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Three Deaths in Three Acts

Death in Venice
Death of the Author
Dead Man

Act One

*“The secret of the master in any art consists in this,
that he obliterates the stuff through the form.” (Schiller, 1794)¹*

Aschenbach is dead in Venice. Who loved Great German Art, who felt his life blood course with the self-image of Great German Art; who followed/objectified a beautiful boy around a choleric city, blown by the sirocco, unable to speak, even seemingly to breathe. His death unnoticed by the object of his lust. Something is gone—connection, friendship, speech, *freude*—that has been at the center of European culture since the Enlightenment, given [iconic voice](#) by Schiller and Beethoven.

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| <i>Freude, schöner Götterfunken</i> | <i>Joy, beautiful spark of divinity</i> |
| <i>Tochter aus Elysium,</i> | <i>Daughter of Elysium,</i> |
| <i>Wir betreten feuertrunken,</i> | <i>We enter, drunk with fire,</i> |
| <i>Himmlische, dein Heiligtum!</i> | <i>Into your sanctuary, heavenly one!</i> |

There is no joy on the beach in Venice, but a great emptiness. Something that coursed from Beethoven to Mahler, from Schiller to Mann himself, is leaving the world. Maybe you can hear it, as I do, in a few strange chords in Liszt—after his famous brio is cooled, his *years of pelerinage* past. In Liszt’s last volume, there is a short piano piece, *The Black Gondola (La Lugubre Gondola)*, written after the death of Richard Wagner. Rolling augmented chords, a harmony tenuous, almost uprooted, and a slow melody that doesn’t sing—you don’t remember it—as it floats past. A self-important writer goes to Venice to escape something—the weight of

[his] art and intellect? And finds heat, sickness, lust, and the slow unraveling of a well-spun ego until there is no-thing there. Greatness, already gone, evaporates into beach air as his body falls, away from words, from desire, from Tadzio, who is already turning away. Image: Aschenbach himself floating away in the dark gondola, in his cold body, away from the warm one he gazed at. Away from the/his gaze itself. Music for a boat slipping through the fog, turning a corner, gone. [[Listen to Liszt's *Black Gondola* here.](#)]

Death in Venice is taught as a text of the beginning of modernism, its disillusionment a signal of the coming turbid century. Yet it inscribes a death, not a birth, though death is always an elision. Mann's novella is the sign of an end as much as a beginning. Aschenbach's malaise and the crumbling of his ego speaks—mutely—the crumbling of romantic individualism and the tor of German idealism. That ruptured earth reveals the source stream of the modern river. Mann writes *Venice* in 1911, the same year Diaghilev and Stravinsky shake the bodies of the Ballet Russe dancers like rattles, and Arnold Schönberg through *Pierrot Lunaire* sings, moon-drunk, [a song for the ghost of Chopin](#), lilted, opiate, deranged. Listen for the repeated chiming note at the very end. One tone. A bell ringing.

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| <i>Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts</i> | <i>Like a pallid drop of blood</i> |
| <i>Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken</i> | <i>Colors a sick man's lips</i> |
| <i>Also ruht auf diesen Tönen</i> | <i>So reposes in these tones</i> |
| <i>Ein vernichtungssüchtger Reiz</i> | <i>A charm seeking annihilation</i> |

“So reposes in these tones/A charm seeking annihilation”. A century before, Beethoven added a prelude to Schiller's great humanist hymn *Ode to Joy*, prefacing *Freude!* with a more personal cry: *O Freunde, nicht diese Töne!* (*Oh friends, not these tones!*) Not these tones that seek annihilation! Mann has seen Gustav Mahler crying on a train platform in Vienna, and by the time he reaches Venice, Mahler is dead.² He travels there on commission to write a piece about Wagner, who died there in 1883. *Death in Venice* is redolent with the ghost of German Romanticism, and rehearses a narrative of identity in that now canonical lineage, embodied by the composer-heroes of so-called “absolute music”. Wagner coined the term “absolute music” to describe instrumental music that begins with Beethoven, and it adds even more arch to the earlier romantic term “pure music”. Music, which for Pythagoras and the ancient world had described

