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AN INTERPRETIVE JOURNEY ON THE INTERACTION OF
MASS MEDIA, MUSIC, AND LIFESTYLE: LIVING THE
ROCK 'N' ROLL LIFE.
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, PH.D., 1978

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Stephen David Hinerman
1978
AN INTERPRETIVE JOURNEY ON THE INTERACTION
OF MASS MEDIA, MUSIC, AND LIFESTYLE:
LIVING THE ROCK'N'ROLL LIFE

DISSERTATION

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for the Degree Doctor of Philosophy in the
Graduate School of The Ohio State University

by

Stephen David Hinerman, A.B., M.A.

* * * * *

The Ohio State University

1978

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Approved by

Leonard C. Hawes
Adviser
Department of Communication
To the spirit

Spent some time feelin inferior
Standin in front of my mirror
Combed my hair in a thousand ways
But it came out lookin just the same...

...So I got out

(Rod Stewart, "Every Picture Tells A Story")

Everybody said come on to my side
Just to lead me down a blind alleyway
Nothin worse than a fools advice...

(Graham Parker, "Soul On Ice")
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

As I write this, boxes lie all around. An old John Martyn album plays. It's been a long time since I tried to swallow this work whole, since I had the guts to stare it down. But, it's time to clean, to sweep out the old, and I don't have to deal with it unless I want to. All I have to do now is the thank you's. That makes me very relieved.

Ultimately, the best story is the one that never gets written, and there are a lot of good ones in the two years that this dissertation aged. Good stories are not necessarily fun ones, or valuable ones, or constructive ones. They're the ones you love to tell because they put you in the middle. You get the attention, the love or the pity.

You'll have to meet me sometime to hear the ones about this dissertation, the ones that lie between each sentence. Because unless we talk face to face, unless I can see some sympathy or disgust, I don't want to go into it. I'm tired of the whole damn thing.

I will tell a story or two though, just to satisfy myself that some small message may get across.

Somewhere in the series of negotiated breakdowns this dissertation went through from word one to rewrite and addition seventy five, Elvis Presley died. He smiled and passed on. Everyone has a theory as to why he chose that particular moment to check out; indeed, it is a tribute to his power that most of us figured he could control it. Just decide, and -- snap. I myself think he just got tired of everything.
But of course, one can only sneer so long. After awhile, everyone expects it, and sees the sneer directed not to themselves but to each one's personal enemy. "Oh that," we say, "oh hell, he's not angry at me."

Okay Elvis, you wore down. Nobody got scared anymore. Middle aged housewives from Charleston, West Virginia squeezed back into their senior prom dresses so you could touch them again, the way you did in 57, and all you wanted was a good five day motel romance, somebody to make you feel again.

You got fat instead. But it was all that was left - the only thing you could do that would disgust them. Only it didn't work. They stopped listening, they only heard what they wanted to hear now.

It is enough to make you cease caring and to begin performing.

That is what I saw when Elvis died during the dissertation breakdown, which proves I guess that the crazed never stop speaking, we only forget to listen.

Then, five weeks ago, English folksinger Sandy Denny died, falling down the stairs right after separating from her family and right before moving to America to make a try for the fame that had eluded her. She never had the problems Elvis had, never his recognition. Her problems were of a different nature, how to get the first word in.

She never knew it, of course, but her voice had already answered something for me. Me, I never knew her. I couldn't make her insert an additional song in an album or change an inflection here or there. But she mattered. She forced me to hear the world differently, to transcend the crowd. To reach outside my time.
I think I just let her sing. I like to think I listened. She has to be in this dissertation. I have to lift my glass in her direction. Yes, we did it, you and I, we can rest a bit now.

* * * *

And, to the ones who were constant and around:
The writings of Greil Marcus and Robert Christgau were- and continue to be - formative. They, in abstentia, must be thanked. My family was constant in its support, in every way. My personal friends, John David and Rita, were comfort many times, and besides, I promised John David his name would be in the dissertation. Deanna Robinson, by being a personal friend, kept me in school, and by being a personal argumentative friend, kept me from giving up on ideas. And, last and most:

Charlie Laufersweiler, G.R.I., is responsible for a great deal of the clarity, precision ... hell, he figured out a lot of it. He always listened, gathered references, forced me into logic ... you think it's sloppy now, you should have seen it before he got through with it. I thank him totally.

John Drop, G.R.I., is responsible for a great deal of what I now call my dexterity. Before I met John, I was fairly normal. After I met him, I began to see the world through a different set of glasses (coke bottles, telescopes, sheets of red tin). It is the highest compliment I can think of to say that without John, this dissertation
would have been completely different and probably no fun at all.

And Leonard Hawes is responsible for more than anyone else, except me, for this dissertation. He ran interference, carried the ball, took out the middle guard, and even pulled off a statue of liberty or two. If Len Hawes had not been the advisor, this dissertation not only would have never been passed, but would never have been written. He gave me a hell of a lot of freedom, and took on a hell of a lot of responsibility. I thank him for caring and standing alone.

And finally, to my editor, typist, critic, friend, and wife Nancy. It is probably our dissertation, and much of the pain it brought is still unable to be spoken. How much I am thankful I may never be able to say. And that, my reader, is the tragedy, the tragedy you will never know, that lies between the lines.
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1.1 On Words and Writing

There is nothing more frightening than the act of writing a single word. It is not a fear I meditate consciously upon, but one, I suspect, that lurks on the edges of my being. It only surfaces to consciousness occasionally. I feel it now as I begin this very important discussion.

It is, then, something I must confront before I begin my dissertation. To engage in a proper explanation of the subject, without an examination of the "act" of composing that explanation seems to avoid what is most basic about this creation—-that the very words I use to illuminate, define, and place parameters around the topic are a topic to themselves. These words (the act of writing) are all important in supplying whatever validity and credence this dissertation will find. What, then, do I experience when I am writing? And what does this experience teach us about the epistemological claims the words purport to convey?

I suggest these questions are bound up in fear. Why are words so frightening? Because the act of writing is capable of communicating. And, it is the current nature of communication, and the social science discipline which houses it, that this act too often is read not as a verb, something that is "done in an action" (writing, reading) but as a series of words—-static, unchanging, purporting to show us "truth," pretending to remain trusted indicators of what was actually "meant" by the writer when s/he was writing.

This view of words as objects, of not taking seriously the separate acts of translation that must take place when one is writing as opposed
to when one is reading, places the author in a position of fear. Because
the writer knows every act of writing, every word placed upon a page,
makes a claim to an ontologic space of the reader involved in the act of
reading. It is open to translation. Each act of writing becomes a new
act of reading. Your "intended meaning" can be "re-interpreted."

That is one fear, but there are others. The writer is held
accountable for the writing of the words, for their syntax, for their
order on the page. One is told to be "clear," be "concise," be "exact";
yet the author realizes s/he is at the mercy of the reader. When writing
fails the aforementioned criteria, one is called upon to "defend" those
words. Again, the writer is making a claim. No one knows better than
the author how fragile that claim is.

Other context-features haunt the act of writing. In my case, as a
graduate student in communication, I am an "observer," a critic. I watch
myself and others. I read other's words. I interpret those previous acts
of writing. I say to them: be "clear," be "concise," and later I
"understand," and I "use" your words to make my claim-through-words. I
try to be conscious of the way these levels work, and how constantly the
interpretations (reinterpretations) fall back on each other. I realize
soon there is no way to not "interpret" words; no piece of writing can
be read "exactly" as it was written.

And, after the words are written, read, and judgment passed, a
final fear emerges. Are my words sufficient; have I done justice to
that subject I love so much? Or, have I been less than complete, less
than thorough in my claims, less than totally aware of my words and
their fallibility. And finally, in this strange institution called a
university, does anyone else care about these questions?

James Agee was commissioned by Fortune Magazine to write a piece on rural farm workers, which the magazine later refused to print. Agee's concerns, and his feelings for his responsibility for writing, are worth repeating:

It seems to me curious, not to say obscene and thoroughly terrifying, that it could occur to an association of human beings drawn together through need and chance and for profit into a company, an organ of journalism, to pry intimately into the lives of an undefended and appallingly deranged group of human beings, an ignorant and helpless rural family, for the purpose of parading the nakedness, disadvantage, and humiliation of those lives before another group of human beings, in the name of science, of 'honest journalism' (whatever that paradox may mean) . . . and that these people could be capable of mediating this prospect without the slightest doubt of their qualifications to do an 'honest' piece of work . . . It seems further curious that realizing the extreme corruptness and difficulty of the circumstances, and any untainted form what they wished to achieve, they (the writer and photographer) accepted the work in the first place. And it seems curious still further that, with all their (writer and photographer) suspicion of and contempt for every person and thing to do with the situation, save only for the tenants and for themselves, and their own intentions, and with all the seriousness and mystery of the subject, and of the human responsibility they undertook, they so little questioned or doubted their own qualifications for this work.

All of this, I repeat, seems to me curious, obscene, terrifying, and unfathomably mysterious.¹

And so it is that words, and the simple act of placing those words before the eyes of ourselves and others, cause us to explore the depths of all we hold sacred. And insofar as our words can create terror, joy, understanding, justice, holocaust, loneliness, or harmony . . . those words remain our "windows to the sacred." In our words lie the possibilities for our futures.
These, then are the fears of the act of writing a word. Still I continue; I go on placing word after word upon this page, even though I may be "misread," "misinterpreted over time," or called upon to defend. Because it is necessary to go on. Because I feel compelled to explicate.

More than once I have asked myself the worth of writing this project. Certainly, it is something I "have" to do if I am to receive the degree. But, over the past few years, as I have continued to write criticism, fiction, and journalism, I see the act of writing as a compulsion. Eugene Rosenstock-Huessy speaks of why he wrote his Out of Revolution.

I am an impure thinker. I am hurt, swayed, shaken, elated, disillusioned, shocked, comforted and I have to transmit my mental experiences lest I die. And although I may die. To write this book was no luxury. It was a means of survival. By writing a book, a man frees his mind from an overwhelming impression. The test for a book is its lack of arbitrariness, is the fact that it had to be done in order to clear the road for further life and work. I have done all in my power to forget the plan of this book again and again. Here it is, once more.2

As a former writing teacher of mine used to quote from an unknown source: a writer writes because s/he has to. Still, I repeat to all, attend to the power of these words.

A word does not fly free as an object in space. It is a living thing, reactivated by each of us as we read. Taken as such, this dissertation can be no more than a treatise to be lifted up to the light of knowledge, and subsequently destroyed. For, whatever I am not in the process of chancing (destroying in its original form) is dead. And words are living things.
We know that words live, because they are spoken, written, and read. Words exist in varying degrees of life -- as living being and as lived history. They are constantly produced, reflected upon, and reproduced. They are our speech, our transcription, and our history. Words, in varied levels of existence, call us constantly in and back from the world. They are how we come to know.

Rosenstock-Hussey suggests we change Descartes "Cogito ergo sum" into a new formula, "Respondeo etsi mutuabor, I answer though I have to change." It is a brilliant recognition of and confrontation to the power of words. It is now I say: Here are my words. The act of writing continues every time you read my words. Here is my "interpretation." I give it life in words because I must get on with changing it.

The dissertation has begun again.
1.2 The Topic and the Plan for Study

I grew up in a world of media. That means I grew up in a world of electronic machines that transmitted messages to me. This transmission began before my memory could be aware of it. Perhaps I was a baby in a crib hearing a radio. I am told as a child I watched television with great enthusiasm, even though I now remember none of the messages of that time. What I do know is that media has always been a part of my world.

This awareness has left such an impression upon me that, as I sought a proper subject for my dissertation, the media could not be ignored. I am fascinated by it. I watch television for hours, listen to music hours more, and still feel as if I need additional media exposure. In an effort to understand myself and others like me, I cannot ignore mass media.

Naturally, the field of study is populated with others of the same interests. The study of the "effects" of television as a media force consumes time of those in the fields of communication and sociology. Yet, to a great extent, these social scientists have ignored popular mass music. As Gillet observes, "the function of popular music has not received much notice from sociologists who perversely have spent more time assessing the impact of television, despite the fact that many people from ages of ten to twenty-five are more heavily exposed to radio and records." Perhaps this is merely a phenomenon of chronological age and exposure. Those with the prerequisite training as social scientists have televisions in their homes; they know what it can do. The importance of mass media records and radio have been phenomena barely twenty-five years old. It has still more recently grown to affect a sizeable specific age
group. Those who were young during this time (and the phenomenon seems to occur most frequently in those chronologically young) are just now coming of age to engage in social science. They know music and what it has done to their lives. We may, then, be at the dawn of the study of mass popular music as a legitimate sub-area of mass communication.

My relationship to popular mass music has been of paramount importance to me for sixteen years. I have spent countless dollars on buying records, spent days listening to the radio. In all of this, I have adopted a lifestyle modeled after the messages this media brought me. Two decades of my life have been spent "going to school" to popular music, learning proper ways of talking, dressing, and living with others. My relating to popular music has been more important to me than my relationship to television. That I could scarcely conceive of giving up either is the signal that I am a product of these times.

So I know how popular music has been vitally important to me. I believe it has spoken to me in a more powerful way than any other mass machine transmitted ideology. Although demographics are difficult to obtain (few have been attempted), I can assume this phenomenon is widespread. The Recording Industry Association of America reports record and tape sales in America in 1975 totalled 2.36 billion dollars (most of it spent by people under twenty-five). Approximately 282 million albums were sold. CBS Records Group reported an increase in sales from 1974 to 1975 of 11.5 million dollars, and Warner Communications conglomerate, internationally, grossed 669,774 million dollars. People are buying recorded product. And that product holds, explicitly and implicitly, the seeds of a relatively new and powerful ideology.
For me, popular mass music has meant rock and roll. That is, at least, what I call it. I am much more certain of what it is when I hear it than I am trying to formulate a written definition of it. Let us say for our purposes that it is (1) music that is primarily transmitted by a mass media (records, radio, tapes), (2) music that began to be called "rock and roll" in the early 1950's and, as it changes, continues to call that music its tradition, and (3) music that, culturally bound to a specific time, events, and generation, is primarily a music of the young. The fragility of this definition is only accented by my inability to formulate precisely what "young" is, anymore. Perhaps it is best to add, as Marcus stated, rock and roll is music that is "noise, fun, and sound."9

Although I avoid specifically defining the category, I am not denying the importance of this elusive popular music form. I have performed, composed, written about, talked about, and spent many hours listening to rock and roll. It is my most living art. John Rockwell stated:

The greatest and truest American arts have characteristically been those most closely rooted in the American people. In music today, that means rock.10

I first became conscious of rock and roll in 1961. I was caught up immediately in its power—a romance that has yet to cease. It has, however, changed. Peter Guralnick remembers hearing Elvis when he was twelve years old. As he says, "The excitement, the exhilaration, the novelty of that moment is something it would be impossible to recapture."11 Later, for Guralnick, "at some point, the romance wore off. I am sure there were lots of reasons. Getting older. Writing about music. The absence of political panaceas . . ."12
Now, even though my relationship to rock'n'roll has changed, it is still a vital force. I believe it is imperative to search out the "way it works" in myself, and how it contributed to the society we live in (and lived out) these past sixteen years. It is important because knowing where we have been, we can better see where we are going. It is important to see to what extent my sentiments have been echoed by others, for that exploration leads to an important feeling of community. And, it is important because, to such a great extent, it is virgin territory. To have so powerful forces set loose in the world and not notice its power would be remiss on the part of social science.

Music exists only as it is experienced. I listen and hear only in a context of other experiences. The whole world of culture and cultural boundaries influences music and vice versa. And this music is a mass phenomenon, so others experience it and inject it into their world. To understand the music therefore, it is also necessary to understand the world that I and others live in.

In this sense, rock'n'roll can only be grasped by reconstructing the world that developed it. This dissertation seeks to be reflective of these forces. It not only seeks to understand the act of listening, but also the importance of media, and the history of the world where the music came to have meaning. In the latter, the music only has meaning in the events of history, and this dissertation becomes at that point as much a history of ideas as of music. It is impossible to fully separate the two.
Keeping this in mind, the questions then become:

(1) What has rock'n'roll meant to me, as a member of a culture of the young, in the America of 1961 to 1977?

(2) What has rock'n'roll meant to me as an American, carrying on traditions handed down to me?

(3) How do I listen to rock'n'roll? How does this act remain personal yet also come to be a mass communication phenomenon?

(4) Since rock'n'roll is a mass *media*, how does media effect lifestyle?

(5) How can I develop a method to answer these questions?

The last question is where I will begin. In this chapter, I seek to develop a methodology. This method must be equipped to help answer questions one through four. In that sense, it must allow for the transcendent experience of listening to be explored; it must allow for culture to be defined; and it must allow for the experience of listening and social ideas to meet in a world of metaphors. This first chapter seeks to delineate a method that includes these three areas.

The traditional concern with music has been under the auspices of a social science paradigm that forced us to largely discard transcendental experience and levels of listening. Doing this, we have missed a fundamental experience of listening. Music has also been traditionally seen as an "art object" that exists in a culture, portraying certain "myths" of that time. Too often this approach has spent time dwelling on the "aesthetic worth" of music rather than the experience of it in the world. This chapter discusses these traditions and offers alternatives. In the end, the method must adapt itself to the subject matter, so that we can constantly search deeper for the meanings of our past and present.
1.3 Doing the Topic in a Hostile Territory, and Some Fears Implicit Brought to the Open

The scene is from Elvis Presley's first film Jailhouse Rock. He is, as an ex-con, up and coming singer, invited by his girl/manager to her parent's house. It is an upper middle class home, and Elvis is plainly uncomfortable in such a "high class" setting. Everyone but Elvis is in suits and ties. Everyone is sipping mixed drinks. (Elvis, to this point, can be visualized never having had a mixed drink. It would have been something "rich folks" do.) He is plainly in enemy territory.

The girl introduces Elvis to her parents. They find out he is a musician. The participants (her father is a college dean), all assumed to be from the local university, begin to talk music. They discuss "jazz," muttering how Brubeck has "finally gone too far" in his intonations and chordal advancements. It is plainly an analysis one would call "intellectual." All comments concern the style, none the power of the music. But, of course, these people would never be "all shook up" by music. They play with it, but maintain complete control. After a small discussion, the mother turns to Elvis. He is a musician, she says, so she asks: "What do you think?"

Elvis, who we all know (in our best mythological knowledge) has about as much interest in Brubeck's tonalities as in owning a Buick, looks at her. His stare is aloof, but knowing. The corners of his mouth turn. Elvis has to get out of here.

After a small pause, he looks her straight in the eye, and says:

'Lady, I don't know what in the hell you're talkin' about.'
He leaves.

It may be the greatest line in all of rock cinema. And it provides as good an example of any of the attitudes held by rock mythology toward intellectual endeavor. (As Marcus states: "There are some unmentionable subjects in rock and roll, and college, aside from Bob Dylan's exception-proves-the-rule reference to "the old folks home" is one of them. You're not even allowed to imply it." Critic Dave Marsh recently spent two columns attacking those critics who had become too "academic" toward the music. Plainly, the venom against academic criticism in both the music and those who write in "fan magazines" is intense. There is a feeling not unlike what Thorstein Veblen speaks of under his use of the term "trained incapacity"—the idea that engineers and sociologists have a certain inability to deal with simple issues that they could have dealt with if they had not had graduate training.

Yet, this fear is too prevalent not to have some very real substantiation, and one need only survey journal literature to begin to sense the roots of this mythological distrust. It seems to grow out of a real distrust of first, the paradigm that predominates academic social science, and second, from a "style" of criticism that is, by its very form, opposed to the ideology of the music.

Denisoff and Levine, in a brief survey of academic studies on rock and roll, conclude:

Consequently, it is suggested that present approaches to popular music are necessary but not sufficient to deal with entire gestalt of popular music.

However, despite their conclusion, they offer very little insight into the reason the problem may be so widespread or what to do about developing
proper "approaches." What follows are two major "categories" of current research on popular music.

Before beginning, it is necessary to point out again that very little "academic" research has been attempted on popular music. The three major national journals in communication—Journal of Communication, Speech Monographs, and Quarterly Journal of Speech—have all ignored the phenomenon of rock and roll. Some regional journals provide small coverage, while the Journal of Popular Culture occasionally offers research on rock. The journals Popular Music and Society and Music and Man offer a more specialized selection.

The Theoretical Effects Research

This category includes articles that have attempted to both understand the persuasive effects of the music and formulate a plan to study with which that understanding may take place. David Riesman's 1950 article "Listening to Popular Music."18 pre-dates rock and roll's emergence, but its attempt to come to grips with what was then "popular" music was groundbreaking. Riesman's view of the music as reflecting a "happy go lucky" world view that aids socialization of the young and helps them evade the "world's problems" is one that would be repeated in the decades to come.19 Riesman's analysis seeks to account for phenomenon such as "rebellion of a minority" (through jazz) and social advancement in peer groups through the use of popular music. It is, at times, a remarkable foreshadowing of academic papers to come. In the end, however, Riesman plainly admits his own limitations in trying to discern "music effects." He concludes:
... one cannot hope to understand the influence of any one medium, say music, without an understanding of the total character structure of a person. In turn, an understanding of his musical tastes, and his uses of them for purposes of social conformity, advance, or rebellion, provide revealing clues to his character, to be confirmed and modified by a knowledge of his behavior and outlook in many other spheres of life...

This is an observation we will return to, for it is one ignored for the most part by music research for the next twenty-five years.

What became prominent for music research (in this theoretical category) was persuasion. This followed a "psychologizing" movement in social science effects research. It assumed that music as a persuasion takes place in a stimulus-response model of man. It's theme echoes that of James E. Harmon in his "Meaning in Rock Music: Notes Towards a Theory of Communication."

Rock music creates nothing new in the listener; rather it has the capability of setting into motion a rather complex series of responses which await activation. Moreover, the activation may be immediate, delayed, repressed, or even unrecognized. Rock music can uncover these potential response patterns, breathe life into them, and help translate them into behavior.

This has been a major thrust of articles in regional speech journals. One example is Cheryl Irwin Thomas "Look What They've Done to My Song, Ma: The Persuasiveness of Song." In an analysis of Joan Baez, Thomas develops a category known as the "magnetic song of persuasion." This type of song is what Baez theoretically employs to attract people to a particular "movement" through an identification process.

Irving Rein continues this line of analysis in Rudy's Red Wagon. Rein posits three advantages of music as persuasion.
(1) Thematically, modern popular music is relatively simple. When it is coupled with the insistent repetitiveness of today's rock lyrics, listeners need exert very little effort to grasp the ideas, persuasive or otherwise, that the song is trying to communicate. (2) Even more important, perhaps is the fact that the listeners . . . can play the same song over and over . . . (3) Since an infectious beat or a simple lyric has a way of embedding itself in our consciousness or subconscious minds, the subliminal persuasiveness of the song is always with us.25

This research is all the more surprising due to the simplicity of the model of man involved. The specific individual with specific needs is rarely introduced (a phenomenon most persuasion research now acknowledges). Instead, man too often is seen as merely a black box to be stimulated into a response. This is an example of the failure of mass music to be explored by the most advanced techniques available in "effects" research.

There have been other approaches suggested for the study of rock music. One, by Ken Hey, suggests a formal analysis of early rock and roll by ordering songs by "chord structure; identifiable musical traits, song form, and subject matter."26 These categories allow the song to be placed in any number of "categories" for each comparison to one another.

Finally, in one of the strangest suggestions, Maury Dean begins to classify various physiological throat conditions that are linguistically manifested in early rock and roll, including an "aspirated glottal stop" in Buddy Holly, a "pharyngeal trill" of Roy Orbison, and a "voiceless pharyngeal affricate" in the Rivileer's hit "Hey Chiquite."27 Both of these suggestions are notable for their methodological solitude. No follow-up work has been attempted.
More magazine recently reported that a twenty two year old has begun a magazine (Zimmerman Blues) wholly devoted to analysis of "Americas most important Jewish figure," Bob Dylan. Sales of this "journal," which contains not only deep analysis of Dylan's lyrical work but also guitar fingering so one could duplicate the "sound" of the records, has, in a few short months, reached over one thousand.

This critical approach is an extension of that analysis often employed in the study of popular music—the lyrical analysis. This area of criticism largely ignores the "melody" of a song and seeks a "true" meaning of a song in the words. Most students who have written a theme for English class on a song lyric have attempted the literary analysis. Rock lyrics are treated as "poetry," the song writer as auteur. The style is that of traditional literary analysis, concerned with finding in lyric content the "true meaning" that the auteur wishes to convey.

I will cite one example whose meaning I find particularly obscure. It is by William J. Scheick and concerns the Who's album Who's Next. The lines under analysis are from "The Song Is Over" and read:

Our love is over
They're all ahead now

Scheick interprets the lines as follows:

The pun on ahead plays on the economic metaphor functioning throughout the album as an ironic substitution for the drug feature of the music of the street revolution, it also undercuts any idea that the pastoral phase of revolution in lifestyle and in music, represents an advance-ment.

When I "heard" the lines, I heard them as explaining the disillusionment of a love affair, the word ahead meaning "the opposite of
behind." Yet, Scheick's analysis uses terms ("economic metaphor," "pastoral") that are common in traditional literary criticism. The language used to talk about the music comes not from the style of popular culture, but from the English disciplines journal "style." And finally, the "meaning" of the words is located on the printed page, not in total gestalt experience of listening to and experiencing melody, music, lyric, tone, and timbre. In both the theoretical and lyrical approaches, a model of man exists that disallows talk of a "transcendent experience of music" and listener explanations of meaning. In that sense, they are both bound to a "normal" science paradigm. In the next section, I shall delineate more of the presuppositions inherent in such a paradigm.
1.4 Suppositions of Academic Popular Music Research Critiqued

Two recent studies call our previously cited research into question. One, by Robinson and Hirsch, involved a survey of high school students in two Michigan cities. They reported that "over seventy percent of all students sampled wrote that they are attracted more by the 'sound' of the song than by its lyrical 'meaning'." When asked for a description of what ones favorite songs said, most were unable to provide what the researchers saw as an "accurate account," meaning a "proper understanding" of what the lyrics said. Instead, they liked "the beat." They rarely listened to the words.

The question that immediately surfaces is, then, the reliability of both the theoretical persuasive accounts of meaning in rock and the entire literary tradition. Surely, the phenomenon of rock music is varied. A few find deep meaning in the lyrics, a few are persuaded, but most appear simply to be "moved" by the total gestalt of the sound.

The problem is plainly again one of meaning. Is the "meaning" of a song in the affect of its lyric, Harmon's "setting into motion" of responses by a stimuli? Is the meaning of a song in its "relatively simple" structure? Is the meaning on the page, in metaphorical content of the "pastoral" in the lyric? Plainly, to echo Denisoff and Levine, all of the above seem "one-dimensional approaches." Yet, it is not surprising, given the current emphasis of social science tradition, a tradition concerned with interaction of "concretized" parts in a whole, responses set into motion by a stimulus (or stimuli).
Let us further illustrate this model. In most persuasion theorizing, the words (and their ability to be played over and over) set in motion "attitudes." These "attitudes" are heretofore imbedded in the individual. The researchers work, in this world view, is to find what "words" or "song structures" are acting as the stimuli on the life of these attitudes. The result is a series of "beliefs."

In literary research, the lyrics of various auteurs are explored, in an attempt to find the "meaning intended by the auteur." The words and their images and their "meaning" are looked for, not in terms of persuasive effect, but on the pages of the "ouvere" and explicated in the language of the "literary criticism" tradition.

There are advantages to each approach that cannot be ignored. (Rein's observation concerning the accessibility of media music; and, the importance of an author's musical tradition, being two.) However, both approaches owe more to the structural demands of the discipline than to the structure imposed by the media. For if listening to music is gestalt and includes lyrics, emotional movement and the context in which it was heard, then what is needed is an obviously gestalt science. The above approaches, by reducing music to persuasive "variables" or "literary lyrics," create all too often, a "one-dimensional" critique. In the persuasive approach, according to Walsh:

By focusing on such stabilized social meanings as intervening variables, rather than upon how the actor operates such meanings, explanation can proceed by way of analysing action as the product of the mechanical association of variables within an external socialized world. Meaning, therefore, becomes a taken-for-granted element in the analysis itself.32
While a great many in the literary tradition, as Grossberg states, find meaning in the words on the printed page:

Within the common debates of communication scholars, we might say that objective philosophies of language argue that meanings are in the words. This phrase, 'in the words,' is intentionally ambiguous, for it refers both to theories seeing meaning as a possession of the language itself, as well as to theories understanding meaning as an objective response brought about by exposure to the words. For example, (in behavioralistic theories) . . . the genesis and nature of meaning is accounted for in terms of a system of objective, i.e., physical, mediate responses to the words as stimuli. 33

Both "schools-in-practice" find language:

. . . as an object--an existing, factual, independent entity just like any other object in the real world. Meaning as well is treated objectively in that (1) it is to be discovered within the language itself and (2) meaning itself is an entity whose existence is not dependent upon individual instances of conscious process. 34

It seems conceivable, under these paradigms, that the statement by Harmon, "rock creates nothing new in the listener," 35 can be a possibility. It is a possibility that my experience has shown to be highly improbable.
1.5 Paradigm Now

Let me illustrate this paradigm in greater detail. It grows out of a tradition of classical science, the tenets of which are elaborated by Conant:

- Reason is the supreme tool of man.
- Knowledge, acquired through the use of reason, will free mankind from ignorance and lead to a better future.
- The universe is inherently orderly and physical.
- This order can be discovered by science and objectively expressed.
- Only science deals in empirically verifiable truth.
- Observation and experimentation are the only valid means of discovering scientific truth, which is always independent of the observer.\(^{36}\)

In light of these tenets, lyrics become the essential component of study because of the ease with which they can be observed. We live, in this world view, in a world of concrete objects which stimulate our beliefs. A social scientists job is to be objective and record the result of those interactions. These accounts are labeled according to categories, most often generated by the observer. Finally, the experience must "fit" the world of accepted explanations. In practice, this means I could take an attitude survey of a group, measure their attitudes, play a song, take a new survey, and measure any possible change. Or, I could look at a lyric apart from the context of my hearing it (because the universe is constant in meaning--truth remains the same for all ages) and analyze it. What I could not accept is a subject telling me, "when I listened to that record
I forgot where I was" or "I don't have an attitude on this" unless many others could help concretize the experience. For this paradigm only accepts one "state of consciousness"—that of reality (of truth) over against non-reality (falsehood, prejudice). We must, as normal science observers, be able to see (demonstrate) this truth—on a survey or on the printed page. Transcendent experience is not trusted, for science is "objective."

But what if we expand this paradigm? What if we admit that listening occurs not in variables but it is an event that "happens" in a historical context, that often there is no "one way" to listen but many, and that the truth of this act changes every day—then the discussion of music becomes historical, and consists of following music as it emerges historically and personally in our encounters with it. No longer are we concerned with why something happens, but how something happens.
1.6 Widening the Paradigm

The Stanford Research Institute's study, "Changing Images of Man," suggests some characteristics of an emergent paradigm of science. These include:

1. The new paradigm will be inclusive rather than exclusive. . . . There will be a recognition that any system of knowledge that has guided a stable society . . . may be assumed to be rooted in the human experience of its time and place and hence in that sense valid . . .

2. It will be eclectic in methodology and its definition of what constitutes knowledge. It will be guided by the dictum of St. Exupery that 'Truth is not that which is demonstratable. Truth is that which is ineluctable' . . . it will not be solely reductionistic in its quest for 'explanations,' recognizing that, for instance, a teleological cause may compliment, nor contradict, a reductionistic one.

3. The new paradigm will make room for some sort of systematization of subjective experience . . . From this characteristic flow several others.

4. It will foster open, participative inquiry, in the sense of reducing the dichotomy between observer and observed, investigator and subject . . .

5. It will be a moral inquiry . . . rather than a 'value free' inquiry.

6. It will highlight a principle of complementarity . . . of such 'opposites' as free will and determinism, materialism and transcendentalism, science and religion.

7. The new paradigm will incorporate some kind of concept of hierarchical levels of consciousness . . .

In order to combat the "one-dimensional" approach to popular music research, we need an "inclusive" science. This is the theme of the Stanford Report. What is allowed as "legitimate data" in most academic popular music research has been "lyrics" or "attitudes." Consequently,
there has been little if any mention of music as "transcendence," as experience," or even as "fun." The problem is one reacted to by the authors of Problems of Reflexibility and Dialectics in Sociological Inquiry as they talk to the reader:

An easy way of entering these papers is by extracting the grammar of our formulations, subjecting the words to a content analysis, counting the repetitions of 'lietmotifs,' analysing the grammatical holidays we take, and the like; but this would be no better than using these papers as an occasion to flex a rigid mode of interpretation. This would deepen our disillusionment with the paradigms of sociological work whose only resource is to categories of accusation like anarchy--culture, writing-revolution, theory-praxis, idealism-materialism, and their kin. These faithful categories serve well to efface the writer from his criticism and from the responsibility of actually reading the text; they are categories of self-forgetfulness from which writing emerges as a writing 'for anymen,' 'at every price,' 'at any time.'

It becomes paramount, then, to develop an interpretive approach to the "experience" of listening to rock. Once this is completed, one can begin to talk about how the music is "surfaced"--that is, where one can find traces of the connection made between listening to rock and being-in-the-world. Third, we need to develop a language to talk about these experiences. With this emphasis, we can begin to explain what Merleau-Ponty discusses when he states:

I am not myself a succession of 'psychic' acts, nor for that matter a nuclear I who bring them together into a synthetic unity, but one single experience inseparable from itself, one single 'living cohesion,' one single temporality which is engaged, from birth, in making itself progressively explicit, and in conforming that cohesion in each successive present.

What I am suggesting is a change in perspective. In our expanded paradigm, music functions as "experience." To understand this, we can no longer label specific "stimuli-response" patterns. We can no longer think of music as a series of words to be categorized with the same terms that
literary critics have been using for poetry from the time of Eliot. Music becomes, in our paradigm, a series of experiences. We give ourselves over to it; allow it to inhabit us. Then, decisions we make about viewing the world take into account our history of having "lived the music." Deetz critiques the problem in the following:

... a need exists for greater care in avoiding the reification of experience. Many concepts used in today's studies serve as categories which abstract form and classify experience. While this gives rise to certain problems such as dualism and unproductive distortions, there is nothing wrong with this act in itself. However, when these concepts are taught and make their way into everyday language, they are often understood as representing things rather than experiences and processes. 'Self,' 'attitudes,' 'norms,' 'culture,' and so forth are examples of concepts suffering from this reification. Explanation using these concepts is understood as one thing causing another rather than a chosen way of structuring the experience of continuity.  

We are left with nothing less than a "new criticism." It is now the task of our exploration to attempt to understand music as a consistently surfacing pattern of encounters between ourselves and the world. Rather than concerning ourselves with timeless validity, we are intent on finding a portion of a vast limitless sea of potential explanations for minute-by-minute encounters. Our explanations are useful in that they, like the music, deliver us, from our present. They allow us to see the sweep of history and find the places where the experience of listening remade the rest of the world, changing the way we approach the present. Marcus remembers the time of the free speech movement at Berkeley:

Two Berkeley professors, writing in the New York Review of Books about the student strike which broke out two years after the climactic sit in of the Free Speech Movement, stated that the remark most often heard around campus during the crisis was that of Marx, from The 18th Brumaire of Louis Napoleon:

Hegel remarks somewhere that all facts of great importance in world history occur
twice. He forgot to add: the first time as tragedy, the second as farce.

