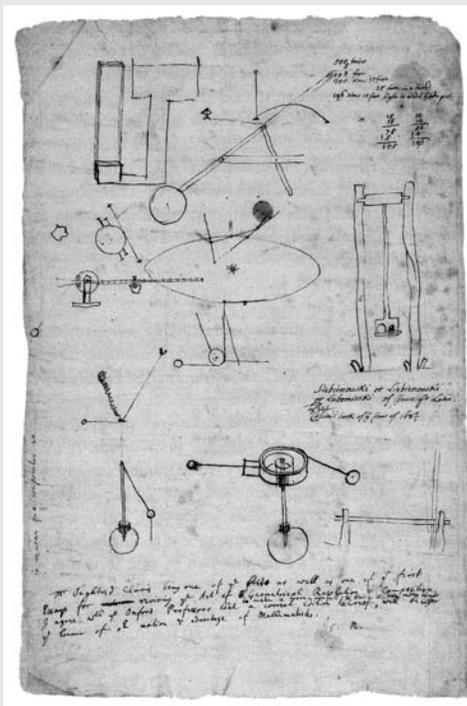
The essence of mechanics is the description of motion with the ability to predict the path and speed of a moving object. Nature is not static, and we use “time” again and again. Speed tells us how far something moves in a specified interval of time. Acceleration, the pivot of the second law, is the change of speed in each interval of time. Newton saw “time” as the working of some sort of celestial clock:

“Absolute, true and mathematical time, of itself, and from its own nature flows equably without relation to anything external.”

The inadequacy of this definition became apparent only when very high speeds entered. In his development of his theory of relativity, Einstein's starting point was his re-examination of the nature of time.

Where Newton's laws of motion have quantitative implications, his “Rules of Reasoning in Philosophy,” one of the most famous portions of *The Principia*, has equal importance qualitatively:

Rule I: We are to admit no more causes of natural things such as are both true and sufficient to explain their appearance. To this purpose, the philosophers say that nature does nothing vain when less will serve; for Nature is pleased with simplicity and effects not the pomp of superfluous causes. (What a wonderful statement!)



Gleick, James. *Isaac Newton*. New York: Vintage Books, 2003. Photo page 37. “Early Newton drawings of apparatus.”

The Skyscraper as American Icon

Neal Bascomb is a former journalist and book editor. He recently participated in two documentaries on architectural history. A native of St. Louis, he now lives and writes in New York City. For more information about the author, please visit www.nealbascomb.com.



Neal Bascomb, *Higher*, Doubleday, 2003. 289 pages plus notes and bibliography, \$26.

The spirit of human beings has thrived on competition since the dawn of history. Beginning with challenges over who could run the fastest, swim the farthest, kill the most animals, parent the most children, the competition proceeded to the digger of the deepest cave, builder of the highest tree house, the grandest temple, the fastest automobile. When the Olympic Games were re-established in 1896, leaders adopted a year-old motto composed by a French cleric, “Citius, Altius, Fortius,” or “Faster, Higher, Braver.” It soon became “Swifter, Higher, Stronger,” celebrating not only the Olympics, but also the way of the world.

Higher, by Neal Bascomb, looks at builders, not leapers (except for some Depression-era suicides) in an easy-reading look at a three-building competition in Manhattan that changed the face of the island forever. Interestingly, it arrives as the battle for the figurative high ground is stirring again. A skyscraper in Kuala Lumpur holds the “highest” honor at the moment, but there are plans for a new tower to replace the World Trade Center and, at an announced height of 1,776 feet, it would reign supreme until a builder in Hong Kong, or Chicago, or Shanghai, or Singapore, shoves a steel framework even closer to the sky.

St. Louis-native Bascomb was inspired by his grandfather, Lester Linck, a longtime *Post-Dispatch* photographer whose assignments included the construction of the Gateway Arch, a building feat in itself.

