

**Between the Margins:  
Expressing Identity Through Music**

by Shane Rafael Brown

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the  
requirements for the degree,  
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Approved by \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_  
Iddo Aharony

\_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_  
Ofer Ben-Amots

In those somber forests of his striving his own soul rose before him, and he saw himself, --*darkly as through a veil*; and yet he saw in himself some faint revelation of his power, of his mission. He began to have a dim feeling that, **to attain his place in the world, he must be himself, and not another.**

W.E.B. Du Bois, *The Souls of Black Folk*, "Of Our Spiritual Strivings"

## Introduction

We live in an identity-centered society, one in which every individual is expected to fit into at least one category, to enjoy membership of *some* group. Those of us who are not born into such a privilege seek it out. Those of us who find ourselves torn across multiple categories seek to reconcile them – or be doomed to live between the margins.

Twentieth-century sociologist Robert E. Park introduced the concept of the *marginal man*, or “one whom fate has condemned to live in two societies and in two, not merely different but antagonistic, cultures. . . . [His] mind is the crucible in which two different and refractory cultures may be said to melt and, either wholly or in part, fuse.”<sup>1</sup> Marginality is a personality type characterized by “spiritual instability, intensified self-consciousness, restlessness, and malaise.”<sup>2</sup> An individual acquires a marginal personality when they are forced to live between two different, usually adversarial, cultures; for example, biracial people are often challenged by being perceived as outsiders within both of their parents’ cultures.<sup>3</sup> However, this conflict is representative of the greater patterns of human migration, acculturation, and societal development; Park asserted that “it is in the mind of the marginal man – where changes and fusions of culture are going on – that we can best study the processes of civilization and progress.”<sup>4</sup> Although marginality is an inherently embattled state, it can manifest constructively by inspiring freer expression and therefore facilitating artistic progress. The state of being

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<sup>1</sup> Stonequist, *The Marginal Man: A Study in Personality and Culture Conflict*, xv.

<sup>2</sup> Park, “Human Migration and the Marginal Man,” 893.

<sup>3</sup> Stonequist, “The Problem of the Marginal Man,” 3-4.

<sup>4</sup> Park, 893.

marginal is marked by a sort of dynamism, the kind that promotes creativity; not only does one have a diverse base of knowledge and tradition to draw upon, but they are often forced to utilize it to forge a place for themselves within the cultural divide, lest either side leave them out in the cold. Notable creatives often come from such a background, whether by heritage or by circumstance.

One's position on the spectrum of marginality and privilege is one of many facets that comprise an individual's *narrative identity*, or their autobiographical reconstruction of the past, present, and future.<sup>5</sup> Essentially, narrative identities are the stories we tell about ourselves, *to ourselves* and others, in order to make sense of our existence. With this capstone project, I present an extended play record (EP) consisting of four songs: **Anew**; **Venture**; **Darkly, Through A Veil**; and **Treehouse**. My intention is to explore how composers and songwriters can tangibly express their narrative identities through music, as guided by the lens of marginality.

### **Why *narrative identity*?**

Framing is everything when attempting to establish discourse. In discussions surrounding the concept of identity, it is imperative to recognize the pervasiveness of dichotomy – and to avoid contributing to the “process of exclusion:” delineating categories of identity impedes already marginalized peoples in defining themselves.<sup>6</sup> Anthropologist Francesco Remotti describes this phenomenon as the “veil” that identity drapes over our perceptions of the world, which ascribes only two categories to existence: identity and alterity.<sup>7</sup> “[There] is the substantial

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<sup>5</sup> McAdams and McLean, “Narrative Identity,” 233.

<sup>6</sup> Nasreddin-Longo, “Selfhood, Self-Identity, Complexion, and Complication: The Contexts of a Song Cycle by Olly Wilson,” 76.