the universe *as* perfectly tuned intervals, returned to that perfection through the idea that instrumental music arises in a “pure” ontological realm untouched by the exigencies of actual cultures and people. Daniel Chua, in his wide-ranging and poetic critique, *Absolute Music and the Construction of Meaning*, follows Lydia Goehr noting that for the Romantics, music was “removed from historical reality altogether and enclosed... in its own ‘separate world’, where its signs could reflect each other within an autonomy so pure that its being discovered itself as tautology: music is music.”³

Chua traces a history of European music’s epistemology, beginning with monody (single-line song) as the reflection of Pythagoras’ cosmic order, depicted as a monochord strung between heaven and earth. This theology, of the cosmos *as* music, slowly transforms into music *representing* the cosmos. Music by the Renaissance was no longer magical and hermetic, but had become *language*, symbolized by its proposed demotion, in 1586, from the quadrivium, where it was one of the four ancient rational sciences (along with geometry, astrology, and arithmetic), to the trivium (rhetoric, grammar, and dialectics).⁴ The process of emancipation from magic and irrationality flows through music as the other arts (now that music *is* an art), and gives rise to sentimentality, or *empfindsamkeit*.⁵ Instrumental music was thus valorized by Forkel in 1788 as “a true language of emotion”, but would immediately be turned back toward the absolute, as the emotionally resonant signs of eighteenth century representational music were abstracted into an increasingly chromatic and self-referential style. Schiller wrote that the composer “obliterates the stuff [the material] through the form”,⁶ and through that obliteration, music could ride an idealist arc back toward divinity. Music was emptied of meaning, and that emptiness became a bulwark to defend its greatness, as Schiller claimed that the romantic was not a *style* but an “essence that pervades all art that is genuinely Art”.⁷

Using Saussure’s categories, the historical shift from a conception of music as cosmic order to humanistic expression corresponds to a shift from *reflexive* to *intentional* meaning, as sounds are heard not as containing meaning *a priori* but as a communication between composer and listener. Like language, music depends on shared associations in order for the code of signs to be consistently read. The minor chord is a signifier, and common enough in western tonal music that it produces mostly predictable signification. When I play a minor chord for non-musicians

and ask them what it “says”, they say “sad, serious, dark”. Is sadness the “nature” of the minor chord? We’ve heard it with that affective content so many times that as an isolated signifier, “sad” is the predominate signified. Are the augmented chords in the *Gondola Lugubre* ungrounded, rootless, floating? They confuse an ear that *expects* to hear major and minor triads in cadential motion, and that confusion is part of the communicated meaning. But without expectation, the departure from norms doesn’t *read*.

With music’s elevation into cosmic certitude, composers were transformed from their medieval and renaissance role as servants of church and royalty into a powerful archetype of the rising middle class: independent, male, compelled by passion to create—Geniuses whose emotional and intellectual life burns as an uncontrollable fire. *Feuertrunken*. The artist became a priest and the music itself became an object of worship, seen less as language than [again] as fundamental reality—a useful transference for a culture in whom God, also, was dying.⁸ In music through the nineteenth century, the growing abstraction of the tonal language from conventionally understood signs (plainchant, dance forms, gestures that signal the presence of royalty) reaches a peak in this investiture of the music itself with a presence, or agency, beyond the context of its creation and the identity of its creator. German romantic music, then, creates three identities, all born out of the privileges of bourgeois humanistic liberalism: a composer-hero who marshals the twin powers of emotional sensitivity and solitary genius; a listener confirmed in their individuality and inspired toward a sentimental devotion to an abstract divine, of which the music was a self-sufficient fragment; and the music itself as absolute.