Engineers, architects, and construction firms all vied for the opportunity to dig into the Manhattan schist that has supported countless tons of steel and concrete. In the heated economic times that followed World War I, buildings soared, each higher than the one that was just finished or even the one where construction started last week.

Bascomb focuses on three buildings: the Manhattan Bank at 40 Wall Street, the Chrysler Building at 42nd Street and Lexington Avenue, and the Empire State Building at Fifth Avenue and 34th Street. The plotting and planning of owners and architects, keeping details of construction even from their own partners, grew more and more feverish as the fight for glory, and for rental space, increased in volume. Designs were redrawn in secret, false figures were released. Building fever made a per-

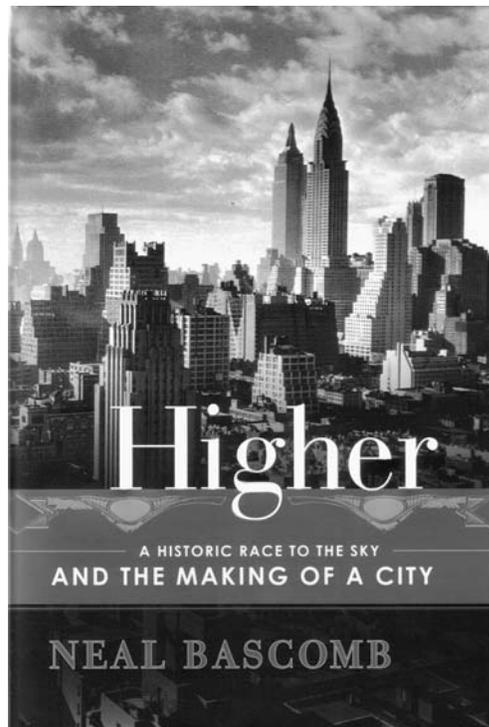
fect counterpoint to the '20s, which historian Frederick Lewis Allen called “the era of wonderful nonsense.”

John Raskob, longtime political power broker, was the force behind the Empire State Building, but Al Smith, defeated by Herbert Hoover in the 1928 presidential race, was its public face. He was the man who ran the press conferences, slapped the backs of thousands of people, and maintained faith in the construction project even as the Depression grew deeper and the economy floundered helplessly.

Walter Chrysler, the automobile magnate behind the building that still bears his name, was a micro-manager to the nth degree, and the building almost collapsed under the weight of a mass of lawsuits involving Chrysler and his architect, William Van Alen.

Higher is written to be a popular history, and Bascomb handles the style with prose that only occasionally sinks under waves of hyperbole. It's a good look at New York in the first third of the 20th century, and at the magnates whose desire to build edifices that would allow them to climb nearer to the sky, or to heaven, never flagged.

Joe Pollack, a retired St. Louis Post-Dispatch columnist and critic, writes about restaurants and wine for the Web site saucecafe.com, and is the theater and film critic for KWMU.



Title page photograph: View From River House: Could Study, Noon, December 15, 1931, by Samuel Gottscho.

The Gottscho-Schleisner Collection. Museum of the City of New York (39.20.1)

It is often thought that women who perform in porn films have been raped when they were children or adolescents giving them, as a result, a warped, degraded sense of their sexuality. (Like nearly all women porn stars, Valentine considers sex “something hot, and nasty, and dirty.” But for her, love is quite different and deeply romantic.) For no sane woman would want to do what these women do before a camera. This may be true for many women in this business. But it wasn’t true for Valentine, who was adopted when she was a baby and not abused sexually when she was growing up. She was an only child. She liked her childhood. Her mother and her stepfather support her career choice, although they seem, in the film, to be a bit nonplussed by it. If any generalization about the women who do porn can be made that explains why they do it, it is not that many of them have been raped when they were young, but rather that they are obsessed with being in show business and being famous. It is amazing how many of these women are performers—dancers, models, and singers—before they become porn stars, how many are desperate not to be ciphers, who want some sort of name. In the early days of porn back in the 1970s, virtually everyone in it had been in the theater and had training as actors. As Valentine says, “I was raised to be a housewife.” And that, in the end, was clearly not what she wanted. Her porn career, the film shows, was utterly liberating for her. She says so several times. And she enjoys the outsized image of being “Stacy Valentine,” not her real name.