<sup>7</sup> Remotti, Caimotto, and Bohlman, “Identity Barriers and Resemblance Networks,” 139.

nucleus that we can call A; on the other, there is everything that is not A, thus becoming non-A.”<sup>8</sup> Remotti goes on to assert that “[in] a vision shaped by identity construction, alterity... is void of consistency and dignity: Its existence depends on the negation of A.”<sup>9</sup>

If one deigns to discuss identity in dichotomous terms like Black and White, it opens the door to the problematic implications of that dichotomy. For example, if I strongly identify as White, and have a positive perception of that identity, a consequence is that I will come to view its “opposition,” Black, in a negative light. Essentially, if Whiteness equates to goodness, and Blackness is non-White, then it would not be illogical to conclude that Blackness is non-good.

In his 1990 article “The New Cultural Politics of Difference,” author Cornel West describes how this phenomenon resulted in the “modern Black diaspora problematic of invisibility and namelessness.”<sup>10</sup> Members of the Black diaspora who live in Western, postcolonial societies have historically struggled to define themselves in light of the “White norm;” even when engaging in efforts to popularize positive associations with Blackness, those efforts “[remain] inscribed within the very logic that dehumanized them.”<sup>11</sup> This pattern applies to the political and cultural movements of many marginalized groups, whether that be LGBT+ individuals, women, racial/ethnic minorities, or the working class. Thus, further pursuit of categorical identity should be abandoned, and those categories deconstructed.<sup>12</sup>

West asserts that processes of “demystification,” or critical analyses of our societal structure, are “the springboards – though not landing grounds – for the most desirable forms of critical practice that take history ... seriously.”<sup>13</sup> He extends this process to analyses of identity

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<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, 139.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, 139.

<sup>10</sup> West, “The New Cultural Politics of Difference,” 102.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, 103.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, 105.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, 105.

and history, and I echo his contention that such analyses are best utilized as “springboards... not landing grounds.” Acknowledging pain is not the end goal; it is the means through which one achieves an end: healing. Identity is useful because it confers recognition (of one’s existence, their humanity, and by extension: their rights) and thus, its benefits.<sup>14</sup> But recognition is not the end here – reconciliation is.

Thus, I want this project to transcend the boundaries of identity and instead embody a “perspective of resemblance.”<sup>15</sup> Marginality is evoked by perceiving oneself as being caught in the middle of two groups, fully accepted by neither; an identity-centered perspective helps to perpetuate that dichotomy. However, if reconciliation of that internal conflict is the goal, a resemblance-centered perspective enables one to acknowledge that whilst those categories are not the same, *they share similarities*. From there that individual is able to recognize that the two identities can form a Venn diagram, and that it is valid to exist between them. Eventually they will see that it is valid to exist between them *because everybody does*; the identities are constructs that are not as homogenous nor distinct as they may seem. This is the journey I took over the course of this project and it inspired me to zoom in, to narrow my scope to the realm of narrative identity. Rationally, marginality must be resolved on the personal level before it can be deconstructed at the societal scale – which is desired if we are to live in a truly liberated society.<sup>16</sup> Furthermore, narrative identity *informs* our societal and cultural identities.

I do not identify as a Black person because I look down at my hands and see dark brown skin. I identify as Black because I remember sitting on the arm of my grandmother’s chair as she regaled me with tales of her Black Panther days, or because I remember my middle school band

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<sup>14</sup> Remotti, Caimotto, and Bohlman, 138.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, 145.

<sup>16</sup> West, 109.

director telling me that I could never play the trumpet because my “lips are too big.” I identify as Black because of my environment and experiences, not my ancestry – my ancestors were European and Native American, too.

I do not identify as Jamaican-American because those are the nationalities of my parents, but because I remember my favorite childhood storybook – *The Tortoise and the Hare* – being written in Jamaican Patois. Because I remember watching strangers salute as my great-grandfather was buried in an American flag. But I can barely understand Patois, and I have been considering switching out my U.S. passport, of late.