These identities manifest in the form. In the end-oriented teleology of classical music, the adventure of tonal motion (exposition, development, return) is taken as the prime signifier of meaning in a piece.⁹ Eminent music theorist Kofi Agawu claims the presence of meaning in formal (rhythmic, harmonic, structural) aspects of instrumental music, referring to the “musical code” as the site of signification, rather than in personal, social or political narratives that may color a piece.¹⁰ In structure and harmonic movement itself, Agawu claims, affective content resides. This view grows out of the late eighteenth century classical ideal of music as expressive communication, and views the development of formal structures through the nineteenth century as the most relevant semiotic indicators. What does Beethoven’s *Waldstein* sonata, for instance,

mean? The primary harmonic gesture (often glossed as a carrier of meaning¹¹) of the piece is a move to the key of III instead of the usual V in the second theme group. That atypical key emphasis, combined with a much expanded development section marks the piece—in the romantic semiotics of affect—as emotionally complex. But if harmonic movement carries meaning, then the piece still basically means *return*. The fundamental dialectic in western music, of dissonance and resolution, continues to transform through the nineteenth century as it had since the eleventh, and reaches its apogee with the dissolution of harmonic progression in the twentieth. This dissolution is brought about through the elaboration of basic cadential (directional) forms until the perceptual lynchpin—the sensation of return—is lost. Liszt’s ambiguous chords are one of many indications that the Hegelian dialectic in music (and the hero-myth that it mirrors) is beginning to falter, and by 1911 the tonal model gives way, and with it the myth of an absolute music.

Act Two

*Who is speaking thus?*¹²

Roland Barthes, in 1967’s *The Death of the Author*, identified the impossibility of fixed meaning in any text, defining a paradigmatic stance of constructivism and claiming the end of authorial subjectivity. His insight is almost too simple: Barthes quotes Balzac describing a character’s traits, notes the lack of an identified speaker (“Who is speaking thus? . . . We shall never know, for the good reason that writing is the destruction of every voice, of every point of origin”¹³), and on the basis of this common literary device (an unidentified narrator’s reflective aside), names writing as “that neutral, composite, oblique space where our subject slips away, the negative where all identity is lost”.¹⁴ And he claims that is has always been thus. Is it then not so much a historical moment, this death of authority—like Nietzsche’s Death of God—but the recognition of a fundamental instability in language? Not so much the *Death of the Author*, but the recognition that *there was never an author*. Any text is always a suggestion of meaning, an echo that leads to other echoes. The *author*, then, is part of a communal project in which language is used to stimulate bodies into indeterminate action (thought, understanding, further reading, inquiry,

response, revolution)—indeterminate because language reads differently for every reader.

Authority is an illusion.

Barthes' essay was first published in an American experimental magazine called *Aspen* (Vol. 5-6, 1968), which was a collection of artifacts in a box—in this case printed text, vinyl LP records, and an 8mm filmstrip. The issue that contains Barthes' essay also contains work by John Cage and Merce Cunningham, Alain Robbe-Grillet, Susan Sontag, Marcel Duchamp, and others. The Cage piece is a score and recording of *Fontana Mix*, from 1958, and bears as well upon identity and *authority*.

The score for *Fontana Mix* consists of several transparencies with dots and curved lines, which can be superimposed on each other in any orientation and laid over a graph that depicts units of time and actions to be made within time units. The score is used by Cage as the basis for [a tape collage](#), but can be used to order any kind of events. *Fontana Mix* consists of instructions for the creation of a performed event. In this way, it is in the lineage of music notation, but the vastness of possible *content* (anything that can be done in time) removes a core element of language: control of vocabulary, or material. Is each version of *Fontana Mix* independent? No listener could identify, from a given set of sounds, that they were listening to *Fontana Mix*, the way as music students we would try to identify a piece of canonic classical music by the first note—and with the most iconic (or iconoclastic) pieces, would succeed. *Fontana Mix* removes—or attempts to remove—the genius composer from his position as the source of the revelation of absolute music. In *Fontana Mix*, augmented chords might be used as material to be manipulated as instructed by the score, but so might a tape of someone speaking, or the image of a person standing at the beach, or of a boat gliding on water between sinking buildings. Cage recognizes where the affective content of the music resides: “The emotions—love, mirth, the heroic, wonder, tranquility, fear, anger, sorrow, disgust—are in the audience”,¹⁵ confirming the constructivist stance. [Listen also to two recent recordings, [one by the performance group Baltic](#), [another by a group of DeMontfort University students](#).]

