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F O R E W O R D

George E. Lewis

This volume constitutes an early and signal contribution to the growing corpus of scholarship and commentary on the music of the composer and singer Julius Eastman. The individual essays confront the several challenges Eastman's life and work pose to canonical narratives of American experimental music. This book is the result of the combined tenacity of its two coeditors. First, there is Renée Levine Packer, a chronicler of late twentieth-century American experimental music who knew Eastman since his early days as a Creative Associate at the University at Buffalo.¹ The other driving force behind this book is the composer Mary Jane Leach, a central figure in Downtown experimentalism, whose relentless musicological sleuthing has been crucial to unearthing new knowledge about Eastman's life and work.

Leach's experiences while researching Eastman included unusual dreams and inexplicably malfunctioning software that did not allow her to read e-mails associated with the project. "I began to wonder," Leach recalls, "if Eastman's spirit was trying to sabotage the dissemination of his music."² In a lecture I attended at a Harlem theater in 2009, historian Robin D. G. Kelley recounted a similar story about his extraordinary book, *Thelonious Monk: The Life and Times of an American Original*.³ Strange things began to happen to Kelley as he pursued knowledge about Monk, culminating in

a hit-and-run car accident that left him with severely reduced mobility for months. Kelley told a friend that he was wondering if Monk were somehow involved in what was happening to him. The friend responded, “Did you ask Thelonious’s permission to write the book?” Kelley decided to create an atmosphere that would allow him to make that request, and somehow, the strange occurrences came to an end. The possibility that Eastman could be similarly contacted through spiritual methodologies seems less odd when we consider the extent to which, as this book shows, a kind of pan-religious spirituality and ethics often permeated encounters with Eastman and his work.

Most of the contributors to this book, including me, actually met Eastman at some point in his turbulent career. I do not quite remember when I met Julius for the first time, and for reasons that I hope will become clearer later, I will refer to him by first name just this once. As someone who came of musical age in part in several Downtown New York music scenes in the late 1970s, I have my own reminiscences about Julius, some of which go back to my attendance at live performances of his work. Other traces of memory remain from the fall 1980 Kitchen tour of Berlin, Stockholm, Paris, and Eindhoven, in which I participated along with Douglas Ewart, Eric Bogosian, Robert Longo, Molissa Fenley, Rhys Chatham, Joe Hannan, Bill T. Jones, Arnie Zane, and others.⁴

Prior to Eastman’s emergence, the African-American presence in the Downtown New York music scene of the 1960s and 1970s was marked by two important figures: the composer and artist Benjamin Patterson, a key figure in the Fluxus movement, and the composer Carman Moore, who in the early 1960s founded the *Village Voice*’s tradition of a regular, composer-written column on new music, providing important early exposure for colleagues such as La Monte Young.⁵ As this book shows, Eastman was a prominent member of this scene; his collaborators, colleagues, and associates comprise a Who’s Who of American experimentalism.

For me, Eastman represented a singular figure of presence; as a newcomer to New York in 1975, I did not know Moore, and Patterson appeared to me as a legend living in Germany.⁶ Certainly, Julius’s demeanor and comportment at that time gave me no hint of a working-class origin and upbringing that, as I have come to discover through the work of Leach and my Columbia University colleague Ellie Hisama, was very much like my own. John Patrick Thomas gives us a hint of Eastman’s self-fashioning: “If it is true, as is said, that he never had serious vocal training—he at least paid attention to models who were ‘classically’ trained; Julius seemed to admire that kind of vocal resonance and color. Then again, his speaking voice . . . was also extraordinarily resonant.”⁷

A recent article by Hisama calls on scholars to apprehend Eastman's work "as a black, gay man who worked in a primarily white new music scene . . . with respect to both of these social categories, rather than to disregard them within a 'post-race or sexuality-neutral context.'"⁸ Eastman himself issued an explicit call, *avant la lettre*, for this kind of intersectionality, with the notorious title of one of his works: *Nigger Faggot* (1978). Once again, we can point to African-American letters for antecedents, notably in the work of James Baldwin, and afterward, in the work of Marlon Riggs and the gay-sibling artists Thomas Allen Harris and Lyle Ashton Harris.