These stories, among others, comprise both my societal and narrative identities – but introduce contradictions. However, I posit that these contradictions can be resolved, and coexist, within the scope of narrative identity specifically. I may remain marginalized, but knowledge of self can free one from *marginality*, from the curse of “always looking at one’s self through the eyes of others, of measuring one’s soul by the tape of a world that looks on in amused contempt and pity.”<sup>17</sup>

### **Deciphering marginality in music: narrative vs. analysis**

But how does one confront this issue of marginality? Rhetorician Hillery Glasby asserts that “enacting the... rhetorical moves mainstream discourse discourages can be [a powerful reclamation project].”<sup>18</sup> She encourages marginalized creators to “write back” against the harmful notions and structures that limit them; writing “against” and “through” such challenges are also useful strategies of reclamation and self-understanding.<sup>19</sup>

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<sup>17</sup> Du Bois, *The Souls of Black Folk*, 8.

<sup>18</sup> Glasby, “MAKING IT QUEER, NOT CLEAR: Embracing Ambivalence and Failure as Queer Methodologies,” 27.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, 27.

In this article, entitled “MAKE IT QUEER, NOT CLEAR: Embracing Ambivalence and Failure as Queer Methodologies,” Glasby suggests that marginalized creators “write [themselves] so that Others might know the Self.”<sup>20</sup> “Facing and deepening difference can take the nonnormative writer to a provocative place, a place of resistance (writing *back*), a place of failure and refusal (writing *against*), and a place of ambivalence (writing *through*.)”<sup>21</sup> It appears that Glasby is presenting a solution to the aforementioned “problematic of invisibility and namelessness” posited by Cornel West.<sup>22</sup> To combat marginality, individuals should express themselves in a way which allows them to confront the, often conflicting, standards that their environments place upon them. They should feel free to acknowledge past failures in meeting those standards, leave space to *reject* them instead. And this expression of creativity should embody the “ambivalence” of existence, a subversion of dominant academic practices – which reify certainty and view ambivalence as a “marker of distress.”<sup>23</sup>

However, by its very nature, narrative identity is constantly developing – it is perpetually ambivalent, even in those lacking marginal backgrounds. Beginning in adolescence, it evolves as we start to tell stories about ourselves that are causally coherent and thematically meaningful.<sup>24</sup> “[Selves] create stories, which in turn create selves.”<sup>25</sup> These stories stem from memories, which are inconsistent – a reflection of the dynamism within oneself. Thus, when exploring narrative identity, ambivalence is not a “marker of distress,” it is inherent to the practice.

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<sup>20</sup> Glasby, 29.

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*, 29.

<sup>22</sup> West, 104.

<sup>23</sup> Glasby, 27.

<sup>24</sup> McAdams and McLean, 235.

<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*, 235.

Therefore, I find it appropriate to elucidate the creative portion of this capstone using the methods prescribed by Dr. Glasby. However, before elaborating upon how I will do so, allow me to digress to the topic of musical interpretation.

In his article “What Else? On Musical Representation,” musicologist Richard Taruskin laments the prevalence of *low hermeneutics* in musical analysis, in which “topics [are]... teased and tarted up into all-embracing narratives and allegories.”<sup>26</sup> He argues that although music can be representational, listeners too often choose to interpret music as being ‘representative’ in a way that was not intended by the composer.<sup>27</sup> Personal interpretations of our favorite works are harmless but become detrimental when presented as an accurate reflection of the composer and their intentions. This results in composers being reduced to “essentialist stereotypes – sexual, national, racial, gendered,”<sup>28</sup> a particularly problematic development when speaking about composers of marginalized backgrounds.

I found this interesting whilst brainstorming how to present my compositions: although I am the composer, not a critic, I did not want to engage in an analysis that would dictate how others should necessarily interpret my work. I also did not want to reduce myself to an “essentialist stereotype” by elaborating upon how my work represents facets of my identity like my race or sexuality.

I contend that once a work of art is conceived, the intention of the creator is no longer relevant insofar as it does not impact the emotional response of the audience. There are pieces that I have loved for years, my interpretations of which I am just learning are not in line with the artists’ intentions. That does not dampen my enjoyment of these works; rather, learning of such

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<sup>26</sup> Taruskin, 232.

<sup>27</sup> *Ibid.*, 232-235

<sup>28</sup> *Ibid.*, 233.



semantic ambiguity has heightened my *intellectual* appreciation. Regardless, the *emotional* response evoked by those pieces has not changed.