Is Valentine a prostitute, as porn star John Holmes’s first wife Sharon said all porn performers are? They do perform sex for money and the only reason they aren’t arrested is because there is a camera recording the act, which protects it as free speech and art, instead of being mere commerce. In the film, Fugate purposely blurs the line of sex performer as prostitute by showing a scene where Valentine, in Cannes, France, for the Hot D’Or Awards, decides to have sex with a fan who pays her a great deal of money. When she returns to her hotel, she sits on her bed and throws the money into the air, clearly pleased to have it, and impressed by the amount. Is this any different from the paychecks she gets from Metro and Vivid for performing sex on the screen or doing live sex shows on the internet? But prostitution is another subject, is it not? Or is it? Are women like Valentine playing the role that safeguards the idea of the “good woman,” of “respectable women” in our society? That is part of the argument that 19th-century madam Josie Washburn makes in her book, *The Underworld Sewer: A Prostitute Reflects on Life in the Trade, 1871-1909* (1909). And it is a fairly persuasive argument at that. In the sex trade, woman is “the other,” and conveniently so. Pornography, like prostitution, is the “crime wave,” the “moral degeneracy” about which we can be in a constant state of moral outrage and moral superiority.

Annabel Chong enjoyed a brief moment of fame when, in 1995, she set a world’s record by having sex with 251 men in 10 hours. (The record has been subsequently broken by porn star and strip dancer Jasmine St. Claire who had sex with 300 men in a

day and porn star Houston who had sex with 600 men in a day. Messalina, Claudius’s wife, who supposedly could out-whore professional prostitutes, clearly has nothing on them! It is almost a certainty that all these numbers are an exaggeration.) This sort of stunt makes pornography perilously close to being a freak show and some in the business have complained about it. But it has not hurt the bottom line. Annabel Chong’s “The World’s Greatest Gang Bang,” is one of the biggest selling hardcore videos ever made, although it is hardly erotic. It is, in fact, by turns, boring and painful. What helped the bottom line even more is that John T. Bone, who produced and directed this film, never paid Chong her \$10,000 fee. Chong, whose real name is Grace Quek (few porn stars use their real names; they truly adopt personas when they are performing rather like Paul Reubens being Pee Wee Herman), has made a few other porn films but is not the caliber of porn star that Valentine is, who, at one point in her popularity, was making five films a month. Chong is not trying to have a career in porn; she is trying to make a statement through it. Chong is not the type of porn performer that Valentine is. Valentine has had numerous plastic surgeries: breast implants, liposuction (she hates to exercise), lip enhancement. She has virtually the prototypical porn actress body “I’m trying to make myself unrealistic,” she says. “Most of the girls in the business are that way. Their bodies are unrealistic. And I can’t keep up with that. It’s really wearing me down. It’s just weird to look in the mirror and you kind of see a stranger. I just hope I’m not hurting myself.” Chong, other than wearing a wig and makeup, has hardly done any major makeovers. Indeed, Chong’s teeth need fixing and she has blemishes on her body. And she is fairly small-breasted, so she certainly does not have implants.