Well, the remark may have held the wide currency among some circles, but among students, it was another quote which provided the metaphor for our situation, from Bob Dylan's 'Memphis Blues Again':

And here I sit so patiently
Waiting to find out what price
You have to pay to get out of
Going through all these things twice

The differences in metaphors are important. One seeks an academic and intellectual conclusion, a truth that will last the ages; the other tries to establish and confirm the present moment, and in doing so, save one from it. One metaphor structures time; the other tries to escape it. More important to me, though, is the fact that one statement is drawn from the vast stores of academic knowledge, the other from rock 'n' roll.41

Finally, the critique of current academic popular research rests upon its lack of thoroughness; its built-in tendency to treat meaning as object—a variable, a stimulus, or a series of words on a page. Rock (as any music) is lived. As metaphor, it speaks to the perfect moments in our lives, when we lose our sense of "self" and become one with history.

To fully examine this, our method needs to be inclusive. It needs to be willing to, first, look at the ways of life historically bounded by the music and the manifestations of that music in life, and secondly, it needs to look at the act of "experiencing the music." There is, most of all, a "coldness" to these academic approaches—a cool calculation that ultimately leaves me feeling robbed of the pleasure I experience in living the music. For the music takes me over, and when I write about it, it is a lived experience. I want to show what happens when that takes place. In addition to widening the paradigm, I also need to find an appropriate style to talk about these events.
1.7 On Style in Criticism

In addition to "widening" the paradigm, there was, as indicated earlier, a certain stylistic "inappropriateness" of much "literary" criticism. The language used to describe meaning in the music seems more suited to another time, another purpose of criticism.

Leslie Fiedler, in an essay entitled "Cross the Border, Close the Gap," discusses this stylistic "gap" that seems to exist between popular culture works and attempts to elucidate them. I will quote at length, for although his remarks concern novels and poetry, they also have a relevance for analysis in song:

... the language available at this point (1970) is totally inappropriate to the best work of the artists who give the period its special flavor, its essential life. But precisely here is a clue, a way to begin: not with some presumed crisis of poetry and fiction, but with the unconfessed scandal of contemporary literary criticism, which for three or four decades now has vainly attempted to deal in terms invented to explain, defend, and evaluate one kind of book with another kind of book—so radically different that it calls the very assumptions underlying those terms into question . . .

Why not invent a New New Criticism, a Post-Modernist criticism appropriate to Post-Modernist fiction and verse. It sounds simple enough . . . but it is, in fact, much simpler to say than to do; for the question which arises immediately is whether there can be any criticism adequate to Post Modernism. The Age of T.S. Eliot, after all, was the age of literature essentially self-aware, a literature dedicated, in avowed intent, to analysis, rationality, anti-Romantic dialectic—and consequently aimed at eventual respectability, gentility, even, at last, academicism. Criticism is natural, even essential to such an age. . .

We have, however, entered quite another time, apocalyptic, antirational, blatantly romantic and sentimental; an age dedicated to joyous misology
and prophetic irresponsibility; one, at any rate, distrustful of self protective irony and too great self awareness . . .

... A renewed criticism certainly will no longer be formalistic or intrinsic; it will be contextual rather than textual, not primarily concerned with structure or diction or syntax, all of which assume the work 'really' exists on the page rather than in the readers passionate apprehension and response. Not words-on-the-page but words-in-the-world or rather words-in-the-head, which is to say, at the private juncture of a thousand contexts, social, psychological, historical, biographical, geographical, in the consciousness of the lonely reader (delivered for an instant, but an instant only, from all those contexts by the ekstasis of reading): this will be the proper concern of the critics to come . . .

... the pitch, the rhythms, the dynamics . . . are manic, magical, more than a little mad (it is a word, a concept that one desiring to deal with contemporary literature must learn to regard as more honorific than pejorative) . . . Not amateur philosophy or objective analysis, it differs from other forms of literary art in that it starts not with the world in general but the world of art itself, in short, that it uses one work of art as an occasion to make another. 42

It is as if the "spirit of the times"—that illusive set of contexts and ways of responding to the world—changed normal science and traditional criticism. It seems like Roger Shattuck's characterization of the 1960's as embodying four major traits, "the cult of childhood; the delight in the absurd; the reversal of values so as to celebrate the base rather than the higher impulses; and a concern with hallucination" 43 had infested a quiet world of "objective and truer" science and criticism. Indeed, it even appears to reach its logical conclusion in critic R. Meltzer:

The aesthetician, the philosopher of art and the art critic can never be epistemologically capable of describing art by thinking at being, but must think from and within being. I have thus deemed it a necessity to describe rock'n'roll by allowing my description to be itself a parallel artistic effort. In choosing rock'n'roll I have selected something as eligible for decay as my work . . . 44
But before criticism becomes the new Dada, to some, or the final liquidation of all good and moral righteousness, to others, let us examine how this style is, in fact, very consistent with our expanded paradigm. "Experience" is the most trusted indicator of the "art work"; it must be explicated in a historical context and style that allows it to "breathe" (consistent with the style of the art work); and the critique must be presented as a work of creation itself, a study of how I interact with the work and the elements of that "private juncture of a thousand contexts."

Riesman, in that article of twenty-seven years before, offered a rule of thumb in the examination of popular culture. He stated then: "the quickest short cut to understanding what popular culture does to people--and hence to understanding a great deal about American culture as a whole--is to make oneself the relevant audience and look imaginatively at one's own reactions." That this is possible is seemingly a forgotten idea. Plainly, if a paradigm shift is in order, then "experience," "transcendence" and "personal validity" emerge as important words. But it is plain, if our study is concerned with emergence (and the metaphoric contexts within which these occur) of "meaning" in ourselves, that we need a firmer method (point-of-view). First, I will elaborate a scenario, which seeks to illustrate concretely how music is used in the world. I will refer to it as an example later in the paper.
1.8 A Possible Scenario

I sit down with a radio or a record player and record. I listen, sometimes only hearing a "sound," at times a lyric, at times not even "hearing." I am moved, nauseated, or left indifferent. I play favorite songs, and those I am still learning to like.

Someone else comes into the room. We both sit and listen. We tap our feet and nod our heads. A particular melody comes on, and I forget where I am. I see the other person, his eyes are closed, a smile is on his face.

"Good record," I say.

He nods.

He leaves; I stay. Later on, I have an argument with a woman. At a certain point in the argument, a line from a particular song on the radio seems highly appropriate.

"It's like that line in that song," I say.

"A lot of people feel that way," I say.

"This is romance," I say.

"If that girl who is singing were here now, she'd understand," I say.

"If you understood, too, we wouldn't have this trouble," I say.

"All you ever do is listen to records. Why don't we ever talk," she says.

She leaves.

I put my headphones on.
1.9 A Search for Method

Our scenario is important, for it "atypically" structures our discussion of method. What happens? First, I "understand" the music (the art). Second, I share that understanding tacitly. Third, I enter in discussion, using this understanding to argue about what a concept (romance) means and how I reference that to music. In the paradigm and style we have formulated, it is "acceptable" to speak about this experience. However, deeper questions remain:

(1) What is understanding?
(2) How do I experience this in an art work?
(3) How is this shared?
(4) How can I talk about "concepts" that the music illuminates?

To date, we have only offered critiques of where we have been. We have said that "understanding" and "experience" are important in science and criticism and that they have been too often ignored. We have explored an alternative style of criticism that allows us to talk, not just about lyrics or melody, but about music as an event that occurs in a "private juncture of a thousand contexts." But we have not provided a grounded alternative to begin to answer the four previous questions. This remains.

And for this method, I turn to phenomenological hermeneutics. It is an historical method, and allows one to view experience as a process that employs an individuals history. In this way, all experience is contextualized. Second, the way this experience is understood is of concern to phenomenological hermeneutics. Third, all experience is considered "valid," as long as those participating in the experience deem it so.
This means that "transcendent" experience can be allowed as valid data. Phenomenological hermeneutics provides, in its emphasis, an appropriate way to answer the above concerns and be consistent in doing so.
1.10 Phenomenological Hermeneutics

Our basic concern is how to feel at home with our emergent paradigm. How can this recognition, that experience and contexts need to be spoken of in doing science and criticism, be "methodological"? First we need to examine, more in depth, how it is we come to "be," how we come to "understand," and how we can "understand" that "understanding."

The aim of method, as I understand it, is to test in us that strange distance between our work and those for whom we intend it . . . Method is our practical idealism, it is the opening in things and of ourselves toward them. 47

John O'Neill

At the beginning we need to ask: what is a method? I contend it is a point-of-view, a perspective. It is our manner of approaching a problem. Yet, all these words--"manner," "point of view," "perspective"--really tell us nothing. We do our work and attempt some sort of consistency. And it is that term--consistency--that offers us a best look into method. With confusion I approach a problem. As a critic, as well as an individual, I am looking for some threads of sense. This sense, this logic, is consistency. I need method insofar as our work is to be understood by others and ourselves.

But what is understanding? And how can we talk about method without talking about understanding? The thrust of phenomenological hermeneutics is to begin at this point. If we begin to grasp "how we come to understand," a method should be self-apparent.

We begin in the midst; in the midst of being. I write a word and place another on a page and before I realize it I have a sentence. Where did the
Polanyi speaks of how we must "dwell in things" to understand them. Let us "dwell in" our saying of a sentence. An event "happens." A word "comes" to me. It is an impossible phenomenon to fully describe, for it is impossible to break apart. "Understanding is an event, a movement of history itself which neither interpreter nor text can be thought of as autonomous parts." Of course, I knew certain words before. Some I say more than others. Was it then merely a word picked on pure probability, out of a thousand possible? If that were so, and it would certainly simplify things, then our question would be: Why that word? Yet, if the choice is creative, momentary, and ultimately historical (an event that we live), then I can only hope to understand partially the event and context of its occurrence.

It is the same with conversation. Gadamer observes the more "fundamental a conversation is, the less its conduct lies within the will of either partner." We speak, but we allow the words to inhabit ("to dwell in") us and the conversation to take control. We forget to reflect. We merely speak. After we speak, we may reflect on speaking, but during the event, we are living it, totally losing the awareness that "I am speaking."

This is the heart of ontology, the study of being. And the task of hermeneutics is to illuminate the stages this event follows. As Palmer speaks of Gadamer's phenomenological hermeneutics:

Understanding is not conceived as a subjective process of man over and against an object but the way of being of man himself; hermeneutics is not defined as a general help discipline for the humanities but a philosophical effort to account for understanding as an ontological--the ontological--process of man.
Whereas some might be concerned with the probability of a certain word being chosen (man over against a word), the task of hermeneutics is to find out where the event of speaking took us. This process, according to Deetz, "focuses on life-possibilities and the understanding of possibilities of experience which places the analysis logically prior to the American concern with probability."53

The words do something to us as we converse. We could choose to look at possible ways the conversation affects "beliefs," as in persuasion research. But in hermeneutics, we are more concerned with how the event of understanding seems to be, and what contexts were made meaningful by that event. To quote Grossberg:

"... the meaning of an object is neither within the object nor within the human subject but, rather, is within the way the object makes itself present to man in his experience. That is, the significance of a thing is originally its performative role within our experience, the way it gives (presents) itself to us (while we open ourselyes to it) in a particular event of a relationship."54

In this sense, life becomes a series of "events"--things happen, life becomes pure process. We encounter, take and are taken.

At its heart, of course, this process is incapable of being understood in its entirety. We only know the context of these events by reflecting upon them. And any reflection makes the event a "second order" experience. Pure being is unknowable in its fullest sense. An event is only understandable in the past tense.

But we are still moved to "make sense" of these "events." And this stage is where hermeneutics becomes a method. Its view of understanding is necessarily second-order to the act, but I believe it also to be illuminating. Hermeneutics is, as Gadamer states, "the art of clarifying
and mediating by our own effort of interpretation what is said by persons we encounter in tradition. Hermeneutics operates wherever what is said is not immediately intelligible.\textsuperscript{55}

Some further explanation is called for. As a word is "heard" (or "encountered") we attempt to make sense of it. This event is, for Linge:

\begin{quote}
. . . in its very nature episodic and trans-subjective. It is episodic in the sense that every particular 'act' of understanding is a moment in the life of tradition itself . . . It is transubjective in that what takes place in understanding is a mediation and transformation of past and present that transcends the knower's manipulative control.\textsuperscript{56}
\end{quote}

We call upon our history to "know" the word in its particular context. This history, our past knowledge of situations, is our "tradition." When we put it to use, it becomes what Gadamer calls our "effective history," in that it is our past used to create the future. This prompts us to re-evaluate some other concepts. In the light of hermeneutics, history becomes (according to Heidegger) a "creative recovery of the past."\textsuperscript{57} Indeed, "history" becomes "philosophy," as we encounter events, use our history, and create the present and possible future.

It is important to note that this transaction takes place in language. Language can mean any communication (conscious or subconscious, I submit) that enables one to "make sense." The understanding of any event involves the "historical, linguistic, and dialectical."\textsuperscript{58} We need, to understand an event, to be aware of the communication that moves the event forward.

Where has this taken us? No longer can we conceive of a "one-dimensional" approach. We can begin to picture "listening" as an experience that takes place in language. We "hear" a work by entering
into communication with that work. We make sense of it by using our effective history. We encounter the record or the radio and make it our own, use our history to "hear" it, allow it to inhabit us in an event.

In science, we reflect upon the event. This is the same process we undertake as living human beings every time we seek to understand. For Grossberg:

... the situation gives itself to me as already meaningful, a meaningfulness I must then struggle to articulate. The experience of seeking the mot just is one in which we struggle to listen to that which is being said to us.

I find the mot just by using my history. I structure the event, giving it a place in relationship to my past. In this sense, only what I have experienced is real and understood. I can only give structure to my encounters with the world. Jill Johnston states:

The subject is structure and what is not structure. What is not structure is a church you no longer enter. What is not structure is a puddle you never saw. What is not structure is a state of mind you don't identify. What is structure is that to which you perceive yourself in some relation ... I make sense out of my past by associative clusters linked through voids we might simply call breathing ...

My job as a critic remains problematic. I have experienced a record, play, or film, and made a certain sense of them in which I may be "moved" without knowing how. Now, I need to "uncover" the process, to find how I made sense. I make an analysis. Yet, this analysis is secondary. When I heard the music or saw the film, I made a sense of it immediately, perhaps sub-consciously. Now, as a critic, I reflect upon that event and make sense of it in more overt contexts. My analysis is always secondary to the one I made in my initial encounter; but I try to make that initial encounter explicit by my analysis for others:
Analysis is interpretation; feeling the need for analysis is also interpretation. Thus analysis is really not the primary interpretation but a derivative form; it has preliminarily set the stage with an essential and primary interpretation before it ever begins to work with the data.\(^6^1\)

I now seek to make sense of an event by "understanding" my "initial understanding." I must, according to Wolff, if I am looking at several reactions, "recognize both (my) subject's and (my) own place in history, in the tradition of real events, and (I) must comprehend the relationship and fusion of the two standpoints in (my) work."\(^6^2\) Further, "understanding the single aspects of a society--particular acts, a certain text, a painting--presupposes a prior knowledge of the total context (the society, its culture and tradition). This, in turn, however can only be grasped through the specific manifestation."\(^6^3\) On the one hand, I seek to elaborate the event, but the event makes no sense without the context in which it occurs. And the context is manifested in and through the event. As a critic, I must find the interface of these events, their intersection in being.

The possibilities of a "science" of criticism become emergent. We, as "social historians" (historians of effective historians) "stand in" the events, watch their history unfold.\(^6^4\) Questions are raised, such as:

. . . How does Being come to disclosure in those beings which form the fabric of tradition--in discourses? How does language sustain the being of languages, discourses, rhetorics in its sway in order that depth be instituted as the resourcefulness of all speaking. How and as what does the world come to be said in the voices which form the secret history of tradition? It is in this nexus of questions and problems where we can authentically locate the enterprise of criticism as one further rhetorical possibility.\(^6^5\)

It is necessary, though, to remain painfully aware of ourselves in this enterprise. As Ricoeur states: "It is the function of hermeneutics
to make the comprehension of the other—and of his signs in multiple cultures—coincide with the comprehension of oneself and of being." To forget ourselves and our role in understanding events is to at once become removed and sterile.
1.11 The Place of Music and Art, Culture and Myth

By focusing the study upon music listening, I am discussing territory usually housed under the term aesthetics. Before elaborating the hermeneutic method in greater detail, I wish to look at the traditional method used to discuss art and aesthetics in society. By viewing this method, we can begin to visualize the dramatic shift in perspective that hermeneutics makes possible.

Traditionally, music has been viewed by anthropologists and sociologists as an "art object." In this sense, it is the same type of work as a painting or written text. The art object is considered an "artifact," a symbol that, under study, can reveal the culture which created it. In this sense, art is considered to manifest certain "myths" that are common to perhaps many cultures.

The emphasis on this approach is to study the "worth" of the art object. How well does it exhibit stereotypes or myths? Culture is seen as a series of "beliefs" that influence the self. We can ask, what are the parts of this art object that tell us of this culture? Myths are stories that display common human traits. What does the art work mean in relationship to these on-going traditions of man?

These are the concerns of the traditional study of aesthetics, culture, and myth. I will elaborate these in detail. Following this elaboration, I will attempt to display how hermeneutic conceptions of art, culture, and myth differ, and how the latter can form the method for the dissertation.
First, current conceptions of culture need to be elaborated. Helpful in this respect is A. L. Kroeber's 1949 paper, "The Concept of Culture in Science." For, although twenty-eight years old, its world view remains remarkably dominant today. Kroeber begins by assigning a hierarchy of organizational levels to man and scientific study: body, psyche, society, and culture. Each level offers differing opportunities for analysis, and the answers received at each will display that difference. In this schemata, culture becomes "values"—concepts imbedded at a societal level. It is the sustenance that makes social commerce possible.

In this view, culture and individual man are not entirely the same. It is possible, indeed it is urged, that individual behavior be kept free of the study of culture. Kroeber states:

The inquirer, if his interest is really in culture, tends therefore to omit the human agents. He operates as if individual personalities did not have a hand in cultural events.

It is to Kroeber's credit that he continues by explaining "how" individuals react to culture is a legitimate area of study, but one which need not be assumed in a "cultural history." Still, culture remains something more than, and apart from, individual participation. Kroeber continues by stating, "far more of any individual's values are instilled into him from outside, directly or indirectly from his society, than he produces within and by himself." To assume this is to assume what Kroeber does, a marked differentiation between person, society, and culture. The values of culture can take on a life of their own, ending in what Leslie White terms their "extrasomatic context": that is, to see values "in terms of their relationship to one another rather than to human organisms."
In this initial "separation" of culture and the individual, values come to be viewed first as objects: dominant, stable, and in latter manifestations, "right" or "wrong." Values are agents that act upon the individual and "cause" him to behave. (Those that "behave" contrary to dominant value structures then, are "deviant.")

The establishment of "myth" in this context takes place in the realm of "culture." Assuming a distinction between the individual (or psyche) and culture (or society), "myth" becomes either the "psychological archetypes" of Jung, the "structural forms" of Levi-Straus, or the "symbol" of many literary critics. As Benedict writes:

> In myth is a limitless freedom, a symbolic freedom of action which is denied to the norm-bound incumbent of a status in the social structure.

In this conception, man can act out "symbolically" his life, death, birth, cannibalism, any "value" that is outside of context, in "correct" ways. With this view, it is not surprising that myth has only recently been applied to our own "modern" society. Myths become, like values or culture, manifestations of some "independent" structure. Always, more is assumed "beneath the surface" than is apparent to the naked eye. Myths are structural "objects" which exist in the rarified atmosphere of society/culture. Individual behavior is again subsumed.

At a basic level, then, we see "culture" and "myth," as they are taken today, to be almost "context free" and "timeless." The behaviors individuals exhibit may be "caused" by these variables, but are not the sole determinants of their stability in society. Culture and myth can be studied by looking outside of the context in which they occur. One simply need examine the artifacts of the culture and, instead of looking
This idea of culture was developed in the latter nineteenth and early twentieth centuries into concepts we today call "mass" and "elite" culture. The same view of culture, as a series of values that exist independent of human interaction with them, remains. Culture merely becomes specified.

Mass society has its conceptual beginning with the formulation of Gemeinschaft and Gesellschaft by Tonnies. These describe the exchanging of the individuals "context frame of reference" from the local community to the emergent society of merchantilism and the market. In this sense, the term "mass culture" relies upon the individuals location of "reference" to have meaning. At this level, there is no hierarchy of systems, one precluding the other. All definition flows from the participant's interaction with society.

This is the view that Mills employs when defining mass society. To Mills, mass society is characterized by fewer people expressing opinions than receiving them; communities that only allow individuals to answer back with difficulty; authorities who control individual channels of action; and "agents of authorized institutions (which) penetrate this mass, reducing any autonomy it may have in the formulation of opinion by discussion." Although Mills' view is open to specific challenges, its definition essentially arises from individual participation.

Yet, the initial distinction of mass culture as "reference location" did not last. Certainly, economically the world was not ready to "democratize" its wealth, and neither was social theory prepared to "democratize" its structure. Almost immediately, the initial dichotomy
was posited—that of a society of the "elite" as opposed to a society of the "mass."

The historical formulation of this dialectic is difficult to reconstruct. Still, its prevalence in social theory cannot be refuted. One might suppose it arose from the idea of an informed educated minority's alarm at what they saw initially as power in the hands of the ill informed. More importantly here, though, is the chance that this dichotomy is made possible by the "objectified" view of culture discussed previously. If culture is independent of human action, it can be "context free." There can be imagined a hierarchy of culture (from eternal to mundane) since culture is an object in the position to "affect" the audience (subject). Its "universal" can be proclaimed, and, it follows, its "rightness."

Irving Howe speaks of this separation in terms of "critical observation":

The only people who can analyze the effects of mass culture on an audience are those who reject its uncritical acceptance of mass culture.74

In order to accept Howe's assessment, one needs to see culture as the independent stimulus to an individual. One can "choose" to respond or one can "stand outside," but it is the independent existence of the "culture" that makes the "critique" feasible.

This world view finally affects the way one would study "art." If culture and myth are values existing independent of their formulation, and therefore are in a position to be evaluated, then art too can be both an "object" (an independent artifact in the world) and "good" or "bad" ("elite" or "mass"). Denning states:
Placing things in an extrasomatic context focuses attention on the ways in which the constituents of culture are interrelated. Thus, to borrow again from anthropology, media products may be considered as artifacts.75

Again, art gains, like culture and myth before it, an independent existence apart from the "experience" of the individual. One can "look at" artifacts, and consequently treat them as "data" that exist independently from interpersonal and intrapersonal relationships.

This view of art allows the further elaboration of what was seen as an elite/mass dichotomy in the discussion of culture. We now have mass and high culture. If one can posit a hierarchical independent structure of art and culture, then artifacts that have existed in "elite society" become "high art" and those that have existed in "mass society" become "mass art."

One need only examine the definition of each that have been offered to become cognizant of this stratification and separation from individual interaction. Wilensky defines high culture as:

. . . two characteristics of the product: (1) it is created by, or under the supervision of a cultural elite operating within some aesthetic, literary, or scientific tradition. . . . (2) critical standards independent of the consumer of the product are systematically applied to it . . . Mass culture will refer to cultural products manufactured solely for the mass market. Associated characteristics, not intrinsic to the definition are standardization of product and mass behavior in its use.76

(Emphasis mine)

Dwight McDonald simply states "mass culture is not an art form but a manufactured commodity."77 Both of these definitions depend upon conceptualizing art as "product," an entity (like culture and myth before it) that is "consumed" but exists independently of that experience of consumption.
Art is "object," just as culture was before it. Indeed, when McQuail discusses Mannheim's view of the "masses" attitudes toward culture as "the apparent rejection of culture" by the masses, we are further aware that "culture" and "art" exist as "objects" to be "accepted" or "rejected."

This world view (which might be termed "positivist" or "realist") is one characterized as locating meaning "outside" of the individual encounter with culture, myth, or art. By treating art, culture, and myth as objects, Grossberg states:

... it is not surprising that we find this concept objectified and taken in one of its original significances—that of a corpus of texts embodying the historical wisdom of the civilization. It is out of this conception of culture that the notion of 'high culture' arises, and the idea of a cultured person as one who participates in the elite activities of this embodied tradition.

This is embodied in the view of Hannah Arendt, who states, "Only what will last through the centuries can ultimately claim to be a work of art."

In the final analysis, we find a world view that echoes with remarkable similarity our previous critique of current popular music research. Meaning, in culture, myth, and art are all treated as "objects." The emphasis is on a world view, that, in various manifestations, is still basic stimulus-response. The "meaning" of culture, art, and myth exist in the world, but outside of our "experience" with it. They are "variables." They are objects which the subject comes in contact with and beliefs emerge. Our job, as social scientists in this schemata, is to evaluate the art object, elaborate the discrete elements of the culture, and look for the timeless in the myths they convey. The point of study is not the event of listening or the context that the event illuminates, but what the
record really means. It is this difference in emphasis that becomes apparent speaking about hermeneutics and art.
Referring to the discussion of hermeneutics (1.10), we can begin to conceive of the impossibility of the above world-views under its emphasis. We begin our critique by addressing the question of art.

As we have described it, art has been something to be seen as "object," manifesting the values of the culture. Art is to be evaluated. Yet, if our world-view is hermeneutic (via Gadamer), our emphasis will lie on the "encounter" between the art and the viewer. It is our "experience," (again--our transcending the subject-object dichotomy that we later reflect upon) that is important.

First, we address the question: What is art? To quote Wolff, the current practice is to see art as objects to be normatively evaluated.

The argument here, of course, runs that this question is one of aesthetics, of the philosophy of art, and of the history of art. The reply, in any case, is normative, and involves, in part at least, evaluation of the products. And social science, insofar as it is social science, cannot evaluate anything. This is why it has to take as given those objects defined by others as art, and investigate their relationship to other social facts.82

This being said, art, to date, has usually been analyzed as a "variable," "to relate the two disparate areas of the arts (creator and created product) to some other specific factor of social life (class, for example) on the other."83 But what does hermeneutics say about such a view? It was easy to correlate art to class or timeless myth or cultural variables as long as art remained an object, because class or myth or culture were also objects. But what if our interest is in the "event" that happens when I look at a film or listen to a record? What role does art now
assume in hermeneutics?

For Gadamer, art is a proper realm for hermeneutic understanding. For Gadamer:

... it (art) says something to each person as if it were said especially to him, as something present and contemporaneous. Thus our task is to understand the meaning of what it says and to make it clear to ourselves and others. Even the non-linguistic work of art, therefore, falls within the proper task of hermeneutics. It must be integrated into the proper understanding of each person. 84

I listen to a record. I experience that work. Perhaps it means nothing to me. Perhaps I am "moved." Whatever happens, I am changed, changed in a way so that I will never be the same again. Gadamer says of this "encounter":

The work of art that says something confronts us itself. That is, it expresses something in such a way that what is said is like a discovery, a disclosure of something previously concealed. 85

This discovery is dependent, of course, upon my "tradition" (my past and my future expectations). My "effective history" is called upon to confront the art. A metamorphis occurs. I can no longer see or hear that art work in the same way again. In this sense, art, as Merleau-Ponty states "changes itself and becomes what follows." 86 Art, for Gadamer, finds itself "being open in limitless ways to ever new integrations." 87

We can go back to encounter art over and over, and the best of it never exhausts itself.

Indeed, this process is the important one to uncover hermeneutically. As Gadamer suggests, the art is no longer an "object," it is now an art "work," for it does not exist independent of our encounter with it. Time
functions in two ways in this encounter. First, our experience, or our ekstasis that occurs when viewing/hearing the art, cannot be conceived linearly. In this sense, Merleau-Ponty can talk of art as "timeless," for, to him:

... the very first painting in some sense went to the farthest reach of the future. If no painting comes to be the painting, if no work is ever absolutely completed and done with, still each creation changes, alters, enlightens, deepens, confirms, exalts, re-creates, or creates in advance of all others ... 88

Yet, the art work is specifically dependent upon time (each of our histories) for interpretation. As Sontag observes:

... for each conscious artist, the creation of a work means dealing with two potentially antagonistic domains of meaning and their relationship. One is his own meaning (or lack of it); the other is the set of second-order meanings that both extend his own language and encumber, compromise, and adulterate it. 89

This contradiction is the same one I presented earlier, and lies at the heart of the hermeneutic experience, i.e., I can never fully understand my primary encounter with the world; I can only understand it secondarily, through my reconstructed history. This apparent contradiction if it cannot be resolved, can at least be recognized. Wolff expresses the hope that a phenomenological sociology of art "will comprehend the meanings of art in terms of a wider cultural system, and it will at the same time make clear the social aspects of an ostensibly individual creation." 90

When, then, is the task of hermeneutic understanding of art. First of all, it focuses on the "encounter" of the art and the individual. This encounter can be understood only by recognizing the context within which this interaction occurs, i.e. how the history of the world is employed to understand the transaction. We can focus this analysis at several levels.
We can (to use a model suggested by Wolff) focus on the (1) hermeneutic "grasp of the society of genesis" of the art form, (2) nature of the art work itself, (3) perspective of the various participants (as in drama, of the playwright, actor, audience), or (4) the "hermeneutic-phenomenological comprehension" of the changing art form. This means we can focus on (1) the context of creation of the work and begin to understand how history came together to create the culture or the art; (2) the experience of our confronting the work itself; (3) the experience of the other participants in the creation; or (4) how the experience changes. At whatever level we choose our emphasis is no longer a valued judgment of an independently existing art object, but an examination of how the flow of historical encounters between art and artist or recipient make sense. Ultimately, we are interested in the true ebb and flow of ideas, as those ideas are broken open into the world. There can be no "good" or "bad" art, from this perspective, only "more or less successful" art.
1.13 Culture and Myth Hermeneutically Defined

We enact the same critique on the terms "culture" and "myth" that we did on art. Culture has been seen as a set of "values" (variables) that act on individuals to produce behavior; myth, an enactment of those values, is often constant across cultures.

It is vital not to deny that, in the above description, culture "acts" upon an individual. Our hermeneutic seeks to emphasize the "act," as opposed to the object/subject of the act. All too often static variables are seen as "things" rather than processes.

Grossberg suggests that culture, in the hermeneutic world view, "can be understood as the limits placed upon us, upon the possibility of imagination, by language, tradition, and our own relationship to those and hence, to the world." It is the world that cannot be disclosed. Rather than continue this admittedly "negative" conception, I will move to a definition as formulated by George Steiner. Steiner states:

These manifold transformations and reorderings of relation between an initial verbal event and subsequent reappearances of this event in other verbal or non-verbal forms might be best seen as topological. By that I mean something quite simple. Topology is the branch of mathematics which deals with those relations between points and those fundamental properties of a figure which remain invariant when that figure is bent out of shape (when the rubber sheet on which we have traced the triangle is bent into conic or spherical form) . . . Similarly, there are invariants and constants underlying the manifold shapes of expression in our culture. It is these which make it possible, and I think, useful to consider the fabric of culture as 'topological' . . .
This topology, it must be remembered, is flexible in its constancy. Steiner says: "A culture is a sequence of translations and transformations of constraints ('translations' always tend toward 'transformation')." Culture is best thought of as limits, or boundaries, which cannot be exceeded. In the end, it becomes a term too amorphous to be of much use, for it consists of a multitude of descriptions of acts, the catalogue of which would be immense. We may talk about actions that occur within a culture, but we can never find the total boundaries of the culture.

Let me suggest that, of those acts that exist in the culture, two levels are operative: that of primary experience and that of metaphor (also called myth). One level is our personal confrontation accomplished through language. In this level, we are "doing the act" and our language reflects only the doing of the act. Barthes (who, in fairness, would call himself a "post-structuralist" rather than a "phenomenologist"), illustrates this idea in the following example:

If I am a woodcutter and am led to name the tree which I am felling, whatever the form of my sentence, I 'speak the tree,' I do not speak about it. This means that my language is operational, transitively linked to the object; between the tree and myself, there is nothing but my labour, that is to say, an action . . . But if I am not a woodcutter I can no longer 'speak the tree,' I can only speak about it, on it. My language is no longer the instrument of an 'acted upon tree,' it is the 'tree-celebrated' . . . this tree is no longer the meaning of reality as a human action, it is an image-at-ones-disposal . . .

At this second level, language comes to mean other things besides the act of encounter. "Trees" mean a whole list of things in our history. The
meaning accumulates in the word. Language can take place, because we assume we all have had similar histories. When language reaches this second stage, it "stands for" the primary act. I will call this language "metaphoric". Let me refer to the scenario (1.8). There was a primary language operative, I suggest, during the act of listening, of not being aware as I tap my feet or nod my head until I reflect upon it (see 2.3). Yet, at a point, I become aware that another person has entered the room. We both share the action. Since I am reflecting upon this act, that social sharing was metaphoric -- it spoke to give meaning to our histories. Later, I argue over a "concept"--romance. At this level, the metaphor becomes even more apparent. Romance has accumulated meaning. We are not "enacting romance" but "talking about" romance. Romance is now the metaphor for experiences we have had in our history.

Still, this dichotomy eventually can break down too. For we can look at any metaphor as if it were the primary event. The conversation about romance can be an event reflected upon, bound up in our history, and represent a metaphor known as "conversations I've had on romance." Still, the distinction is necessary for us to write. We can constantly look at any claim, any metaphor, and treat it as a primary event, and then treat that as a primary event, and so on, until we never end. But I will drawn the distinction here between primary listening and metaphoric meaning in music if only because these processes feed one another. The primary encounter makes the metaphor possible and every new accumulated meaning changes the way I encounter the record or radio. If for only these pages, the acts are kept separable to make a knowledge claim.
1.14 The Transcendence of Being
Brought Into Understanding

I can expand my eidetic analysis of music listening further, and posit it as the essential structure of an experience of any art work. That is, I first approach an art work by being "taken over" by it, losing awareness of it being an object to my subject. For Gadamer, the encounter "possesses a mysterious intimacy that grips our entire being, as if there were no distance at all and every encounter with it were an encounter with ourselves." We may have no notions yet of "what the work means," only that we are moved, and entering into a kind of "boundary-less" encounter with the work.

In fact, let me suggest another way to view this encounter. The art work "works" because it presents a world that we recognize before us. Yet, it is a world we have not resolved in full previous to our encounter. We are taken over by an art work precisely because it tells us something we had not yet formulated in the same way as we see the encounter with the art work formulating it. The encounter poses a question to us. It causes us to confront the unarticulated in ourselves, and presents to us a vision of reality we recognize; yet to that point we had been without these words or images to adequately describe.

Art, then, "is putting a question to us, a question that called it into being." We are "taken over" because it articulates what we needed articulated. The encounter causes us to confront ourselves and reveals questions we had not, to date, been able to formulate. The experience is one of recognition:
... we do not leave home so much as 'come home.' We say at once: truly it is so! The artist has said what is. The artist has captured reality in an image, a form; he has not conjured up an enchanted never-never-land but rather this very world of experience and self-understanding in which we move, live, have our being ... The legitimization of art is not that it gives aesthetic pleasure but that it reveals being. That initial encounter, however, does not need to be elaborated by an articulation on our part. We can revel in its presence, and rejoice in the sense of our being taken into a new, enjoined world. The question that art causes us to confront in ourselves need not be linguistically broken down. We need only say, "this work say it!," without a conscious elaboration of what "it" might consist of.