There are some works that I am simply unable to interpret semantically, and instead must settle for appreciating what I perceive as the piece's 'sonic beauty.' This was the case ten years ago when I initially encountered *De-loused in the Comatorium*, debut album of the Mars Volta. At the time, I did not know that *De-loused* was intended as a concept album; I had no knowledge of the narrative, just the sensation evoked by the chaotic arrangements and Cedric Bixler-Zavala's haunting, yet esoteric lyrics. It changed my perception of music as a source of aural and intellectual stimulation.

Upon learning of the short story of the same title, written by Bixler-Zavala and the late Jeremy Ward, *De-loused in the Comatorium* then changed my understanding of music as an expressive and representational medium. Interviews with the band revealed that the album was inspired by the loss of their friend, who took his own life.<sup>29</sup> This is not evident upon listening to songs; instead, my young mind imagined drug-hazed scenes of decrepit landscapes, mangled bodies, and the cacophonous utterings of creatures never encountered. The short story is a combination of these images and the emotional reality: it recounts the journey of a suicidal young man named Cerpin Taxt through the 'Comatorium,' a fantastical manifestation of his inner demons induced by a comatose state. Taxt survives his journey back to the real world, only to be faced again with the circumstances which led to his original suicide attempt. Consequently, he jumps off a bridge and returns to the Comatorium for good, preferring to face a representation of his trauma instead of the reality.<sup>30</sup>

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<sup>29</sup> Geffen, "The Mars Volta's De-Loused in the Comatorium: Down the Rat Hole Ten Years Later."

<sup>30</sup> Zavala and Ward, "De-loused in the Comatorium," 22.

In my opinion, *De-loused in the Comatorium* is a masterful example of music's possibilities as a representative *and* expressive artform. The album is a faithful representation of the themes and narrative presented in the short story, but manages to express the central emotions of isolation, malaise, fear, and hopelessness within the music itself – without necessitating any understanding of the grander narrative. Although my younger self strongly identified with the story of Cerpin Taxt, that is not why my discovery of *De-loused* marks a significant point in my narrative identity *as a composer*. Rather, it was my first exposure to music that managed to communicate emotion tangibly through sound itself – and marked my transition away from prose and visual art as my primary modes of expression. I completed this transition once I was exposed to classical music and notation allowed me to treat music as a sort of 'sonic prose.'

I am a Romantic at heart. Composer Antony Hopkins described Romantic music as being “concerned primarily with emotions and feeling,” no matter time of composition.<sup>31</sup> Musicologist Berthold Hoeckner posits, in his article “Schumann and Romantic Distance,” that the era associated with this aesthetic introduced a conflict in musical discourse, the “opposition between ‘prosaic’ analysis and ‘poetic’ criticism.”<sup>32</sup> Robert Schumann himself used multiple interpretative strategies as a critic: “the historicist and psychological search ‘behind,’ the phenomenological investigation ‘within,’ and the listener’s response ‘in front of’ the musical text.”<sup>33</sup> Regarding allegations that he “emphasize[d] and extend[ed] the poetic side of music at the expense of its

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<sup>31</sup> Hopkins, “I. MUSIC AND THE COMPOSER,” 876.

<sup>32</sup> Hoeckner, 57.

<sup>33</sup> *Ibid.*, 76.

scientific side,” Schumann responded in a way which echoed the words of Friedrich Schlegel, “Poetry can only be criticized by Poetry.”<sup>34</sup> In Schumann’s own words:<sup>35</sup>

In this sense, Jean Paul [Richter] could possibly contribute more to the understanding of a Beethoven symphony or fantasia through a poetic counterpart (even without talking about the symphony or fantasia alone) than a dozen critics who lean their ladders against the colossus to take its exact measurements.

I would not compare my work to that of Beethoven, but I think that the conflict between musical formalism and hermeneutics as discussed in Hoeckner’s article was illuminating in determining how to approach the final portion of this paper.

To be frank, I consider writing formal analyses of music to have been one of the most painful exercises of my academic tenure. To me, it always appeared to be a subjective endeavor that paints itself as being objective – does that trumpet fanfare *really* represent the Second Coming? Or did the composer just think it sounded pleasing?