Who is speaking thus? Cage destabilizes his authorial role by using chance procedures—in this case the improvisational alignment of transparencies—to remove certain aesthetic choices from

the composer. It is an apotheosis of what we might call, in opposition to the earlier revelation, *relative music*. But does it work—is the author *dead*? Though it may be true that Cage demotes himself from traditional *authority*, he has already in 1958 become central to the New York School of artists, both visual and musical, and would remain one of the most influential artists of the century. The artifact of the score is beautifully (and recognizably) drawn by Cage, and published by Edition Peters under its famous green cover, taking its place in the catalog of Great Compositions, sharing shelf and social space with Beethoven, Wagner, and the rest. Cage's identity as the author is never in doubt, and the subjectivity that his pieces manifest is not far from the romantic composer-hero. *Fontana Mix*, as a structure in which any kind of action may take place, transfers only the aspect of compositional identity that communicates meaning through choice of vocabulary to the performer, who is free with respects to materials, but otherwise constrained by the given structure. In this way, Cage creates a collaborative piece much like an early figured bass score, where the performer has wide latitude in their choice of figuration, or a jazz improvisation in which harmonic structure undergirds free-ranging improv. Cage has demoted content from its central signifiatory role, and given that weight to a conceptually heightened skeletal structure. Content in *Fontana Mix* is ornament, but *authority* is intact.

Music notation, as a method for transmitting instructions, is a collection of seemingly precise signifiers. Playing a piece of Beethoven or Mahler, it seems as if what is being played *is* the piece. It is easy, even for performers, to forget that the act of translating the notation into sounds is a deeply collaborative process. One of the central insights of constructivism is that meaning is created through the interaction of author and reader, both in context, and so in notated music there are both two readers—performer and audience, and two authors—composer and performer. The role of the performer appears in a dynamic space between composer and audience, functioning both as a skilled tradesperson, translating the hieratic notation into sounds, and adding interpretation to them. An assumption that the sounds heard express the meaning intended by the composer still pervades most western music, Barthes and Cage notwithstanding, even when that intention is filtered through a strongly idiosyncratic interpretation, as Cage receives, for instance, in the hands of both contemporary ensembles playing *Fontana Mix*. Their versions are clearly collaborations—the sound world is very much theirs, not Cage's—and thus take a position that shares some of the cultural power of the original author. What happens to

cultural power—the power to speak—when the content is democratized? A performance of a Cage piece like *Fontana Mix* becomes more an artifact of the identity of the performer than it does of the “composer”. Still, the concert program says “Cage”, and people will come away with the understanding that they have heard a piece by Cage. Is this fair? The performer has supplied all of the content and simply manipulated it using Cage’s score. (How is this different from a traditionally notated piece? Simply in the size and diversity of the material being mined?) Cage is in the history books for having attenuated the compositional choices of the composer, but his work, especially his lectures and performance texts, was full of personal anecdotes, stories of his social circle, and more than many composers of his era, his personality formed a large part of what he presented. Identity never was expunged from the object, only recognized as arbitrary content.

Joseph Roach describes memory as “both quotation and invention, an improvisation on borrowed themes.”¹⁶ These collaborations in classical music, whether obvious—between a performer and Cage, or subtle—playing Beethoven or Mahler, are situations of dynamic currency, and shifting social power is possible. They are “both quotation and invention”. The classical masterpieces, for instance, are now a global export (and sign of continued aesthetic colonialism), with powerful virtuosi being trained in China focusing almost exclusively on the European classical canon.

Who is speaking thus?