Yet, if we reflect upon our being taken over, we will see that the experience is possible only because of our tradition, our history. The work of art "works" because it "makes sense," because it articulates our experience. Gadamer asks: "Is not our expectation and our readiness to hear the new also necessarily determined by the old that has already taken possession of us?" As long as we are content to let the question that art poses to us remain inarticulated and pre-linguistic, we ignore the role of history in the encounter. But if we reflect, in some way step back, we begin to "win back a horizon that includes both art and history together."

In this way, the experience of art (like music before it) begins to take its place as an historical event. The experience is one that occurs in time. The art work articulates what our tradition has demanded an answer to.
In this way, we begin to "interpret," to "label," to "formulate" linguistically the experience of art. This interpretation is the hermeneutic of the art experience. To the extent that we begin to ask what questions the art forces us to encounter in ourselves, we begin a phenomenological criticism.

This paper is an example of the above. Before writing it, I knew only that rock'n'roll spoke it to me, that it was precious to my way of life. I had little idea of how that occurred, only that I was moved into a new arena of awareness by the experience of listening.
1.15 Hermeneutical Criticism

It is not enough in the world of social science to accept, unquestioningly, the experience of listening as a non-subject/object ineffable happening that never moves into a world where we give it a linguistic meaning. For surely, music articulates a history that is by its nature linguistic. It consequently effects our interpretation of other events. It must always enter the world of articulated tradition. It must always be interpreted.

The call of hermeneutics and phenomenology is to take seriously this articulation, and to soundly consider the process by which this interpretation takes place. Hermeneutically, we can never be satisfied just being "one" with the experience of art; we must seek to understand that experience. It is in this light the dissertation was written—to make explicit what had so long remained unquestioned—how does one experience rock'n'roll?

While Chapters Two through Six seek to articulate the experience, they do not speak about how that articulation came about. That will be the purpose here. For interpretation is a process that must be articulated itself.

We begin with a text, an art work, something to be understood (in this case the world of listened to rock'n'roll). The first step is to make what has always been an unquestioned engagement with the work a questioned disengagement, to make what had not been a problem decidedly problematic. To Heidegger, this means we must "do violence" to the text. Zaner explains it this way:
What is required, and is within our freedom to do, in order to focus explicitly on that fundamental thesis which grounds us in the lifeworld, is to sustain that kind of shock and disengagement systematically and then methodologically explore in depth what is then disclosed to us... Doing that, with care and attentiveness, is to move toward, if not into, phenomenological philosophy...

... If I read this disengagement correctly, only our attitude toward the world undergoes a shift; our attention shifts from that of engagement in to that of focal concern for the sense and strata of the very engagement itself.102

This difficult disengagement is the first step by which I begin to articulate the musical experience. I must step back from my total involvement with the experience to reflect upon that experience. In order to understand that "transcendence," I have to step away from transcendence. I need to make these structures explicit by reflecting upon the experience. So, in my first phenomenological articulation, I follow Zaner's observation:

The aim of this difficult task is to make explicit those structures that remain implicit and taken for granted, in order to make possible a thorough critical understanding of them and permit their assessment. This task is phenomenological description, and is what phenomenology seeks in its initial trust—an aim the 'method' is designed to realize.103

By reflexively viewing experience, I can begin to articulate some commonalities that seem to occur every time I listen to music. Yet, I also realize that every question posed by the experience of art is historical. I am seeing and hearing a "meaningful" social world, and this, as we have seen earlier, implies the role of history and tradition. Next, I must articulate the role of tradition in my music experience. Biemel states: "What is veiled by the tradition must be made accessible
again. We have to understand with which specific concepts, coming down from which particular period, we operate, instead of acting as if we were dealing with a body of unchanging verities which we simply receive and then pass on." If art indeed articulates a question, we must see what it asks (and how what it asks is a function of tradition). For Gadamer, then, the "real power of the hermenetical consciousness is our ability to see what is questionable." 

In this dissertation, I begin by interrogating my own experiences (to interrogate the interrogation of art, if you will). For Natanson: "The mark of a common sense life, the very essence of its style of being is its failure to make itself an object for its own inspection." Yet I choose not to be satisfied with that. I step back, and seek to uncover the process by which I experience and come to understand music. It is the critical perspective, and as Zaner notes, to "be critical is to seek the foundations, which tasks necessarily means to go to the roots of our operative lives and systematically objectivate these for the purpose of critical explication, analysis, and assessment." 

Once I disengage myself from my experience, both structural and historical, I must then seek to linguistically describe and display the experience. And this involves a second step, that of interpretation. For distance itself requires that I name what I have become distanced from.

This interpretation is a creative process. It is where we make knowledge claims, decide there is indeed "transcendence," that rebelling is an activity of 1950-60, that John Lennon's music is
"primal." How do I do this?

While reflexive distancing is easier to articulate, there is no firm phenomenology of the process of interpretation. Heidegger speaks of philosophy as "a creative recovery of the past," but the nature of the "creative" is unexplained. Somehow, it seems we look at various experiences and seek the inter-relatedness of these experiences. For Biemel states: "The analysis of Dasein (being-in-the-world) must accomplish a double task. It must lay out the separate elements of being-in-the world, and it must exhibit the unity and interconnectedness of these elements."

When we feel we have an "inter-connectedness," how does it come to pass? How does the "creative" take place? Gadamer recalls an example of Aristotle that comments upon this subject:

Rather, when we say 'to know, we mean 'to recognize,' that is to pick something out of the stream of images flowing past as being identical. What is picked out in this fashion is clearly retained. But how? When does a child know its mother for the first time? When it sees her for the first time? No. Then when? How does it take place? Can we really say at all that there is a single event . . . It seems obvious to me we cannot. Aristotle has described this wonderfully. He says it is the same as when an army is in flight, driven in panic, until at last someone stops and looks around to see whether the foe is still dangerously close behind. We cannot say the army stops when one soldier has stopped. But then another stops. The army does not stop by virtue that two soldiers stop. When does it actually stop then? . . .

The point is that unity occurs only when the interpretation is made. The act itself is what creates the unity. Why, for instance, do I decide in Chapter Five that a visit to a DJ, the sound of the radio in 1961, my friends and my games, and the rebel tradition "fit"
together in something called separation? Because a certain "sense of fit" occurred. And, once I stepped back to view my past, the separate elements I picked out created a certain havoc until they were given a name. As Gadamer observes: "We are familiar with the strange, tortuous feeling we have as long as we do not have the right word. When we have found the right expression . . . when we are certain we have it, then it 'stands,' then something comes to 'stand'." Every new act of listening, every new reflection, causes this process of "unknowing toward knowing" to begin again.

Let me apply this to an example from my history. In reading, I encounter from the texts certain descriptions of events that articulate certain feelings I have had. I read Peter Guralnick's description of his early experience of listening to Elvis, and it makes "sense" in light of my history. His words cause me to label my "similar" events the same way—as rebelling. Now, I begin to view what had once been seemingly random events as displaying some unity, and I begin to label that unity "rebelling." As I read more, and reminisce more, the unity in other events becomes apparent. I begin to articulate a sense of what it was to "rebel." By combining the events I remembered (visit to DJ, turning on a radio) with accounts from others, I have labelled what was without a name before. I have created a metaphor called "rebelling." I have created history by naming it.

Does this mean there was no rebelling during the years 1961-64, only that I have decided that there was? Not necessarily. What it does imply is that history is always created after the event. History is a product of naming, and, in a broader sense, to quote Heidegger,
"questioning first creates history." 112

Can this be so surprising, considering what we have claimed as the nature of the art experience? The experience, insofar as we step back to understand it, is an uncovering of our effective history as it encounters an articulated question. We seek to name the question. By naming the question, we create history. Ultimately, there is no "objective history," no certain answer to what has happened. We create interpretations; we create history. The creation lies in the mysterious act of creatively singling out elements and perceiving unities.

The implications of this include the impossibility of ever finding the "truly right" words. For the experiences of the world can exist in infinite combinations. Each combination comes to be myth or metaphor. We interpret our experience by making the present light up in lieu of the past. Gadamer observes:

In the last analysis, Goethe's statement 'Everything is a symbol' is the most comprehensive formulation of the hermeneutical idea. It means that everything points to another thing. This 'everything' is not an assertion about each being, indicating what it is, but an assertion as to how it encounters man's understanding. There is nothing that cannot mean something else as well; nothing comes forth in the one meaning that is simply offered to us. The impossibility of surveying all relations is just as much present in Goethe's concept of the symbolic as is the vicarious function of the particular for the representation of the whole. For only because the universal relatedness of being is concealed from human eyes does it need to be discovered. 113

Art confronts each of us with a question from ourselves. Because it is grounded in some shared tradition, that question is historical. In order to understand a work of art, we need to articulate the tradition it formulates.
We do this, hermeneutically, first by making the encounter problematic, by distancing ourselves from the experience. Next, we seek similar experiences that, together, make the question "stand" in the light of other related experiences. By articulating this interconnectedness, the question is seen to "fit" in my lifeworld, and begins to "make sense." It is "being answered."

Still, there is one other phenomenon that occurs. Every act of naming changes past acts of naming. History is constantly made over by our new articulations of questions posed to us by new encounters. For example, I recently bought a record by the English group, The Sex Pistols, "God Save the Queen." The record I knew was banned in England. I knew it to be "controversial," with lines like:

God save the Queen  
Her fascist regime

As I sought to make "sense" of my encounter with the record (after I "enjoyed it" in transcendent moments), I saw it in light of my previous foundation of the rebel tradition. Yet, its very loud, seemingly harsh sound was something new for that tradition occurring in this time. It was in some ways similar and some ways different from the Elvis of 1954. If I were to make an extended analysis of the record, I could conceivably expand my earlier formulation of the rebel myth.

Plainly, I undertook a dual process. I "heard" the song a certain way because of my work on the dissertation (my tradition now), and it was "different" enough to cause a possible re-naming of that tradition (certainly insofar as an elaboration is a re-naming). This is the flux of interpretation. It is also the power of the experience of our
being-in-the-world. While certain structures can be said to reoccur, we are constantly going through a process of experience-distance-naming-experience-distance-naming. The dissertation seeks to present one cycle of this, but ultimately it gets rewritten with every new experience. As Biemel notes: "At the very beginning of the work, we are already at its end, and the end throws us back to the beginning . . . "

Why do we do the work then? Certainly, progress as it is normally conceived of is not operative. Why then? Because, to return to the opening discussion of the act of writing, "we must." Because reflection and naming sets us free to engage again in each new encounter. As Gadamer notes:

> Reflection on a given preunderstanding brings before me something that otherwise happens behind my back . . . Certainly I do not mean that such reflection could escape from ideological ossification if it does not engage in constant self-reflection and attempts at self-awareness. Thus only through hermeneutical reflection am I no longer unfree over against myself but rather can deem freely what in my pre-understanding may be justified and what unjustifiable.

This, then, is the joy of knowledge.
Where We Have Come To and Where We Will Attempt a Journey

At the beginning of this chapter, I spoke of the fragility of making a claim through writing. This fragility is what we return to, in the previous section, when it is realized that any experience can be reinterpreted and any reflection on experience can be in turn reflected upon. I believe this to be a useful awareness. For if our method is to be consistent, we can never be too quick to say: "This is but one explanation, suitable for this time." The perogative is always open to treat this as primary data, and examine its premises.

We have literally remade the eyes through which we will view the popular mass music of rock'n'roll. No longer can I treat it as strictly lyrics of which to find the true meaning. No longer is it a cultural artifact which I can evaluate in terms of eternal worth. No longer can rock'n'roll be viewed as a timeless stimulus to a series of attitudes.

Now I am interested in something else. What is it to experience an encounter with a record or radio? When does music become "social"? In what context did/does the music make sense to me? How can I elaborate those metaphors of mine and other's histories? How did my life reflect the music, and music my life? These are the questions I am addressing with hermeneutics. Before I begin, let me add a few conditions.

First, this is my history. I am not sure how many shared it, though I am convinced many who lived through the times I did would find it believable. But not all who read it would. In that sense, I do take liberty with the concept of "the young." How many of "the young" shared these metaphors? I don't know. That they were featured in magazines, books,
articles, and words like the "counter culture," "alternate culture," "love generation," "baby boom," "hippies," "freaks," attest to their visibility. Those who see or saw themselves that way might find the history speaking to them. But there were many who lived a different life. I hope they will allow me the liberty to acknowledge them, and forgive me for not speaking of them.

Second, at times the music becomes background to the dissertation. This is not to say the music wasn't important, but that it so perfectly spoke through the history, that it became largely inexpressible to write about. I lived the life I did because of the music, and it is useless to speak about the music without everything else, all the other concepts that met to make my life what it was. This is a written paper, and as music is talked about, I have used lyrics or descriptive words to give a sense of the feeling listening gave me. As such, it fails to match the power of hearing the music when I did. No metaphors can match the power of that experience.

The dissertation follows this plan. I begin at the primary stage of listening, and attempt a description of how I listen to music and how that is shared. Next, I discuss the role of the media (as rock'n'roll is media music) in breaking down categories of fantasy and reality. These chapters provide a backdrop, a more structural approach to the act of media listening. With this in mind, the next two chapters discuss certain metaphors and music in the society of the young, 1960-1977. This attempts to set music in context; to see the music of rock'n'roll in the historical event. The final chapter reflects upon the process of formulating the dissertation and discusses current problems stemming from having lived a rock'n'roll life.
I used to believe in rhythm and blues  
Always wore my blue suede shoes  
Now everything I do goes down in doubt

But sometimes in the blackest night  
I can see a little light  
That's the only thing that keeps me rockin'--  
Keeps me rockin'

So here's another fantasy  
About the way things seem to me . . .
CHAPTER TWO

A PHENOMENOLOGY OF ROCK LISTENING
Orgiastic movements of a society leave their traces in music. Dionysiac stirrings arise either through the influence of narcotic potions of which all primitive races speak their hymns—or through the powerful approach of spring, which penetrates with joy the whole frame of nature. So stirred, the individual forgets himself completely.

Nietzsche

The greatest happiness of the thinking man is to have fathomed those things which are fathomable and reserve those things that are not fathomable for reverence in quietude.

Goethe

2.1 States of Listening

First, the act of listening is explored. Listening is the central way rock'n'roll music is evidenced, for through listening, we attend to the initial power of the art work. There can be no music without the act of listening.

This listening does not take place in a vacuum; it happens in the world of other senses. We listen and watch and smell and touch. The total experience of listening can only be appreciated by being aware of this contextualization.

However, as Ihde states "as a focal dimension of global experience, a concentrated concern with listening is possible." Although it is an artificial operation to separate the act of listening from the context of other senses, I am seeking to focus solely on the experience. Staying mindful of the limitations, a phenomenological analysis of the act of listening is the necessary first step to a fuller discussion of this
popular mass music form.

The act of listening can be looked at as being comprised of three elements: the transcendental primary experience, music as atmosphere, and music as metaphor. These elements are indicative of music as it moves from what I will call a nonreflexive state to an increasingly social phenomenon. I will outline this movement briefly here in light of the "first phenomenology" of Husserl and the "historical hermeneutics" of Heidegger.

Referring to the scenario (1.8), there occurs in the situation of listening an initial movement of the body. This represents the one person experience of interaction with the music. This primary experience can be best described from the tradition of phenomenology that arises out of Edmund Husserl's programme. Husserl's view of phenomenology was concerned with the immediacy of experience. This experience was a result of our initial confrontations with the world. As social scientists (philosophers) we are to attempt to describe these experiences. Any description involves us "bracketing" our taken-for-granted assumptions (all learned explanations) about the experience (the epoché to Husserl). Once this is done, and we place all explanations we have learned to the side, we describe the experience. Certain patterns of the experience emerge (these components are called the eidetic features of the experience). In this way, we build up a catalogue of structural possibilities that can occur in the experience. Ihde calls this first phenomenology.

First phenomenology is an attempt to find certain typifications of an experience. Here, we do not speak much of history's role in understanding. At this stage of analysis our interest is in stratification of the
elements within an experience. In a concrete example, the first phenomenology of Husserl might be concerned with constructing structures that occur in the act of listening. These structures, though they grow out of specific contexts, are all possibilities gathered under the name of listening as a universal activity. To listen to a record or the radio involves a number of things that are accomplishments—feelings, perceptions, explanations—all gathered under the heading "how it is to listen."

Second phenomenology, from Heidegger, moves beyond this level of structure of experience to a concern with how this structure is manifested in time and history. Where and how is listening employed? What are the contexts in which listening has become apparent and events to which it has given meaning? Ihde notes:

Second phenomenology in pursuing that richness discerns in the sentimentation of our traditions of thought an essential embedment in history and time of experience itself. For while the first word of phenomenology is addressed to the nearness of experience as a philosophy of presence, second phenomenology is a rebound which opens the way to a reevaluation and reexamination of the very language in which our experience is encased and by which it is expressed. The phenomenology of essence, structure, and presence in Husserl leads to the phenomenology of existence, history, and the hermeneutical in Heidegger.²

This chapter begins at the first phenomenological analysis of listening that leads into the second phenomenological analysis in Chapters Four, Five and Six. The initial discussion of listening seeks to elaborate the structures of the experience. These include the transcendental, the atmospheric, and the metaphoric. As listening becomes metaphor, it begins to be inexorably bound up with history and time—an approach then followed in the succeeding chapters.
A word of caution is in order. The reduction of phenomenology to these two elements must not be read as any more than a tool for attempting to elaborate in discrete form what may be non-discrete stages of listening. To separate the act of listening from history is done only to illustrate certain typifications of experience that seem to occur every time I listen. That they never occur exactly the same is the role of time and history changing the context of the experience.

I begin with some descriptions of listening to rock'n'roll from others, who describe it as "fun" or "feeling." Then, I seek to elaborate, in a series of eidetic features, listening as transcendent experience. Next, I will explore the role of music as atmosphere, as the music is located ever more external to the listener. Finally, as the music becomes shared tacitly, we move into a world of specific contexts and metaphors. In all of Chapter Two, our concern is with the first phenomenological explication of the structure or essence of how it is I listen to rock'n'roll.
2.2 Rock as Felt Experience

Marcus relates a story from the appearance of Phil Spector, legendary record producer, on the David Suskind show. Suskind, who had been lambasting rock'n'roll on his show, recited the following lyrics to the Chrystals record "Da Do Ron Ron," which Spector produced. He read:

    Da Do Ron Ron Ron
    Da Do Ron Ron
    Da Do Ron Ron Ron Ron
    Da Do Ron Ron

"What does that mean?" Suskind asks in disbelief. "It's not what I say it means," Spector shoots back, "It's what it makes you feel! Can't you hear the sound of that record, can't you hear that?"³

Suskind, operating under an aesthetic which we earlier called "academic," demanded that the record make sense the way Eliot's The Wasteland is said to make sense. Plainly, Phil Spector was operating under a different aesthetic—the aesthetic of transcendent experience. As Marcus later observes, this "is a way of thinking that allows one to give mood and emotion the force of fact, to believe ones instinctual analysis more than someone elses statistical analysis or logical argument."⁴

The sentiment is echoed many times over by rock listeners. Jerry Hopkins observes:

    I conducted a little poll the other day. I went out onto the Sunset Strip and into Van Nuys . . . and them into two or three other Los Angeles neighborhoods. I started asking kids why they liked rock music. Kids starting about eight years old and running into the middle twenties.

    Nine out of ten said, 'It makes me feel good.'⁵
John Sinclair opens his "street essay," "Rock and Roll Is a Weapon of Cultural Revolution," by saying: "Rock and roll music is one of the most vital revolutionary forces in the West—it blows people back to their senses and makes them feel good, like they're alive again...

The words "emotional" and "feeling good" occur continually, and seem to be the easiest way to explain the primary experience of listening. Rock is loud, physical music. In fact, physical movement is often mandatory. Yet, words like "feeling" or "fun" need to be examined more closely, if the primary transcendental experience of listening is to be understood. If we can't "logically" break it down, perhaps we can talk around it, and hint at what seems to happen when I listen to rock'n'roll music.
2.3 A Phenomenology of Transcendent Listening

The first thing I do is to approach a piece of music with certain expectations. I come seeking what Roger Sessions terms "a vital experience, whether of a deeply stirring, brilliantly stirring, or simply entertaining type."\(^7\) I want to have "fun" and "feel" good. I want to confront the music; I want to listen to it.

For example, I bring home a new record. I open the cover, full of hope and anticipation. I think, "This better be good; I paid five dollars for it. If it's not, it will be a five spent in futility." Now, I know this artist's previous work, and enjoyed it, so I should enjoy this. However, I read some reviews, by people I respect, and they had mixed feelings. The process of listening has begun before the record goes on, before any music has been heard. History and economics rear their head. (More on this process in Chapters 3 and 6.)

I place the record on my stereo. I am aware that, when I listened to my brother's stereo last week (a more expensive set) I "heard" different things on my records than I did on my stereo--the drums fuller, the bass rounder. So, I know my stereo "limits" always what I hear; different ones play different sounds. I think this album would sound different on my brother's stereo. I am envious.

I sit in a chair. The speakers face me. First of all, I hear scratches that I know signal that the needle has dropped on the record (again, my history in use). Then sounds come that signal to me the record has begun.
The sound is coming out of the speakers. If I go into the next room, I notice this. However, as I increasingly "listen," I forget this fact of location, for "if I put myself in the 'musical attitude' and listen to the sound as if it were music, I may suddenly find that its ordinary and strong sense of directionality, while not disappearing, recedes to such a degree that I can concentrate upon its surrounding presence."\(^8\)

The more I attend, the less the music seems to come "from the speakers," and the more it is "of" me. More than hear it, I have it, possess it, as it possesses me. Sessions observes:

\[
\ldots \text{the listener's real and ultimate response to music consists not in merely hearing it, but in inwardly reproducing it, and his understanding of music consists in the ability to do this in his imagination} \ldots \text{The} \ldots \text{listener takes the music into his consciousness and remakes it actually or in his imagination for his own uses.}^{9}
\]

As one sound leads to another, I find myself less and less able to be discreet. I occasionally "tune into" the drum, which has a different "shape" than the bass guitar. I picture the movement of the instruments physically in my mind; perhaps I even see the performer playing in an action similar to a video tape replay of an earlier performance.

It begins to become more difficult to write, to think "about" the process. I look up but do not look "at" anything.

\[
\ldots \text{of all five senses, the sense of hearing is the only one inexorably associated with our sense of time. The gestures which music embodies are, after all, invisible gestures; one may almost define them as consisting of movement in the abstract, movement which exists in time but not in space, movement, in fact, which gives time its meaning and significance for us. If this is true, then sound is its predestined vehicle} \ldots \\
\text{Sound, at least in our experience, is never static, but invariably impermanent; it either}
\]
ceases or changes. By its very nature it embodies for us movement in time, and as such imposes no inherent limits.\textsuperscript{10}

My feet are moving, synchronous with the drums. My head is moving. But I notice that after they are already moving.

Sound permeates and penetrates my bodily being. It is implicated from the highest reaches of my intelligence which embodies itself in language to the most primitive needs of standing upright through the sense of balance which I indirectly know lies in the inner ear. Its bodily involvement comprises the range from soothing pleasure to the point of insanity in the continuum of possible sound in music and noise. Listening begins by being bodily global in its effects.\textsuperscript{11}

I am less and less aware of thought. I phase in and out of consciousness (that "normal, analytical, logical, explainable" consciousness). From here on, I notice things in a more delayed retrospect than before. My flights from my normal consciousness are more pronounced. Ihde states:

The experience of an auditory aura is 'like' the experience of music in which intentionality though keenly aware, 'lets be' the musical presence so that the sound rushes over and through one.\textsuperscript{12}

... what occurs in this engagement is clearly anti-Cartesian. It is my subject-body, my experiencing body, which is engaged, and no longer is it a case of deistic distance of 'mind' to 'body' ... The 'darkness' of the music is in the loss of distance which occurs in dramatically sounded musical presence.\textsuperscript{13}

The music is, finally, no longer on the stereo. I am no longer "in" the chair. We meet together in some different arena of space/time. Sequence has changed; the lines of logic are re-drawn. Plainly, I am having fun and feeling good. It is here that I "understand" music in the transcendental sense. When I earlier read the "academic" accounts, and found them wanting, it is this moment I see them missing.

I play the record again. I am more aware of certain structures, certain words or melodies. But again, it is an encounter. I can carry
it with me, in me, everywhere. To return to Sessions:

He (the listener) whistles it (music) on the street, or hums it at his work, or simply 'thinks' it to himself. He may ever represent it to his consciousness in a more concentrated form--as a condensed memory of sounds heard and felt, reproduced for his memory by a vivid sensation of what I may call character in sound, without specific details but in terms of sensations and impressions remembered.14

As music becomes more and more wrapped up in history, in providing meaning, not only to the moment of listening but also to memory, listening becomes highly dependent upon time. Yet, much of the initial confrontation with the music appears to happen outside of time. I lose awareness of reflecting. The music "inhabits" me. I lose track of time, and am not aware of minutes or hours or aging.

This latter experience, however difficult it is to articulate, needs further elaboration. How did I lose distance between the music and my awareness of self? What happens when I feel at one with the music? How can I articulate the eidetic features of this transcendence of subject/object dichotomies (as I lose awareness of me/record)?

This is the same problem mentioned in Chapter One. There, the observation was made that I can only make sense of an event second-order, only after it has happened. We see the same phenomenon occur in listening, yet it is more pronounced. I am shaken into reflecting and realize that I was involved in an experience so much that I was carried along by it. Recall Gadamer's observation, "the more fundamental a conversation, the less it lies in the will" of the participants. Listening placed me in a position where music inhabited me, and I exercised no conscious will over it until I reflected. In this way,
listening is a phenomenon of language, for it, like language, catches us up in a transcendent experience of non-reflecting.

Certain religious and mystical experiences seem to be constituted of this transcendent "loss of self". Perhaps, by examining their descriptions of the transcendent, we can draw an analogy to what it is like to lose ourselves in listening.
2.4 Listening and Altered States of Consciousness

At best, we speak of experience in approximations. Every statement is one of analogy. This is of even more concern with our discussion of the "loss of self" and "loss of distance" inherent in music listening. In an effort to provide "like" explanations of experience, we turn to what might be commonly considered "states of consciousness research."

Researchers recognize that there are "different" states of consciousness, even though the elaboration and demarcation of those states is often loose and certainly far from universal. DeRopp offers five levels of consciousness:

(1) Deep sleep without dreams
(2) Sleep with dreams
(3) Waking sleep (identification)
(4) Self-transcendence (self-remembering)
(5) Objective consciousness (cosmic consciousness)

In relation to our previous analysis, the "identification" step—where man has no "separate awareness" of his "self"—appears to correspond to the transcendent listening state. Self remembering, "symbolized by a two headed arrow suggesting double awareness," observer and doer, might be the act of reflection.

DeRopp's view of consciousness is not shared in all consciousness theorizing. Fisher, for instance, sees consciousness as a product of information intake, from low (mediation) to high (hallucination). Still, if we can employ DeRopp's distinction between "identification" and "self-remembering," we may be able to speak more precisely about the "loss of distance" in transcendental music listening.
The self remembering appears to be similar to the reflexive state of being--our reflection upon the event second-order. The "idenification" level appears to be a loss of self, a feeling of oneness with events. This latter state is analogous to what has been described by certain mystics. Deikman speaks of certain experiences in the life of mystics as "ineffable, incapable of being expressed to another person." He continues:

Although mystics sometimes write long accounts, they maintain that the experience cannot be communicated by words or by reference to similar experience in everyday life. They feel at a loss for appropriate words to communicate the intense realness, the unusual sensations, and the unity cognition.

Something happens to these mystics that appears "outside" of normal logical explanation. Something occurs "that can't be retold." It is a loss of self in the extreme, similar to the loss of self that occurs every moment we lose our sense of being separate from the world, in language as in transcendental listening.

Whatever its cause, elaborations of this state appear commonly in consciousness literature. Burrows, piecing together accounts of descriptions from memory, has attempted to elaborate a phenomenology infantile state of development. The "loss of self" is readily apparent.

It would appear that the earliest mode of relationship between the infant and the outer world of things is by participation--or perhaps it would be more correct to say, in this early stage, the self and the world have not yet been separated from one another. In the newborns relationship with the thing, he is that thing; he doesn't see and feel the breast: he doesn't hear the sound of the train whistle, he is the sound of the train whistle. . . At this stage there would be no separation between the I and it--all would be one.
Descriptions of this "one-ness" experience continue throughout development. Prince and Savage label it "the fusion experience" and describe it as follows:

It is a feeling that one's individuality, one's self boundaries have disappeared—the self and nature are interfused. One's being is fused with a greater being of some type, sometimes to the extent that there are no longer two things but only one all pervading thing.22

In a sense, this fusion experience is also characteristic of meditation, prayer, and religious ceremony. James finds the fusion experience consistent in all religions:

The overcoming of all the usual barriers between the individual and the Absolute is the great mystical achievement. In mystic states we both become one with the Absolute and we become aware of our oneness. This is the everlasting and triumphant mystical tradition, hardly altered by difference of clime or creed.23

Laing notes the similar phenomenon in "psychotic behavior." He describes it as:

... a loss of the usual foundations of the 'sense' of the world that we share with one another... External events may seem magically conjured up. Dreams seem to be direct communications from others; imagination may seem to be direct communications.24

The so-called "fusion experience" seems to occur outside of an awareness of a "self" separate from the "world." In this sense, it remains remarkably similar to our description of the listening experience. At a point, I am no longer aware of me, listening to that record. I am taken up into. The power to which I ascribe that phenomenon is different; instead of "I am communing with God" or "I am psychotic," I say it's "the music that takes me over," but the loss of distance between myself
and music and the apparent "take over" may be viewed as mystical experience, perhaps with less intensity. There is no longer an "internal" or "external." Laing comments:

Phenomenologically the terms 'internal' and 'external' have little validity. But in this whole realm one is reduced to mere verbal expedients—words are simply the finger pointing at the moon.25

In normal consciousness, time is experienced as a sequence of events, one developing out of the other. Yet primary listening seems to take away our awareness of time. We not only lose "distance" between the world and ourself, we lose the sequencing of events in time. To elaborate this "loss of distance" in relationship to time, consider the research of Dorothy Lee among the Trobriand Islanders. Among this race, she found that language differed from "Western" language, in that their language might be termed "nonlineal."26 In the Trobriand language, there appears to be no sequence of words to denote "becoming." All language is nontemporal. A fruit, instead of becoming overripe, will, at some point, become a different fruit. Adjectives that denote states of process do not exist. The term to be does not occur; things simply are. Their world view is that of being, never becoming.

And so it is again, that we find the phenomenon of timelessness occurring. Although the Trobrianders find themselves having experiences, these appear not to be grounded in a history. There are no means and ends; no past or present.

In all of the above, the moving into a different dimension of experience; that operates without subject/object of being/becoming
dichotomies, occurs. So it seems too while listening. My feet are moving when I reflect upon them; I know they were moving; but I had no consciousness of their movement. I had no self remembering, or self reflection. Logic made little sense. I "be," I "be," and then I realize I "was." My language becomes, at peak moments of listening, no different than that of the Trobriand Islanders.
2.5 The Metaphor Is in the Atmosphere

Music surrounds us. And, as we further explore listening, we move away from the primary transcendental experience of listening. We have the ability to lose ourselves in encounter. But there are as many, perhaps many more times, when music is "there," somewhere "in the background" or in the "atmosphere." In this stage, music is gradually "localized."

This is becoming easier in our time because music is less a part of concrete ceremony, and more a product of the media world. Imagine pretechnocratic man. Music functioned to pass along history, teach, and celebrate in ceremony. It could have been employed in pagentry, or in celebration.

As technology increased, music could be recorded. No longer was it necessary to have it created in one's presence, it could be carried along, transported. In this form, music and its function expanded. Now, music could fill the air and the chances of it being ignored or taking on multiple meaning increased.

Music often seems to be everywhere. Tom Wolfe described radio in the following way:

... The radio is now something people listen to while they're doing something else. They're getting dressed in the morning, driving to work, sorting mail, painting a building, working in a manhole, and listening to the radio. Then comes nightfall, and all the adults in New York and New Jersey and Long Island and Connecticut, like everywhere else, are stroked out, catatonic, in front of the television set. The kids, however, are more active: They are outside, all over the place, tooling around in automobiles, lollygagging around with transistors plugged into their skull, listening to the radio. Listening is not exactly the right word. They use radio as back-
ground, the aural prop for whatever kind of life they want to imagine they're leading. They don't want any messages at all, they want an atmosphere. Half the time, as soon as they get a message—namely a commercial or a news spot—they start turning the dial, looking for the atmosphere they lost. So there are all those kids out there somewhere, roaming all over the dial, looking for something that will hook not the mind, but the psyche.27

In Wolfe's story, the music invades and recedes, putting the finishing touches on a situation, yet being almost invisible while we carry on with our worldly duties. We are no longer taking prolonged flights of altered consciousness, but the music is still there, delivering us from our present, pushing us in and out of dreams and real life. James Girard's novel Changing All Those Changes, contains this passage:

Sitting in the Dodge earlier, in the Courthouse parking lot, watching for Samuelson's old Chrysler to appear, Jordan had spun theories about the things the radio said to him.

"Did you ever notice how a rock song always seems to fit somehow, no matter what kind of mood you're in?". . .28

It is not that the music no longer creates a loss of self, only that it begins to structure our everyday life, creating and/or fueling our moods. In a sense, our transcendence is bound by time. Music as transcendence loses everyday structure. Music as atmosphere marks our re-involvement with the world and begins to structure our history more completely. In this sense, music becomes metaphor. It structures our history, gives past events meaning and enlivens our present.

Marcus observes:
The metaphor (of a song) isn't even principally the meaning of the words to a song; more often it is that the music, or a phrase or two words heard, jumping out as the rest are lost, seem to fit ones emotional perception of a situation, event, or idea. A pattern of notes or the way in which a few words happen to fit together hit a chord of memory and a perception takes place, a perception which structures and 'rationalizes' itself into a metaphor, not on the basis of a logical relationship, but because of the power of music and song to reach into the patterns of memory and response. 'If you could just listen to it, you'd know what I mean, completely. It's all there.'

In a media world, "experience becomes Repeatable", as Daniel Boorstein so aptly put it. I can play these moments over and over, as the very experience accumulates in depth. Records and radio can bring back times when the songs were first heard, and we can re-experience them. They add the color to memory of the past, and make it over.

Richard Price, in his novel The Wanderers, speaks of this in the following passage. Dion's song "Little Diane" is on the jukebox:

Eugene had to grab Buddy to keep him from falling off the barstool in a swoon of musical passion. When they first started going together, and Despie was giving him (Buddy) a hard time--those endless days of hunger and self doubt, Buddy had played 'Little Diane' over and over on his record player and now the words were so supercharged with meaning the song was almost unbearable in its symbolism.

'Let's get outta here . . .'

Suddenly, the initial experience takes on historical meaning. No longer is it free. You have wrapped the song in your tradition, and it always comes back. Time changes everything.
When a song is new, and you like it, when it possesses that intangible grace that makes it part of you, you wait and hope all day that it will come out of the radio and into your ears. You listen, stop what you're doing, and participate. Finally you'll get tired of it, ignoring the song when it comes along. Months or years later, when it returns as an oldie, the initial experience will be repeated, but with understanding, with a sense of how it happened.

As Deetz so aptly phrases it, "The act of speaking like a metaphor... opens the new by the familiar." So it is with listening. The song begins to have a life of its own. This transcendent moment, this omnipresent atmosphere, is now a metaphor for our past making sense of our present. From Girard's novel comes this description:

Perhaps because it had been well after midnight, after the radio stations grew silent, giving him no song to pin it to in his mind, Jordan had trouble remembering what season it was when he had come home. . .