Formal analysis is not useless, but when accounting for my own compositional process, form, harmony, or melodic structure are rarely calculated, *per se*; writing music is often an intuitive process for me. *For my purposes*, in analyzing how these works relate to my own narrative identity, an analysis rooted in formalism would be no more edifying than if it were written by another critic. Even a hermeneutic analysis would be insufficient; again, my goal is not to prescribe an interpretation for the reader. Rather, I would like to echo the sentiment expressed by Schumann above: an, even unrelated, poetic counterpart can offer more to the listener’s understanding than a detailed explication of the work. I want to follow the example set by *De-loused in the Comatorium*: provide a narrative corollary which can supplement the listener’s interpretation of the material, rather than supplanting it.

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<sup>34</sup> *Ibid.*, 77.

<sup>35</sup> *Ibid.*, 77.

To synthesize the threads that have been presented: the final portion of this paper will be an act of resistance through vulnerability – writing *back to*, *against*, and *through* the aspects of my life story which contribute to my narrative identity and experiences with marginality. In light of my conclusion regarding the utility of a formal or hermeneutic analysis in this case, I will achieve this through four vignettes, each corresponding to a track on the accompanying *Between the Margins* EP. I hope that the songs will generate meaning for the listener on their own; regardless, I hope that these stories will help the listener to understand why they came to be.

Colorado College Honor Code upheld

Signed: *Shane Rafael Brown*, 4/29/2020

## ANew

A shrill whine. Then, out-of-tune guitars needling the ears like mosquitoes. A drunken rhythm section rattles the speakers, whilst voices call and shout – barely perceptible beneath the chaos. I had never heard anything like it.

And I turned it off.

It was too foreign. My ears were accustomed to Top 40 hits and whatever my mom played in the car. She'd call this devil music. But something told me to give them another chance.

An aggressive drum fill, then... a beautiful melody began on an instrument I could not place. It sounded like a guitar wrapped in a synthesizer's cloak. An angelic, tenor voice entered – but the man was speaking nonsense. "Track-marked amoeba lands craft"? "Dress the tapeworm as pet"?

But I forgot about the words – they were unnecessary. The music alone took me to a place that was a lot more intriguing than the bedroom in which I sat. Traversing a landfill, the size of a city. A region nearly devoid of life, the stragglers comprised of predators. Moment to moment, I shifted from a contemplative mood to one filled with adrenaline. I was either running from monsters or ruminating over the life decisions which landed me in their territory. It was not my first time in such an environment; however, this one was just in my head and thus, much safer. Music had never been a travel agent for me before.

These sounds were familiar, just arranged differently than I was used to. I did not expect to fall in love with music that 'boxes the common man's ears,' but I would rather have my ears beaten than feel them tune out. I could only learn so many ACDC songs; I wanted to learn *this*. I have these sounds; I wanted to learn how to *make* this. If I could wield noise like they did, I could go wherever whenever I wanted – with no one else's help. I needed that.

I knew which sounds I liked, and along the way, I learned how to make them – to an extent. And that would always discourage me, especially when I couldn't satisfy my escapism kick.

My creativity waned; I've never been able to pursue relief whilst being watched.

At one point, I refused music completely. No radio, no ringtones, no Red Robin jingles.

That didn't last very long.

Music is my bug-out bag and bus ticket out of town. But sometimes you need travel companions to make the trip meaningful.

Music is the love of my life... but I have commitment issues.

**VENTURE** (*Prose inspired by “There’s No ‘I’ in Time” by TTNG*)

There are no good times when there is no history.

‘Life is a spiral, not a cycle.’

You were spiraling.

How did it happen so quickly? One moment you were on top of the world, the next – you’re sobbing on the curb outside a dive bar in Potsdam. You look through the window at the debauchery inside. You turn around and look west, recalling your former refuge *5,000 miles away*.

What is there left to choose? Under a streetlight,  
situated between nothing and nothing, there is  
**you.**

...A cloud of nicotine roams Potsdamer Platz. Beneath Christmas lights and music, you are not impressed with the flames nor the flickers.

You are the noxious fumes.