This presents us with at least two axes of interpretation, but to claim that both were equally mediational would warp the case. Though sexual acts between consenting adults of the same sex were illegal in the United States until late in the twentieth century, homosexuality could nonetheless be acknowledged and even quietly celebrated across large swatches of the art world. The same could not be said of blackness; black artists were far less in evidence in the Downtown New York music scene than queer ones, and one could never be quite sure when the products of backgrounds similar in most details to Eastman's might suddenly be denigrated (in the exact sense of that term), either openly or cryptically.

None of the authors in this volume identify any instances where homophobia posed an issue of collegiality for Eastman in the new music scene; indeed, his alliances with other emerging gay composers of his approximate generation, such as Arthur Russell, indicate that there was a considerably more extensive network of gay artists in this scene than of African-American artists. Eastman's home and public lives, however, were another matter. According to Hisama, Eastman's mother was accepting of his sexual identity, and disturbed by his father's lack of accommodation to it.⁹

The protest against the titles of the pieces on a controversial 1980 Northwestern University concert of Eastman's music resulted in their eventual removal from the printed concert program.¹⁰ Since the titles could not be printed, Eastman explained them in spoken remarks, which were audio-recorded. Although the protests and censorship focused on "racism" rather than references to homosexuality, this did not mean that Eastman's explicit invocation of queer values was somehow passed over. As Hisama heard it, after Eastman's explanation of the motivation for *Gay Guerrilla*, "the applause that usually concludes a composer's pre-concert remarks is palpably absent from the audience—all we hear are his footsteps as he walks to the piano."¹¹

As a final invocation of intersectionality, Eastman referred to himself in a 1976 interview as "a kind of talented freak who occasionally injected

some vitality into the programming” of the Creative Associates.¹² Talented we can understand, as well as the reference to hybrid vigor—but what made Eastman a “freak”? His extended vocal range? His blackness? His gayness? Or an assemblage of these and other factors, including the context of American experimental classical music? The remark evinces Eastman’s understanding of his own presence on the scene as inherently performative, after the fashion of a similar observation attributed to Miles Davis, who was notorious for turning his back on audiences during performances and cursing out patrons at intermission. After one such episode, Davis was said to reflect, “When you have stock in Con Edison and make all the money I make, you have to act the way people expect you to act—they want me to be their evil nigger, and that’s what I’m ready to be.”¹³

You Don’t Know My Place

In many respects, the tenor of reminiscences on and around Eastman do recall American narratives associated with jazz, even more so than with the world of classical music. There is Eastman’s early autodidact background, teaching himself as a boy to read music—a standard feature in the backgrounds of jazz musicians from the beginning of the genre to the advent of jazz schools in the 1950s and 1960s.¹⁴ Moreover, parallels abound between the way Eastman is described by contemporaries (and authors in this book) and the epic tropes surrounding Charlie Parker. Both were described as cultured, erudite, handsome, possessing a resonant speaking/playing voice, and unusually magnetic. Both were seen as unpredictable geniuses who succumbed to substance abuse and came to a tragic, premature end.

Part of the legend in both cases involves invocations of the ineffable, as with Harry Partch, another important queer composer, whom one biographer called “an inexplicable, almost unknowable figure.”¹⁵ Ryan Dohoney quotes Ned Sublette, a central contributor to the Downtown scene who (as I recall) was as close to Eastman as anyone, to the effect that Eastman “didn’t run with anybody.”¹⁶ Indeed, did anyone really know Eastman? It is for this reason that I hesitate to invoke his first name in these reflections; Dohoney observes that Eastman “held himself apart” from his collaborators, and the clear import of R. Nemo Hill’s memoir in this book is that this distancing extended even to friends and loved ones.

Although Hill feels that “protestations of a hostile environment, either racial or otherwise, while undeniable in their own right, seem to beg the

question of the use to which Julius put every aspect of every dilemma,” I would add that the binary between institutional and personal agencies is not quite so easily elided; we often despair of finding a bright line that allows secure apportionment between them. If we become obliged to identify whiteness as one staging ground for new music, we are not similarly compelled to advance simplistic notions of individual racism as overdetermining. In a field already marked by whiteness, Eastman’s life and works, like those of his colleagues of any ethnicity, would logically be similarly marked, in interaction with individual subjectivities, however socially mediated.