Chong was a graduate student at University of Southern California and one rumor has it that she decided to do the marathon sex stunt because she was infuriated by a feminist theory course which she felt simply oppressed women in a new way. For others, Chong was changed after she was gang-raped one night while a graduate student. But the rape is mentioned only in passing in the film. And she was very promiscuous before the rape. (And she intended to have sex with one of the men who gang rapes her.) Chong does talk quite a bit about women having to get over the

idea of being victims and having to assert themselves sexually. She said she did the gang bang because she wanted to “explore my own sexuality” and that she “decided to take on the role of being a stud.” This sense that performative, stunt sex, which, in essence is what a lot of porn is, is liberating or emotionally satisfying is curious but not altogether dubious.² The problem with Chong’s thinking is that she thinks the male principle is the model of this freedom because it is, by definition, assertive and gets what it wants. (I suppose fundamentally that is what raping is, getting what one wants.)³ Ironically, as Jami Ake pointed out, through the gang bang, Chong re-enacts her rape. I suppose this is a way of mythologizing the woman as sociopath, an idea that clearly

She is not presented in the film as seeing her work in any sort of political or feminist way. She just wanted to be good at something, as most people are expected to be. She later admits in the film that sex is not much to be good at, but it is something, after all.

makes most people uncomfortable. Perhaps she feels she is now in control of the rape. But it has to hurt to have sex with 251 men in 10 hours (or even half that number) no matter how much of a nymphomaniac she may think she is. But of course she did do something that no man could do, for no man, no matter how sexually driven, could have sex with 251 women in 10 hours. (Mark Twain never understood the fantasy of polygyny that men had. He thought men were not built for harems. But polyandry was another story as any given woman, if she wanted to, could satisfy all her husbands in an evening.)

Lewis's film turns on three matters: the story of the filming of the gang bang, Chong's erratic behavior and babbling, and the fact that her parents, middle class people living in Singapore, don't know what she has done. But in a way the film seems monumentally dishonest. Lewis becomes Chong's lover while he is making the film. In the famous scene where she is mutilating herself with a knife, she is actually imitating what he is doing off-camera. The whole scene was shot the day she and Lewis broke up. Had this context been presented in the film, Chong's behavior would not have seemed nearly so bizarre. As it is, the scene makes her seem emotionally unstable. Perhaps Lewis thinks that it virtually goes without saying that a woman who would have sex with 251 men in a day must be unstable. So, the film seems intent on making Chong the very thing she doesn't want to be: a victim. What Chong wants to be is a sociopath, not in real life, but as a performative role. There is a sense in *Sex of Whose Film Is This, Anyway?* Maybe that is where its real brilliance lies. Here is a documentary film about the making of a porn documentary film (the gang bang is a documentary) and both of them are complex layers of theater and fiction.

Fugate's Valentine is shown trying to make a relationship work with a fellow porn star, Julian, but it fails. In the end, she is alone with her cats. Fugate does not try to undermine Valentine's character or personality. Indeed, in the end, there is much about her that is appealing and winsome. One pulls for Valentine in the end to find happiness, for we understand what she wants. Chong doesn't seem to know what happiness is or, at least, Lewis wants us to think that. Perhaps that makes Chong even more like us: in the modern world, who knows what happiness is. There is for Chong only the art of making choices where there are no real choices, or rape as voracious consensual sex is reinventing some act of the imagination. Maybe, in the end, pornography is only about fixation.