*When will they dissipate?*

St. Matthäus-Kirche?

Your grandma’s voice: ‘Baby, if you’re ever in trouble, if you ever feel like you’re not safe: go to a church. You are always protected in God’s house.’

The demons are chasing you again, boy. You are not safe. They’re all laughing at you.

The church was empty. You sit on a pew and lower your head, trying to recall the old teachings. “Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name—” *How did it go, again? Scheiße.*

“Please, I need some help. I’m on my own... and I don’t know what to do. I’m alone again.”

*Stinkbug, even when you feel alone, you are not – I’m always with you. This is just a lesson.*

You opened your eyes... and the church was empty. **Amen.**

There are no bad times where there is no history.

**DARKLY, THROUGH A VEIL – Inspired by “Of the Coming of John” by W.E.B. Du Bois**

**Mom**, I don't know how much longer I can take being here.

*What's wrong?*

It's like... these kids treat me like I don't exist. I'm trying to put myself out there, make new friends. And they just ignore me, look past like **I'm a ghost**.

*Let me guess – the white kids?*

Yeah, mostly. They're all so wealthy too... maybe I should've just gone to NC State.

*Do you want to transfer there?*

Probably not. But maybe somewhere like Howard – I didn't realize how much I'd miss seeing other Black people. It's really different from home.

*How many of you are there?*

60? 80, maybe? Not many. And you want to know what **I've realized**?

*What?*

For a lot of us, this place **feels like our only chance**.

We're **struggling** to keep up, but a lot of the others don't care. They're just breezing through, and it's **discouraging**. I know you always tell me not to care about what others do, but **I don't know...**

**Sometimes I wonder why I should even try.**

*Do you want to know why, Shane?*

Why?

**Because you are a Black man.**

**And you're always going to have to work twice as hard for half as much.**

**Never forget that.**

I know, mama.

***Never forget that.***

## TREEHOUSE

“Skippy, wait!” I struggled to keep up, listening for the dog panting in the undergrowth. Tripping over roots in the path, I wondered whether I was running toward danger. Why did she run off like that? No matter, because she had saved my skin so many times. I ran faster.

Finally, I reached the end of the trail and entered a clearing. Skippy sat there, looking at me expectantly: “Look, I found something! What do you think?” Ahead of us there sat some kind of natural structure: an igloo-shaped enclosure consisting of trees. They had grown into each other, their branches in an embrace.

Two smaller trees formed a vague arch over the entrance. She went in first, then popped her head out to let me know it was safe. I followed her inside and stopped.

I looked up at the arboreal firmament and knew we had found a home...

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“Ren, is it weird to be your own best friend?”

“I don’t think so. It just means that you really like yourself.”

“But what if you actually *don’t* like yourself?”

“You like me, don’t you?”

“Of course I do! You’re my dearest friend.”

“Then you *do* like yourself – you just don’t realize it yet.” But time passed... and so did we.

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“We are not special. We are not crap or trash either. We just are.

*We just are, and what happens just happens.*

And God says, “No, that’s not right.”

Yeah. Well. Whatever. You can’t teach God anything.

God asks me what I remember.

**I remember everything.”<sup>36</sup>**

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<sup>36</sup> Palahniuk, *Fight Club*, 207. [Emphasis mine.]