Me, imagine a history without radio, no music, no rock 'n' roll? Impossible.
2.6 The Social Begins

At some point, the music becomes shared. We begin to involve it with our own history, a history that is inherently social; we must give it back. Yet, rock is often not "talked about" in overt spoken words. In our scenario (1.8), we had a scene where someone walked into the room, listened to the music, and nodded his head in understanding.

This is where the sociology of music begins. This understanding is tacit; that is, it is non-verbal (a groan perhaps), but somehow it is understood that those listening "do really know" what is in common when they listen.

If music, first as transcendent experience, second as atmosphere, and third as personal metaphor had remained solitary within the listener, we would have a very insular act rather than a billion dollar industry. Yet, rock had meaning insofar as we know we are part of something much larger.

Marcus comments on the tacit dimension of music:

In one sense, the communication is perfect—-one person has complete trust in the other when he is told that a song holds all the truth of a moment or an experience. They both know it; they both accept the validity of the metaphor. Thus, on a non-verbal, non-visual level, they understand each other and the way in which they both think, and they share in the knowledge that only certain people can understand them . . .

. . . What is vital is that the situation has been captured, proved, made livable by understanding, mythical understanding with a depth that is public and private, perfectly and impossibly communicable. Perfectly communicable in that there is mutual trust that the situation is ours, that we have each and together made it our own; it can't destroy us; it can only be relieved and re-experienced with each hearing
of our metaphor. Impossibly communicable in that we never know exactly what our friend is experiencing.34

"Two people may talk about it, of course, but they'll get closer to the truth by placing the experiencing in front of them, starting with a shared understanding of a common purpose and an unspoken language of intuition and emotion. . ."35 So, we nod, or dance, or snap the fingers, or stomp the feet, or wink an eye. Those with close traditions understand in some sense, "yet, this is it, the confluence of history, the important point, moment, event."

This phenomenon, where we tacitly understand the others experience, is termed by Schutz "intersubjective understanding". He speaks of it in the following:

In order to observe a lived experience of my own, I must attend to it reflectively. By no means, however, need I attend reflectively to my lived experience of you in order to observe your lived experience. On the contrary, by merely 'looking' I can grasp even those of your lived experiences which you have not yet noticed and which are for you prephenomenal and undifferentiated. This means that, whereas I can observe my own lived experiences after they are over and done with, I can observe yours as they actually take place. This in turn implies that you and I are in a specific sense 'simultaneous', that we 'coexist', that our respective stream of consciousness intersect.36

The social knowledge I do have—you are moving a head, tapping a foot—are signs enough to me that we share a certain perspective. It can be called "intuition" or "emotion", but whatever its name, we feel a certain sense of community when this event takes place.
As an example, there is the story told by Robert Greenfield, in the preface to his book S.T.P. It is an account of meeting a friend in New York, Robert walking on the street, his friend on a bus.

For some reason Ernie suddenly looks back. . . and sees me coming to a stop. I'm loaded with books and late for classes, a miserable freshman at a municipal college, and Ernie is the first dropout, from everything, but he digs me and wants to explain so out the bus window he sticks his right hand in which a tiny Japanese transistor blares. I catch one faint 'getawf' and know it is the Stones and then Ernie laughs in his deep crazy belly laugh and points to the radio as if to say . . . YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW MORE. . . HERE! THIS IS IT! 37

It doesn't matter what specific song is on, or if it's new or old. Both participants recognize the metaphor, and recognize its importance in delivering each of them from apparent drudgery. They strike up an immediate community of believers.

That is a story I understand. I grew up with rock 'n' roll. I understand the being carried away; I understand why I am writing this page with music in the background and how it would be different otherwise. I understand what happens when I play a record and see someone else smile at the "exact" moment.

But then, I understand where I've been, that I'm a believer in media, a believer in song, stardom, and the lack of a strong line between fantasy and reality. That I grew up in the 1950-1960-1970 decades, that I shared a history with a lot of people I never saw, all this I understand. I understand it is all of this that makes rock'n'roll so important. It is suddenly important to explain it though, again to myself and once to those who may or may not have shared...
it, who may or may not care.

    Now, I will seek to unpack that history, which would not make a bit of sense if I forgot what it means, at the most fundamental level, to listen to the music.
CHAPTER THREE:
LIVING THE MEDIA LIFE
Dear Miss Grey:

We are two girls, sixteen years of age, are considered very good looking and very attractive. We are thinking of becoming 'movie stars' . . . Is it necessary for us to be 'beautiful' and . . . is it very expensive? . . . Where should we go and to whom?

TWO CUTIES

Letter to advice column, Louisville Herald, January 24, 1923. (Reported in Michael Lesy, Real Life: Louisville in the Twenties.)

I keep my mouth shut, Mr. Swille. And when I can't think quick enough I walk over to the window, put my fingers into my lapels, throw my head back and gaze towards the Washington Monument, assuming a somber, grave, and sulfurous countenance. It impresses them and the myths fly.

Abraham Lincoln in Ishmael Reed's novel, Flight to Canada.

We too are creatures of fable and recursive dreams.

George Steiner

I know my life
Would be all right
If I could see it on a silver screen

"James Dean," song recorded by The Eagles.
3.1 Public Metaphors

Music can be a transcendental experience, atmosphere, or a tacitly shared metaphor. The experience gradually moves into an awareness of others, and as such, becomes social. It becomes closely intertwined with history and larger concepts, or ideas.

Before I move on to this historical aspect, one important facet of listening to rock'n'roll remains open to a first phenomenological analysis. Rock'n'roll is a media art. It perhaps more than any other art before it, relies upon mass media to distribute it. Rock'n'roll would not exist as it does if it were not for media. Record sales and radio play are vital elements that make it a mass movement of ideas.

The way I approach rock'n'roll has something to do with it being primarily a media art form. That I do not often personally know the people I listen to, but only listen and read about them makes the act of listening radically different. I am able to fashion my ideas about who they are, not from personal contact, but from media images. This chapter concerns that difference. Our ordering of ourselves in relationship to a mass media has characteristics that make it relevant not only to rock'n'roll but also to television and film. As such, this chapter seeks to identify the important structures in the relating of persons to the media. Music will be used as an example, but alongside television or film. This chapter concerns a phenomenon I believe to be constant in all mass media. Implications for media music listening should become apparent as the discussion unfolds.
What are the conditions under which I listen to and watch the media? First, I listen to and watch people I have never met. I only have certain information about them. Some of it has been given to me by publicists to build a certain picture in my mind. Some of it has been given to me by journalists, reporting their perceptions of the personalities. Some of it I base on my perceptions of their actions, and how those actions fit with others in my history. These are the ways my public figures begin to take shape. I fill in the information about "who they are" based upon information other than day-to-day personal contact.

So, I go to a movie, watch television, or listen to music. The art these performers create is recreated by me, inside of me. Some of it becomes very meaningful, striking a chord in me as it speaks in the form of a metaphor to my private world. When a song strikes that perfect moment, I also see, in the artist, someone who appears also to understand that moment. S/he made me "feel" a certain emotion; I infer they must have "felt" it too.

Whatever space I have left in my aspirations, as I go onward in life with the hopes of what I want to be, whenever I turn and look for validation of these hopes and none exists. I look to the art of my public personalities. I put on a record, go see a film. As they provided me with release once, so I hope they will again. I listen. And, more often than not, it works. I no longer feel alone in my sentiments.
Pretty soon, these public personalities are valuable to me as moments of validation. They are my friends. Of course, the immediate feedback loop in our communication does not exist, but this is media communication. I do all the interpretational work, and give little opportunity for individual behaviors of these figures to change my mind. I only hear what moves me, what speaks to me. Other than their art and whatever I may hear or see about them, other "private" personality traits don't exist.

I build elaborate personages out of public figures. They come to represent those moments when their metaphors filled my need for someone to speak to—I breathe life into them. And, this being a mass media phenomenon, others begin with the same process. We discuss, we share how our needs were filled. We create heroes and heroines, metaphors in public. And we treat them as if they were our next door neighbors. Our fantasies are down the block and in our living rooms.

I recall a parent who is a friend of mine telling me he told his children that what was on their television screen was "not real"; it was "fantasy". This is the dominant feeling when social scientists study media personalities. Pearlin, in 1959, thought that high anxiety individuals who watched television were involved in "escape" viewing, rather than "reality" watching; and Harzard, in 1967, found that "high anxiety" leads to "fantasy" TV viewing. ("Reality" is seen as "news," or "documentary" shows; "fantasy" as fictional entertainment shows.) Still, this research presupposes two levels of reality at work—the fantasy and the real worlds.
This distinction, that what is on television or in music is "not real," is a judgment made by those who observe behavior with judgments of "those who know the difference." Yet, the distinction is "taken-for-granted" and seldom elaborated. How do we know when something is "real" and something else "fantasy?" Bateson suggests that both words are frames or meta-statements that we place around contexts of behaviors. To elaborate, Bateson suggests there are three levels of communicative language.

These range in two directions from the seemingly simple denotative level ('The cat is on the mat'). One range or set of these more abstract levels includes those explicit or implicit messages where the subject of discourse is the language. We will call this metalinguistic (for example, 'The verbal sound 'cat' stands for any member of such and such class of objects' or 'The word, 'cat', has no fur and cannot scratch'). The other set of levels of abstraction we will call metacommunicative (e.g., 'My telling you where to find the cat was friendly' or 'This is play'). In these, the subject of discourse is the relationship between speakers.3

This last level houses "fantasy" or "reality." The message from the television is that it is "fantasy"--these are actors and this is fiction. We are not supposed to see it as real. And, as Bateson notes, those who are capable of living in "reality" can make the distinction between "real" and "fantasy".4 The person who lives in a "fantasy" world cannot decide what is real from what is fantasy.

This distinction in metacommunicative frames works well only as long as you decide certain things are real and certain others fantasy. But if I lose faith in that line between the worlds, I can no longer frame acts differently. This is what happens in the media world. I listen to people, they speak what appears to be directly at my moments;
they provide my metaphors. At this point, they are "real," serving real desires. If I believe Elvis is singing a song for me, it is impossible to tell me he is not. I have lost the ability to frame, because framing Elvis as fantasy makes so little sense. He has spoken to me. How can I deny the truth, the "realness" of this experience? I take all the experiences of listening and watching Elvis, and build, for myself, the "real" Elvis.

This lack of distinction between "reality" and "fantasy" is the case with children. Fantasy is normally associated with their conjuring of "stories," "fables," "tales," believed in, and embellished. Mance Sendak, in accepting the 1964 Caldecott Medal for children's literature, said:

(There are) games children must conjure up to combat an awful fear of childhood: the fact of their vulnerability to fear, hate, anger, frustration—all the emotions that are ordinarily a part of their lives and that they can perceive as ungovernable and dangerous forces. To master these forces, children turn to fantasy: that imaginary world where disturbing emotional situations are resolved to their satisfaction.

Bruno Bettelheim echoes this view:

In order to master the psychological problems of growing up . . . a child needs to understand what is going on within his conscious self so he can cope with what goes on in his unconscious. He can achieve this understanding, and with it the ability to cope, not through rational comprehension of the nature and content of his unconsciousness, but by becoming familiar with it through spinning out daydreams—luminating, rearranging, and fantasizing.

And when we grow up, the stories are no longer needed? I think they are. We live in a world of people who still feel "vulnerable to fear, hate, anger, frustration," who in the words of the Rolling Stones
"can't get no satisfaction." Perhaps it is the restless age as the Band labeled it. If so, fairy tales are still around, only the situations seem more plausible to us as grown-ups.

I visited a friend in the hospital recently, and in the next bed was a woman in her mid-thirties. She was a large woman, in the hospital for stomach pains. The doctors could find no medical cause for the pain. In the hospital, she took the same twelve aspirins a day she had taken since 1971. (She claimed to have had a headache since then.) On the exact minute, every day, she would ring the nurse for her allotment of aspirin for the next four hours.

I sat near her bed one day, and we proceeded to talk real estate. I talked of wanting to buy land soon, before prices skyrocketed, and her eyes suddenly lit up, as if she had just remembered something.

In grand style, she then spun a story of her future, of how she and her husband were going to buy a piece of land, somewhere outside the city. On it, she was going to build a Japanese style house, the kind with "no doors, just openings between the rooms," flat and functional. It was what she always wanted, the kind she had seen in the pages of magazines.

Her story continued some minutes, the description became ever more elaborate, ever more exact. And I was overcome with a sadness. The house, I knew, would never be built. Here she was, relying on Tylenol to get through the day, soon to be referred to a psychiatrist for an "imaginary" illness, and her hope was a Japanese style house, the kind she sees in magazines.

Yet, as I sat there, the sadness changed to pride. It was a
beautiful story, a story told with dignity. It was then I realized that it wasn't the house that was important, it was the story. Who's to say the story is fantasy, the dream unreal? She was merely dreaming a fantasy given to her by a magazine, a media. Her story was one thing that kept her from giving up.
3.2 The Barricades Fall

We live in a world where fantasy is easy, but fantasy is necessary. The media provides us the vessels, we fill it with our metaphors. The line between fantasy and reality is as fragile as one decides to make it.

Bateson relates the story of a woman who sends in cough syrup to a soap opera character when the character is sick on the radio. She plainly cannot "frame" the show as fantasy. He comments: "These particular members of the audience are apparently a little bit askew in their identification of what sort of communication this is that is coming over their radio." Of course they can identify it; it's "real." Bateson frames it differently, as fantasy, that's all. I once had an elderly great uncle, who, after seeing an actor killed on television in one show, shouted in disbelief when the same actor showed up alive on the next show. "He can't be on, he's dead!" he yelled. We all laughed at the story years ago when it happened, but I feel my sympathies heading to my great uncle as I get older. For he was so involved in each show that he lost the line between the worlds. He was totally involved in the media as it spoke directly to him, in a way so few of us did. These actors were his friends, even though the fact that they were actors betrayed him by having one "alive" after having been "dead." He only fell harder for the reality than most of us do.

And who can blame us? A photo of George Harrison appears in a fan magazine in 1964 with the caption: "I love my audience. I want
them to know me as I am."^ Sure George, and in case you can't come
over, I'll fill in the details.

So, these public metaphors become the things we first find as
friends. Next, we seek to emulate them. We draw a picture of what
they're like, they must be like, and pretty soon, we're on the way to
becoming our own myths. Richard Farina notes early 1960's under-
graduates who wanted to be "like" Bob Dylan:

They search for the same breed of rough Wellington's
and scuff them up with charcoal before wearing. They
spend weekends hitchhiking, not so much to get some-
where as to log hours on the road. I've even come
across an otherwise excellent guitarist and harmonica
player from Fort Ord who tried a crash diet with Army
food in order to achieve the necessary gaunt look.10

Clothes and physical appearance are the most visually apparent, and
the ones we attempt first. One remembers an old picture of the folk
singer Donovan, just after his arrival on the music scene. He
sits on a bus step, denim hat, jacket, jeans, and workshirt, harmonica
around his neck. Even he was hooked—he looked just like Bob Dylan!
We were also suppose to make that connection between the two men. This
is called image.

In the media world of the Twentieth Century, the young have been
most strongly influenced by this, although media lifestyle is lived
to a certain extent by all who participate. One time in America
this dissolution of frames and the media-influenced lifestyle reached
a peak of sorts—in San Francisco in the mid-1960's. This was the so-
called Summer of Love, the origin of the "hippie." The ideological
movement is said to have first surfaced in a town outside San Francisco,
over the Nevada border. A saloon hired a band, The Charlatans, who began to dress like cowboy movie actors. Pretty soon, the saloon became a backdrop for young people to act their "real" lifes as if they were living in a movie. One who was there recalls:

This is an old western town, we'd tell ourselves, and we're more old western than anybody else. Just remember, when your feet hit the floor in the morning, you're in a grade-B movie. That is the saloon down the street . . .

So began a lifestyle, inspired by grade B movies and Victorian fashion. Oddly enough, certain "necessities of life" soon became mythical. I remember seeing and reading of San Francisco young in Victorian houses with stained glass. These, of course, were low rent in certain areas of San Francisco. A lot of people lived in them, often out of necessity of little money for rent. Yet, the architecture became a metaphor--large houses, communal living, stained glass windows. They came to represent something else--freedom, romanticism, and possibility. The media brought the images, I supplied the rest. And I remember renting an apartment some years later in a slightly Victorian building and thinking: "This is just like those rooms in San Francisco." That meant something then, as if I were entering into an imagined but potently real community.

So now I have my public metaphors as friends, real friends, and begin to pattern my life out of what I see in my creations. Even the world of sleep is not immune. A woman says:
Since October 1955 so many of my experiences, dreams—not daydreams but sleep dreams—and memories involve Elvis that they'd fill a book. I've had no control over and have not attempted to control these experiences. I believe that there are powers and forces working to pull me toward Elvis. These forces are so strong that at this point in my life I couldn't pull away from Elvis if I desired to do so.¹²

Is this what method our hopes, our aspirations take today? Do we grow into our myths, that we ourselves with the media's help created? Do we live in a grade B movie, dress like public figures, live in houses out of magazines, dream our future encounters? Is this why, when Billy Farlow finally "made it" to a certain pinnacle of success in the music world (in Commander Cody's Lost Planet Airmen) he caused a friend to remark that when Billy is on stage, "he is whoever he always wanted to be?"¹³

To varying degrees, the answer is "yes." Of course, public figures remain public only insofar as they meet real public needs. But this is the age of living the media life. If certain stars fail, someone will take their place.

Finally, can we, like Bateson, talk of mental health or mental illness in respect to the collapse of fantasy/reality frames? Are people sick or neurotic who can't tell the difference between fantasy and reality? I will give two examples, one of someone having trouble with the distinction between fantasy and reality; one of someone who lives with the distinctions failure. First, we hear an account from a drama. Miss Scoons, in Sam Shepard's Angel City, works in a movie studio. All the employees are no longer able to distinguish
between their creations and the world that created them. A large screen rests center stage, a symbol of the way life is increasingly made into drama. She speaks at the screen:

I look at the screen and I am the screen. I'm not me. I don't know who I am. I look at the movie and I am the movie. I am the star. I am the star in the movie. For days I am the star and I'm not me. I'm me being the star. I look at my life when I come down. I look and I hate my life when I come down. I hate my life not being a movie. I hate my life not being a star. I hate being myself in a life which isn't a movie and never will be. I hate having to eat. Having to work. Having to sleep. Having to go to the bathroom. Having to get one place to the other with no potential. Having to live in this body which isn't a star's body and all the time knowing that stars exist. That there are people doing nothing all their lives except being in the movies. Doing nothing but swimming and drinking and laughing and being driven to places full of potential. People never having to feel hot pavement or having to look at weeds growing through the cracks in the city. People never having to look the city square in the eyes. People living in dreams which are the same dreams I'm dreaming but never living.14

Miss Scoon's problem is that she still sees reality and fantasy as different. Her fantasy stars roles are still different from her own.

People in movies aren't like that, you say? They eat, work, feel hot pavement. Not my stars, they don't. Because I don't want them to. Because I never see that side. Nor does Irene Feola of Carmel, New York.

I flew to Las Vegas to see Elvis at the International. Me! I left Sunday, August tenth, and stayed with a girlfriend who lives there. I saw him Monday and Tuesday nights. But you wouldn't believe this. I had front row seats and I kissed him! He stood in front of me and I called him. He looked at me and walked over and bent down and whispered that I was sweet and then he kissed me on the lips. Every time I talk about it
now I wish I were there. No one will ever understand how I feel. I love him! He has given me happiness and excitement in my life that will never die. This is my dream come true. Elvis kissed me! For that moment, it was just me.15

So let us refrain from judging the mental health of Mrs. (her husband "understands") Feola. The world is cold at times, impersonal, full of failed communication that creates unspeakable sadness. But we have our fantasies, that grow as real as stories we were told as children. And, as long as we are able to create our own drama out of life, fantasy or reality, we remain potent. Some fail, and are no longer in control. Some find it difficult to "come back" to a world where they are confident of reality and fantasy. But going overboard is a risk the media life thrusts on it. Some could become neurotic. But, many are willing to take the chance.

The important point is not the reality/fantasy of the situation, but our place in the drama. The media world gives us a dichotomy: we are isolated (no one could understand what I felt when I heard that song, or when Elvis kissed me) but part of a very large and vital community (these public metaphors and our heroes; they belong to us). With the tension inherent in this, and the transient world careening us away from any notion of "neighborhood," the temptation to feel lost and vulnerable is immense.

But our fantasies allow us a way out. We can be in the driver's seat, in the midst of the world. Our television sets, song scenarios, commercials, cause us to be placed into a world of "constant drama." Media allows us a special seat--we resolve the conflict. In our easy
chairs, we get Archie out of another situation, Baretta home safely, the right toothpaste bought for Johnny, the love affair to an easy culmination. To an observer, it may look like a false power. But to those in the driver's seat, in a world of sometimes injustice and hatred, a world pulled free from its history, this is the only power left. To deny the fantasies would be the atrocity.

I include this chapter because in the four that follow, I will begin to speak of artists as if I had a "real" relationship to them. I never met any of them, in the flesh. But that doesn't mean that they haven't become very powerful metaphors for my life.

Second, my history, the meaning of rock music in my life, is inescapably bound up with the "realness" of these scenarios. Rock music worked because I believed in it. It may be neurotic, but why else would I feel compelled to explicate and account for so much? I only think it may be healthy, if I have these fantasies, to know them as much as possible. Then I can climb back in the driver's seat, and dream some more, full of potential.
CHAPTER FOUR:

THE AUTO-CRITICAL HISTORY AS HERMENEUTIC LIBERATION
Ts'ui Pen must have said once: *I am withdrawing to write a book.* And another time: *I am withdrawing to construct a labyrinth.* Every one imagined two works; to no one did it occur that the book and the maze were one and the same thing.

Jorge Luis Borges, "The Garden of Forking Paths"

... I went to cover the war and the war covered me; an old story, unless of course you've never heard it. I went there beyond the crude but serious belief that you had to be able to look at anything, serious because I acted on it and went, crude because I didn't know, it took the war to teach it, that you were as responsible for everything you saw as you were for everything you did. The problem was that you didn't always know what you were seeing until later, maybe years later, that a lot of it never made it in at all, it just stayed stored there in your eyes. Time and information, rock and roll, life itself, the information isn't frozen, you are.

Michael Herr, *Dispatches.*
4.1 Between the Objective and Subjective

While the previous two chapters have attempted to speak to the structure of the music experience, the experience of music listening being made historical has yet to be examined. This chapter will outline a method by which this process can be displayed: the auto-critical history. Some philosophical presuppositions of the view of language and being employed in the history are examined. In addition, the phenomenological approach of writing and the auto-critical history will be compared to the concepts of introspection and self-enclosed knowledge, to set the auto-critical history apart from purely introspective interpretations of knowledge.

The auto-critical history can be defined as an attempt to view the living of history as it is evidenced in the encounter between self and the text. In this dissertation's view, text may be read as music (see 1). Therefore, our auto-critical history seeks to display the experience of music listening as it is consistently reshaped and remade in the ongoing process of "being inside time." It employs descriptions of experience from the self creatively combined with descriptions of similar experiences from others, to shape a vision of the world as lived, a history of being made by experiences.

As has been pointed out previously, most research into music listening has failed to take the historicity of lived experience into account. The theoretical persuasion models have sought to objectify the musical experience—to make it external to the consciousness of the observer (the meaning exists in constructs independent of historical
interaction with the music). Much the same criticism can be made of many of the literary criticism studies.  

Both the theoretical persuasion and literary criticism models reflect a world view that might be called either positivist or subjectivist--both models looking for meaning in a form outside of our experience of the world. Schrag elaborates upon both the objective and subjective views of the world:

A deeply ingrained tendency to move in the direction of absolute objectivity or of absolute subjectivity has characterized much of the development of modern and contemporary philosophy. The dilemma of being impaled either on the horn of absolute objectivity or on that of absolute subjectivity is well illustrated in the metaphysical debate between deductive idealism and reductive naturalism. In both of these the subject-object distinction is reified into a dichotomy and legislated as normative, setting the stage for giving precedence either to the subject or the object. Deductive idealism follows the path of absolutizing the subject; reductive naturalism takes the other road and grants priority to the object. The sad history of idealism is that it has been unable to burst the cocoon of its subjectivity and has come to rest in a hermetically sealed, interiorized experience. In this process of interiorization, the object as presented in its objectivity is lost. Reductive naturalism, impaled on the other horn of the dilemma, moves in the direction of absolute objectivity. It leaps to objective qualities and relations and searches for the subject within the maze of interrelated objective qualities. But the irony of this search is that it never discovers the subject as subject.

Schrag proposes in the place of the subject-object dichotomy a philosophy based in the experience of the world. He elaborates:

We undertake a recovery of experience in its lived concreteness. Our primary interest lies with the vitalistic and vibrant resonance of experience, with experience as that which man lives through. This experience must be allowed to speak for itself and show itself in its various aspects within the
actual context of human life. An elucidation of experience that retains its hold on the phenomena as presented cannot legislate methodological formulae and metaphysical schemes in advance.

This experience has a dual nature, for Schrag. All writing, concerning our experience in the world, must maintain awareness of this dual nature.

A further exploration of the configurative and dynamic experience that appears in each of the world versions as revealed in ordinary and everyday speech brings to light a dual character and movement. World experience is seen to include both prereflective and reflective experiencing and non-thematic and thematic significance. World experience has both a prereflective-nonthematic side and a reflective-thematic side. What needs to be underscored at the outset is that the reflective-thematic is still part of the cloth of experience. Reflection about or on experience is a movement which proceeds within experience. The essential connection between reflection and experience must be maintained . . . The life and experience of the concrete thinker becomes a matter of indifference for the designs of pure thought. Kierkegaard sought to restore the intimate connection of reflection and experience in his return to the 'subjective thinker.' The subjective thinker reflects on experience within experience. He penetrates and elucidates the existential crannies of experience with thought. This defines the movement of Socratic and Kierkegaardian reflection as contrasted with the Hegelian reflection of pure thought.

The auto-critical history is an attempt to address this challenge as formulated by Schrag, to reconstruct how the lived experience of the world of ourselves and others was instrumental in the creation Being, and therefore mythic motifs of "the Age." It is also a hermeneutic challenge, for hermeneutic interpretation is "an attempt to make clear, to make sense of an object of study"; when the object that we seek to make sense of is at first confused, incomplete, cloudy, contradictory--in one way or another unclear." Our experience of music is at its beginning transcendent, ineffable, unnamed. It is incomplete in the
sense that completeness implies seeing the transcendent experience. And while we may be satisfied to let the experience of music remain one of transcendence and purely internal introspection, if we seek to reflect and become critical, if we seek to name our history, the hermeneutic becomes involved in reclaiming the experience, writing about the experience, making the experience problematic and external to the individual. The auto-critical history, because it is writing about, because it is an attempt at producing knowledge, seeks to satisfy these hermeneutic criteria. Further, it seeks to address the questions: How do we make a transcendent experience into one of language? What was at first clear (or seemingly so), when initially experienced now, as I seek to re-tell it and make it history, is cloudy and confused? And that is why the auto-critical history is always cognizant of the phenomenological hermeneutic presuppositions it holds.

First, then, it is necessary to discuss the concept of Being as it is employed in the auto-critical history. This will lead us to posit two spacio-temporal processes of language, the second of which will form the basis of the auto-critical history. This discussion will lead into Chapters Five and Six, which display the auto-critical history.
4.2 Being in History

Before addressing the two models of the language process implied in the concept of being employed in this dissertation, it is necessary to elaborate the concept of Being in more detail. Once the presuppositions of "Being in history" are made explicit, the models of language that flow from it can be fully explicated.

Being—the process via which man comes "to be"—is accomplished totally through the verbal/non-verbal process of language. Barthes comments: "Man does not exist prior to language, either as a species or an individual. We never find a state where man is separated from language, which he then creates in order to 'express' what is taking place within him: it is language which teaches the definition of man, not the reverse." This concept carries two basic presuppositions. First, there is no character evidenced in Being outside of the dialogical process of encounter of self with the world. No Being exists in isolation from our interpretational procedure. Second, Being is created by language in a constant production/reproduction of the sense of the world. Let me elaborate upon these two concepts.

First, there are no "things-in-themselves," no attributes evidenced in any Being or Thing which exist independently of our encounter with it. (As Barthes states, "man does not exist prior to language." ) Nietzsche elaborated upon this very basic presupposition.

The biggest fable of all is the fable of knowledge. One would like to know that things-in-themselves are; but behold, there are no things-in-themselves! But even supposing there were an in-itself, an unconditioned thing, it would for that very reason be unknowable! Something unconditioned cannot be known; otherwise it would
not be unconditioned. Coming to know, however, is always 'placing oneself in a conditional relation to something' . . . it is therefore under all circumstances establishing, denoting, and making conscious of conditions (not forthcoming entities, things, what is 'in-itself').

With this, we stand in opposition to the idea of essences and to Kantian idealism. We enter into dialogue with a thing to give it, and to gain from it for ourselves, meaning. It cannot stand apart from the active world, independent of our gazing upon it. Nietzsche elaborates, saying: "That things possess a construction in themselves quite apart from interpretation and subjectivity, is a quite idle hypothesis: it presupposes that interpretation and subjectivity are not essential, that a thing freed from all relationships would still be a thing." 9

What then can we say of the meaning of a thing such as the meaning of our history? First, that all the character of a thing arrives by the process of interpretation. And what is interpretation? First, it is a dialogue, a confrontation of viewer and viewee. It is a transaction, a process which both "objects" lost their object-ness and become "subjects" of the other.

Let me illustrate this with a simple example. A dialogue occurs between persons, like the following:

1. How, how you doin'?
2. Okay, how bout you?
1. Okay, I guess.

By our aforementioned criteria, the "character" of Speaker 1 or Speaker 2 does not exist to the other outside of the dialogical process or historical recollection of previous dialogic encounter. The specificity
of responses make it certain that responses are responses to. Each speaker works at providing the meaning, the definition, of the other's condition. That condition is "made"; it is created by interpretational procedures.

Yet, there remains more to be said of this idea of dialogue. For, even though man does not exist prior to language, once language speaks him into being, another process takes place. The process of dialogue in this dissertation is a dual one, an interaction of present and past. I speak a greeting because of past greetings spoken, and my saying of "Hello" is also a saying of past "Hellos." Silverman speaks of it in the following:

To say that 'I' exist in a particular historical epoch is to say that I re-collect my-self only in and through a tradition which precedes me and with which my speech (my-self) is a dialogue. So the 'something' that I have to say, the 'difference' that my speech expresses, has its source in nothing else than the re-trieval of the tradition which is my text (my-self). 10

When I encounter another, I do so with a past that my language carries. I interact in a present (which also immediately becomes a past). Therefore, every look into a thing, every interpretation and a granting of meaning becomes at once historical and present, immediate and tradition-bound.

To restate, there are no essences of objects, no real character of any thing (including ourselves) outside the process of interpretation of the object. That process of interpretation is dialogical in nature--it invokes an active participation of both the object and the subject in the world. The dialogue that occurs is a present/past laden dialogue
while we interchange in the present, we use language heavy with traditions.

We can draw several conclusions from this formulation:

1. There are no things-in-themselves.
2. All meaning of any thing is its interpretation.
3. Interpretation is dialogical, an interchange between two entities (which exist only in the interchange and as a consequence lose their "separateness").
4. When we interpret, because of our language, we also are being historical as well as engaged in the present.

Therefore, when we think about what something means in retrospect, as Silverman notes, "There are no ultimate looks, only historical ones." There is no one meaning of an encounter, but, depending on our epoch, several. To find meaning in an event can never be exhaustive, only a battle with infinites.

This relativity of meaning is an important concept in the auto-critical history. I look at the past, but since the past cannot exist independently of my interpretation of it, I look at a past. I enter into dialogue with what "appears to have been." The past cannot exist; my look, being historical and original is one of many. The meaning of history constantly changes, because it exists in our dialogue with the texts of the past. As Marrou points out:

The knowledge of man's past (which is the knowledge of man or men of yesterday, yesteryear, and long ago) by the man of today (the man of later times, who is the historian) is a definition which asserts that the reality of history is to be found in the relationship thus established by the historians line of thought.
We can suggest the following formula by way of illustration:

\[
P = \frac{h}{p}
\]

In mathematics the magnitude of the relationship is something other than each of the terms placed in relation. This formula simply indicates the fact that history is similarly the relation and conjunction established by the historians initiative between two levels of humanity: the past lived by the men of other times, and the present in which the effort to recapture the past is undertaken for the benefit of living men and men who will follow after . . . We cannot isolate an object (which is the past) from the subject (the historian) except by a formal distinction.

The auto-critical history seeks to reflect upon events. Since these events have no character in and of themselves, any reflection upon them involves the dialogical interaction between historian and event. Because different people reflect at different times, a multiplicity of looks can be expected. It is what Nietzsche notes when he states: "Ultimately man finds in things nothing but what he himself has imported into them: the finding is called science, the importing—art, religion, love, pride." 13

What, then, of this history? How does it work? First of all, each past event (the account of the event from oneself or another—given the nature of reflection each can be treated the same) is interpreted by the critical scholar. This interpretation, being seen as dialogical, is a result of the past event (a text) interacting with interpreter. The text does dictate to a large degree the interpretation (if one lets the text display its meaning, one must allow for a rational readership—a fact that will be discussed in depth later). With the texts and historian working as one, the creative history is birthed.
The historian, faced with a group of documents, must also 'interpret' these raw data—which themselves already suggest a certain number of hypothesis. Nonetheless, these data must be organized and shaped in order to obtain an image of the past that has some rational coherence, and in such a way that this image will never be entirely separable from the personal vision of the particular historian. From these examples, it becomes clear that interpretation supposes some creative initiative on the part of the interpreter, one that does not signal any absent mindedness, offhandedness, or dillettantism, but rather, one that is required by the very nature of the text.\textsuperscript{14}

The end result of the auto-critical history, using documents from our own and other descriptions of the past, is to give one layer of interpretation of how things may have been. (There are, according to Marrou, two histories: one "lived" by the past and one recounted by the historian.\textsuperscript{15} ) And this past is itself not a singular, but a plural, constantly being reformed by our and another's reflections upon it. It becomes, for Wolff, like a "palimpsest," defined as a:

\ldots written document, typically on vellum or parchment that has been written upon several times, often with remnants of earlier, imperfectly erased writing still visible, remnants \ldots

He continues:

It is plausible, I think, to liken a life to a palimpsest, if a life is to be understood as experiences written over experiences, which are only 'imperfectly erased,' as the dictionary definition has it; or which are sedimented as phenomenologists might say.\textsuperscript{16}

We are seeking a layer, one slice of the many possible, to give an interpretation of what could have been but cannot be fully recounted. And while it may seem a futile task for those who expect a finality in the search for knowledge, or long for an operative definition of
progress in a technological society, the auto-critical history acknowledges its own relativism, its humble pretentions. Why undertake it then? Because, first of all, reflection upon a layer of the past helps us to confront the future. And secondly, the scholarly reflection on the past results in a liberation from sedimentation, a setting free, that is the goal of all knowledge. 17

For fear of this relativism being read for subjectivism or introspection—a sacrosanct selfish exercise—I will next speak about how the act of writing and reading changes the sense of what I am doing. It is the step that creates knowledge out of what can become pure introspection.
4.3 Language As Living Being

I will now use the previous discussion of Being and interpretation to posit two spacio-temporal relationships or forms in which language can be said to exist. The first I will call "language as living being." It will be seen as analogous to the concepts of surrender, transcendence, and introspection. It is the "purely subjective" in Being.