In that light, we can reconsider the infamous incident around John Cage’s reaction to Eastman’s performative queering of Cage’s *Song Books* at the 1975 June in Buffalo new music festival, which Ryan Dohoney interprets in another article as “this story of white paternalism correcting unruly black youth [that] was not so much touching as it was condescending and troubling with regard to how Cage conceived of his role as compositional rule maker.”¹⁷ As Dohoney points out, whereas “both Eastman and Cage were part of a network of gay and lesbian experimental musicians going back to the 1930s,” the two composers differed between “Cage with a so-called homosexual aesthetic and Eastman with a queer experimentalism.”¹⁸

I read this encounter in part as a meeting of the generations, but I also want to consider it via an intersectional transposition of Houston A. Baker Jr.’s opposition between two African-American expressive strategies: *mastery of form*, a cryptic masking favored by Cage that, in Baker’s words, “conceals, disguises, floats like a trickster butterfly in order to sting like a bee,”¹⁹ and Eastman’s *deformation of mastery*, a phaneric strategy that “distinguishes rather than conceals. It secures territorial advantage and heightens a group’s survival possibilities.”²⁰ Using primate behavior as a metaphor, Baker notes that, “The gorilla’s deformation is made possible by his superior knowledge of the landscape and the loud assertion of possession that he makes.”²¹ It was this raucous, post-Stonewall assertiveness that proved unsettling to Cage.

Eastman’s performance that day may also have constituted an intersectional testing of the limits of his membership—or, in American racial parlance, his “place”—in the experimental scene. Extending that discussion of place, Hisama sees the need to more fully explore the reasons for Eastman’s absence in scholarship on African-American composers,²² including volumes edited and compiled by African-American scholars, such as Eileen Southern’s canonical survey *The Music of Black Americans*, the *International Dictionary of Black Composers*, and a number of others. A

similar erasure marks Benjamin Patterson's presence/absence in histories of the Fluxus movement, despite his obvious centrality to the collective as it saw itself at the time.²³

However, I despair of finding the smoking gun in either case—or rather, evidence can be best gleaned by tracing a network/assemblage with attention to both individual human actants and factors such as class, genre, and community, expressed with a view toward defining what markers such as “composer” and “composition” signify.²⁴ On this view, I keep returning to critical theorist Fred Moten's identification of “a vast interdisciplinary text representative not only of a problematically positivist conclusion that the avant-garde has been exclusively Euro-American, but of a deeper, perhaps unconscious, formulation of the avant-garde as necessarily not black.”²⁵

Fifty-Two Niggers

Whether or not Luciano Chessa's contribution to this book is entirely on point in claiming that Eastman's use of the crazy/evil nigger trope precedes Richard Pryor's 1974 album *That Nigger's Crazy*, the presence of the trope in African-American public discourse precedes both, and would have surely been available to Eastman as he was growing up.²⁶ In 1964, the prominent African-American comedian Dick Gregory published *Nigger: An Autobiography*, and in the same year, we have a public talk by Malcolm X that could easily serve as an anthem for Eastman:

You'll get freedom by letting your enemy know that you'll do anything to get your freedom; then you'll get it. It's the only way you'll get it. When you get that kind of attitude, they'll label you as a “crazy Negro,” or they'll call you a “crazy nigger”—they don't say Negro. Or they'll call you an extremist or a subversive, or seditious, or a red or a radical. But when you stay radical long enough and get enough people to be like you, you'll get your freedom.²⁷

In Eastman-like words: *Stay On It*. In fact, Eastman's discussion of his “nigger” pieces at the 1980 Northwestern University concert invokes one pole of Malcolm's well-known dichotomy between the house, or good nigger, whose obsequious acquiescence to oppression values survival over freedom, and the field nigger, also known as the “bad” or “evil” nigger—the embodiment of up-front resistance, celebrated by Eastman as “fundamental.”²⁸ Malcolm saw the field-nigger trope as the engine of radical change; Eastman's sense of intersectionality draws him to invoke the same image

about the gay guerrilla: “That is the reason that I use ‘gay guerrilla’ in hopes that I might be one, if called upon to be one.”²⁹

Again, deformation of mastery comes to the fore—in Houston Baker’s words, like “Morris Day singing ‘Jungle Love,’ advertising, with certainty, his unabashed *badness*—which is not always conjoined with violence. *Deformation* is a go(uer)rilla action in the face of acknowledged adversaries.”³⁰