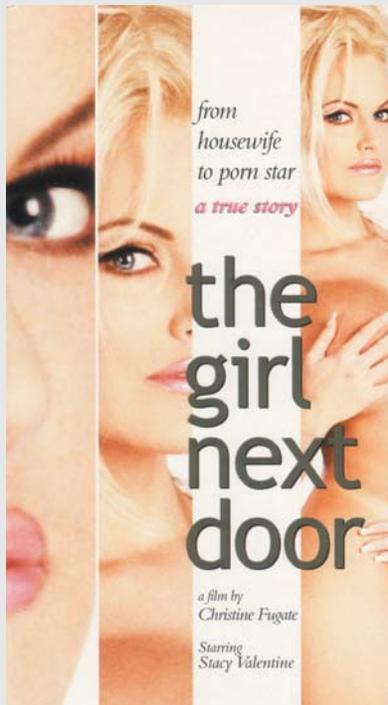
Coda: Night and City

Let me tell this brief story. Back in 1975, I was working in Philadelphia's arraignment court interviewing people who had been arrested to see if they might qualify to be released on their own recognizance. It was a strange job. I had to work from midnight to eight in the morning in the basement at the Roundhouse, the Police Administration Building. There were no windows down there, so it was very easy to get disoriented about the passage of time. One was surrounded by cops and criminals, neither of whom liked each other and both of whom disliked those of us who did these interviews. I did get to know well, for a time, the criminal population of Philadelphia, as everyone who was arrested had to go through this process. And I discovered that most people who were arrested have done petty crimes: burglary, shoplifting, illegal lottery, possession of small amounts of controlled substances, and prostitution, lots of prostitutes, both male and female.

Among the group of us interviewers who were working this particular night, there was a black guy named S. who was always after the main chance, out for a fast buck. Tonight he was giving everybody free copies of *Hustler* magazine (a publication he really liked) in the hopes he could sign up some of us for subscriptions. I remember in that particular issue there was a photo of a naked blonde woman tied to a stake about to be raped by six naked black guys, who were all over her. S. thought this was funny. The black porn actor Johnny Keyes, who starred in *Behind the Green Door* with Marilyn Chambers, says in *The Other Hollywood: The Uncensored Oral History of the Porn Film Industry* (2005): "I was fucking the hell out of this chick—I was acting like I was ten thousand Africans making up for that slavery shit. Here's this white woman that the African is fucking to get revenge on all those white motherfuckers that used to rape our

mothers and aunts all those years ago, right? That's what I used as an incentive to fuck Marilyn Chambers." I used to know some black guys back in the 1970s who had sex with white woman exclusively who told me exactly the same thing. That kind of talk—consensual sex transformed into rape as a political act—gave me the willies. Can't people quit having sex with whatever fantasy they have in their minds and start having sex with the actual person they're having sex with? I didn't think the *Hustler* feature was funny or erotic. It seemed a way to exploit a public illness that blacks and whites equally shared. I stuffed the *Hustler* in my notebook. I was in a bad mood that night.

One of the prostitutes I interviewed that evening was a regular, a shabby looking girl, stringy, greasy, mousy brown hair, an almost pasty white skin, the swollen fingers of the heroin addict,



The Girl Next Door: from housewife to porn star, a true story

Cover of VCD, Blackwatch Releasing of Canadian Home Video

who, because of her drug habit, looked about 10 years older than she was. The trouble began when she asked me if I would get her a pack of cigarettes, that she was desperate for a cigarette. She was beginning to show the effects of drug withdrawal. That was why she was so desperate for a cigarette. I refused to get the cigarette. For some reason, she decides to come on to me. She tells me how she would give me a blow job if I get her the cigarettes. I was not responding and she became more insistent. Finally, she jumps in my lap, throwing her arms around me, kissing my neck. I was so horrified that I jumped up from my chair, and in the same motion, pushed her violently away from me. She fell against the desk, hitting it rather hard, and crumpled to the floor. "Don't you ever touch me, you piece of dirt!" I shouted. Her reaction was surprising. I expected her to curse me out, even attack me. But all she did was look at me for a second. She seemed truly shocked. Then she got up and ran back to her cell.

I was teased by the other guys, "Jerry's having a lover's spat." "You like to play rough with your girlfriends, don't you?" But as the evening wore on, I became increasingly ashamed of what I had done. I shouldn't have pushed her in that way. I shouldn't have said what I said.

Finally, near the end of the evening, I went upstairs when her co-hort was called for arraignment court. She ran away and I never finished the interview. I wanted to put in a good word for her, so that the judge would not make her pay bail to get out. On the way, I stopped at a cigarette machine and bought a pack. The judge set bail for her at \$300, a low bail, but prostitutes usually were able to escape without any cash bail if they did the interview. I felt bad. Ten percent of that was more than she charged for a blow job. As she was being escorted out of the courtroom, hoping to make a phone call to her pimp to post \$30.00 so she could get out, I went up to her, told her I was sorry she had to pay a bail and offered her the pack of cigarettes.