When I listen to a record and enter into a transcendent experience—a fusion of "me" and the "record"—I need not think about the encounter. And while the encounter displays the dual process of dialogical interpretation examined previously, I need not think of the historicity involved. I need only "do" the encounter; I need not think of the encounter.

In this sense, there is no explicit interpretation. Interpretation remains a thing that is (not) done and passed along, without being "made over" into an explicitly named history of experience. In this sense, what I have done is an act of pure introspection.

Introspection also, though, can be "thoughts about" something, and in this sense a type of reflection. Yet, still, what I will name introspection in this sense is unlike the pure introspection described above. An act is introspective any time that we fail to allow the nature of the dialogical interpretational procedure to be fully recognized. Because, if we recognize the full impact of the view of language and Being formulated in 4.2, we must reflect upon "how the text and its historicity imposed itself upon our-selves and our history," and we must elaborate our encounter. Introspection allows
us to remain uninvolved, detached from experience, and however "valid" our interpretations may be, if they remain either "unreflected upon" or purely "self reflected" upon, they remain introspective.

We cannot deny the importance of transcendence and introspection, for language comes out of feeling an experience that knows at its elementary level no interpretation (or no interpretation in confrontation with the text). We cannot do a thing and talk about a thing at the same time. And, we must allow Being the privilege of fantasy and isolation, these concepts essential in critical reflection.

But it is vital (in the Nietzschean idea of "science") that our experiences move out beyond transcendence and introspection. Without that move, we can claim no history, no past, that is anything but pure fantasy and personal desire.
4.4 Language as Lived History

Language, in the concept of Being employed in 4.2, involves a dialogue. It involves an encounter, a two becoming one event. It acknowledges first the idea of transcendence, of encountering losing oneself. But it also allows for a language laden with history. And, if we are to attempt to understand that history, that tradition implicit in every dialogue with the world that allows for transcendence, we must think about the historicity of the language world.

One way to think about it, as discussed in 4.3, is to ignore it. A second method was to introspect, to retain a private version of what has happened without allowing other texts to impose their dialogue upon the reader. But, there is a third way, that of becoming a critical scholar, and employing language as lived history.

To elaborate this distinction, I will call upon Wolff's concepts of "surrender" and "surrender to." Surrender--an experience--is for Wolff:

... considering the situation or the topic as a case the exhaustive definition and function of which are its relevance to a generalization...

It is very similar to the ideas of fusion and transcendence formulated in this dissertation. It is Being completely taken over. Wolff continues:

'Surrender' obviously had a passive ring, and for awhile I felt uneasy about it: it sounded as if it recommended sitting back and allowing the world to invade you, and you don't do anything. But then I did realize the meaning in that passivity which I liked: its polemical nature. 'Surrender' polemicizes against the traditional Western relation to the world, which is the opposite
of 'surrender' but rather is manipulation, control, mastery, interference, treatment as an object . . .

I also found a synonym for 'surrender': 'total experience.' At first this bothered me in a similar fashion, for it seemed to smack of totalitarianism. But it, too, I came to realize was polemical; it was advocating a meaning of 'totality' other than the meaning so much better known and experienced in our time, that is, totality as terror: instead it affirms wholeness. Thus I adopted 'total experience' too.19

Consequently, Wolff cites many experiences of literature when people describe "being taken over," or having the transcendent experience. In this sense, Wolff's concept of surrender can be analogous to "language as living being" described earlier.

Yet, Wolff elaborates a second way of entering into experience, which he terms "surrender to." "Surrender to" is described in the following passage:

Surrender is unforeseeable, unpredictable: it cannot be brought about by an effort of the will; it happens, it befalls. 'Surrender to,' instead, is concentration, dedication, devotion . . .; and if what is contemplated unexpectedly grows into the infinity of its experience, 'surrender to' is transformed into 'surrender' . . . That this unforeseeable, unpredictable may occur corroborates the unforeseeability and unpredictability of surrender and the indeterminability of its occasions, but should not blur the distinction between 'surrender' and 'surrender to.'

Surrender itself is an undifferentiated experience, hence not any one kind of experience, thus not an aesthetic one either. An aesthetic experience, rather, is 'surrender to,' namely to an aesthetic object, that is, one which has all our attention, one with which we attain as immediate an encounter as we are capable of: and while this may happen ('surrender') or be striven for ('surrender to') . . . 20

(Emphasis mine)
That "surrender to" seems to involve a conscious effort makes it different from "surrender." Yet, the terms "concentration, dedication, devotion" lack a full explanation in Wolff. For it is the view here that these terms point to a larger distinction between "surrender" (or transcendence and later introspection) and "surrender to" (which we can call critical science).

It is the view here that in the act of writing, it is possible to move away from surrender and introspection and towards another spatio-temporal relationship of language—language as lived history, as criticism. Through an investigation of the act of writing, I hope to fully elucidate the differences that Wolff hints at.

Writing, as an act, was seen by most philosophers in the past as a mere subsidiary of the act of speaking. This distinction—or lack of it—may have arisen from the early invention of writing, which Laferriere points out, was made "in accordance with the dictates of languages already spoken." As Derrida illustrates, the subjugation of writing to speaking was carried into Greek though.

If, for Aristotle, for example, 'spoken words are the symbols of mental experience and written words are the symbols of spoken words,' it is because the voice, producer of the first symbols, has a relationship of essential and immediate proximity with the mind. Producer of the first signifier, it is not just a single signifier among others. It signifies 'mental experiences' which themselves reflect or mirror things by natural resemblance. Between being and mind, things and feelings, there would be a relationship of translation or natural signification; between mind and logos, a relationship of conventional symbolization. And the first convention, which would relate immediately to the order of natural and universal signification, would be produced as spoken language . . . The written signifier is always technical and representative. It has no constitutive meaning.
This idea has been accepted by most philosophers in the western tradition. For Saussure: "Language and writing are two distinct systems of signs; the second exists for the sole purpose of representing the first."\(^{23}\) The end result of this view, for Derrida, is to see writing as mere "phonetic, it will be the outside, the exterior representation of language . . . (operating) from already constituted units of signification, in the formulation of which it has played no part."\(^{24}\)

Yet, the subjugation of writing to speaking/thought robs it of its special power—that of being the carrier of language as lived history, making the difference between introspection and criticism possible. For writing can be viewed as a special language (one even apart from speech) that involves special risks and benefits.

Writing about involves the use of language as lived history. Rather than being purely transcendent experience, it involves the author "going outward," becoming/producing an object (to be read as a work). Rather than being introspective, writing shatters specific negotiation of shared reference, creates a public and a world, and loses the author's specific identity. Language as lived history is the dialogical encounter of the text/Being reflected critically upon, and the "writing about" the reflection delivers the act from subjectivity and introspection.

Ricoeur draws a distinction between writing and speaking that Aristotle failed to observe. For Ricoeur: "What we write . . . (is) the meaning of the speech event, not the event as event."\(^{25}\) The difference in the two acts, speaking and writing, is elaborated upon by Ricoeur in several ways. First, writing "explodes" the dialogical
situation speaking sets up. In speaking, each participant can use the specific reference to constantly contain one-self in the present of the speaking situation. To elaborate:

In discourse, we said, the sentence designates its speaker by diverse indicators of subjectivity and personality. But in spoken discourse this ability of discourse to refer back to the speaking subject presents a character of immediacy because the speaker belongs to the situation of interlocution. He is there, in the genuine sense of being there, of Da-sein. Consequently the subjective intention of the speaker and the discourses meaning overlap each other in such a way that it is the same thing to understand what the speaker means and what his discourse means.26

Speech, then, as we are involved in the dialogue, allows for non-reflection, for language as living being. It works to involve us in a present, in a current tense. Ricoeur notes this is accomplished by several possible tactics:

... in spoken discourse the ultimate criterion for the referential scope of what we say is the possibility of showing the thing referred to as a member of the situation common to both speaker and hearer. This situation surrounds the dialogue, and its landmarks can all be shown by a gesture or by pointing a finger. Or it can be designated in an ostensive manner by the discourse itself through the oblique reference of those indicators which include the demonstratives, the adverbs of time and place, and the tenses of the verbs. Finally they can be described in such a definitive way that one, and only one, thing may be identified within the common frame of reference ... There is no identification which does not relate that about which we speak to a unique position in the spacio-temporal network, and there is no network of places in time and space without a final reference to the situational here and now. In this ultimate sense, all references of oral language rely on monstrations, which depend on the situation perceived as common by the members of the dialogue. All references in the dialogical situation consequently are situational.27

Yet, writing, and the spacio-temporal relationship of language necessary
to write, is a different kind of event. Writing loses speaking's situational references, as the conversational situation is, in Ricoeur's terms, "exploded." Suddenly, writing about something is very different than speaking with someone. Language as living being is employed in transcendence, introspection, and sometimes speaking (giving a lecture may be an exception here). Language as lived history is the language of writing critically.

"What happens in writing," states Ricoeur, is "the detachment of meaning from the event."28 Because writing (and here I will speak of writing as criticism) forces the writer to lose the situational-specific character of speaker, the event reflected upon and written about is a different event (given the nature of Being outlined previously) than talking to someone in an event, or introspecting upon an event.

Because of writing's non-situational character, the text that is written is addressed to no-one particular, but to Persons in general. For Ricoeur, "a written text is addressed to an unknown reader and potentially to whomever knows how to read."29 This means finally that "a work also creates its Public."30 The language leaves the realm of speaker/hearer give-and-take and is now the property of any who choose to engage in reading.

An outgrowth of this first distinction between speaking and writing is that the intended meaning of the author is no longer negotiated by him/her and the other spoken to (as is possible in speaking). The author's intent is subsequently "freed" from the text. The meaning is now negotiated in the Public, and the language used by the author is
separated from the author in the act of publication. Ricoeur observes:

Inscription becomes synonymous with the semantic autonomy of the text, which results from the disconnection of the mental intention of the author from the verbal meaning of the text, of what the author meant and what the text means. The text's career escapes the finite horizon lived by its author.31

Given this "escape," the author now takes on a different role than his "being-there" of the speaking situation. Since writing no longer involves an other who constantly draws the participant into the present world of language as living being, the author's language becomes exterior to him/herself and the current world. Barthes notes:

It is my opinion that in the middle verb to write the distance between the writer and the language diminishes asymptotically. We could even say that it is subjectivist writings, like romantic writings, which are active, because in them the agent is not interior but anterior to the process of writing. The one who writes here does not write for himself, but, as if by proxy, for a person who is exterior and antecedent (even if they both have the same name).32

The "author" of a work, to quote Laferriere, has a "trick." That trick is:

... to make the originating subject fade behind a smoke screen of signifier. We do not necessarily perceive the originating subject because we were not present during the genesis of the work ... 33

Consequently, for Barthes, "the I of the one who writes I is not the same as the I which is ready by thou."34 By being freed from the Da-sein of the conversation, and writing to a Public, the author separates his identity from the identity of that which is written. The "I" in writing therefore might be best read as third person, a s/he. Barthes notes:
For him, for us too, it is the language which speaks, not the author: to write, is through a prerequisite impersonality . . . to reach the point where only language acts, 'performs,' and not 'me.'

What is present in writing, then, is a disengagement of the author and her/his specific situational identity and the text, the work created. The I of the author is a he/she of the work.

What is important in this transformation for the purposes of this discussion is the changing role of language employed. The act of writing makes it possible for the author to engage in distinction from himself; to become someone who experienced apart from someone who experiences. An author, as opposed to a speaker, creates an identity and a world based upon language as lived history.

It may be necessary to distinguish further how one writes. Given the disengagement of author/text, writing can be critical or fictive. In either case, the author (towards the Public) creates "a world and not just a situation." The author in a work of fiction creates a world close to introspection; an entire event-place which the reader enters. The author in a critical history still creates a world when writing, but his/her writing is the result of acute awareness of his/her dialogical encounter between text (other writings, the author's past) and the present writing. Both works possess the essential character of writing: writing towards a Public, separation of author from the pronoun of the text, and creation of a World. The difference is the validity of the World re-created.

Still, it is necessary to remember that events written about are not events "live." The act of writing and the spacio-temporal relationship involved in the language insures that the two will always remain apart.
What all authors do (and this is consistent with earlier discussions of Being) is create a World more or less authentic. There is no re-creation of a world that is not a product of author's present plus past text, memory, etc. All writing, non-situational as it is, re-makes a world. Ricoeur notes: "The inscription of discourse is the transcription of the World, and transcription is not duplication, but metamorphis." He continues:

... what we understand first in a discourse is not another person, but a 'pro-ject,' that is, the outline of a new way of being in the world. Only writing ... in freeing itself, not only from its author and from its original audience, but from the narrowness of the ideological situation, reveals this destination of discourse as projecting a world.

All writing, whether it be critical or fictive, is a negotiated product between the text and the present. Language as lived being, reflection and writing about, is therefore never fully a true recording, but a negotiated production of a world. Barthes comments:

( ... it follows) that writing can no longer designate an operation of recording, notation, representation, 'depiction' (as the Classics would say); rather, it designates exactly what linguists, referring to Oxford philosophy, call a performative, a name verbal form ... in which the enunciation has no other content ... than the act by which it is uttered ... Having buried the author, the modern scriptor can thus no longer believe, as according to the pathetic view of his predecessors, that his hand is too slow for his thought or passion and that consequently, making a law of necessity, he must emphasize this delay and indefinitely 'polish' his form ...

We know now that a text is not a line of words releasing a single 'theological' meaning ... but a multi-dimensional space in which a variety of writings, none of them original, bend and clash. The text is a tissue of quotations drawn from innumerable centres of culture.
To summarize, language as living being employs a spacio-temporal relationship between persons and the world which says that we are doing a thing. It is either non-reflective (transcendent, a surrender) or totally self-reflective (introspective). Language as living being finds another place in our acts of situational, dialogical speaking. It is "to be" in the present, and the ordering of ourselves to the world in these situations is to be co-terminous with our thoughts about the world.

Language as lived being, on the other hand, is language that is the result of thinking about language as living Being, remaining aware of the process—present plus history—that was involved. We can write in the realm of language as lived being, due to writing's non-situational nature, the divorcement of author from text, the creation of a Public, and the creation of a World. We can write fiction, which may or may not call upon our explicit reflection about historicity of Being; or write critically which forces us to think about our experience (past-tense) in the world and how it grew. Both writings, though, are writings which force the author out of their-self, which create a vision to be critically evaluated by the reader. (One might imply, given the above, that writing fiction comes very close to introspection, in the sense that there can be little awareness of the "text of past experience" imposing its meaning upon us yet, while the distinction may be slight, it will be maintained given the purely personal nature of introspection in 4.2 and the act of writing described above.)

We are more concerned here, though, with writing the auto-critical history. Given the above distinctions, let me now describe the implications of the auto-critical history. Writing an auto-critical history
(or any history) involves several steps. First, we have experienced what we are writing about in the auto-critical history. Those events were lived through (in the present tense—as language as living Being). Others have experienced and reflected upon some of the same experiences (as language as living being reflected upon). I write my accounts and others write theirs. These accounts are not "duplications" of the events; but re-productions involving current time interacting with recalled past. I wish to build a World based upon these accounts. This world is also a re-production. It is not introspection, though, as I allow the texts (the past re-productions) to interact and impose a sense of the past upon my present.

I build a world that could have been (is plausible) but never was (for it cannot be recaptured). It is a specific product of the time it was written. One layer of experience is uncovered, but given the nature of Being and language, different, equally valid reflections of a time may be written. What the auto-critical history seeks is to do what any history seeks--a re-production of how experience comes to be. And, in this dissertation, I seek to reflect upon and re-produce the world of experience of rock'n'roll, through myself and others, from 1962 to 1976.

Why? Because the auto-critical history, like any criticism or history, is an act of liberation for the writer and reader. To elaborate, Silverman notes:

We are all un-free in so far as 'we' are always located in a particular historical epoch, in our community's recollection of a tradition that always precedes it. Yet in re-membering our un-freedom, we propose a possible society other than our own.
For, in so far as our activity unthinkingly espouses our society's version of freedom, it sustains the mode of existence of that society. To address and to seek to locate historically that version of freedom is always to challenge the way we live our lives now, because that way would seek to suspend history into a frozen bourgeois world.  

By re-producing in writing the language of living being as language of lived history, we are forced outside ourselves, into ceaseless confrontations of text/history/ourselves. We are forced into evaluation and quickly into reevaluation. We are forced to see ourselves as historical Beings of process, lives in a continuity of sorts. We escape the sedimentation that always stands ready to turn to concrete and trap us. As Sontag notes:

> Interpretation must itself be evaluated, within a historical view of human consciousness. In some cultural contexts, interpretation is a liberating act. It is a means of revising, of transvaluing, of escaping the dead past.  

The auto-critical history must be thought of as hermeneutic, though; for only by returning to our experience and its essential luminousity can our writing escape the concrete hardening. For, as Schrag notes, our quest is to see ourselves and others in experience (and escape both positivism and subjectivity). Too often, art criticism has taken the "sensory experience of the work of art for granted, and (proceeded) from there." Yet, Sontag notes:

> Real art has the capacity to make us nervous. By reducing the work of art to its content and then interpreting that, one tames the work of art. (This kind of) interpretation makes art manageable, comfortable.

But the auto-critical history, by seeking to re-produce the historicity of sensory turned into cultural encounter, recognizes its own finitude.
It attempts to escape comfort by recognition of its ability to constantly be re-written. And, finally, it seeks to provide meaning of art in the context of how that meaning came to be, rather than evaluations of its "timeless" worth.

- The function of criticism should be to show how it is what it is, even that it is what it is, rather than to show what it means.  

And, since there is no end to the production of the history (for showing how it is what it is is an infinite task), the auto-critical history seeks to insure our escape from dogmatism. As Barthes notes: "In precisely this way . . . (writing) by refusing to assign a 'secret,' an ultimate meaning, to the text (and to the world as text), liberates what may be called an antitheological activity, an activity that is truly revolutionary since to refuse to fix meaning is, in the end, to refuse God and his hypostases--reason, science, law."  

For, if we seek to continue to produce, we escape tyranny. As Silverman notes: "We must write or be written upon."
4.5 Reading

A final observation must be made. Given the previous description of the auto-critical history, language, Being, and writing, one important topic remains. You are now reading. What are we to say of this task?

Just as my reading of my past was a hermeneutic concern, so your reading of my writing is a hermeneutic problem for you. The author (I) was distanced from my text; it became "yours" in the reading of it. Again, something that is foreign to you (my text) becomes something you seek to make your own. Ricoeur notes:

A new dialectic emerges (in writing and reading), that of distanciation and appropriation. By appropriation I mean the counterpart of the semantic autonomy, which detached the text from its writer. To appropriate is to make 'ones own' what was 'alien'. . . . Distance, then, is not simply a fact, a given, just the actual spacial and temporal gap between us and the appearance of such and such a work of art or discourse. It is a dialectical trait, the principle of a struggle between the otherness that transforms all spacial and temporal distance into cultural estrangement and the ownness by which all understanding aims at the extension of self understanding. Distanciation is not a quantitative phenomenon; it is the dynamic counterpart of our need, our interest, and our effort to overcome cultural estrangement. Writing and reading take place in this cultural struggle. Reading is the pharmakon, the 'remedy' by which the meaning of the text is 'rescued' from the estrangement of distanciation and put in a new proximity, a proximity which supresses and preserves the cultural distance and includes the otherness within the ownness.47

By reading my production of history, you as the reader seek to make it first, conform to your knowledge of the world, and second, re-make your history. Reading is, in effect, another act of writing. The text and its historicity imposes its sense on you (the reader) and your historicity.
You re-write in reading. Silverman notes:

Yet, because of its productive character, reading is itself an act of writing, as writing is an act of reading. Neither writer nor reader pictures a world of raw data. Rather the writer-reader always expresses his world, and thereby, himself.48

Consequently, the reader and text (like the author and text before) collaborate to produce another World, conforming to the author's vision-as-written. The "work is the co-production of writer and reader; it is always incomplete without some reading."49

How are you to evaluate the writing? Certainly not by its pure content, set beside criterions of its "Truth." For in reading, as previously in Being, language, and writing, there is no Truth or Finality to be found. The encounter between you as reader and text creates your Vision; your production of sense. And that is what must be evaluated. The author, as he is moral, seeks to conform to the texts used and memory, seeks to be "true" to the subject matter. His success or lack of it results in the texts--and your--ability to create new visions out of concrete ones. It seeks to liberate rock'n'roll, just as rock'n'roll liberates the author. What follows, then, is one view of the experience of rock'n'roll in me and in others in the world of 1962-1976 reflected through the summer of 1977.
CHAPTER FIVE:

THE REBELLION AND COMING TOGETHER
OF THE YOUNG AMERICANS
I wanted to live in a carnival city
With laughter and love everywhere. . .

Billy Barnes, song, "Have I Stayed Too Long At The Fair"

Ten years ago Carnegie Hall's booker, who knew every pianist and cello player on sight but had never heard of this quartet (the Beatles) asked Sid Berstein (their American promoter): "What do they do?" Berstein answered: "They're a phenomenon."

From "Beatlephilia: Strange Rumblings in Pepperland,"
Joel Siegel, Rolling Stone,
(October 24, 1974)

Love, love me do. . .

John Lennon-Paul McCartney, 1963
5.1 Introduction

The idea of analyzing the structure of the listening and media experience is only part of the task of phenomenological analysis. The concept of "second phenomenology", unfolding that structure in context and time, remains. The remainder of this dissertation seeks to elaborate this history.

Listening is an act that left its mark on the world I lived. Listening historically influenced my ideas of "proper living" while the act of listening (the reasons I listened) changed as history changed. To fully assess the impact of listening as described in Chapters Two and Three, I need to discuss the world in which I listened.

I am aware of using music to build my ideas on certain social "ways of behaving." Once I built this culture, it influenced the circumstances I listened in. Listening was at first a private experience. I used it to fashion a feeling of and connect with a tradition of separateness. Later, with the appearance of The Beatles, listening became an activity that a feeling of groupness and community settled around. This, as the years went by, grew into a more atomized listening again, where listening was now used as a reflection of a changing social structure as I began to exercise control over my life.

The music's role in all of this was as a trusted friend and ally. As I began to formulate this section, and listened to past music, I found it impossible to recreate those experiences. I wrote out pages of lyrics, and after I pondered of them, found that the lyrics had come to stand for something much more than I saw before my eyes or heard.
with my ears. The specifics of these records and public performers had grown from a lyric or a melody to something more—an idea about living. As such, the music cannot be left separate from the history of ideas of the past sixteen years. In the pages that follow, several performers appear and recede. I have used them as best representatives of a mass of performers and music that in total, contributed to my history. Yet, the occasional reference to sound or the occasional lyric ultimately comprise so little of what follows because the music took on so much meaning outside of a melody or lyric. It became a way of life, one I built into a country of ideas and values. The ebb and flow of these values, and their historical changing, comprises the rest of this dissertation. The music is not forgotten, it has just blossomed into "lifestyle."

I begin when I first heard rock'n'roll music, in 1961. I stepped into a tradition that had been operative in that form since about 1954. When I step back to reflect on it in 1977, it has become a force millions live by. My history, which I hope is theirs too, follows.
5.2 The Games of Early Separation

The sun is out, there are three of us, Phil Miller, Dave Chenowith, and myself. It is summer, in 1961. We are on the front steps of Dave's house. Dave has his transistor radio. He starts talking about the new station, WWHY. They play great music, he says, asking us if we'd ever heard it. He says Freddie Nichols told him about it. He turns the dial.

It is there my specific memory ends. As much as I've tried, the details just won't rise up. Still, it's remarkable I remember so much, the weather, the year, the individuals.

It would be interesting, if one is interested in discovering the key metaphors of an age, to ask people what moments they remember, specifically, growing up. Just the ones that seem important. Sex would probably be constant; drug experience newer. One of mine is this musical event. In just such a simple way I discovered AM radio--rock and roll radio. As innocent a day as this seems, I find I am consumed for life.

I rushed home, and, not having a radio myself, borrowed my parent's. I spun the dial frantically. I don't remember what I heard. It could have been James Darren or Pat Boone, this was a particularly bland year for music. Many said music of this time was dying. Jeff Greenfield states that this music was "headed for extinction . . . Rock existed in the early 1960's in name only." Still, I think I was captivated more by the "sound" of this radio than by Leslie Gore or lines like "you oughta see Oliver/go go Oliver/you oughta see Oliver twist." Here was
a slightly crazed voice of the "disk jockey," talking as if he were about to be run over by a train. Talking as if he were pursued by death's reaper, standing behind his back, telling him to "finish up quick, it was time to go."

It only took a few minutes to realize how different this was. My parents had records of Broadway show tunes as I grew up, and I remembered songs still from those albums. I am told now that I even used to sit in front of the television at the age of three, banging on a plastic guitar to the Saturday Night Jamboree or the Flatt and Scruggs show, shows my parents only tolerated in lieu of my infant delight. Still, I had never been compulsively musical. I played no music; listened to little.

But WWHY was different. When David had tuned that secret in and opened it up (I think he informed us it was "neat" or "cool" at the time, he used those adjectives), I became a member. I saw the value of sharing this experience, this experience that I supposed struck some secret chord of meaning deep in my eleven year old body.

Yet, I am just as sure that it had as much to do with the idea of belonging to a secret world as it did with any chord it might have struck. There was something almost clandestine about it at first, something forbidden. It was reminiscent of those gangs we had formed earlier. Just as gangs had secret signals, secret calls, secret hideouts, and secret membership, so this radio seemed like a membership card to a special fraternity.
I think this feeling drew much of its power from the simple fact that so many people found this sound so contemptible. It was, first, as Peter Guralnick remembers, "our music in more than just name not because it represented some kind of pure aesthetic (rock 'n' roll has always been the most commercial of musics) but because it was for the most part beneath the contempt of those who were marketing it." No one over the age of twenty seemed to like this music. My father would grimace when I turned it on in his car. Parents of friends would, like David Suskind, say "I can't understand the words," or "It's just mumbling."

Of course, it was to a great extent, not that I admitted it then, still longing in a secret way that I not be taken as "crazy" for doing this, but the pace mattered more than the enunciation. This was contraband, spoken in a new language, a private language, one that Dave, Phil, and I knew and few others had heard. The pace was furious, the records energized. If you could learn to understand it; learn to think that rhythm (and it did involve a real ability to not try to "understand" every word as if it had been enunciated by a member of the Metropolitan Opera), then you could join. It seems the only ones who cared to try were young. If you could gain access, you were "chosen."

Later that summer, I went to a birthday party for a friend. As a present, I bought a copy of the 45, "I Sold My Heart to the Junkman." I remember liking the sound. When my friend opened it, on a back patio full of guests, I saw his mouth hang for a second. He was always the one friend most adept at "social graces," so he recovered quickly with a "thank you" and went on. But it was plain he knew nothing to make of it--
this present of a record he probably hadn't heard (as it was the next year before records became popular at our parties) and I stood there, thinking, "I give you a precious gift--one of my favorite records!" It's a fever I still have, and one that often still goes unappreciated.

We were a little on the periphery--my friends Dave, Phil, and I. I think this early dose of rock 'n' roll allowed us a game of one upmanship and built a tighter bond of "specialness" between us. In a short time, we spent all of our free days around portable radios. We used these times much the same way we used all of our time--inventing games:

  Can you guess the number one song this week?
  What's your favorite song, right now?
  Did you see Jan and Dean of the Lloyd Thaxton show, when they were doing those crazy things with the skateboard?

And, as easily and unconsciously as I had first heard the spinning of the radio dial, my friends and I were constructing an elaborate system of privately shared information. This became our first neighborhood.

Neighborhoods, as they existed previous to World War II, were slowly vanishing. It was somehow evident to me, I realize now, while watching older films (1930-1940 vintage) now on television. The Bowery Boys always had a "neighborhood," evryone pitching in on the disaster they created. The Our Gang comedies were all centered around groups of young, which in itself is no different from my own alliance with my friends. What was different was the constant appearance of friends, family, and relatives in the neighborhood. In a middle class
suburb, I heard almost no mention of relatives and saw few parents of other children. The people I knew best were of my "new" neighborhood, of my school. All my neighbors were young. That their families made an occasional appearance was not thought unusual; they were only the background to my society. This, added to the tremendous mobility of post World War II America, made realignments possible and necessary.

This idea of belonging to a special fraternity continued.

WWHY was notorious in those days for running contests. They ran contests on everything from guessing the state of the Belmont stakes (I looked it up in my encyclopedia) to guessing the artist of the record. We became adept at playing and winning these games. We would spend entire afternoons by the phone, with all the exchange dialed but the last number, and, as soon as the magic sound was heard . . . spin . . . and win. We once won four times one afternoon--the last time giving a neighbor's name as each of us had already won once before. The disk jockey, recognizing a hoax when he heard one, forbid us from calling anymore that day. It made us feel as if we were again special to have figured the system out. And every Saturday we would pile into a city bus and ride downtown, go up the elevator to "the penthouse suite" and collect our prizes. Our prizes were usually records that the station had never played and had left over, but that mattered little. It never even occurred to us that we won so often because no one else was trying to win. We were plugged in; we assumed the entire young world was too. We were "winners."

It all came to a climax one Saturday afternoon. We were told we
could go back and look through the plate glass window at the D.J., a practice we had somehow, by seniority perhaps, been afforded. The D.J. was our favorite, Bobby Wayne, of the "Bobby Wayne Swing Train." He was our favorite because, not only did he talk faster than any D.J. that we'd ever heard, he used sound effects, a common radio technique at that time. He had an assortment of squeaks and splashes that were unrivalled.

A pegboard covered the window partially, as we walked in the waiting room. Suddenly, over the pegboard, began to come little rubber toys. The squeaks! Bobby Wayne's squeaks!

He continued entertaining us for awhile, then motioned us to the hallway. We walked out, with no little foreboding, as he yelled, "Come here, you wanna see the studio?"

We all shook our heads furiously and ran to the open door. Inside was a console, a window (for some reason the window was a surprise, I didn't realize D.J.'s worked where there were windows), and tapes.

"This is where I work." He explained about the tapes a bit more, and then asked, "You guys have any questions?"

We shook our heads, no, too dumbfounded to do anything else. And we went home on a cloud of euphoria--purpose filled us for days to come. We had met Bobby Wayne. He was no longer a voice; he was our friend!

With the introduction of rock 'n' roll, my life began to have a center, a focus. I had now been to the center of the radio. Can it be such a coincidence that, fifteen years later, I am writing a dissertation for a Ph.D. in mass communication?
From those first days, my feelings of separateness, of being singled out with my friends, was continually shaped and expanded. Rock 'n' roll fed, in those early days, my sense of being "one of the appreciators" and my sense of "awe." But most of all, it fed my sense of "self."

At this early age, I felt myself to be the center of the world. The music went through me; I was one who understood. I knew, indeed it did not seem unusual to know, that I was an important entity, that my experience was special.

Daniel Bell suggests this awareness of the "self" as a center of the world is the single characteristic of modern life.

The fundamental assumption of modernity, the thread that has run through Western civilization since the sixteenth century, is that the social unit of society is not the group, the guild, the tribe, or the city, but the person. The Western ideal was the autonomous man who, in becoming self-determining, would achieve freedom. With this 'new man' there would be a repudiation of institutions (the striking result of the Reformation, which installed individual conscience as the source of judgment); the opening of new geographical and social frontiers; the desire, the growing ability, to master nature and make oneself what one can, and even, in discarding roots, to remake oneself altogether. What began to count was not, the past but the future.

This was the reason Shakespeare's lines:

All the worlds' a stage
And all the men and women merely players.

made so little sense. "Merely" players, this was inconceivable. I was not merely a player, I built the stage!

Of course, this was never stated, merely taken-for-granted. There was simply nothing to refute this feeling. I understood the
radio as I listened **alone** in my room. I had even met Bobby Wayne, heard my name over the radio. Praying in church assured a certain period of bowed head, but the idea that I was praying directly to God, barely aware of my fellow parishioners, remained. The idea of self, myself, was in this summer of 1961 being drawn up and refined.

Yet, this "self" could be isolated only so far. I saw other young in school and on television. The early social adjustments, of wanting to be an **individual** but not left out of a group, was also beginning to operate.

This was twentieth century America. If there were in 1962 "battle lines being drawn" between generations as Stephen Stills would sing in 1966, we only saw them as the lines of being "cool." But, in retrospect, we were beginning to separate ourselves. As plain and overtly as the games we invented with the radio, we were creating our common heritage, to be "individuals" **in** among our peers.

Our heroes were daring; they lived the perfect lives we only dreamed about. And, to watch them, and listen to them, was to become educated about the world (just as Miss Frances and Mighty Mouse had educated us about "good" and "evil.") These heroes taught us the same lesson. I am singing to you you are the "one." You are young and have no shackles on your feet, no tradition to stop you. You are important.

Al Kooper, who later became a record producer and star, dropped out of college about this time, for a chance to tour as a musician with The Dick Clark Caravan of Stars. To Kooper, the logic was easy: "All the universities in the world couldn't tell you as much about music as one tour with The Dick Clark Caravan of Stars!"
And, when the Dick Clark Caravan of Stars pulled into Huntington, West Virginia I was there—my first brush with the flesh of fame. Several hundred teenagers and a few lonely and anxiety ridden forced to bring their children adults filled the Field House. The show, which consisted of several acts singing a couple of songs and getting off quickly, spun by effortlessly; I remember few details, for the show mattered less than the event. It was my first gathering of the tribe. Plainly, this was my music, for my crowd. When Doobie Grey sang: "I'm in with the In Crowd," there was no mistaking who he meant, and who he didn't mean. He meant me; he meant us.

Ralph Gleason, a jazz critic, in San Francisco, wrote of going to the hungry i Club, to hear a young cleric who was using the stage as the pulpit. He recounts:

... I was totally turned off. Right then I realized that by some kind of accident—probably some late show with Earl Hines or Duke Ellington from the Grand Terrace Ballroom—I had irrevocably aligned myself with those who had abandoned the formal aspects of religion and found their idols and their inspirations and their saints in the night-clubs where, refugees from a society built on the standards of advertising agencies, they were bravely struggling with the mixed blessings of truth.⁶

I underwent the same conversion, but my idols were on the stage of the Dick Clark show. Duke Ellington wouldn't do until years later. He didn't sound like a jet plane (trains were his constant metaphor) and I plainly wanted more power. But I also wanted to be sung to, caressed by the music, shaken and taken aback, by my people.

It was a strange contradiction: I wanted to be sung to by my community. It maintained the tension I was brought up in—I listened,
my "self" was special, but my youthful neighborhood was strongly organized. I had to be "in", which meant doing certain things like others. I had to wear the right clothes, the right shoes, the right hairstyle, use the right language. It was amazing how I could juggle the contradictions so apparent now. But I did. When it came time for longer hair to be worn, I used to tell my father: "I want it long to be different." His reply was: "But everyone you know is doing it."

Variations of this discussion went on for years. Yet, I saw no contradiction. I wanted to be special but I wanted to be one of the community I knew—the young. My allegiance varied, as long as it wasn't to the past, to the aged.

By the age of twelve, I was working consciously to set myself apart, to wipe out any vestiges of my "normal upbringing." Events became "neat" or "horrible", not solely on the basis of their utility to me, but whether my newly created tradition accepted them. Years later, I would write of how this merely symbolized the emergence of the self coupled with the changång of reference groups from the neighborhood to generation. But I knew nothing of that then. We were working our lives out, day by day.