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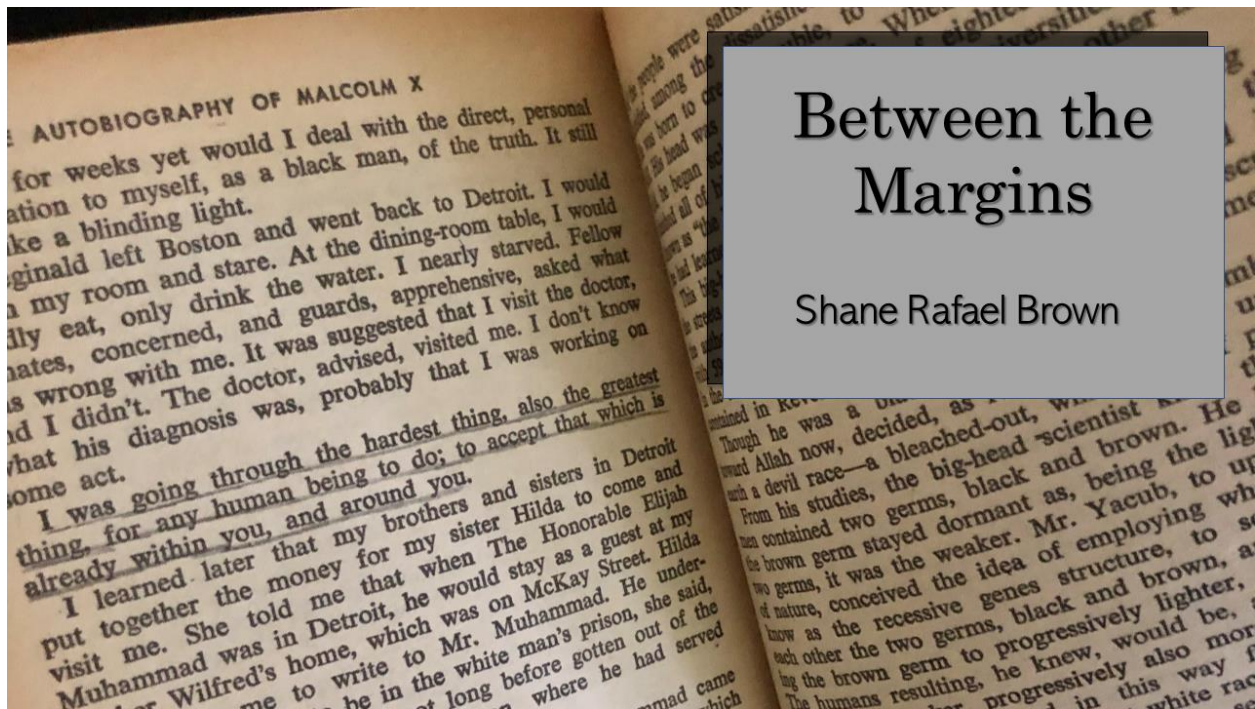
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# Between the Margins

Shane Rafael Brown

Link to EP: <https://soundcloud.com/shane-brown-tetrapuncture/sets/between-the-margins-capstone-version/s-WqBYyTmXvVI>

## Track List:

1. Anew
2. Venture
3. Darkly, Through A Veil
4. Treehouse

## Credits:

### *Band*

Shane Brown – vocals; guitar; synths and programming

Nicholas Smith – drums; acoustic guitar, *Anew*

Beatrice de Vaultx – bass

Grace Hale – piano, *Venture*

Robert Beard – lead guitar, *Anew*

Jay Luckey – spoken word, *Darkly, Through A Veil*

### *Production*

Shane Brown – composer/songwriter; producer; assistant mixing engineer

Nicholas Smith – mixing and mastering engineer

Beatrice de Vaultx – assistant producer

**Anew lyrics**

You were there,  
In the shade,  
And I saw  
A new day.  
As you spoke,  
The sun kissed  
Your lips.

And your eyes glowered,  
Anew.

Please try to make this  
Your last dig-up  
Of my past.  
I didn't answer  
The call. I still  
Eat lunch...

In bathroom stalls.  
I can't get out!

You were here,  
On the day  
That I almost  
Passed away.

And you stared,  
And I gaped—  
Gasping for air,  
Couldn't  
Respirate.

I'll try to make this  
The last dig-up  
Of my past.  
I didn't answer  
Your call, I won't  
Pick up.

You were there,  
In the shade,  
As I saw  
That old day.  
We were here...  
And I kissed your lips.

And my soul (our souls) glowed,  
Anew.

# Venture

Shane Rafael Brown

Largo

Musical notation for measures 1-6. The piece is in 6/8 time and B-flat major. The right hand has rests for the first three measures, then enters with a melodic line. The left hand plays a steady accompaniment of chords.

*ppp*

Musical notation for measures 7-13. The right hand has a melodic line with a slur over measures 7-9 and a fermata over measure 10. The left hand continues with chords. Dynamics include *pp* and *ppp*.