"Get away from me, you fucking loser!" she shouted, and flung the pack in my face. I picked up the cigarettes and walked away. I felt foolish in front of the cops. They snickered at me.

When my shift was over, I gathered my belongings and headed for the El to go to my small apartment. I chose not to subscribe to *Hustler*, although S. tried mightily. I couldn't read magazines of any sort in those days. They made me nervous. Emerging into the sunlight (it was a spring day, a beautiful day and I was going to sleep through most of it), I saw a homeless man rifling through a trashcan as I was going toward the train station. I threw the pack of cigarettes away and he immediately grabbed them.

"You sure you don't want these, mister? You throwing away an unopened pack of cigarettes," he said.

"I don't want 'em," I said.

It was always hard for me to stay awake on the train ride home. I never got used to the graveyard shift. Sometimes I fell asleep and would wind up riding all the way to the end of the line and would have to take the train back again. There was something I should have learned about the prostitute, that she was not "the other." She was I, looking at the poor dumb, strung-out white girl was like looking at myself in a strange mirror. She probably slept



Sex: The Annabel Chong Story.

Courtesy Coffee House Productions

during the day, too, because she worked all night. I thought I was a pretty bad Christian. Most people who claim to be Christians are, I guess, but that didn't make me feel any better. I learned two things, though, one at the time, and one later. I was going to see her again and I should have kept the cigarettes to give them to her again. Never throw stuff away because

people reject it the first time. The other thing was, as I thought about this incident years later, that jazz singer Patricia Barber was right: the girl works harder than you. She sure worked harder than I ever did. The prostitute still disgusted me, even as I was disgusted with myself.

I didn't miss my stop. And as it approached, I took the *Hustler* magazine from my notebook and left it on the train.

Gerald Early is the Merle Kling Professor of Modern Letters in the English Department at Washington University in St. Louis.

¹ Most porn films before 1970 were loops or stag films, short, sexually explicit movies with no plot. They were usually shown at all-male gatherings such as bachelor parties, lodge meetings, and veterans reunions. Later, collectors were the sole market for these films. See Al DiLauro and Gerald Rabkin, *Dirty Movies: An Illustrated History of the Stag Film, 1915-1970* (New York, 1976). Of the many anthologies of these films, the best is Alex de Renzy's *A History of the Blue Movie* (1971).

² Scholars have written a great deal about pornography: many in defense of it and of its feminist possibilities (these are people who call actors in the adult industry "sex workers," making them instantly part of a radical-seeming proletariat): Linda Williams, Drucilla Cornell, Nadine Strossen, and Jill Nagle. On the other side are Gail Dines and Susan Cole, among others, who think that porn humiliates women. If one reads enough scholarship on porn, one comes away thinking that porn is like the Little Red Riding Hood fairy tale: it can mean whatever people who think it is worth thinking about want it to mean. Despite needing updating, Walter Kendrick's *The Secret Museum: Pornography in Modern Culture* (New York, 1987) is a highly accessible historical overview of the subject. Feminism among women porn performers is at two extremes: Annie Sprinkle, middle-class Jewish girl turned porn actress in 1970, who has combined anarchy and religion, to contrive porn as a liberation act, as the freedom of pansexuality. And there is the late Linda Lovelace, working class Catholic, who claimed in two autobiographies that she was coerced by her male lover. She left the business and joined the feminists who opposed it as degradation of women. Porn director Roberta Findlay, when asked what made women porn directors different from men, said, "I suppose women directors would shoot women having orgasms in addition to shooting men having orgasms. Most male directors don't bother about showing women having orgasms." That is not true.

³ From recently publicized cases of women having sex with adolescents or boys, we know that women are capable of rape or sexual exploitation and victimization. But this is something best left for discussion in another context.