Howard Senzel speaks of the age in the following:

All those cultural attributes that were traditionally handed down, we invented for ourselves. Born in a cultural vacuum, we were ignorant and disrespectful of the culture of our elders, and we invented our own. As adolescents, we took history, always the sacred property of the elders, and made it our own. We took a world of calcified and inflexible institutions developed to deal with the Great Depression and World War II, and ended them by decree. And we were astonished when these
enormously powerful institutions did not lie down at our feet.7

This was another phenomenon taken for granted—history, which had so carefully been handed down in the neighborhood, grandfather telling of the homeland, a neighbor telling of the past, was being changed. I knew no relative that had been born outside of America; I spoke to no neighbors with stories to tell. I talked with those my age and watched television and listened to the radio. None of these told me anything other than that of the present. If Western society had considered its history to be "the best that had been said or thought,"8 to me it was what was on television or in music. Or, it was in my experience.

I was important. In a world of increasing emphasis on the self, it is only natural that history becomes what happens to me. My experience is all I know. I have to make my own evaluations of correct values. No one bothered to tell me anything different.

But let us not get too far ahead of our story. For, if we went to work inventing our own history, we were part of a vital post-World War II mythic tradition—we were Rebels.

And it is the Rebel we talk about next, for, once the sides are chosen, you have to know what to do with the side you end up aligned with. And there has to be others there doing the same.

As for our early days of rock'n'roll, let us remember that, although it appears grand and methodical now, at the time it was merely getting through another day. We liked rock'n'roll because it made that easier.
By then I guess I was dropping out of school. Up to that point I had been experimenting with things that marked a departure from the way I'd been doing things. Then finally, I was ready for one of the more dramatic, overt rebellions of my life. I decided, All right, I'm gonna fuck around. I didn't have a great time of it, but I decided to change my own life. For the next couple of years, things were really hectic. I was not sleeping or eating. I was generally in poor health. I was living out the fantasy of the Bad Boy.9

Lee Grossman, Med Student

James Dean, promising young movie star of Rebel Without a Cause and East of Eden, died at the age of twenty four on September 30, 1955, when the Porsche Spider he was driving to a sports car meet spun out of control. By November, Warner Brothers pictures were receiving over two hundred letters a week, and a year after his death the count had reached 8000 a month. A special fan mail agency was brought in to deal with the deluge—some asking for photographs, some for locks of hair. Two years after his death, Warner was still receiving mail, even birthday cards. The final count was put at one million pieces.10 All received after his death.

John Dos Passos wrote in his poem Midcentury:

There is nothing much deader than a dead motion picture actor.
And yet,
even after James Dean had been some years dead,
when they filed out of the close darkness and the breathedout air of the second and third and forth run motion picture theaters
where they'd been seeing James Dean's old films, they still lined up:
the boys in jackboots and the leather jackets; the boys in
the skintight jeans, the boys in broad motorcycle belts,
before the mirrors in the restroom
to look at themselves
and see
James Dean;
the resentful hair
the deep eyes floating in lonesomeness,
the bitter beat look
the scorn on the lip.
Their pocket combs were out; they tousled up
their hair
and patted it down just so . . . 11

It is impossible for me to assess the James Dean of 1955. It was
years later that I saw my first James Dean movie, Rebel Without A Cause.
By that time, what had been a startling burst of freedom to many had
become finally convention. But even then, one could still make out the
volcanic demon that deemed to explode in mid-1950's America. The
parents that failed to understand, the games of "chicken" played so
close to the edge of death (and over the edge eventually), the struggles
of initiation into a society of the young; it must have been like a
hurricane. You can see it in his pent up rage, the lack of direction;
it was growing up in the 1950's, and thousands, millions responded.

James Dean came along at a special time. Something was changing in
the America of the middle 1950's, a change that would influence the
1960's and 1970's beyond them. Before 1950, Americans for a hundred and
fifty years believed in a value called "progress". It was thought to be
a by-product of science--the idea that eventually, man would find an
increasingly more fathomable and better world. The hope is expressed as
early as 1837 by Thomas Macaulay in his "Essay On Bacon." Science
had:
...lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and esturaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from the heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with splendor of the day; it has extended the range of human vision; it has multiplied the power of human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all dispatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars which whirl along without horses, to cross the ocean in ships which run ten knots an hour against the wind. These are but a part of its fruits, of its first fruits; for it is a philosophy which never rests, which has never attained, which is never perfect. It's law is progress.12

Eventually, if not for our selves, but for our lineage, things would be better.

But the America of post World War II began to doubt. Michael Wood offers a list of films of the early 1950's that mirror this shift.

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<th>Year</th>
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<tr>
<td>1951</td>
<td>An American in Paris</td>
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<td>1952</td>
<td>Singin' In The Rain</td>
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<td>1953</td>
<td>The Wild One</td>
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<td>The Band Wagon</td>
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<td>1954</td>
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<td>1955</td>
<td>Its Always Fair Weather</td>
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<td>Guys and Dolls</td>
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<td>East of Eden</td>
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<td>Rebel Without A Cause13</td>
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The "always better days ahead" spirit of a Singin In The Rain had met its match in James Dean in Rebel. For Dean, there was no lineage to live for, no tradition to uphold. If progress was to take hold, then it would be his psychological progress out of his misunderstood environment. It was his self he was in this for, and science, the science that had
exploded over Hiroshima, had no hope for him. History, Steiner notes, had become a spiral, no longer an arrow pointing upwards. Man began to feel "tangled in a constant lashing web of crisis." For Marlon Brando, in _On The Waterfront_, there may be the statement "I could'a been a contender," but if so, you had to do it for yourself, against the adult world. No future generation could do it for you.

Because James Dean died before his time, he was the perfect hero. His myth could accumulate unaffected by his inevitable growing older. And, most important, the very image, the very pain and rage, were allowed to run their full course to an early grave. It was perfect, too perfect for anyone to want to join him, but perfect enough for everyone who wished to believe in him. "Jimmy knew what people were up against," one youth stated. "He understood." And a new public metaphor was born--the Rebel.

In many ways, the metaphor has become trite, used as an indicator for so many behaviors that its origin is now obscured by layers of reinterpretations. Still, the Rebel, and the idea of rebelling, is nothing new. We might even put its roots in those three decades 1795-1815 where the "self" realized his history was his own. Steiner calls this time the Age of Revolution, and notes that this age of Napoleonic Wars and the War of Independence bring:

... an overwhelming immanence, a deep, emotionally stressed charge in the quality of hope. Expectations of progress, of personal and social enfranchisement, which had formerly had a conventional, often allegorical character, as of a millenary horizon, suddenly moved very close. The great metaphor of renewal, of the creation, as by a second coming of secular grace, of a just rational city of man, took on the urgent drama of concrete possibility. The eternal 'tomorrow' of Utopian political vision became, as it were, Monday
Man, the self, realized he could take matters into his own hands, and become what he wanted to be. He could rebel. This was where America began and the Colonies ended—in the idea that the limits placed upon us are only there to be broken. Greil Marcus observes:

It may be that the most interesting American struggle is the struggle to set oneself free from the limits one is born to, and then to learn something of the value of those limits. But on the surface, America takes its energy from the pursuit of happiness; 'a love of physical gratification, the notion of bettering one's condition, the excitement of competition, the charm of anticipated success' (Tocqueville's words); from a memory of open spaces and a belief in open possibilities; from the conviction that you can always get what you want, and that even if you can't, you deserve it anyway.

The thrill for many of us has always been watching those who test the limits, whatever they be. For a long while, those limits were mainly physical, economic, or territorial. But one suspects they have always been psychological at heart; whether it be Rip Van Winkle escaping his wife to sleep for twenty years, Huck Finn's encounters with Jim, or Hemingway's bravado with his revolver. In post-war America, we simply ran out of ways of concretizing the struggle. It became almost undefinable, the self against "society", the self against "bureaucracy", the self against "prescribed roles". The devil was less likely to show himself physically; increasingly he became something amorphous (Society, Woman, Man; things with capital letters). It was the contradiction again, man the self having to live in a world of institutions. He could test those limits, and try against all
odds to break down all that holds him back from his true self. Bell formulates two of these areas of conflict between values and practice. He cites conflict "between a social structure (primarily techno-economic) which is bureaucratic and hierarchical, and a polity which believes, formally, in equality and participation; (and) between a social structure that is organized fundamentally in terms of roles and specialization, and a culture which is concerned with the enhancement and fulfillment of the self and the whole person." But the world was changing, and no longer was scientific progress always an acceptable rationale. No longer was it a struggle that the "tides of time" would resolve, for history was increasingly nearsighted. No, now the struggle had to be consciously acted out. It was up to The Rebel.

And, with our history gradually being last year instead of last century, our alignments shifting from economics and ethnic background to age, and our concrete idea of progress gradually slipping out of sight (a good idea but one that seemed to fail too often to be a good risk), the Rebel emerged. Incarnate, with an identifiable outfit, a swagger projected to us on movie screens, and air consisting of a seeming delight in the wickedness of it all, the Rebel was one of the "young."

Rock and roll emerged right along side of James Dean with his spirit. Kids "able to assert their independence for the first time . . . created a new vision where language is song, work is play, fantasy is reality and the childhood wishes of violence, sensuality, and freedom (began). . . to seem possible." In place of progress, the Rebel
began to test the limits of his/her own endurance. Could one endure the mortality of violence and work and trade it in for the immortality of sex and play? Was the new frontier now the psyche? These were the questions.

And the answers were in the music. A young man from Tupelo, Mississippi, who shook his hips in pagan delight, spoke with a blatant disregard for his limits, and sang to whites in a voice straight out of the forbidden world of the black man, arrived.

Elvis Presley's links to James Dean were strong. Nicholas Ray, Dean's director in Rebel, tells this story:

I was sitting in the cafeteria at MGM one day, and Elvis Presley came over. He knew I was a friend of Jimmy's and had directed Rebel, so he got down on his knee before me and began to recite whole passages of dialogue from the script. Elvis might have seen Rebel a dozen times by then and remembered every one of Jimmys lines . . .21

Elvis may not have been consciously aware of what he was doing. He remained soft spoken, almost an innocent man whose curse it was to become possessed when he mounted a stage with a guitar. Yet, as Peter Guralnick remembers, the modesty was not the total image of Elvis.

What it leaves out is the drive and consuming ambition of the 19-year old Elvis Presley, who possessed a sweeping musical intelligence, energies that could barely be contained, and a ferocious determination to escape the mold which had seemingly been set for him at birth. Even more, it ignores the extent to which his rebellion, his surly refusal of responsibility, his reaction to the stifling conformity of his time, could stand for an entire generation, taking on a social base he could scarcely have been aware of, much less directly know. Most of all, this explanation, or lack of it, overlooks the music itself, a music which expressed a kind of pure joyousness, a sense of soaring
release that in such self-conscious times as ours seems unlikely ever to be recaptured.22

I don't know what it was like to hear Elvis in those times. By the time I began to listen, he had grown heavier, his music like his lifestyle a little more comfortable, and I remember my friends and I disliking him immensely. But to listen, even now, to those first records, the ones we never heard in 1962, the power is apparent. This was Elvis as he broke into America, literally racing along, slurring words or stretching them to the point where they seemed elastic. His voice was, like James Dean's person, the combination of contradiction: revolutionary yet strangely touching, tough yet achingly vulnerable. As Elvis walks out of that party in Jailhouse Rock (1.5), the girl runs after him. She grabs him and begins to create problems. Elvis slaps her. She asks "why" and Elvis replies, "It's the beast in me, honey." A beast that can growl and then break down and be held by a woman is a beast that will ignite the American spirit.

For Elvis played around the edges of our traditions. James Dean did, and he died in adulation. Elvis lived, and by living, insured that those limits would encompass him too one day. Still his tradition of rebelling insured that, when I picked up a radio in 1961, I too was an outcast, believing ultimately only in myself. I could change history; I could break out, I could test the limits of my experience.

And the metaphor continued, so necessary in an age where the only limits to be challenged placed one as an outcast from respectibility. In the mid-1960's, the Rolling Stones took on the image (an image, one
suspects, that they sometime live and sometimes consciously construct.
To fall into a viable traditional metaphor is an easy way to use the
media for quick identification.) In 1964, the Rolling Stones reputedly
"told" their story to "Pete Goodman" (a pseudonym for a publicist).
The book is a masterpiece of quick journalism, a perfect vehicle to
create fast images. In the book, he constructed the "character" of
the Rolling Stones out of stock metaphors that had become common
representations of the Rebel: hatred of authority, misunderstanding by
parents, being in the world fighting for your individuality and being
true to it until the end. Goodman writes:

Many top pop groups achieve their fame and stardom
and then go out, quite deliberately, to encourage
adults and parents to like them. This again, doesn't
appeal to the forthright Stones. They will not make
any conscious effort to be liked by anybody at all--
not even their present fans if it also meant changing
their life.

The Stones have been Rebels With A Cause. . .
the cause of rhythm'n'blues music. They have
drifted into the position of being shot at by half the
population. They have been derided by politicians
in Parliament, laughed at by road sweepers, jeered at
by mothers, despised by fathers.

But loved by the teenagers. For teenagers have realized
the courage of the Stones. The courage to kick hard
against the solid, staid conventions and live life the
way they feel it--and without causing harm or trouble
to anybody else.

They've gone out of their way to produce sheer
excitement for the fans and they've succeeded despite
their criticisms.

Never before has a pop group created so much violent
hatred, or managed to fight such severe criticism for
more than a few days.

As Andrew (their manager) keeps saying: "The Stones
aren't just a group, they're a way of life." 24
The Rebel here remains a viable figure. The lines of conflict are authority, parents, and older people. At all costs, one must align oneself. Violence and sex are the values that mark the demarcation. And finally, music groups are the public metaphors for the fight.

The "fans" are the ones the Rebel plays for, the ones he goes to the limit for. In this case, again, the fans are those who are young. The Stones are "defiant," even to the point of ignoring their fans. They must remain true to their own conscience first of all. They are "their own" men. And the punishment, the jeering, the rejection--well, it wouldn't be pushing the limits without it. They can sing in "Jumpin' Jack Flash" how "I was born in a crossfire hurricane" and later "I was schooled with a strap right across my back" and end up shouting "But it's all right, in fact it's a gas." Because, for the mythic figure, it ultimately means turning your fighting, your flaunting, and your defiance into success. You are the kings to the community of outcasts, and end up with everything you wanted (or at least, needed).

And, it was that hope that I felt. Being a rebel meant being an independent self, without a history other than experience, seeing no lineage to leave anything to, and defying the odds to create my kind of world. What kind of world, I wasn't sure of yet. But I knew, as did others, that it would be the kind I wanted.

The myth goes on, the demands merely become more outrageous. Witness, in a 1977 version of the metaphor, Televisions, Tom Verlaine singing (lyrics appear as written on record sleeve.)
What I want
I want NOW
And its a whole lot more
than 'anyhow'
I want to fly
fly a fountain
I want to jumpjumpjump
jump a mountain

... I SEE NO EVIL.

("See No Evil," Tom Verlaine)

Throughout it all, the importance of the metaphor is to separate--
the young from old, tame from wild, society from its boundaries.
"Rock 'n' roll was a line a division" Al Kooper remembers, and that
tradition continues. It was the music that finally carried the
message to me. It told me that I "understood" what others heard as only
a noise, that something important revolved around me, that growing
up also meant growing out of my boundaries. The sons "told us what
our secret rebellions were all about."26

The ease with which you could offend the adult world,
the sanctimoniousness of public figures and the turn­
about that came with success ('Presley will never appear
on my show,' said Ed Sullivan shortly before Elvis's
series of $50,000 appearances), above all the clear line
of demarcation between us and them made it impossible for
us to turn our backs and ignore this new phenomenon. So
from the first we were hooked. We were addicts without
even knowing it.27

The radio was "there," in the atmosphere. The television was too
mass, ultimately it was impossible to have so radical an idea emerge
over its airwaves. But the radio could pay its local way with a
sub-market of the young. It was the logical place to go.

And, (this is the most important thing), it "worked." It carried
us away, spoke to our needs, let us see the alternatives in the American
dream. If the dream had lost its "hope," in the sense that hope meant progress; if it had become a "runaway" dream as Bruce Springsteen would later characterize it; then rock 'n' roll music allowed us to gravitate around its edges and test its capacities. We were young, white and middle class; we had nothing to lose. What we did not yet have was a rallying point.
5.4 The Beatles and The Pop Explosion

The alternative culture in the Detroit/Ann Arbor community is first and foremost a rock and roll culture . . . The reason is simple . . . all we've got is rock'n'roll.\(^{28}\) Creem magazine editorial

I looked at that dress and it was an incredible moment of realization for me, just looking at that dress and thinking how my life had been so wrapped up in those meaningless high school events. I just remember sobbing all week and thinking about it. I wrote things in my diary of a more serious nature than I ever had before.\(^{29}\) Lany Tyler remembering November 22, 1963 the day of John Kennedy's assassination

I remember hearing of Kennedy's assassination--I was thirteen, in the eighth grade. It is two years after my rock and roll initiation, and I was experiencing growing pains like all new teenagers.

The announcement came over the school intercom. We listened, expecting a change in tomorrow's menu or, as was the case one day, the principal giving all of us pointers on fielding ground balls in the infield.

'Boys and girls, the President has been shot . . .'

There was a numbness I remember, for a second, and then, nothing. No pain, no deep moments of reflection, nothing. It was absolutely a cold still absence of any reaction whatsoever. Some of my classmates were close to tears, the teacher was upset; but I had no idea this was a significant act. He was the President, but as little as I had been affected, his absence seemed to me to make little difference one way or another. Somehow, I had not yet grasped the significance of either John Kennedy's symbolism or the general rule that presidents do not normally get shot.
The story still embarrasses me a little. The event seems to so many a turning point, so rich with historical metaphors and possible explanations of cause and effect. And I went about my daily business of eight grading, whatever that was (and I suspect it was looking apprehensively at little girls). No, this history of ideas will go right past the richness of images this death held. For me, a night in February, 1964 held a key much more vital, and in a way the assassination seemed to have thrust my older friends into the world of uncertainty, this night pushed me into a world where being young was the only salvation.

The years of 1963-1964 saw the end of John Kennedy, the beginning of a deeper involvement in Vietnam, and the gathering of momentum in the Civil Rights movement. It seems as if the fissures of uncertainty that began to appear in the seeming serenity of the 1950's had finally begun to openly surface. The young, "individual" in the sense of feeling personally powerful, and anarchical, in the sense that their history was as deep as Elvis Presley, began to see no reason that change could not be brought about by them. Tradition be damned; for history was "experience," and anything pre-dating the natal was disallowed. We must remember what these young saw in James Dean earlier. If Jimmy were faced with a situation, he simply grabbed onto it and shook it loose himself. If Elvis was opposed, he simply went on shaking his hips and eventually Ed Sullivan was compelled to give in. So the idea is planted; history is at the fingertips. The event in February, 1964 solidified and set in motion what had been developing before. It
drew the final lines of division and gave the young an ethic.

Millions of homes did the same thing that night, huddled around their TV sets. The "word" had gotten out (a few records on the radio and a lot of public relations). We were all watching to see the Beatles on Ed Sullivan.

I sat with family and there, amid the screams and shouts of the girls near fainting in the audience, they sang. They were already a sensation in England, but in America they were untested. *Time* magazine commented:

> Though Americans might find the Beatles achingly familiar (their songs consists mainly of 'Yeh!' screamed to the accompaniment of three guitars and a thunderous drum) they are apparently irresistible to the English. 30

Well, they were wrong about America. Later that week, I purchased my first album—*Meet the Beatles*, where I received a free Beatles newspaper, and bought one or more of the several Beatle singles that were also out. Mass hysteria was in the air.

The Beatles weren't that radical, looking back on it. Yet, they had a remarkable ability to formalize what had been rebellious and make it palatable for the masses of young. While a friend can recall riding home on a bus in the 1950's and hearing his sister's friends try to decide whether Elvis was "really okay" to like, there was no doubt about the Beatles. They stepped right over the line of division between generations but not too far. Their hair was long, but they wore shirts and ties. They were working class; yet sounded tame. They sang a rare music; yet one firmly drawing upon rock'n'roll's
tradition. Even *Time* magazine (in a later edition) seemed to realize: . . . the Beatles are really teddy bears, covered with Piltdown hair. The one word that teenagers use over and over to describe them is 'different.' They are different not only because they all grope around under four years' growth of hair. They are different because they are wholesome as choir boys. They only stand and sing. In a mass of misses, they only bring out the mother. 31

Yet, it was not that simple. The act of being in the right place at the right time, or just being enough "Rebel," offers explanations that fall short of explaining the entire phenomenon.

First, there was a certain innocence in their manner. They looked like youngsters (and consequently, one of "us"). They answered questions with a real lack of seriousness. And, even as they are presented, image fully exploited, in *A Hard Days Night*, their first film, you are truly convinced that they could bumble their way through any crisis and come out, if not worldly wise, then at least smelling sweet. Their innocence was their shield.

But in this innocence is an air that, I think, made the Beatles important. The Rebel myth and the idea of separation was still in operation, yet music had failed in the past four or five years to ignite any hysteria (Elvis had gone in the Army, and many of the rock stars had faded away). The Beatles had a rare way of appearing carefree and joyous while they aided the separation of young and old. The music previous to the Beatles had been carefree, but had ceased challenging the borders of acceptability (Pat Boone could hardly have seemed a degenerate influence). The Beatles seemed to infuse joy with rebellion. It was irresistible, coming at the moment that
it did. You could have fun, be innocent of corrupting influence, and still have power.

Jeff Greenfield remembers seeing the Beatle's first film.

I vividly recall going to a film in the midst of a National Student Association congress; at that time rock'n'roll was regarded as high school nonsense by this solemn band of student body presidents and future C.I.A. operatives. But after the film, I sensed a feeling of goodwill and camaraderia among that handful of rock fans who had watched this movie: The Beatles were media heroes without illusion, young men glorying in their sense of play and fun, laughing at the conventions of the world. They were worth listening to and admiring.^32

Their songs pulled up short of pathos and self pity. To the Beatles the carefree nature was illustrated by the statement: "We don't take anything seriously except money."^33 Of the innocence of the times, Mary Quant, a fashion "trend setter" said of young girls at this time: "their ambition is to look like Patti Boyd (George Harrison's girlfriend) rather than Marlene Dietrich . . . childishy young, naively unsophisticated."^34 Suddenly, progress again seemed possible, if not via science, than via youthful enthusiasm. One could be excited again, about challenging limits.

The records were outlandish, a cacophony of guitars and screams and power. It was a moment, like the 1950's of Elvis, where a sense of identity was being instilled--joy and reverie reigned. Marcus observes:

The Beatles revolutionized rock'n'roll by bringing it back to its sources and traditions. The new era, in America began with a song, a joyous song, which had what a friend of mine calls the 'takeover sound'--music that breaks from the radio and is impossible to resist. The first notes of I Want To Hold Your Hand were there day after day. Everyone knew something different had happened. For months, every new Beatles song had part of that first record in it--that was just the way you had to hear it; that's what a new beginning, a sense
of a new beginning means. All the rules were changing, as they'd changed in the fifties. Like the Beatles, groups had to write their own lyrics and music, and play their own instruments -- they had to be as involved as possible. With the coming of the Rolling Stones, the new pattern was set: for the first time in the entertainment world, singers and musicians would appear, in photographs and on stage, in the clothes they wore every day. The music and mystique were becoming closer and closer to live as we lived it. For the new groups and for those of us who listened, rock and roll became more a way of life than a sideshow. There was a hint that those stars up on the stage might even be the same kind of people as the ones in the audience. Rock became more comfortable and more exciting at the same time. 

I know people who tried to affect English accents. Many of those of us who lived at home fought with our parents to keep our hair longer. Beatle wigs went on sale. Six single records went to the Top Ten in sales at the same time. We all knew John, Paul, George, and Ringo by their favorite foods, favorite colors, favorite clothes. Beatle-mania had arrived. The Beatles themselves bought in. As John Lennon later commented: "We believed in the Beatles myth, too."

There followed on the heels of the Beatles countless others, British groups, all of whom, regardless of quality, were screamed at and adored. The whole series of "events" became an "Event" -- the British Invasion. It carried on the metaphors the Beatles so successfully pioneered. It didn't matter what the specifics of the groups were -- the "sound" was fueling a larger sense of "something new happening."

As Lester Bang points out: "the British Invasion was more important as an event, as a mood, than as music."

Marcus elaborates, defining this mood as a "pop explosion." It is:
an irresistible cultural explosion that cuts across lines of class and race (in terms of sources, if not allegiance), and most crucially, divides society itself by age. The surface of daily life (walk, talk, dress, symbolism, heroes, family affairs) is affected with such force that deep and substantive changes in the way large numbers of people think and act take place. Pop explosions must hook up with, and accelerate, broad shifts in sexual behavior, economic aspirations, and political beliefs; a pervasive sense of chaos, such as that which hit England in 1963 with the Profumo scandal, and the U.S. in the mid-Sixties with the Civil Rights movements, the Kennedy assassination, and later the Vietnam War, doesn't hurt.38

It might have been impossible for the struggle against the Vietnamese War to ever mobilize enough young to make change immediately conceivable. But what the Beatles did is involve massive numbers of young around one single idea—we all liked these four Englishmen. The cohesion was developed as a common legacy was built.

So, Phil Miller, Dave Chenowith, and I were now not only fully a separate generation, but we could talk about the Beatles to seemingly everyone who was young. Everything they sang was important, a new Beatles record was rushed onto the airwaves with a fanfare that we have not seen since. When Ringo was sick, and couldn't go to Australia on tour, we all worried.

At its heart, a pop explosion attaches the individual to a group—the fan to an audience, the solitary to a generation—in essence, forms a group and creates new loyalties—while at the same time it increases one's ability to respond to a particular pop artifact, or a thousand of them, with an intensity that verges on lunacy. Ringo's shout of 'All right, George!' just before the guitar in 'Boys' becomes a matter of indefinable and indefensible significance; styles on Carnaby Street outdo the pace of the pop charts and change literally by the hour. Yet within it all is some principle of shape, of continuity, of value.

That principle was the Beatles.39
There were four Beatles, and everyone had their favorite. Yet together, they exceeded any individual. They were a group, as we become a group. Robert Christgan speaks of hearing Sergeant Pepper's, the Beatles "art" album, and feeling:

... connected ... with an imagined fellowship as real and rich, aesthetically, as any other idea of image it evoked.40

The games, of course, continued on a more maniacal scale—drawing a Beatle haircut on my photograph to try to win a contest, picking favorite Beatles, favorite Beatle songs, Beatle magazines to swap Beatle information, ranking other British groups with the Beatles, talking about the Beatle movies. The list is nearly endless. Yet, if the Kennedy assassination made many aware of the "social" world they were responsible to, the Beatles gave them something to talk about, and feel "kinship" towards.

If we had lost "tradition" and the concept of lineage with post war America's mobile society, the Beatles and our enthusiasm for them finally sealed an alternative—-I was young, and for the first time, felt the force of the statement Rock Scully mad upon observing the first Be-in (a celebration of young in San Francisco).

When I got to the Be-In, I could not believe my eyes. I looked and I looked. And I Screamed, 'We're not alone! We're not alone!' I was looking straight at twenty thousand people.41

Magazines soon appeared to talk about the thing that created the "alternative culture" (as it began to be called and call itself). Among the most notable, from San Francisco, was Rolling Stone. Now, the media had managed to unite communities of youth which others far away,
kids in small towns began to feel more loyalty to their generation than their town.

Rolling Stone was a symbol, a "hip" press. The letters received by the magazine spoke of it as "an early teacher of my new state." Suddenly, there were music, magazines, a few television shows, and a feeling of possibilities. To be young was to conceive of the self as vital, to see the self as an agent of change in history, and to be no longer alone. (James Dean spends as much time in Rebel fighting his peers as he does his elders.) No longer was it necessary for Phil, Dave, and I to think of ourselves as "separate" from both parents and friends, although in practice, the "ins" and "outs" still operated. In theory, something called love was possible across the generation. I could link up to a community somewhere, sometime, even if I couldn't feel it with the people I knew nearby.

We learned this quickly, that there were others, our own age and with our own point of view. From a nation of young who believed in their youth, paid no notice to history and all attention to the development of a unique self in rebellion, there emerged a commonality. And there can be no more vital link to this growing of community than that of sitting in front of a television watching four Englishmen speak to all as if they were speaking to each one as an individual. The shared experience of this pop explosion finally allowed a useable substitute for scientific progress-- the remaking of the world by a country of youth. What was obviously needed was a set of values to be carried forth, and these would later emerge.
What was not noticed were the built-in contradictions of these values and the ultimately irreconcilable worlds of public and private behavior. It is the area, where we see the growth of hope and the beginning of disillusionment, that rock music reflects next.
CHAPTER SIX:

THE HOPE AND DISILLUSIONMENT OF LIVING
IN A WORLD TOO FAST TO EVER GET YOUR
FEET ON THE GROUND
'I mean things are a little too perfect . . . and when things get too perfect I get a little frightened. They can't last.'

Liza Minelli in the film The Sterile Cuckoo

'I'm new at the relationship game.'

Radio caller quote in Stan Meeks Real Life Funnies (Village Voice, January 10, 1977, p. 8)

'Dead men are heavier than broken hearts.'

Phillip Marlowe in Raymond Chandler's The Big Sleep

'I'm frightened by the devil
And I'm drawn to those ones that ain't afraid.'

"A Case of You,"
Song by Joni Mitchell

6.1 Believing That Anything Was Possible

How little I specifically remember of the next few years, after 1964 until 1970, is perhaps an indication of the optimism I held on to while the drudgery of life in high school continued. To me now, that time seems full of getting up early, hating school, spending nights alone with my record player, reading accounts of a world gone protesting, watching a war develop on television, going steady, and going to bed. It sounds like a great deal, but all I remember is how much I hated my everyday life; and how much I wanted wanting to be a part of this exciting world I saw on television and heard in my records.
There was a larger whole I felt allegiance to following the pop explosion of 1964. I was young. The phenomenon was of vital importance, the events of 1961 to 1964 had seen to that. My peers, to a certain extent, understood me; my family and "older" people didn't. They didn't have my history; didn't share my experience. I locked the door to my bedroom, turned off the lights, and played records.

And I began to visualize myself as I would be. On my own, independent, I would go out, see in the flesh my community, become a part of their activity, and fashion an order to my life in light of my values.

I played records like The Hollies "Bus Stop."

Bus stop one day she's there I say
'Please share my umbrella'
Bus stop bus goes she stays love grows
Under my umbrella
All that summer we enjoyed it
Wind and rain and shine
All that summer we employed it
By August she was mine . . .

All the people stared as if we were both quite insane
Some day my name and hers are going to be the same

(G. Gouldman, 1964)

This record, with soaring harmonies that threaten to uproot one from the world, is a portrait of true happiness and love. Always the possibility of finding love, romance, in the world existed and songs became anthems to that hope. A perfect scenario was represented by songs like "Bus Stop," and my desire to reach that moment of true understanding with another was overwhelming.

This idea was one that was not new. The conception that everyone falls in love seems to be as old as mass society, for mass society spreads the possibility to all. If it could happen in the movies we saw,
it could happen to us. Shils observes:

Individuality, personal relationships, and love have not been discovered by mass society. They have been known in practically all cultures. It is however, only in mass society that they have come to be regarded as part of the right order of life, and have come to be striven for, and occasionally, however unstably, obtained.¹

Falling in love was its own good; it was the goal of almost every young boy and girl in these times. Hunt states:

... love itself is the goal, the thing beyond price, the good in itself. Other rationalistic and materialistic eras have treated it lightly and considered it nothing more than agreeable sensations and the sporting pleasure accompanying the sexual drive; our own era makes it a high, noble, and essential human relationship.²

Many, like myself, sat and longed for the experience to happen. It would take me out of my surroundings. It would join me concretely with a fellow traveller. It would make me helpless when it struck, its power was so extensive. For falling in love meant:

... generally people are supposed to be unsuspecting and unprepared for the attack, which occurs suddenly and powerfully either at first sight or soon afterwards, the victim being helpless in the grip of superior force ... The belief is almost a required convention in popular fiction, television, and the movies.³

For this reason, the Hollies song was a perfect metaphor. The sense of longing for ideological fellowship was immense, as I conjured up visions of the love that would save me from alienation and give me a concrete example of what I heard in the music.

If I was longing for this moment, then I was as anxious to leave my present state of affairs. I saw myself as belonging to a community that existed far beyond the four walls of my house, beyond the borders of my
hometown. I was too restricted. It was not a surprising feeling, in the sense that I was unrestrained by any idea of historical change. There was no reason I should not be allowed to join my peers. This feeling was not new in America; I suppose many of the young of at least Twentieth Century America had the same desires. But my desire was to be gratified immediately, with no concern with distance or time. I was oppressed. It was with relish I heard those rebels, the Rolling Stones sing:

I can't get no satisfaction
I can't get no satisfaction
Cause I try
And I try
And I try
And I try
I can't get no . . . I can't get no . . .

(Jagger-Richards, 1965)

For in music and on television, a world I constructed, saw my heroes and heroines doing everything I wanted to do—having romance, falling in love, playing music, being innocent, laughing at convention, being independent. I saw it every day. I wanted out; the world I knew in my hometown failed to give me "satisfaction."

But that satisfaction was out there. And the idea of the Beatles was that we were moving toward the day when values like love and feeling good would be constantly present. It was on the song "It's Getting Better" on the Beatles Sargent Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.

It's getting better all the time
I used to get mad at my school
The teachers that taught me weren't cool
You're holding me down, turning me round
Filling me up with your rules.
I've got to admit it's getting better
A little better all the time.
I have to admit it's getting better
It's getting better since you've been mine.

(Lennon-McCartney)

In a faint aside, after the line "I've got to admit it's getting better," the Beatles sing "Can't get no worse." It was a line characteristic of the Beatles charm and humor. For, it was the perfect example of the hope of getting out, and the utter despair of present circumstances. One characteristic would rule now: if I was without a past in the form of ancestral history, I was also now not terribly concerned with the present. It was the hope I lived for: it was the future.

Jack Kerouac wrote, in his 1954 novel On The Road, which enjoyed a resurgence in these times, his similar hope. Life was now to be a journey, towards the future:

Somewhere along the line I knew there'd be girls, visions, and everything; somewhere along the line the pearl would be handed to me. 4

Meanwhile, I continued along, living as best I could in this atmosphere of utopian optimism. I dated a girl (wondering when "the right things" would happen and I would "fall"); I began to take an interest in politics; I dreamed of what I might become. It was a terrible tension, but one I thought necessary. For while I dreamed, I had to keep looking. While I waited for romance, it was necessary to have someone to fix the possibility of the future on concretely. Even if they didn't measure up to what you knew was bound to come, it was worse to be alone without the idea that this one might have potential. Girard's novel contains a passage where the main character and his girl
are surprised "fooling around" in the girl's driveway by her mother.
The girl rushes indoors and the boy drives around the block to calm down
and reflect:

Fortunately, the Dodge was an automatic, so he
had been able, hogtied as he was, to drive around
to the dark, houseless block, beyond the vacant lot
behind Cheryl's home, and there to dress himself
while the radio told him

tonight the light of love is in your eyes
but will you love me tomorrow?
in the same spot from which he had often watched
the front of Cheryl's house on nights she was out
with someone else, waiting for headlights to
illuminate the driveway (and leave again as quickly,
he hoped), with his back pressed as plainly as
possible against the doors armrest, his legs on
the seat, the motor running from time to time if
it was cold out, or just to keep the radio from
draining the battery. Those were crazy, lonely
nights, when he had haunted the dark sparkling
places of the city, tormenting himself with visions
of unending solitude, cruising thus without purpose
in the radio haunted Dodge, circling forever to
Cheryl's house, to see if the porch light was still
on. Times when it was, and he had ended up waiting
with it, he had more than once thought how worse it
would be to have no such end-point to circle to,
however miserable he was to be there.5

This was the time of waiting; the time of being young in the middle 1960's.
What made it so difficult and so desirous was the hope that bombarded me
daily from my record player.
6.2 The Beatles As They Grew Important

The outpouring of Beatles material in 1964 was unlike any that the American record public had ever seen—seven albums that year alone made the Billboard one hundred most popular album chart. 1965 was less hectic, seeing a mere five albums released. Still, the total output was nothing short of amazing.