Act 3

*My name is Nobody.*¹⁷

*...stations that play only music you like.*¹⁸

Jim Jarmusch made the film *Dead Man* in 1995. It is, on the surface, a western. In the film, a meek accountant named William Blake, played by Johnny Depp, travels west to the end of the rail line, to a town called Machine, responding to a job offer that no longer exists. He ends up wounded and on the run, and the film unfolds a mythic journey as he wanders further west, accompanied by a Native American man named Nobody (played by Gary Farmer). The film is

meditative, darkly comic and multi-layered, shot in black and white, and accompanied by Neal Young's improvised electric guitar. Nobody is an American Indian who was taken as a child to London as a spectacle, educated, and who discovered Blake's poems. The film confronts directly the genocide of the American Indians, and contains scenes intended for an Indian audience—with un-translated dialogue in Cree and Blackfoot and in-jokes for those communities. Nobody's signature line, made ironic by his being the person in the film most educated in western culture, is "stupid fucking white man".¹⁹

Blake travels to the irrational, spiritual, mythic West, which is to the rational and ordered East Coast as Aschenbach's Italy was to stolid Germany. He goes for a job (so American) rather than to renew his heroic artistic inspiration, but like Aschenbach ends up wandering beyond what he has ever known, in a foreign—and deeply physical—landscape. He has no ego, where Aschenbach was all ego. Where Aschenbach is literally alone, Blake travels with a companion—the Other, who has become friend and spiritual guide—but the companion is Nobody, and he is deeply alone in the vast spaces—outer and inner—he moves through. Where Aschenbach is anxious and tormented, Blake is confused, passive. And in the end, a ritually decorated funeral boat glides out over "the mirror of water",²⁰ taking Blake "back where [he] came from".²¹

[[Watch the last scene of *Dead Man* here.](#)] What/who is dead now? William Blake—standing in for William Blake, and the legacy of European high culture? Nobody—embodying the vast tragedy of the Indian genocide? American Idealism—capitalism, Manifest Destiny, *The Way the West was Won*? In the last scene, both the Native guide *and* the bounty hunter fall, shooting each other. There is no victor. Blake struggles to sit up, trying to speak—recall Aschenbach's strained "I love you!" that Tadzio never hears, and his struggle to rise up out of his chair, only to fall back, dead—and is unable to prevent the death of his friend.

In *Dead Man*, Nobody becomes the subject of the film as Blake becomes increasingly wounded—high culture dying as the indigenous stands witness. We see Blake through Nobody's eyes, confused, innocent, lost. When at the midpoint of the film, Nobody disappears for a few days, leaving Blake to undergo a vision quest, the moral center drops out, and the film feels hollow, empty. When Nobody returns, the warmth also returns, and he guides the film, and Blake, to a ritually appropriate close. But he also is not *of* his people. His time in England and classical

education has given him words that his culture does not understand or value. *Who is speaking thus?* Authority is layered with cultural exclusion, and does not signify power. A boat glides westward, bearing a hero to the beyond. But unlike Wagner in Liszt's gondola, Blake carries no heroism with him. The hero is long dead, and the one in the boat now is merely confused.

The abdication of authorial identity that was hinted at and incompletely realized by Cage, and named by Barthes and the deconstructionists, is not a historical moment after which it is possible to say, "now there are no Authors", even as post-Nietzsche one cannot say, "now there are no Gods". There certainly are Authors and Gods, still sometimes confused for each other. We have seen—parallel to the economic and cultural backlash of the 80's and 90's—a return to romantic linear narrative and melodrama throughout popular culture, and the idea that the subjectivity of the author is tenuous or contingent has little current cache. However, the rapid unfolding of technology has enabled far deeper realizations of authorial contingency than were dreamed of by Cage or Barthes. One step further toward actual contingency is the new role of the DJ. Now, instead of individual artists being the primary subjects behind a musical performance, the person in the role of the "composer" is the DJ—an editor of already-existing material rather than a creator of "original" material. Algerian DJ Cheb i Sabbah exemplifies the new paradigm, releasing records—under his own name—that contain other people's music, often Indian devotional *bhajans* or songs of North African origin, modified by his editing and layering. His skill and celebrity are as a compiler, and he turns originals recorded in the source countries into danceable club tracks. Many of his tracks are then further remixed by other DJ's, creating layers of ambiguous authorship, and re-released (often by Sabbah). *Who is speaking thus?*