Eastman and others in his home community might have been familiar with the series of novels by the African-American Robert Beck, writing under the pseudonym “Iceberg Slim,” who became famous for depicting the “real world” of the black underclass. Evil, bad, crazy, and dirty niggers, as well as hybrids and variations thereof, overpopulated the pages of books like *Pimp: The Story of My Life* (1969) and *Trick Baby: The Story of a White Negro* (1967).³¹

Another popular book of the period that sought to represent the real life of the streets was Claude Brown’s 1965 *Manchild in the Promised Land*:

The bad nigger thing really had me going. I remember Johnny saying that the only thing in life a bad nigger was scared of was living too long. This just meant that if you were going to be respected in Harlem, you had to be a bad nigger; and if you were going to be a bad nigger, you had to be ready to die. I wasn’t ready to do any of that stuff. But I had to. I had to act crazy.”³²

The last sentence tells us that in the end, the evil nigger and the crazy nigger are more similar than different. Whether by choice or necessity, both become desperadoes, outlaws, to whom it is prudent not to get too close—you might get burned. Another danger was that anyone could suddenly “go nigger.” Harvard law professor Randall Kennedy, who has published a history of the “troublesome word,” recalls that some were adamant: “‘Never give up your right to act like a nigger,’ by which they meant that Negroes should be unafraid to speak up loudly and act up militantly on behalf of their interests.”³³

Richard Pryor played the nigger-as-griot, bringing uncomfortable perspectives and ambivalence home through performance. Novelist Cecil Brown’s memoir of Pryor recalls that the title of that influential album came from an exclamation of an audience member, amazed at hearing these opinions spoken aloud: “That Nigger’s crazy!”³⁴ Brown goes on to maintain that “What Black people meant by the expression ‘That Nigger’s Crazy’ is different from how white Americans understand the phrase. For

Black people, it meant that in most instances, acting crazy was the right thing to do.”³⁵

Eastman’s life spanned an American cultural naming that moved from colored to Negro to black to the first stirrings of “African American.” The designation “nigger” persisted throughout all those incarnations and beyond, even as a certain pretense of politesse in current American media culture has euphemized the term as the “N-word.” Eastman’s dual and very public politicization of race and sexuality disrupted complacencies not only in white avant-garde circles but also in African-American communities such as those at Northwestern University in 1980, who were beset with their own issues of campus racism and thus were not quite ready to fully support Eastman’s invocation and exegesis of the word.³⁶ Only later, with the emergence of gangsta rap, were large numbers of African Americans positioned to understand Eastman’s enumeration of “52 niggers”—as it happens, one for every week in the year.³⁷

Works such as *Crazy Nigger* and *Evil Nigger* were roughly coterminous with the emergence of the word *nigga* in rap as a *Verfremdungseffekt* that exposed the wan accommodations of traditional society. Eastman’s peculiar genius was to introduce these specifically African-American tropes of highly politicized resistance to a classical music world in which such tropes had been in rather short supply. In that regard, we see that as with African-American culture more generally, Eastman felt able to make “nigger” available for uses beyond what Ryan Dohoney rightly, but perhaps too narrowly, observes as “repurposing of hate speech.”

Repetition

It is difficult to avoid allowing race to overdetermine perspectives on African-American artists, even as race indelibly marks one’s experiences. Even so, one dominant direction in critical commentary, while celebrating Eastman as a protominimalist, cannot help framing him (borrowing the title of a book by critic Greg Tate), as a token “Flyboy in the Buttermilk.”³⁸ One gathers the sense that except for Eastman, minimalism’s progenitors would all be white. However, one of the signal influences on early musical minimalism, and one still largely unacknowledged in many music histories, was John Coltrane. Coltrane was a major influence on La Monte Young, Steve Reich, Terry Jennings, and Terry Riley, and a piece such as the 1960 recording of *My Favorite Things* (particularly the McCoy Tyner solo) is essentially a minimalist improvisation using repetition as a primary element.³⁹ Coltrane’s use of

repetition precedes Reich and Glass, and is roughly coterminous with that of Young and Riley, both soprano saxophonists who, like many, were taken with Coltrane's sound on that instrument.⁴⁰

As Benjamin Piekut has perceptively observed, "To explain what experimentalism has been, one must attend to its fabrication through a network of discourses, practices, and institutions. This formation is the result of the combined labor of scholars, composers, critics, journalists, patrons, performers, venues, and the durative effects of discourses of race, gender, nation, and class."⁴¹ This perspective makes it easier to understand why, in histories of musical minimalism, Coltrane (if he is mentioned at all) is largely portrayed as an outside source rather than an insider member. This case, as well as the present volume, shows the extent to which genre (i.e., minimalism, classical music, jazz, experimentalism, etc.) functions as a socially improvisative assemblage that operates epistemologically to produce what "counts" as knowledge.