Musical notation for measures 14-19. The right hand has a melodic line with a slur over measures 14-16 and a *cresc.* marking. The left hand continues with chords.

Musical notation for measures 20-25. The right hand has a melodic line with a slur over measures 20-22 and a *mp* marking. The left hand continues with chords.

26 *poco accel.* *a tempo*

Musical score for measures 26-31. The piece is in 3/4 time with a key signature of three flats. Measures 26-31 show a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The tempo changes from *poco accel.* to *a tempo* at measure 31.

32 *Andante con brio* *mf*

Musical score for measures 32-37. The tempo is *Andante con brio*. Measures 32-37 show a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The dynamic is marked *mf*.

38

Musical score for measures 38-42. The tempo is *Andante con brio*. Measures 38-42 show a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

43

Musical score for measures 43-47. The tempo is *Andante con brio*. Measures 43-47 show a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

48 *cresc.*

Musical score for measures 48-52. The tempo is *Andante con brio*. Measures 48-52 show a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The dynamic is marked *cresc.*

53 *cresc.*  
*p*

58 *rit.*  
*f*

63 **Allegro**  
*mp*

67

71 *tr*  
*p*

76 *meno mosso* *mp* *a tempo*

81 *cresc.*

85 *mf*

88

91 *Largo* *p*



95

*sfz* *pp*

Musical score for measures 95-99. The piece is in a key with four flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor) and 3/4 time. Measure 95 starts with a treble clef and a bass clef. The treble staff features a melodic line with a slur over measures 95-97, followed by a dynamic marking of *sfz* (sforzando) and a hairpin crescendo leading to *pp* (pianissimo) in measure 99. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

100

*dim.*

Musical score for measures 100-105. The treble staff continues the melodic line with a slur over measures 100-102, followed by a dynamic marking of *dim.* (diminuendo) and a hairpin decrescendo. The bass staff continues with harmonic accompaniment, ending with a final chord in measure 105.

106

*dolce*  
*ppp* *p*

Musical score for measures 106-112. The treble staff is marked *dolce* (dolce) and features a series of chords in measures 106-111, followed by a melodic phrase in measure 112. The bass staff is marked *ppp* (pianississimo) in measures 106-111 and *p* (piano) in measure 112, with a melodic line that begins in measure 111.

113

Musical score for measures 113-118. The treble staff features a melodic line with a slur over measures 113-115, followed by a final melodic phrase in measure 118. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

119

Musical score for measures 119-124. The treble staff features a melodic line with a slur over measures 119-121, followed by a final melodic phrase in measure 124. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

125 *rit.*

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The piece is marked *rit.* (ritardando). The notation includes chords, eighth notes, and quarter notes. A slur is present under the first four notes of the bass staff in measure 125. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of measure 129.

## **Darkly, Through A Veil** *lyrics*

A nerve was struck;  
A branch did snap;  
And even still,  
You defied the will of

A moment cut  
Short by bones –  
So cracked.  
As he laid there on the ground,  
You knew he would be found.

When you lifted the veil,  
The sky seemed to move.  
Reach, to no avail:  
Ain't no gray here to soothe.

Speak, John: who  
Is writing this down?  
Who sealed your fate?  
Who wrapped the rope around?

As you lifted the veil,  
The sky – it seemed to move.  
Reach, to no avail...  
Ain't no grave here for you.

## **Treehouse** *lyrics*

Too high,  
Need to get down.  
You lie,  
Take the floor now.  
Constantly,  
You run around.  
Too high,  
Break the floor now.

I'm your fear...  
Hold me dear...

Too late –  
Take your time now!  
I'm lost –  
Need to get found...

To the sea,  
We turn.  
I know  
It hurt.  
To the sea  
You'll return.  
We know  
It hurt.

One moment  
To another,  
I found you...  
Under covers.  
We hide –  
Need to get down!  
But you lie  
On the floor now...

You're my dearest.  
Now it's clear:

You're my fear.  
Hold me, dear.

Dear...

Dear, dream.  
Dare to sleep.

Dear Me:  
Boy, dare to sleep.

Dear Me: ...