Continuing in that direction, the website *Pandora* automates the process. *Pandora*, given a starting point (a song you like) will compare its qualities to its database and build a playlist of similar songs, aiming to create a seamless sequence of familiar qualities with enough new material to keep you interested.²² The shift in authority from even the human DJ to *Pandora's* proprietary algorithm destabilizes the subjectivity of the songs played, as they are removed from all original context, analyzed primarily for abstract qualities, and offered to the listener as a never-ending collage. *The Death of the DJ*. As the listener responds by signaling with clicks their likes and dislikes, *Pandora* learns those preferences and fine-tunes the playlist, aiming for a

perfect blend of music where nothing is disliked. Authorship is now shared between listener and algorithm, abetted by invisible engineers. *Who is speaking thus?*

Nicholas Ridout describes both classical and modern ethics as concerned with the experience of the individual, and notes that [postmodern] Levinasian ethics now encourages “the spectator to stop seeing the performance as an exploration of his or her own subjectivity and, instead, to take it as an opportunity to experience an encounter with someone else.”²³ Who is “someone else” when the piece of art is an interaction with a machine? As I’m listening to *Pandora*, I am in a dialog with two entities. One is not human, but is an aggregation of human observations: the algorithm. I “teach” it, and it “learns”. And its learning is constantly tuned by the *Pandora* engineers. Like *Fontana Mix*, *Pandora* is a collage that I recognize by its process, not its content. The content is *my choices*, and thus I see myself in it. This encounter now is *more* narcissistic rather than less, as the subjectivity of the author and the reader are subsumed into one body—the interactive listener. And (obvious in the age of social media) the other entity I am in dialog with is my “friends”. *Pandora* connects to my *Facebook* account, and tells me in small print underneath a song as it’s playing that some friend of mine “likes this song”. And when I like a song enough to click on the thumbs-up, which teaches the machine my preferences, that liking is transmitted to my friends. Jean-Luc Nancy writes, “The individual is merely the residue of the experience of the dissolution of community.”²⁴ This *Pandora/Facebook* community now may be the residue of the dissolution of the individual. If, as Nancy implies, community preceded the individual, now perhaps the community is supplanting the individual as the site of subjectivity.

Throughout the experimentations with artistic form that filled the twentieth century, the figure of the solitary author persisted. In collaborative work of the 50’s it begins to fray, as in the *Happenings* of Allan Kaprow, involving many of the same artists that filled *Aspen 5-6*, and in collective actions like the Judson Dance Theater and the Living Theater. The performance collectives of the 60’s created an alternative position to the still-dominant hero-author, which by its assumed near-monarchy (and easy marketability) affirms systems of social order and singular control. Collectives established the political viability of community decision-making and consensus-based aesthetic process, even as they retained (group) authorship of the works created.

Like Cage, many collectives created work that used experimental procedures to attenuate the personal choices of the author/s, but many members of those collectives also went on to celebrity artistic careers. Despite their intentions to disperse the authorial role, there is still a powerful *authority* present. Our culture depends on the heroic author myth too deeply to discard it. So *Pandora* is the heroine now, and all the music on the planet is potentially subject to her leveling gaze.

The journey in *Dead Man* begins when William Blake reaches Machine, the end of the line. What sense of self is left, when, past the end of the line, we find ourselves adrift, hunted, wandering through a foreign—to our sensibilities—wilderness, guided by Nobody? How easy it is to fall out of civilization (once you've gone past Machine, you return to the wild). But redemption may now be possible—this is the maturity we have earned. Where Aschenbach, lost to reason and lust, painted his face to try to appear younger for the gaze of his Other, Blake on his unintentional vision quest witnesses the death of a deer, feels compassion, and paints his face with her blood. Ego-dissolution is humiliating for one and ennobling for the other. Where Aschenbach longs *for* the Other, Blake is guided *by* the Other.