Yet at the time, it was necessary, indeed, imperative that the need for new Beatles material be satisfied. We all cried out for it. Radio stations clamored for the audience share by each trying to "out Beatle" the other. Who was going to be first with the "new Beatles single"? Who was going to play more Beatle album cuts (in a day before albums were played extensively on popular music stations)? The battle went on daily.

And something else was going on, of all places, in the music. The records kept getting more adventurous, more complex, more daring. In addition to the "cleaner," "more polished" recording of the records, the music was pushing its limits further with each new release.

For example, early 1965 heard the Beatles sing "We Can Work It Out." It was a marvelous Beatles record, but firmly in their tradition—a strummed guitar under a Paul McCartney lilting vocal. The lyrics were pure optimism:

Try to see it may way
Only time will tell if I am right
or I am wrong . . .
We can work it out
We can work it out

(Lennon-McCartney)

Yet, less than one year later, the Beatles released the single "Rain."
What was so startling about "Rain" was not the lyrics, although they were uncharacteristically obscure:

When the rain comes
They run and hide their heads
They might as well be dead
When the rain comes

When the sun shines
They slip into the shade
And sip their lemonade
When the sun shines . . .

I can show you when it starts to rain
How everything's the same

(Lennon-McCartney)

I have and had then no idea what "story" the lyrics were telling. "Rain" was revolutionary for its "sound." It literally rolled, as if it were recorded on a rollercoaster. The effect was due to the first "tape reversal" in recording history; the tapes at the end of the song were running backwards! The word was passed around as if we had landed a man on Mars. The effect was one of expanding what was expected of the Beatles, and, consequently, what was expected of music and life. Possibility was being pushed around every few months, as we awaited the next step forward from the Beatles.

It wasn't long in coming. In July of 1966 the Beatles released the album Revolver. Its precursor, Rubber Soul, had offered a look at things to come. Notably, on the song "Norwegian Wood," the sound of an Indian instrument, the sitar, was introduced. Ringo, the drummer, played organ (a development duly noted by many as "significant"). Yet, it was only a taste of what was coming in the album Revolver.

Revolver contained even more new musical developments. The opening cut sang, not about love as most had before, but about giving too much
money to the "Taxman"--a worldly, social concern. The next lyric was sung to no guitars, only a string quartet ("Eleanor Rigby"). The third, "Love To You," featured more of the sitar and a new percussion instrument, the tabla. The fourth cut was a ballad, but one with a slow distorted guitar and a choir of Beatle voices very uncharacteristic of earlier solo ballads. Next came "Yellow Submarine," a song replete with ocean sounds, voices through foghorns, bubbles, and, of all things, a brass band. If this was not enough, it was tame compared to Side One's final song--"She Said, She Said."

"She Said, She Said" was the most complex rock'n'roll record I had ever heard. There was no strummed Beatle melody. It featured a distorted guitar playing slightly behind the singer and drums that crashed and chopped the melody into seemingly discrete pieces. This, coupled with the lyrics, made for a piece of music that left one gasping for air. It opened:

She said I know what it's like to be dead
I know what it is to be sad
And she's making me feel like I've never been born . . .

She said you don't understand what I've said
I said no, no, no, you're wrong . . .

No longer was it as simple as "We Can Work It Out." The songs had to be above all different now, and each one more complex than the last.

The Beatles closed *Revolver* with a song of sound effects, tape reversals, sitars, and voices through megaphones called "Tomorrow Never Knows." Despite sounding like a jungle, and having no "melody" line, the song showed just how far the Beatles were willing to push convention. *Revolver* was startling because of its promise. I heard it and realized that music had unknown potential; a potential to be taken seriously and,
taken seriously, one that could change the form of music for years to come.

It is difficult now to reconstruct the "feeling" of potential in this music. It was there in the realization that every day when you turned on the radio you could hear something radically new and different. But more, it was music that took itself seriously. It was no longer something for play, something destined for a minutes consumption and then forgotten. Revolver symbolized the task that music had post 1965--to be a changing radical force rearranging all that had been before. It cried to be taken as seriously as I cried to be taken seriously.

It is this spirit with which I awaited the release of the next Beatles album. In the summer of 1967, I remember vividly rushing down to the record store downtown to buy a copy of the new long-awaited Beatles album, Sargant Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band. I had read about it in a number of advance notices. The word was that it was "important." It had taken six months to record and was full of sounds that had seldom been heard in music. That's what I had read. I was there the day it came out.

After I came home, I played it. It was, I thought, a marvelous record, the most remarkable music I had ever heard. Crowd sounds, rooster crowing, Indian instruments, airy vocals sounding as if they had come from a different planet, it was a tour de force of my music fulfilling its potential.

I was not alone. There are numerous reminiscences that "everywhere you went" in 1967 you (if you went "young" places) heard that album. I heard it at parties, in stores, on radios, blasting out of friends' bedroom windows. It was a phenomenon that I don't recall seeing since. It was vital because it was music that took itself seriously; six months in
the studio and marvelous new technological recording devices assured that as such, it only fortified the feeling of that year that we, the young, could take ourselves seriously, too.

I remember feeling remarkably a part of a greater whole. You could walk down a street in a strange city and pass youths who, by the indicators of dress or hairstyle, were "one of us." And, as in any community, one was in fellowship with the members. All youth (youth who ascribed to the attitude that is—even if only dress or hairstyle) were part of a family. It was mirrored in Sargent Peppers.

I get by with a little help from my friends  
I get high with a little help from my friends ...  

What do I do when my love is away  
(Does it worry you to be alone)  
How do I feel by the end of the day  
(Are you sad because you're on your own)  

Do, it get by with a little help from my friends ...  

(Lennon-McCartney)

This serious frame of mind, a feeling of adventure and importance is the key to what became known as the youth movement of the late 1960's. Hair grew longer, clothes were now part of the uniform. There was a spirit of hope and community in the air. The Beatles, and the hundreds or thousands of new groups that seemed to virtually spring up overnight, each name more outrageous than the last, were dedicating themselves to exploring the possibilities of molding a world out of new music and new values.

There are few ages that can be recognized by something as vague as the "feeling" that "seemed to be" in the media. But 1965 to 1970 was one of those times. The music helped tie many together into a fellowship that thrived on innovation and change. Indeed, it was as if the entire
world of social order was open to these winds of change. If you waited long enough in this air, you could be made over, new. History was the slave of those too conservative to listen. Humanity, this music seemed to imply, could be everything it always dreamed of. "Love" could rule the day.
6.3 "Love, love, love" (The Love Generation)

The early Christian disciples had taken Jesus on what they thought to be his word, that a new order would soon be unleashed upon the world. Thomas More sat at his desk and still longed for his Utopia centuries later. It might be seen as na\-\-\-\-ve to think that these time worn ideas would suddenly interest the young world as of the late 1960's so much so that the same thought the world could change itself immediately. Yet, this was a time of promise, and time where new sounds were apparent every month. This was a generation, feeling power in its separateness, who had no concept of historical change, who saw history only as deep as their experience. It was an easy time to feel powerful.

I still waited on the future. In my room, I listened to the promises in the music. The Beatles sang:

All you need is love
All you need is love
All you need is love, love, love is all you need

There's nothing you can do that can't be done
Nothing you can sing that can't be sung
Nothing you can say, but you can learn how to play the game
It's easy...

There's nothing you can make that can't be made
No one you can save that can't be saved
Nothing you can do but you can learn how to be you in time
It's easy

All you need is love

(Lennon-McCartney)

"Love" was a potential for both my own romance and for a new social order. Behind the latter was the feeling that we could do it--we being
the "young" who listened to the same music. Our media inspired community made us all brothers and sisters of the record player. We acted as if our family was no longer in our house, but in the "country." The Young-bloods sang what many felt to be an anthem:

Come on people now
Smile on your brother
Everybody get together
And love one another

RIGHT NOW! . . .

The music of these times made one feel a special part of a "new wave"—rebels concerned with using their sense of separateness to create a new social order. Banding together, the music said, we were powerful enough to change our environment. I could not only move out of my home, but into a new world. When I was connected to the new wave, I—-we—-were powerful.

It is important to ask where this feeling of power came from. "Youthful idealism" (a term used by those older as a way of showing the naivety of the young while seen by the young as a compliment) was the idea that one could, by being young, remake the environment. Of course, there was no ideal that change was slow and historical. But along with this lack of precedent, there was more. There was the way one young in these times viewed The World, Politica, and Change.

While the way our society received its messages has gradually shifted, from newspaper and radio to television and records, the idea of "how the world worked" has changed. World events had been perceived as "far away" happenings that the individual influenced in traditional ways, i.e. voting, community groups. Yet television (along with music) radically
created a new "community" and a new way one used power. Suddenly, the world was before your eyes, in your home. The Vietnam War, a prime example, became in this television world what Michael Arlen called "The Living Room War":

There were, after all, two realities of Vietnam—surrounding us, pressing on us in ways you couldn't feel: the reality of the actual war (whatever that may have been), and the reality of the play of media over the people of this country as they transmitted the war. 6

And the important aspect of the war on television (as the world in music) was how simple a world it seemed to be. I watched, as the events of the war ran through me and saw the solution to the war as being dependent upon my actions.

Media (and television in particular) have been usually pictured as the carrier of the message to us, the consumers. As such, it only relays the "messages" of world events. But the vital ingredient of a "living room" world is that the message is seen to go from the television to the consumer to the television. In peoples everyday reality, the events of the world flow through them, and back to the television. You turn the TV on or off; you make the sense out of events on the tube; you relay your desires back to the television. Robert Sklar notes that television can be increasingly viewed in this way, as the consumer of our lives and not solely vice versa.

The stage is reached—not only in news but in entertainment programming—where lived events are absorbed so quickly into televised events that we experience life as principally televised events. This is what I mean by saying that television consumes us. All of life becomes television material, and the medium gobbles it up so fast that one common way to experience life is through the television screen. No wonder we feel some
The transmission of world events over television, coupled with the idea that those events are in my reach to change, leaves the viewer not powerless, as many have argued, but feeling powerful. We all have seen the world, in our living rooms. No one can tell us we don't understand the world. We saw it; it ran through our consciousness. And, since I have the power to control television (by switching channels, turning it off, making it mean what I want it to me, or by demonstrating and getting my message on the very reality that brings me messages of world problems that I see solutions to), I also have the power to change the messages.

An early example illustrates this hope. At the age of about ten, my friends and I were big fans of Soupy Sales and his television show on ABC. It was cancelled after a year. But we wanted it back on. We decided the best way to get our demands (we didn't understand "networks" or the idea that what we saw wasn't locally controlled then), was to get on television and in the newspapers. We decided to stage a demonstration.

The plans fell through when the television station and newspapers didn't show interest. But our early intentions were plain. We could affect the events on television (in this case by going on television). The public would follow; television would acquiesce. For the power of television rested in us. Perhaps our early failure to learn a lesson of power from this failure is indicative of how difficult it is to learn that it takes more than your friends or community to affect change.

This was reflected in the music. In 1968, the Rolling Stones pictured themselves as rebels with the cause of social change. The music was a rallying cry, a point around which one could congregate. Even if
nothing was happening in your home, their record of "Street Fighting Man" made you feel a part of a larger spirit. The Stones, like me, were trapped in a town away from the center of unrest (their London was not in the ferment of America, my hometown was also "sleepy"). Rock and roll was the way one could still participate by listening. They sang:

Everywhere I hear the sound of marchin feet
Cause summers here and the time is right
for fightin in the streets
Well now what can a poor boy do
'Cept to sing in a rock'n'roll band
Cause this sleepy London town's just no place for a street fightin' man

While I was at home, the message of imminent change was being sung over my record player. Bob Dylan sang:

They say everything can be replaced
They say every distance is not near
So I remember every face
Of every man who put me here.

I see my light come shinin'
From the West down to the East
Any day now, any day now
I shall be released

Suddenly, it seemed possible that "everything" would be replaced. Moments of salvation on the stereo lifted me from my stifling surroundings into the world of future promise where I could feel powerful and strong.

The idea emerged strongly, through a combination of "history as experience," television power, the optimism reflected in the music, and the feeling of belonging to a generation of large numbers of young, that if you were young, you could change the world. The ideas were so prevalent, so easily accessible by merely putting a record on, that it was impossible to think you would not be listened to when you spoke. Arlen notes:
I thought, perhaps strangest of all is now to be a modern man, an advanced citizen of an advanced country, and to scarcely conceive of the possibility of an unreceived message, a communication without a communicatee, a bottle that does not drift up to the shore—some friendly shore somewhere. 8

This is the spirit that saw the young begin demonstrating. No one was naive enough to feel that alone one could have enough power to affect world events. But the pop explosion of 1964 had assured a nation of young that they would not have to struggle alone. The imagined community seemed more concrete every day. Young people gathered in San Francisco in 1967 and the media presented to me, in West Virginia, a concrete version of the hope I heard in the music in the Hippies. Record companies became supremely conscious of turning out "new" faces specially designed for the youth. In *Time Magazine*, the 1967 Man of the Year was me—The Youth. It was not a time to feel small and powerless for the future. The future could only bring new forms, new justice, new and better messages on television and in music.

In the summer of 1968, many gathered in the streets of Chicago to demonstrate at the Democratic National Convention. There, I heard them shout; on television, "The whole world is watching." It was a supremely important sentence, for it neatly summed up the air of hope that had been nurtured so carefully by the Beatles and listening and watching in this age. If the whole world was watching, and saw the message the Young wished to be seen, then there was no doubt about the outcome. For watching meant power. And, as Graham Nash sang in a song commemorating the demonstrations:

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We can change the world
Rearrange the world
It's dying
It's dying
It's dying
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To get better.

(G. Nash)

This time of hope is spoken of by those who went through it as their own "glory days" that stand out even now and dulls all that followed. While the common theme of social histories of today are how one must be "surviving the seventies," the latter sixties gave no reason to worry about a pessimistic word like survival. Perhaps this is due to the hope, the optimism that being one of a powerful community held. I think this spirit was inconceivable without the music and its spirit of pushing outward against its own limits. There had, many thought, never been music like that before. The dawning of the "age of Aquarius," where "peace and love would rule the planets," was surely close. If it would not be Utopia, it would certainly be new, different, and better. So, for all those radicals, who when asked what they would put in society's place if they tore it down, answered "I don't know and I don't care," it was easy. You didn't know what the pearl would look like when you found it, only that there was one and it would be worth the struggle there.
6.4 A Time of Festival

Music always provided the real and imagined gathering place for the spirit of community that being young represented. It was only a matter of time before this community around music would be concretized. The first time was in 1967, at Monterey, California.

At Monterey, black performer Otis Redding mounted the stage before a predominantly young white audience. He shouted:

'We all love each other, right?'
There was a roar of assent. Redding grinned . . .
'Am I right?'
'Yeah!' the crowd yelled.
'Let me hear you say 'Yeah,' then!'
'Yeah!'9

Love was concrete language here, as the young physically grouped around the music that had originally joined them together. Their hope had no limits, and they were full of fun and enthusiasm. Christgau writes of the audience:

The love crowd is an intelligent and mature audience, but it demands to be turned on—that is, its attitude toward intelligence and maturity is stubbornly emotional and childlike. It reveres enthusiasm. It is made up of teenagers who have no great desire to grow up and adults who have never completely renounced their adolescence.10

I was not at Monterey, but I read about, and heard recordings from it. It was one more sign of the fellowship. The fact that I participated in it totally via the media made no difference to me. It was just as real. Something called "love" was important, and on its way. I was not clear on its full definition, but if I had been at Monterey, I would have shouted a "Yeah" to Otis Redding's question. For I was one of us, the
community. To be in crowds and not know anyone personally was still to be with ones "family." And, it was all the more picturesque because I had no negative images of it--only what I saw and heard. And, to me and many others, the scene was imagined to be like that in the Byrds song "Renaissance Fair":

I think that maybe I'm dreamin'...
I smell cinnamon and spices
I hear music everywhere
All around kalidescope of color...

Maids pass gracefully in laughter
Wine colored flowers in their train
Flags call from laurels I've never been to...

Hearing the crying of the vendors
Fruit for sale, wax candles for the burn...

I think that maybe I'm dreamin'

(D. Crosby-J. McGuinn)

Finally, what had seemed only a desire a few years before--growing up, getting out, living in a made over world--seemed to, in festivals, be given a trial run. In the summer of 1969, the Woodstock Art and Music Fair attracted 300,000 young to upstate New York. It gathered them around an impressive array of the most popular musicians of the age.

My local paper carried the picture two days later of a mass of humanity on this farm. And the reports were of no violence, no ill feelings in this world. This was a taste of the future--a community in peace around its rock'n'roll. It was as close as I would come to seeing what that optimism and hope and community that had been building since 1961 in my world would have looked like. In another year, I would look back and see "Woodstock" as a past tense, something that was no longer practical. It is tempting to say I became "disillusioned" but I recall no sadness,
only a difference in emphasis. I was continuing to listen, continuing to journey. The world proved more than I had thought, that was all.
6.5 Some Contradictions in Retrospect

Sometime after Woodstock, music changed for me. The change was subtle, but it stands out plainly as I reflect on it. For, in the years of 1968 to 1970, several ideas in the age and in the music had to be redefined.

I did this redefinition slowly, never consciously realizing my habits were shifting until, sometime in the 1970's, I realized I was living a very different life than I had in the 1960's. When I began to struggle with this history for the dissertation, and came upon this turning point (transition, if you will) I knew that feeling, that something had indeed changed shortly after Woodstock; but it seemed so subtle, so slight a shift, that it was for a long time inelucidable.

I have arrived at five "explanations," five events and cultural developments that I feel accelerated the shift from the music of optimism and the building of a new social order to the music of personal quest that follows. I offer them as possible agents of change.

(1) Drugs became increasingly important. The music began to change its structure towards long improvised guitar work and special effects. Lyrics increasingly spoke of an "experience" not unlike that associated with drugs. Witness the Byrds singing "5-D":

Oh how it is that I could come out to here
And be still be floating
And never hit bottom and keep falling through
Just relaxed and paying attention
Oh my two dimensional world boundaries were gone
I had lost them badly
I saw that world crumble and thought I was dead
But I found my senses still working . . .

(R. McGuinn)
It was said by many that you had to "do drugs" to fully appreciate this experience. For the majority, that meant marijuana.

The phenomenology of marijuana smoking is one that lends itself to a contradiction. The smoking was generally done in a group setting. It was often circular. The "joint" was passed from person to person. In this sense, it was highly communal.

Yet, marijuana, like listening, gave on an "indescribable" feeling. No one else could understand this feeling exactly. As such, drugs, like listening, is a highly contradictory experience—highly communal and highly personal. It is conceivable that this contradiction speeded along the change in the age.

(2) Always in this decade, there were two values operative. I was the "rebel," setting myself off from society. Yet, I was a member of a community of youth. It was always a matter of juggling the two seeming contradictions in the 1960's. Witness this scene from Godard's film of that time, Masculine-Feminine, where two young people Paul (P) and Madeline (M) meet:

M: What is the center of the world for you?
P: The center of the world!
M: Yes.
P: It's funny. I mean, we've never spoken to each other and the first time we talk, you ask me such surprising questions.
M: No, I think it's an ordinary question.
P: That's true.
M: Then answer, answer me.
P: Like . . . love, I guess.
M: That's funny. I'd have answered . . . me.

Both go on, their hope for the future outweighing the apparent contradiction of values. And so did I. For the music seemed too outrageous to think it would not succeed.
But three events occurred, that, along side the failure of demonstrations to end the war in Vietnam and the election of Richard Nixon in 1968, put an end to this hope of a new social order.

(3) In 1970, four students were shot demonstrating at Kent State. It was unbelievable to me when I heard the news, at a meeting of the Student Senate. It was the culmination, I suppose, of the destruction of my imagined community. For death, the threat of death, had had no place in the vision I had. Optimism and hope had no place along side the rifle that could, at any day, point in my face. I went home that night depressed and numbed. No longer would I be convinced that change was either simple or easy.

Within days after the event, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young released the record "Ohio." It was an immediate metaphor for the terror of the moment. They sang:

Gotta get down to it
Soldiers are cuttin us down
'Should have been done long ago.'
What if you see her lying there dead on the ground
How can you run when you know?

(N. Young)

Yet the innocence would never be the same. The music, that had for years pulsated a spirit of a new age coming, was turning reflective, meditative on the meanings of a world that, you suddenly felt, wasn't responding.

(4) A festival ended in violence in December of 1969. At a free concert by The Rolling Stones at the Altamont Raceway, Hells Angels, hired as security, killed a young man. The solidarity of youth via music was not as real as imagined. In one of the model communities, one had turned on another. The realization caused Jonathan Eisen to
write a month later:

Nevertheless, the outlaw (rebel) cult, while potentially revolutionary has reached the point where it is helping sunder the social fabric, but in potentially destructive, privatistic directions rather than in ways that can help accommodate new and more humane ways of organizing itself socially... I think that much of the hip movement in America today is largely an egotistical trip... It hurts a little to write this, for I'm writing about myself and friends, my people... I am upset by our hypocrisy and our willingness to consume what we know will keep us living up and prevent us from coming to terms with what consumption is all about in this society. I am sad as well because of what I have been led to think of as our movement has in large measure been illusory, a creation of the media fed by and heightened by our yearning for something real in this plastic society...

Suddenly, the young were calling themselves hypocrites. The idea of a concrete community of love and hope was a world away from the summer of Woodstock, just six months before.

(5) In 1970, it was official—the Beatles were no longer a unit. They decided to pursue solo careers, officially bringing an end to the main spokesmen of the decade. It only made a public showing of what began to become apparent in the music of this time—tastes were diverging; with more product to choose from, the once unified listening community was breaking into sects. Christgau wrote in 1970:

In the past, one aspect of rock discovery had to do with a sense of unity with listeners who were quite often different from oneself: ghetto kids, heads and hippies, bikers, prepubescent. Now that communion has been sundered into sects, often friendly but always in some sort of competition.

The breaking up of the Beatles only signified what had been apparent in their music for a couple of years. Each track on Beatles albums
from *The White Album* on had been highly characteristic of its author. The "group" feeling was gone. It was now a "John" song or a "Paul" song, no longer a Beatle song. Christgau notes about the breakup:

The Beatles were an aesthetic unit, but what did they transmit in common? Exuberance, yes. Cheek . . . Youth, and then youthfulness; rock and roll, and then rock. But above all, what the unit transmitted was unity, the possibility that four very different individuals could constitute a harmonious and functioning whole. That image was very important to the way we thought in the sixties . . . 14

These five elements all seemed to come to the forefront in 1970. But at the time, the change was gradual, the disillusionment with the dream of global harmony never a depressing feeling. For I continued to listen to music, continued to be influenced by its changing nature. And the change in the nature of the age was more evident to me in the music than in any grand formulations of a history of ideas.
6.6 **Primal Rock**

The music of 1970 was radically new, seemingly continuing the constant changes music presented in 1965. Yet, this difference was more than adding sound effects or length to guitar solos. Music began to take as its spirit, not the optimism for a journey into a new world order, but the journey into the self.

Ex-Beatle John Lennon released his first post-Beatle album, *Plastic Ono Band*. The music was startling simple, devoid of the richness of Beatle records earlier. Lennon sang in a voice that tried to be direct and cutting. But most of all, the lyrics were no longer the optimism of "We Can Work It Out" or the inventiveness of "She Said, She Said." Now the lyrics of a purgation of the individual soul. It was as if Lennon had read Nathaniel West's *Miss Lonelyhearts* and decided to call forth the hidden demon:

As a boy in his father's church, he had discovered that something stirred in him when he shouted the name of Christ, something secret and enormously powerful. He had played with this thing, but had never allowed it to come alive.15

The first song on the album was a cry as primal as any I had heard, a song addressed to his mother:

Mother, you had me but I never had you  
I wanted you but you didn't want me  
So I got to tell you  
Goodbye, goodbye

Father you left me but I never left you  
I needed you but you didn't need me  
So I just got to tell you  
Goodbye, goodbye.

("Mother"--J. Lennon)

The record was a complete reversal of Lennon's Beatles music, but most of
all, its concern was with "the self," "the individual." The hope sparked by community had become the struggle of a world of "selves" in "Isolation":

People say we got it made
Don't they know we're so afraid
Isolation
We're afraid to be alone
Everybody's got to have a home
Isolation

Just a boy and a little girl
Trying to change the whole wide world
Isolation
The world is just a little town
Everybody trying to put us down
Isolation

I don't expect you to understand
After you caused so much pain
But then again you're not to blame
You're just human, a victim of the insane

We're afraid of everyone
Afraid of the sun
Isolation
The sun will never disappear
But the world may not have too many years
Isolation

(J. Lennon)

The message was appropriate for the new journey. For, if the gradual realization was made that the pearl was not a new social order, the shift was made that found the journey towards a different future still in operation. It was now a journey to find the truth inside oneself.

Lennon sang in his second album of the desire:

i'm sick and tired of hearing things
from uptight-short sighted-narrow minded
hypocrites

all i want is the truth
just gimme some truth

("gimme some truth"--John Lennon)
Other artists continued this shift in the search. "Solo" artists began to emerge as a dominant musical configuration, as successful "groups" began to split up. It was as if the "severing" was in the atmosphere as everyone, the hope of a new world no longer operative, scrambled to the hope for a new self.

The music was more solitary and the self was the center of attention. This was exemplified by 1970's Sweet Baby James, an album by James Taylor. Taylor's voice was full of melancholy, a voice beaten back by the realities of the world so slow to change. He sang in the most popular song, "Fire and Rain":

Won't you look down upon me Jesus
You've got to help me make a stand
I just can't make it through another day
My body's achin' and my time is at hand
I can't make it any other way

For I've seen fire and I've seen rain
I've seen lonely days that I thought would never end
I've seen lonely times that I could not find a friend . . .

(J. Taylor)

This was a dramatically different series of metaphors. The futility of the Utopian optimism was gradually laid to rest by a return to my body, my time. The hope of building a new society by changing structure seemed remote. The alternative was to change the self.

In the late spring of 1970, by a series of chance circumstances, I found myself in a weekend encounter group. This event retrospectively appears to have happened with almost perfect timing, for it provides the way into the new emphasis of the journey of many of my generation in this time.

Just because the idea of political change and the idea of a new social order became less attractive, that did not mean the journey was over.
Instead the journey's emphasis, in the spiral that history now seems to mirror so closely, returned to a point close to where it had begun—with the self, the individual.

This was part of the dialectic that had motivated the age—the individual set apart from society. With the movement away from the concerns of a world political system of love and a new fellowship of young, I became increasingly concerned with my own "inner" self.

And the encounter movement catered to this concern. If life was a journey after an illusive pearl, there was no reason to think that it could not be internal if it was not external. The emphasis was on one's personal experience, one's personal history. And, if everyone worked hard enough, perhaps you could feel the harmony that the world denied in its social structure.

Ten of us sat in a circle, and for two days sought to "open up." "Opening up" was a process grounded in several assumptions that seemed very probable to me. First, you had been "wrongly programmed"—your upbringing had indeed made you less than you could be. Second, you had "true feelings" that existed beneath your "culturization." Third, if you could become aware of your "true" self then you could be happy. In the group, you were encouraged to talk with others to see what was "shared" and, hopefully, not only gain fellowship with the others but discover your "true feelings."

Feelings were invoked increasingly as life in the 1970's progressed. Senzel notes:

Feelings were no longer hidden or disguised or presented to gain favor with the authorities. Feelings became the most valuable currency
available. They were trusted and acted upon. They became the basis not only for political action but for the whole of one's relationship to reality. 16

True feelings might be considered emotional reactions, or rational decisions arrived at looking for one's "true self," but most of all true feelings were ahistorical. The "old" self in this therapy was the product of "culturalization." Yet in a world increasingly without the idea of lineage, "culturalization" was not perceived as historically grounded limits on the individual's behavior in society, but as something to be eradicated. In this therapy, you were in charge of making up your own mores.

The idea of the self was as attractive as ever in this social world. And, it was firmly in the tradition of many of us who grew up in this time. The "pearl" was there for future taking, it was "internal," "within." Traditions of lineage were not important except to be overcome. One can imagine telling the Rogerian or Rational-emotive therapist, "It's not myself I care about, it's my tradition." Diagnosis would surely be that one is "not yet in touch with one's true self." The present and future were accented. You were a constant rebel, always at odds with your "culturalization," always needing to be your own person. And, you could hope for the journey to bring some fruition—the self actualized person.

I returned to my room—the room I had never left physically but had left emotionally. I now listened to the music articulate the problems, not of society, but of relations between individuals. Music became the metaphor for my problems understanding myself, my true feelings, my journey towards inner harmony. I listened to introspective music, music like that of Jackson Browne, who sang:
And I had a lover
It's so hard to risk another these days
These days--
Now if I seem to be afraid
To live the life that I have made in songs
It's just that I've been losing so long.

("These Days"--J. Browne)

Those lines spoke profoundly to me. For I felt as if I had been through a series of battles--rebelling, joining a community, psychically leaving the boundaries of my home, believing in Utopias, and finally returning to my "self." I still continued to listen, but the music now spoke to these new concerns. And if I was "afraid to live the life I have made in song," I did not quit trying. I only changed directions.
6.7 On the Move Again

Around the early 1970's, I quit speaking of falling in love. The words seemed to make people uneasy. Instead, I began to talk of having "relationships" with the people I knew in the world.

Question: Now . . . when you're in the car . . . (cruising with friends) what kind of ideas are in circulation?
Answer: The ideas are about relationships, about what's happening. At this point we just sit around and wonder what the fuck is going on. Like there's something there and we don't know what it is. It's frightening and at the same time it's some kind of hope . . .

Seventeen year old girl speaking about talking to her friends

It was plain I was "on the move" again. My constant concern, with personally finding "love" and "romance," resurfaced strongly in the music and my life. I suspect that the total preoccupation I felt with it now was due both to my age (I was twenty and at the age I understood "the right things" began to happen) and to the music on the journey into myself. If one had searched for mass "generational" connections a few years before, I became interested in finding my "individual" connection in life and music.

Yet, "falling in love" was an idea increasingly at odds with the era. It was, after all, my journey, my quest, my listening. I was "in the process" of finding my "true" emotions. Falling in love was uncontrollable. It did not allow for analysis. It made me "pause" on the journey.

The idea of "relationship" took care of this contradiction. Klein observes:
People don't fall in love anymore, they have relationships. A wonderful economy of language is involved here: a relationship can mean anything from living together to going steady to just messing around. It is a term suggesting a certain orderliness, though. The two relatees (relatives? relators?) have the situation under control. A bargain has been struck, a contract worked out. Each bubbling of emotion or other illogic is analyzed, dehydrated. A relationship means always having to say you're sorry.

While I was "journey bound," I could have temporary moments of touching the emotions I had believed in so long, that had been the main source of songs for decades but, only moments. Fritz Pearls' Gestalt Prayer became the order of the day.

I do my thing, you do your thing
I am not in this world to live
up to your expectations
And you are not in this world to
live up to mine
And if by chance we find each
other, it is beautiful
If not, it cannot be helped.

This struggle, to find moments of love in a world where self-discovery involves always keeping on the move, is the prime concern of two people I listened to constantly, Jackson Browne and Joni Mitchell. Browne speaks of reconciling the two ideas in "Late for the Sky":

The words had all been spoken
And somehow the feeling still wasn't right
And still we continued on through the night
Tracing our steps from the beginning
Until they vanished into the air
Trying to understand how our lives had led us there

Looking hard into your eyes
There was nobody I'd ever known
Such an empty surprise to feel so alone

Now for me some words come easy
But I know that they don't mean that much
Compared with the things that are said when lovers touch
You never knew what I loved in you
I don't know what you loved in me
Maybe the picture of somebody you were hoping I might be

Awake again I can't pretend and I know I'm alone
And close to the end of the feeling we've known

How long have I been sleeping
How long have I been drifting alone through the night
How long have I been dreaming I could make it right
If I closed my eyes and tried with all my might
To be the one you need

Awake again I can't pretend and I know I'm alone
And close to the end of the feeling we've known

How long have I been sleeping
How long have I been drifting alone through the night
How long have I been running for that morning flight
Through the whispered promises and the changing light
Of the bed where we both lie
Late for the sky

"Late for the Sky" is a new anthem, one to the journey of the self. It is radically different from the Youngblood's "Everybody get together, try to love one another."
Now, we are the masters of our individuality, and rebels towards the hope of something called "happiness for myself."

Pauline Kael notes the quest exemplified by the characters of Godard's films:

His characters are young, unrelated to families and background. Whether deliberately or unconsciously, he makes his characters orphans, who, like the students in the theatres, feel only attachments to friends, to lovers--attachments that will end with a chance word or the close of a semester. They're orphans, by extension, in a larger sense, too, unconnected with the world, feeling out of relationship to it. They're a generation of familiar strangers. 19

Relating became opposed to "falling in love." McMurtry notes:

Obviously, the aspect of love that is most clearly out of fashion is the talk that used to go with it. There seems to be a widespread, if tacit, agreement that it's too late to talk. The muddle will only be made more muddled by archaic and repetitive attempts at verbalization. 20
Despite this change, however, I and others could never get the idea out of my consciousness that "falling in love," even within the idea of relationship, was eventually possible. I knew it was difficult to reconcile with my grasp for increased self knowledge gained in large part from having new experiences in new relationships. Self knowledge and the route to self actualization was one that called for change and control. I think this inability to rid myself of my plainly "outdated" concept (love) drew me to the music of Joni Mitchell. She attempts to resolve the question in her song "The Same Situation."

Again and again the same situation
For so many years
Tethered to a ringing telephone
In a room full of mirrors
A pretty girl in your bathroom
Checking out her sex appeal
I asked myself when you said you loved me
'Do you think this can be real?'

Still I sent up my prayer
Wondering where it had to go
With heaven full of astronauts
And the Lord on death row
While the millions of the lost and lonely ones
Call out and clamor to be found
Caught in their struggle for higher position
And their search for love that sticks around

. . . With the millions of the lost and lonely ones
I call out to be released
Caught in my struggle for higher achievement
And my search for love
That don't seem to cease

("Same Situation"--Joni Mitchell)

Ultimately, one idea had to keep pushing the other out of the way. But the conflict is one still unresolved today in both the music of Joni Mitchell and in many lives. In her late 1976 work, "Hejira," she sings about constantly becoming involved in situations of social demands. At all times, they become too confusing to the self. And the journey of the
self must continue, alone:

I pulled off into a forest
Crickets clicking in the ferns
Like a wheel of fortune
I heard my fate turn, turn, turn
And I went running down a white sand road
I was running like a white-assed deer
Running to lose the blues
To the innocence in here
These are the clouds of Michaelangelo
Muscular with gods and sungold
Shine on your witness in the refuge of the roads

("Refuge of the Roads"—J. Mitchell)

There is always the return to the road, to the individual's quest. As the 1970's lingered, the quest intensified.