To the assemblage around Eastman we must add sound itself. By 1965, Coltrane's movement toward a relentlessly intense combination of freely fractal nonlinear repetition with sheer noise established a strong sonic distance from early minimalism. In the same vein, even Eastman's more minimalist-oriented work incorporated the kind of ecstatic affect that, like late Coltrane, eschewed musical minimalism's storied sense of cool—itself genetically connected with Miles Davis's *Kind of Blue*. Eastman's widely acknowledged connection with jazz surely went beyond the influence of his jazz-musician brother Gerry, toward a culturally literate, deep-structure engagement with this and other forms of African-American music. Imagine the driving rhythm of the opening of *The Holy Presence of Joan d'Arc* as a work song, full of grunts, and you can see what I mean.

In theorizing Eastman's protominimalism, Hisama draws on the art historian Briony Fer's observation about new artmaking strategies after modernism emerging through repetition, a thesis that inevitably draws on Deleuze, but even more directly, on Rosalind Krauss's theorization of the grid as a defining trope of late modernist visual art.⁴² I found it intriguing to juxtapose Fer's understanding of repetition—marked by a Eurological ambivalence exemplified by the terrifying sentence of Sisyphus, whom the gods punish eternally by compelling him to push an enormous boulder up a hill, only to see it roll down, again and again—with the literary critic James Snead's influential discussion in his 1981 article, "On Repetition in Black Culture."⁴³

Hisama's article muses on an intriguing question that Fer poses: "Could it be that art is one of the very few places in culture that allows a margin of freedom within repetition rather than a place exempt from its

demands?”⁴⁴ This question is subsumed within Snead’s discussion of the vast gulf separating African and Afrodiasporic framings of repetition from pan-European culture’s engagements with it; one can see Snead responding to Fer by asking whose “culture” we are discussing. Both authors deploy Kierkegaard’s essay on repetition epigraphically, but Fer’s epigraph asks, “What would life be like if there were no repetition?” Snead highlights another passage from the same essay, one that frames Kierkegaard’s advocacy of repetition as transgressive in relation to the dominant Western belief of the day that “there is no repetition in culture, but only a difference, defined as progress and growth.”⁴⁵

In Snead’s formulation, it becomes clear that black culture is not one of the places in which freedom within repetition is marginal; art is only one site for this expression of freedom through repetition. What Coltrane, Eastman, and the early minimalists discovered was how to overcome the Sisyphean horror, by signifying on Nietzsche’s eternal recurrence to reveal, through recursion, that the practice of freedom draws its main power from freedom itself. For Snead’s Kierkegaard, “Repetition is reality and it is the seriousness of life. He who wills repetition is matured in seriousness. . . . Repetition is the new category which has to be brought to light.”⁴⁶

Although in the end, one cannot be sure what drove Julius Eastman to his untimely departure, to the extent that his very presence in the putatively white avant-garde became a site for political and social contestations that went well beyond Eastman himself, it is not difficult to imagine intersectional pressures exercising a strongly and personally destabilizing series of blows, of a sort that few of his colleagues in what became Downtown classical music would have been prepared to fully analyze or appreciate. That level of Sisyphean loneliness, I feel, marks Eastman’s life and colors his work, and we see intimations of it in a number of the essays in this book. Even well-meaning whites, queer or not, were trapped along with everyone else in a complex system of discursive, social, and institutional signification and differential access to infrastructure that few knew how to combat effectively, and I can easily imagine Eastman’s internal, resigned shrug, intoned in that unforgettably resonant way: “You just don’t understand.”

Notes

1. See Renée Levine Packer, *This Life of Sounds: Evenings for New Music in Buffalo* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2010).
2. As recounted by Mary Jane Leach in chapter 6.