In twentieth century classical music, as the grammar of romantic tonality with its chord progressions and dissonance-resolution structures died, one vertical structure emerged that retained a kind of mystical power. It was the simultaneous sounding of all twelve chromatic pitches and all eleven intervals, and it came to be called the Mother Chord: one chord containing the material of every possible chord. Its use is rare—one of the first was in Fritz Klein's 1921 piece *The Machine*—and it sounds a thunderclap like the hundred-letter portmanteau words in *Finnegan's Wake*. Machine: the end of the line? The ancient cosmic meanings in the notes are gone, and dissonance no longer holds narrative sway, but a single chord can still unsettle the heart. Liszt's augmented chords, floating the body of Wagner around a corner into the mists are rootless, hovering outside of directional tonality. Young's guitar, in fragments of modal melody, appears and dissolves into reverb and feedback, aimless. The Mother Chord, holding all possibilities in its colorless field, is the end of the line. After this, there is only where Nobody tells Blake he is going in the canoe: "back where you came from". "You mean to Cleveland?" Blake asks, still not understanding.

Music for a boat gliding across grey water. Music as praise for the daughter of Heaven. Music for a train platform, and the ones we will never see alive again. Music for nothing but itself, unchosen, unexpressive. Something, someone *is* dead, though a trace sings on and on. *So reposes in these tones / a charm seeking annihilation.* The song is over. Turn the radio on.

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resources

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notes

¹ W. H. Bruford, *Culture and Society in Classical Weimar 1775-1806* (London: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1975). 283.

² see Alex Ross, *The Rest Is Noise* (NY: Picador, 2007). 479.

³ Daniel K. L. Chua, *Absolute Music and the Construction of Meaning* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999). 4.

⁴ *Ibid.* 35.

⁵ *Ibid.* 107.

⁶ *Ibid.* 179.

⁷ *Ibid.* 178.

⁸ *Ibid.* 75.

⁹ This analytic tradition is exemplified by Heinrich Schenker, whose preference for the Germanic classical tradition lead him to ascribe cosmic status to the *urlinie*, the foundational expression of directional cadence most easily found in works of that idiom. His focus on this one kind of dynamic arc in a piece is so complete that he simply regards music that does not follow his model to be deficient and unworthy of attention. [see Heinrich Schenker, *Das Meisterwerk in der Musik*, v. 2 (Munich: Drei Masken, 1926).]

¹⁰ Kofi Agawu, *Music as Discourse* (NY: Oxford University Press, 2009). 6.

¹¹ see *ibid.* 6.

¹² Roland Barthes, "The Death of the Author," *Aspen* 5-6(1967).

¹³ *Ibid.*

¹⁴ *Ibid.*

¹⁵ John Cage, *Silence* (Hanover: Wesleyan University Press, 1973).

¹⁶ Joseph Roach, *Cities of the Dead: Circum-Atlantic Performance* (NY: Columbia Univ. Press, 1996). 33.

¹⁷ from Jim Jarmusch, *Dead Man* (Miramax, 1995).

¹⁸ tagline of *Pandora*, internet radio site.

¹⁹ quoted in Gino Moliterno, "Dead Man," *Sense of Cinema* 14(2001).

²⁰ quoted in Gregg Rickman, *The Western under Erasure: Dean Man* (NY: Limelight Editions, 1998).

²¹ *Ibid.*

²² Brad Fuller, "Inside Pandora: Web Radio That Listens to You," *Digital Media*(2006).

²³ Nicholas Ridout, *Theatre & Ethics* (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2009). 8.

²⁴ Jean-Luc Nancy, "The Inoperative Community," in *Participation*, ed. Claire Bishop (Cambridge: MIT Press, 2006). 56.