In our age, this has given rise to a type of metaphor characterized by the Jungian archetype puer actermus, or the Eternal Child. Von Frante characterizes the type as being:

... the strange attitude and feeling that one is not yet in real life. For the time being one is doing this or that, but whether it is a woman (or man) or a job it is not yet what is really wanted, and there is always the fantasy that sometime in the future the real things will come about ... There is a terrific fear of being pinned down, or entering space and time completely, and of being the human being that one is. There is always the fear of being in a situation from which it may be impossible to slip out. Every just so situation is hell.20

Contrast this assessment with that, in 1970, of Mark, a twenty-one year old:

You know, the score is to be happy, of course. Dig what you're doing. The only problem is, I don't know what I want to do now to be happy. Like I always seem to be living and working to be happy at some future time.21

The danger of the quest, of being "on the road," is that you will never be satisfied, that there is no pearl. But the Eternal Child still
looks, as do many of us in the 1970's. You can only never stand still, never rest. In this sense, the behavior is typically America. For "resting," abandoning the journey of the self, means the child is "maturing."

Fiedler notes:

It is maturity above all things that the American writer fears, and marriage seems to him its essential sign. For marriage stands traditionally not only for a reconciliationsion with the divided self, a truce between head and heart, but also for a compromise with society, and acceptance of responsibility and drudgery and dullness . . .

. . . Is there not, our writers ask us over and over, a sentimental relationship at once erotic and immaculate, a union which commits its participants neither to society nor sin--and yet one which is able to symbolize the union of the ego with the id, the thinking self with its rejected impulses?

To stay on the move, of course, is difficult as one grows older and becomes "society," accumulates a "legitimate" wealth and power, the kind one rebelled against so long. And this is what happened to not only many young but the music. They both became "successful," they both became the "norm."

There is only one way out: to develop a new metaphor that allows one to keep challenging certain limits (like going from relationship to relationship), while going to work every day in the accepted world. You can reduce a certain amount of dissonance by seeing yourself as a new kind of rebel--today called "the Outlaw."
6.8 The New Rebel--The Outlaw

The music and lifestyle seemed to come full cycle. What began as a rebellion of the self returned to a journey into the self. "Love," as a personal salvation and a societal value, was found complex beyond belief. All through this time, the metaphors of the music—the Rebel, the Pop Explosion, the Love Generation, and the Primal Self, signified the change. A final stage, and the "new" incarnation of the Rebel, is seen in the "Outlaw."

Music had been becoming increasingly introspective for me, as the world itself became increasingly the journey of the individual. Yet, this journey was fraught with difficulty. The pearl, the ideal, was first the hope of generation inspired change, and later still, a hope of the finding of personal meaning. Yet, none of these seemed to be an effective answer, an effective endpoint.

Gradually, there seemed to be no answer to go towards. The options were being tried and used and found wanting. In this atmosphere the Outlaw emerged.

The Outlaw is the Rebel of the modern age. S/he still pushes the limits of accepted tradition, refusing to be confined. Like the Rebel, the Outlaw is misunderstood and battling the structures that attempt to limit their journey. But the Outlaw is interesting because the struggle is not towards anything specific, but away from confines. It is the rebelling that is vital, the journey. No longer is there an idealized endpoint. Now, it is music that speaks of the rebelling again. It is as if a holding pattern exists, the cycle beginning again, as we wait for a new place to move towards.
There is no better characterization of the outlaw than on The Eagles album *Desperado*. Conceived as a loosely cyclical story, *Desperado*'s main character is on the move, on the run from anything that might confine him. No longer is he concerned about confinement in the home. He is worried about being trapped by Society and Women and Growing Old.

The album opens with "Doolin' Daltons," a song ostensibly about a gunfighter. Yet, the gunfighters only salvation is that of the person on a journey—to stay on the move. They sing:

They were doolin', doolin' Daltons  
High or low it was the same  
Easy money, faithless women  
Red eye whiskey for the pain . . .  

Better keep on movin', doolin' Daltons,  
Till your shadow sets you free . . .  

(Frey, Henley, Souther, Browne)

And the single most fearful concern is to "stay put":

And a man could use his back  
or use his brains  
But some just went stir crazy  
cause nothin' ever changed . . .  

Then he laughed and said 'I'm goin'  
Gonna leave that peaceful life behind'  

For the Outlaw, as for the Rebel, the ambition is never to stop testing the limits, never to rest no matter what you are looking for. On "Twenty One" the Eagles sing:

Twenty-one as fast as I can be  
I know what freedom means to me . . .  

They say a man should have a stock and trade  
But me I'll find another way  
I believe in gettin' what you can  
And there ain't no stoppin' this young man  

(Frey-Henley)

The ambition is to maintain the journey. The nature of the "pearl" becomes
absent in this music. The idea of finding "love" even more absurd. This idea is developed in the song "Outlaw Man":

I am an outlaw, I was born an outlaw's son
The highway is my legacy on the highway I will run
In one hand I've a Bible, in the other I've got a gun . . .

Woman don't try to love me, don't try to understand
The life upon the road is the life of an outlaw man . . .

All my friends are strangers, they quickly come and go
All my love's in danger, cause I steal hearts and souls . . .

Some men call me Abel; some men call me Cain
Some men call me sinner; some men call me sane . . .
When you've got nothing left to lose
There's nothing left to gain . . .

(D. Blue)

The Eternal Child goes on, never satisfied. The Outlaw continues rebelling, never quite happy with the spoils. On the album's centerpiece, "Desparado," it is summed up:

Now it seems to me some fine things have been
laid upon your table
But you always want the ones that you can't get

Of course, the important desire is the one to keep trying. That is the Rebel's fate, and the reason rock'n'roll keeps being sung. If we all were satisfied, there would be no quest. And if there were no quest, there would be no fun, and nothing to sing about.

Perhaps we are at the beginning of another cycle. But the music listening will take place in a different world than that of 1961. There may be a new Beatles or there may be more journeying and change. But one tradition remains valuable; and it is that rock'n'roll constantly remakes the world, never allowing it to become too stable, too staid. Like any popular art work, its presence in the world must always be kept in mind.
Now is the time for reflection. Yet soon, the rebellion will move again towards new goals, and rock'n'roll, as long as it is successful, will be the vanguard.
CHAPTER SEVEN:

EPILOGUE: THE JOURNEY BEGINS AGAIN
7.1 *Forever Changes*

Whatever else you can count on in today's world, things do change. The rate of that change is naturally accelerated every year. It is one constant in this history. My allegiance to singers and songs changed; my ideas about living changed; my place of residence changed; my friends changed; my schools changed; my approach to the world changed. Senzel notes:

In the post war era, change was always good. There was the trauma that goes with every change, but we braved knowing that when the trauma was over we would be changed and we would be better. And so we changed our hair-dos, our diets, our machines, and we changed our culture. We replaced Hollywood with the music business. We replaced art history with Hollywood. We replaced a weekend in Miami with drugs. And for religious affiliation, we substituted diet. Chance acquaintances became family as we changed cities and commitments with frequency. And even where we couldn't change institutions, we changed the social roles within them. And each cultural shift has become accompanied by changes in the structure of our social relationships, with each of these structural changes causing traumas. And even these traumas are minimal when compared to the ravages that pure change brought with the extended rearrangement of our families, our friends, and our lovers. We changed all the people we knew, and the places we knew them. By the end of the postwar era, we had too many distinct peoples, and places, and relationships to even hold them all in memory. Emotional abundance, which seemed such a good idea one magical summer, took us to the brink of madness.¹

Ultimately, in these times, you are forced into periods where you must take stock. Perhaps the rate of change has caused many who grew up in the 1950's and 1960's and 1970's to sit down and reflect. We seemed to be on the verge of a major onslaught of books and articles on the meaning of the past decade. So I too have taken a look at my past.
The questions I see in front of me now are frightening at first glance. My emphasis has always been on being young, on the move, never "maturing." It is a problem that I must face now, as I take a stand of sorts with this dissertation.

Rock and roll has been a young man's and woman's game, enthusiastic, enigmatic for all it excludes, a secret language. But, as I grew up, it multiplied its audience. No longer is it as select as before. No longer am I as young as I once was.

Being young in the 1960's meant you felt like you were in the spotlight. Media crowded around you, advertisers found you as a "new market." Even into the 1970's, you were a part of a young generation. Suddenly, you find yourself reflecting on the phenomenon instead of living it.

In that sense, I find another metaphor in rock--in the songs of Peter Townsend of The Who. The Who began with the British Invasion. They caused an immediate storm. They completely tore apart their guitars on stage, ending in a haze of smoke. They were anarchical, the ultimate in emotion uncaged. Their first hit record was a song called "My Generation" which contained perhaps the most famous lines in all of rock:

I Hope I die before I get old.
("My Generation")

Always in The Who, getting old, accepting the responsibility, was the end of all that was right and holy. They even wrote a rock opera about it called *Quadrophenia* which Townsend explains, "is about growing up.
The hero is in danger of maturing."² A critic called a compilation of outtakes they released on an album *Odds and Sods* as, "a portrait of rock and roll as privileged but insular form of life, destined to perish with youth."³

Yet, Townsend and the group moved into their mid-thirties. The early wish of early death had been qualified, the illogic of it clearer as one became older. The question finally occurs to Townsend in 1976's album *The Who By Numbers*, when he serio-comically states:

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I'm too old to give up
Too young to rest
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("Dreamin From the Waist")

So it is that I arrive here, still listening to new albums every week, for a long time obsessed with growing up. I:

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... am the individual. The culture through which I learned to describe myself is gone, tied to the by-gone era and consciousness. My youthful dreams of community have been dashed. There is not, at the moment, any meaningful measure for my life, outside of myself. And for the foreseeable future, I must make up the criterion and measure it myself. I must judge myself.
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So, what am I to do? Was I playing the Eternal Child's game, destined only to be going somewhere but afraid to arrive at any one place, afraid to write a single word?

I conjured up the fear, metaphorically clothed, in this dissertation. In a way, all the talk about growing up and love and feelings was nothing more than trying to get my present bearings. In a way, the exorcism was made to get a good look at the beast that made me restless. I was still looking for a pearl of sorts, but now just one that would enable me to reinterpret the present, and nothing more.
Yet what I have also done, I find, is to confront a world, the discipline of social science, with my specific past and values that sometimes clash with that community. Before I cease the writing, I must seek out the implications of this work for my life as I join that new community.
7.2 The Method in Comparison to Earlier Methods

How does this formulation of doing research compare with the model criticized in Chapter One's discussions of "academic" popular music research? To make a fuller comparison, I will elaborate some elements that persuasion research, literary analysis, and aesthetics seem to hold in common. This model can be compared to the one I have elaborated under the heading hermeneutical criticism.

Persuasion research in popular music has viewed the music piece as a stimulus, which activates certain attitudes in the individual (or, if it lacks sufficient "power," fails to effect the individual). In this model, a separation is seen between the music piece and the individual. The individual, through his/her sense organs, receives a "message." This message in turn effects "attitudes," sets of ideas embedded in a consciousness. These constructs carry three assumptions. According to Zaner, they are:

(1) The concept of 'things-in-themselves'-- is legitimate: it is necessary to conceive that things as they appear to us perceptually are not things as they really are . . .

(2) It is also assumed that there are things in themselves, and not only that it is proper to think them. The argument is simply that if there are ideas and these are 're-presentations of' something, then there must be a something that both 'causes' them and of which the ideas are copies . . .

(3) A final and decisive assumption is that the cognitive subject is a self subsistent and self existing entity, and that there are other such entities (external things) ontologically on a par with the cognitive subject.5

What this separation eventually leads to (that of a music piece "out there" and a set of attitudes "in here") is an idea of an object
and subject world. The object acts upon the subject to cause attitudes. These attitudes are conceived of as "real" objects that then go on existing to be "reinforced" or "changed" through new stimuli.

The literary approach looks for "meaning," not in the effect on attitudes, but in the "text," in the "words," or in the author's intent. Again, the music is seen to exist as an "object" that retains its sense of "realness" despite our own interaction with it. Under this universe, such and such a verse might represent the "pastoral" tradition. The "valuable-ness" of the interpretation lies in its ability to most accurately divine the "correct" or "true" meaning intended.

Most aesthetic criticism also treats the art piece as an object—an "artifact" of the culture, a representation of a cultural form. We can either "admire" it as to how well it "reflects" its era, or we can enter into pure contemplation of its form, never making our contemplation an historical event. The latter, for Palmer, finds:

... the subject contemplating the aesthetic object is an empty consciousness receiving perceptions and somehow enjoying the immediacy of pure sensuous form. The 'aesthetic' experience is thus isolated and discontinuous from other, more pragmatic realms; it is not measurable in terms of 'content,' since it is a response to form. It does not relate itself to the self-understanding of the subject, or to time; it is seen as an atemporal moment without reference to anything but itself.

All of the above approaches (except perhaps the contemplation of form) make certain assumptions (1) that the music exists in some sense independently of our interpretation of it; (2) that the music contains "meaning," which exists independently of our interpretation of it; and (3) that our job, as social scientists, is to "measure" the reality of that message, whether it be found in attitudes, the author's intentions,
or the "representiveness" of the music. In all approaches, there is an atemporal approach. Attitudes can "change" or "solidify"; the meaning of the text as the author intended is constant; the artifact of the culture stays "representive" of the past as long as it is extant. We, as scientists (as members of a "subject" world, a subject-ive world), in all cases seek to "correctly" assess the "impact on attitudes," the true meaning of the text, or the "representiveness of the artifact."

Our success lies in how well we follow the procedures to measure the "meaning." Ultimately, this separation of the world into "object" (the attitudes, meaning, or representiveness) and "subject" (scientists' subjective experience) leads to distinctions noted by Silverman:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Distinction</th>
<th>Subject World</th>
<th>Object World</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Where it arises</td>
<td>Rests in our consciousness—'the way we see things'</td>
<td>Solid and factual apart from our consciousness—'the way things are'</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Its status</td>
<td>Expressed in, and through, our accounts</td>
<td>Constitutes itself, 'the Real Thing'</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Its validity</td>
<td>Our accounts of the subject world must be tested against the 'way things are'</td>
<td>In itself the basis of all tests. Since it is 'the way things are,' it cannot be invalid.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The approach taken by this dissertation seeks to provide an alternative to this world view. As we have discussed here, there is no object/subject world. There is an encounter, an experience of an art work (no longer art object). It happens specifically "in time." Every encounter uses a specific history to transform the experience. We constantly interpret our past and re-interpret it. A new work of art can never "not change" the experiencer. Change always occurs. If there are
structures that reoccur, they do so in historical context. I am never interested in the author's intent or the "correctness" of art as representation of the past. The art work, to be an art work, must "work" on me, must make over my experience.

As a social scientist, I am not interested in measuring the object world interdependent of my own consciousness. I am, instead, interested in "stepping back" and imaginatively perceiving certain unities of the experience, which I can call metaphors. There are no "more correct" interpretations, only more or less exhaustive ones.

To illustrate, under most academic music research, I could treat a record by the Beatles one of three ways. First, I could see if the playing of the record "significantly" changed an attitude (as evidence of an objective measure). I could analyze the lyrics, looking for their meaning as Lennon intended, according to his memoirs. Or, I could look at the music as being a representation of the counter-culture of the Sixties.

Yet, the Beatles music can be examined another way. I experience and experienced it. The "way" I heard it in 1964, I believe, is recounted in Chapter Five. It allowed for a reinterpretation of experience. I saw myself as "one with many." I participated in a "mass" event, which derived its power from a tradition of rebelling and other events of the same time. And while one may study it in the future as an artifact of the 1960's culture, it was effective not because "all you need is love" was a representative slogan, but because, in the experience of the words, I came to be. It "made sense," and made me over.

Now, if I listen to the Beatles today, they are still a living
experience for me. They articulate different questions, those of money or hope perhaps, but I do not view them as artifacts, but as still living signs of a rock experience. That experience has changed, perhaps, but it goes on opening up the possibilities of the future, and changes the lens through which I view the past.

The academic approaches were less than successful, I believe, because they failed to see rock as an experience in which individuals changed constantly and came into new senses of being. While they were looking for "correct" interpretations or attitude persuasiveness, the evolution of experience continued. We must see rock as an encounter, with a unity in the way we talk, or ride in a car, or read a book. The ride of history turns precisely in the unities of our various living behaviors, and changes, year by year, often day by day. Rock "makes sense" because it articulates our unity. The sense of this dissertation may be in how well I was able to translate its questions.
7.3 Implications For Research

Earlier, I stated that method was a "certain consistancy." At that time, I was speaking of internal clarity and logic. Yet, now I mean to expand that definition. Method perhaps also ought to be an approach consistant with ones own traditions.

I have tried to fashion a method that is reflective of my traditions as examined in this dissertation. I will list them and attempt to show how the method of this dissertation was necessary in terms of that history and what implications it contains for the community of media communication studies.

(1) I am still the Rebel. I sought to explore the parameters of accepted conventions in my approach. And the first thing that strikes me is how I would have been uncomfortable in any other position. I would have felt acquiescent, "not different enough." As I once told one member of this committee, "I worked hard to be on the fringe. I have to stay there." I am not sure any redemption this offers for the field, but that is ultimately up to "the field," not to myself. I go on, on the fringe.

(2) I am "the self," the center of the world. I could not shed this attitude, so I told my own story, relying heavily on the first person singular. The emergence of this point of view I believe is valuable, but it does have its drawbacks. I never know how large a sample I have; how many share this phenomenon. Yet, if we approach any phenomenon in detail and depth, we can almost assume the one-person point of view
will become increasingly used by others as explanation for their experience. If not, then our explanation is interestingly singular. But does this detract from its value? Not in a society of "selves," I would contend. For any explanation is as valuable as any other.

(3) History is my experience of the world. For anyone entering a dissertation with this view, phenomenological hermeneutics is a valuable tool. Its endurance on "how a phenomenon" occurs, and on the experience of a phenomenon--and the context in which that experience occurs--is highly historical. What I learned from hermeneutics is the value of deeper traditions, those that may be reflective of a specific history I was heretofore unaware of. Still, the touchstone of hermeneutics is experience of the phenomenon. With a world view based upon experience, its attractiveness to me (and my history) is enhanced.

(4) The art works that might be called "mass"--television, film, mass music--are important indicators of the ideas in any context of history. Too often, these are works have been judged "unworthy" for serious critical review. Yet I find them attractive for this analysis, I suspect because they had so much impact on my own life. They are also indicative of a certain American populism which is very tempting ideologically to me; as they are participated in by such great numbers.

I suspect my view of mass media art works (experiences
had by interacting with mass media) is one that is typical of those young in the 1960's. Ellen Willis notes this view:

... Pop sensibility--loosely defined as the selective appreciation of whatever is vital and expressive in mass culture--did more (in the 60's) than simply suggest that life in a rich, capitalist, corruption obsessed society had its pleasures; the crucial claim was that those pleasures had some connection with genuine human feelings, needs, and values, and were not--as both conservative and radical modernists assumed--mere alienated distraction. Pop was about the ways in which the spirit of the people invaded man's technology: restrict us to three chords, a backbeat, and two minutes of air time, and we'll give you--rock and roll. 8

These mass media--films, television shows, rock'n'roll--all moved me. That too many social scientists have viewed them with disdain is their rebellion. I was willing to rebel, but not against my own experience.

(5) The distinctions between fantasy and reality are breaking down. This is necessary for anyone to admit who feels they have experienced an "altered state of consciousness," anyone who has listened and been carried away or heard a song under a state of induced psychosis. The truth of an experience is with the person having the experience. That it may not be believable (real) in light of current knowledge is less important than the truth the experience holds. The availability of drugs and loud music and "fact turned into televised fiction" or vice versa is going to make us accept a world view where fantasy and reality no longer exist as distinct entities.

(6) Change is a constant experience. In light of this, there can be no "eternal" truth, only truth for the moment. We seek
structure, flexible enough to allow its own destruction. Everything must change, even our explanations of the world. In that sense, I could make no more claim of validity to this dissertation than it be as satisfactory as possible an explanation, one of many, about the experience of media, rock'n'roll, and lifestyle in my time.

(7) Finally, it is always the journey that is important. I write because I seek to move on. I explain because I want to go deeper. All phenomenon have layers of meaning, I provide one level then move to another. The more I understand, the more there is to know. Yet, hopefully, the less willing I am to settle on an easy answer and stumble into a mistake.

Senzel notes, in his look into his life and baseball:

And so there can be no point to the journey other than the taking of it. Somewhere between the poles of wisdom and curiousity there is always some value that attaches to the truth. And the truth of this dream of home, roots, and tradition is that there is none particularly. Baseball's serene domination of my childhood masked a time that was as cruel and nasty as the present. And what's most startling about that time is just how heavy handed the crudeness seems. That we remember it as a field of daisies on a summer afternoon has everything to do with how embarrassed we are by present circumstances, and nothing much to do with how it was back then . . .

Memory always serves the present. The idyllic dream of home and roots tells us as much about the state of the culture and who is doing business in it, and not much more. There is no reality without interpretation, and no interpretation that does not serve motive. Which is another way of saying that nothing is ever what it seems to be, quite, and the more often we are aware of this, the less frequently we will see ourselves as fools.
The implications of this for social science provide an alternative view of the way social reality is constructed. The way I encounter the world (my tradition) is also the way I encounter a "subject" in the discipline (my method). I am, in both cases, describing the world, making sense of what I have done after it is accomplished. I write a sentence and retrospectively make sense of it; I live a life and retrospectively make sense of it. My task is to uncover the process of time and experience, and to provide an adequate explanation of that process. This explanation is seen as one of many that could be offered; validity is analogous to the extent of plausibility the account offers. Zaner offers this explanation of the change:

... at the heart of the matter is the insistence that every knowledge-claim is necessarily at the same time methodological, and vice versa. There is no such thing as a 'method;' as distinct from what is discovered is unseparable from the way one got there. Every 'descriptive' claim is not only an assertion about a certain state of affairs, thus requiring internal and external criticism, but also serves as a guide for others to bring that state of affairs to self-giveness, thus making criticism possible and rendering the entire undertaking necessarily intersubjective. More generally, epistemology, or more particularly, philosophical criticism, and methodology are strictly co-ordinate and inseparable disciplines, precisely because epistemic claims are also communicative guides, in philosophy no less than in explorations.

The analogy can be pressed even further. The explorer is not unlike the beatnick of the 1950's. He has little patience with hide-bound pontificating; he insists that the only basis for forming judgments about the place he has been, and thus for evaluating his descriptions as well, is the 'like, I've-been-there' attitude. In other words, he justifiably will accept only those judgments and descriptions which have been framed on the basis of a direct seeing or witnessing of the landscaping itself. It is the things themselves that must be the final arbiters ...
Thus the phenomenological philosopher explicitly and rigorously adheres to the principle that epistemic claims formed on the basis of a direct encounter with the affairs about which the claim is made are more justifiable, in general, than are claims formed on the basis of either no encounter or merely an indirect encounter with those affairs. For example, if it is judged that the Statue of Liberty is green, the evidence here is stronger if the one judging is actually experiencing the statue with respect to its color than if one's claim is made on the basis of a recollection of the statue, a picture of it, or someone else's claim that it is green.

If I can display my sense of having undertaken the journey in a way that is credible and understandable; if I have been consistent in my method; then this is the validity for the paradigm I am advancing. It is not unlike the act of writing discussed earlier (1.1). The act allows one to stake a knowledge claim, and offer to the world a measure of my understanding of that world's process. I do that so that I may go further still.

There are a lot of layers of meaning I missed, a great deal I failed to uncover. Yet finally, I know more than I did when I began, and that pleases me. I learned that my past is not simple, that the journey into it is like everything in the world; slow, methodical, tiring, sometimes painful, never easy, but ultimately hopeful. I have seen in retrospect where I was calloused to my traditions, unaware that I or my generation were not the first to come this way, wrestle with these contradictions. I have seen history at work, and realized that as soon as I find I have it diagnosed in words, it runs away. I have realized how little of what I said has not been said before.

But I have also realized what I want to do in the future - to write and attempt to explain. I have seen the difficulty of being a critic
by tackling a subject ultimately too large, but fortunately that alone has not discouraged me. For now, I don't think I am quite as foolish as I was when I began. If no one else could understand my journey, it would not stop me any longer from taking others.

Perhaps growing old is not so hard; and I can still learn. Perhaps true rebels are only those who know their world well enough not to fall for all the traps of easy knowledge.

Right now, I am listening to the music of Bruce Springsteen. I feel it sufficiently dramatic to propel me to a conclusion. I used music that way all through the writing of the dissertation. It was always in the atmosphere. It also often drifted into the background of this paper, seemingly forgotten. I had planned to put more in, but ultimately it seemed to overburden the explanations. It lost so much in the translation.

For music gave me my place in the world. It supplied meaning. I could not keep it out of my life. I am not unlike Eugene Caputo, from Richard Price's novel The Wanderers, in that use of music to save my days from meaninglessness. Eugene comes home after seeing the violent death of a close friend:

... at that moment he'd realized that some day...
... he, Eugene Caputo, was going to die...

His reflex protective impulse was to watch TV. And he watched TV for hours and hours with a savage concentration until his neck muscles felt like pincushions. When only test patterns were on he turned off the TV and turned on the radio. When the radio station signed off, he turned on his record player, dressed up in his sharpest clothes, and practiced dancing as if as long as Kookie Byrnes or Cousin Brucie or Mad Daddy or Babalu or Murry the K or Dion or Frankie Vallie could
be heard, as long as there was some kind of hip ditty bop noise, as long as there was boss action, as long as there was something to remind of the nowness and coolness of being seventeen and hip, he was safe. At six in the morning, he collapsed with exhaustion. It was no use. He couldn't dance it out of his system. Death was for keeps. He fell asleep and dreamed he was a rock'n'roll star.

I feel as if my rock'n'roll makes the rummaging around the edges of each moment in history possible. With it as metaphor, I can test the limits again.

Old values are shredded. No longer do I believe in the same community or the idea that Truth with a capital T awaits me somewhere. But every week, I walk down to the record store. That it has never deserted me makes the journey mandatory.

Old records, new records, I listen constantly. Now I have journied through my history. I am glad, for, at least in giving it a name, I have struggled with its depth—a depth I have never been as aware of as I am now. And the music takes on another layer of meaning.

A documentary of an American family in Chicago (on the series Six American Families, PBS) shows a mother talking to her seventeen year old son about his constant playing of rock and roll. She tells the moderator: "He'll outgrow it." The boy looks exasperated with her. He firmly replies, "If I outgrow it, there wouldn't be anything left." It is nice to know my rock tradition lives and breathes in Chicago. I felt like applauding.

I am listening to a record. Before I notice it consciously, my feet begin to move. I am nodding my head. A mood pours over me. I
begin to lose awareness of the speaker being there and me being in this chair. Suddenly, we meet somewhere else.

It still works; differently of course, but it still works. That, to me, is the bottom line.
NOTES TO CHAPTER ONE


5 See R. Serge Denisoff, *Solid Gold: The Popular Record Industry* (New Brunswick: Transaction Books, 1975), Chapter 1, for a few demographic breakdowns. These are however, small and insignificant. The record industry is just now begining to collect demographics. The lack of interest on their part is no doubt due to rapidly increasing sales that made the neccessity of demographics questionable. Now that the baby boom is over, the possibility of a shrinking audience has rekindled their interest in just who buys records. See also, Ken Emerson, "What If They Gave A Concert and Nobody Came?", *New Times*, (18 February 1977).


10 Rockwell, p. 67.


For a discussion of this, see "The New Class," *CoEvolution Quarterly* (Spring, 1977), p. 11.

"Academic social science" and "Academic criticism" will, for purposes here, refer to that criticism whose predominant style is spoken of in 1.3 and whose major outlet is in professional academic journals.


Ibid., p. 360.

Ibid., p. 370.


Ibid., p. 262.


Theoretical Notes and an Analysis of 'Love Minus Zero/No Limit',

30J. P. Robinson and P. M. Hirsh, "Teenage Response to Rock and
Roll Protest Songs," paper presented to the annual meeting of the
American Sociological Association, San Francisco, 1969, quoted in
Denisoff and Levine, p. 912.

31Denisoff and Levine, p. 912.

32Paul Filmer, et. al., New Directions In Sociological Theory,

33Lawrence Grossberg, "Conceptions of Language and the Study of
Communication," unpublished manuscript, University of Illinois at
Urbana, p. 6.

34Ibid., p. 5.

35Harmon, p. 18.

36Center for the Study of Social Policy, Changing Images of Man,
(Menlo Park: Stanford Research Institute, 1974).

37Ibid., pp. 139-140.

38Barry Sandywell, et. al., Problems of Reflexivity and Dialectics

39Maurice Merleau-Ponty, The Phenomenology of Perception (London:

40Stanley Deetz, "Gadamer's Hermeneutics and American Communication

41Greil Marcus, "Who Put the Bomp in the Bomp De-Bomp De-Bomp,"
in Rock Will Stand, ed. by Greil Marcus (Boston: Beacon Press, 1969),
pp. 7-8.

42Leslie Fiedler, "Cross the Border--Close the Gap," in Collected
pp. 461-464.

43From Roger Shattuck, The Banquet Years, quote in Daniel Bell,
The Cultural Contridictions of Capitalism (New York: Basic Books, 1976),
p. 121.

44R. Meltzer, The Aesthetics of Rock (New York: Something Else
In hermeneutics, as any method, there are schools of thought. We will be concerned here with the "Gadamer wing" of hermeneutics. For brevities sake, I will refer the reader to works by E. D. Hirsh, Jr. and Paul Ricoeur for other interpretations and applications of hermeneutics.
63 Ibid., p. 106.
64 See Palmer, p. 51.
65 Sandywell, p. 11.
66 Quoted in Wolff, p. 74.
68 Ibid., p. 133.
69 Ibid., p. 129.
71 Indeed, it has been argued that this is precisely what Durkheim attempted, and what is not entirely eradicated in Coser and the "Conflict" school of sociology. Both points of view assume the "value" structure of society to exist somewhat independently of human action. For a further critique, see Filmer.
79 See Leonard Hawes, "Towards A Hermeneutic Phenomenology of Communication," unpublished manuscript, The Ohio State University, or Grossberg.

80 Grossberg, pp. 9-10.


82 Wolff, p. 4.

83 Ibid., p. 8.

84 Gadamer, PH, p. 100.

85 Ibid., p. 101.


87 Gadamer, PH, p. 96.

88 Merleau-Ponty, Primacy, p. 190.


90 Wolff, p. 19.

91 Wolff, p. 134. This paper will refrain from entering into the form/content debate.

92 Grossberg, p. 40.


94 Ibid., p. 426.


96 Gadamer, PH, p. 95

97 Palmer, p. 168.

98 Ibid.


103. Ibid., p. 82.


107. Zaner, p. 117.


111. Ibid., p. 15.


114. Biemel, p. 54.


NOTES TO CHAPTER TWO


2Ibid., p. 20.

3Marcus, "Who Put the Bomp," p. 11-12.

4Ibid., p. 20.


8Ihde, pp. 76-77.

9Sessions, p. 97.

10Ibid., p. 20.

11Ihde, p. 45.

12Ibid., p. 79.

13Ibid., p. 159.

14Sessions, p. 97.


16Ibid.

17Ibid., p. 97.


20 Ibid.


22 Raymond Prince and Charles Savage, "Mystical States and the Concept of Regression," in White, p. 131.


25 Ibid., p. 140.


31 Marcus, "Who Put the Bomp," p. 16.


33 Girard, p. 21.

34 Marcus, "Who Put the Bomp," pp. 21-22.


NOTES TO CHAPTER THREE


4 Ibid., pp. 177-193.

5 A mention should be made of the findings of W. Schramm, L. Lyle, and E. Parker, in Television in the Lives of our Children (London: Oxford University Press, 1960), who speak of reality as offered to children in television as "immediate gratification" and fantasy as "deferred gratification". This of course works fine until you try to tell a child that "big bird" is not real.


8 Bateson, p. 197.

9 In Meltzer, p. 31.


15 Hopkins, Elvis, p. 400.
NOTES TO CHAPTER FOUR

1 It should be pointed out that this chapter was formulated after the initial writing of Chapters 5 and 6, and as such are second order reconstructions of the method employed.

2 See 1 for elaboration of criticisms.


4 Ibid., p. 9.

5 Ibid., p. 45.


9 Ibid., p. 560.


11 Ibid., p. 103.


13 Nietzsche, p. 606.

See Marrou, pp. 45-46.

Kurt H. Wolff, "Surrender and Catch: A Palimpsest Story," Saskatoon: University of Saskatchewan, Sorokin Lectures, No. 3, 1972, p. 5. This may also be likened to the concept of pluralism in Nietzsche.

17 This concept of "liberation" might also be seen as an elaboration of the Marxian ideal of liberation from past/economic history. While it is not spelled out in this context in the chapter, certainly this "liberation" argument can be made in a Marxian context. For elaboration of this position, see Silverman.

18 Wolff, p. 10.

19 Ibid., pp. 10-11.


23 Ibid., p. 30.

24 Ibid., p. 31.


26 Ibid., pp. 34-35.

27 Ibid., p. 25.

28 Ibid., p. 31.

29 Ibid.

30 Ibid., pp. 29-30.

31 Barthes, p. 143.
32 Laferriere, p. 229.

33 Barthes, p. 141.


35 Ricoeur, p. 36.


39 Silverman, p. 106.


45 Silverman, p. 111.

46 Ricoeur, p. 43.

47 Silverman, p. 103.

NOTES TO CHAPTER FIVE


2 Guralnick, p. 16.

3 Bell, p. 16.


8 George Steiner, In Bluebeards Castle (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1971), p. 61. (Hereafter referred to as I.B.C.)


12 In Steiner, I.B.C., pp. 7-8.


14 Steiner, I.B.C., p. 69.
15 Ibid., p. 97.

16 In Martinelli, p. 2.

17 Steiner, I.B.C., pp. 13-14.


21 Ibid., p. 367.


23 The Sun Session.


25 Kooper, p. 25.


27 Guralnick, Feel Like Goin' Home, p. 6.


29 Medved, p. 13.

30 "A New Madness," Time, 82 (15 November 1963), p. 64.


32 Greenfield, p. 37.

33 "Unbarbershopped," p. 47.


39 Ibid.


NOTES TO CHAPTER SIX


3 Ibid., p. 364.


5 Girard, p. 16.


7 Robert Sklar, "Has Television Become the Real Thing," American Film, 2 (June, 1977), p. 52.


10 Ibid., p. 23.


13 Christgau, Any Old Way You Choose It, p. 128.

14 Ibid., p. 240.


22. Thorp, p. 95.

NOTES TO CHAPTER SEVEN

1 Senzel, p. 101.


4 Senzel, p. 184.

5 Zaner, pp. 67-68.

6 Palmer, p. 167.

7 Silverman, p. 20.


9 Senzel, p. 128.


11 Price, p. 121.


Grossberg, Lawrence. "Conceptions of Language and the Study of Communications." Unpublished manuscript, University of Illinois at Urbana.


"A New Madness." *Time*, 82, 15 November 1963, p. 64.


Prince, Raymond and Charles Savage. "Mystical States and the Concept of Regression." in White, pp. 114-134.


Sklar, Robert. "Has Television Become the Real Thing?" American Film, 20, June 1977, pp. 51-55.