3. Robin D. G. Kelley and Randy Weston, “Randy Weston and Robin Kelley: Dialogue on Monk, October 13, 2009,” *Jazz Studies Online*, accessed June 2, 2015, <http://jazzstudiesonline.org/resource/randy-weston-and-robin-kelley-dialogue-monk-part-ii>. Interestingly, the audio on the interview drops out and does not return, so readers will not be able to hear Kelley’s story.

4. A Dutch-language flyer for the Eindhoven tour stop is available at <http://al-exandria.tue.nl/vanabbe/public/publiciteit/folders/1980/FolderTheKitchen1980.pdf>, accessed June 2, 2015.

5. See George E. Lewis, “Benjamin Patterson’s Spiritual Exercises,” in *Tomorrow Is the Question: New Directions in Experimental Music Studies*, ed. Benjamin Piekut, 86–108 (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 2014). See also Lewis, *A Power Stronger Than Itself: The AACM and American Experimental Music* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2008), 588n214.

6. George E. Lewis, “In Search of Benjamin Patterson: An Improvised Journey,” *Callaloo* 35, no. 4 (Fall 2012): 979–91.

7. As recounted by John Patrick Thomas in chapter 5.

8. Ellie M. Hisama, “‘Diving into the Earth’: The Musical Worlds of Julius Eastman,” in *Rethinking Difference in Music Scholarship*, ed. Olivia Bloechl, Melanie Lowe, and Jeffrey Kallberg (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2015), 263.

9. *Ibid.*, 279.

10. *Ibid.*, 273. See also Andrew Hanson-Dvoracek, “Julius Eastman’s 1980 Residency at Northwestern University” (MA thesis, University of Iowa, 2011), accessed June 2, 2015, <http://ir.uiowa.edu/etd/1226>.

11. Hisama, “‘Diving into the Earth,’” 280.

12. Quoted in *ibid.*, 269.

13. Martha Bayles, “Miles Davis and the Double Audience,” in *Miles Davis and American Culture*, ed. Gerald Early (St. Louis: Missouri Historical Society Press, 2001), 154. Bayles interprets this apocryphal anecdote as an example of cynicism and inauthenticity, while Stanley Crouch sees it as an example of “ugliness.” See Stanley Crouch, *Considering Genius: Writings on Jazz* (New York: Basic Books, 2007), 247.

14. Hisama, “‘Diving into the Earth,’” 266.

15. Bob Gilmore, *Harry Partch: A Biography* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1998), x.

16. As recounted by Ryan Dohoney in chapter 7.

17. Ryan Dohoney, “John Cage, Julius Eastman, and the Homosexual Ego,” in *Tomorrow Is the Question: New Directions in Experimental Music Studies*, ed. Benjamin Piekut (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 2014), 50.

18. *Ibid.*, 40.

19. Houston A. Baker Jr., *Modernism and the Harlem Renaissance* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1987), 50.

20. *Ibid.*, 51.

21. *Ibid.*

22. Hisama, “‘Diving into the Earth,’” 272.

23. See Lewis, "In Search of Benjamin Patterson."
24. For an important early analysis, see Lloyd Whitesell, "White Noise: Race and Erasure in the Cultural Avant-Garde," *American Music* 19, no. 2 (2001): 168–89.
25. Fred Moten, *In the Break: The Aesthetics of the Black Radical Tradition* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota, 2003), 32.
26. As recounted by Luciano Chessa in chapter 12.
27. Quoted in Dave Zirin, *A People's History of Sports in the United States: 250 Years of Politics, Protest, People, and Play* (New York: New Press, 2008), 136.
28. Hanson-Dvoracek, "Julius Eastman's 1980 Residency at Northwestern University," 34.
29. Hear "Julius Eastman's Spoken Introduction to the Northwestern University Concert," on Julius Eastman, *Unjust Malaise*, New World Records CD 80638, 2005.
30. Baker, *Modernism and the Harlem Renaissance*, 50.
31. Iceberg Slim, *Pimp: The Story of My Life* (New York: Cash Money Content, 1969 [1987]); *Trick Baby: The Story of a White Negro* (Los Angeles: Holloway House, 1967 [1997]).
32. Claude Brown, *Manchild in the Promised Land* (New York: Touchstone, 1965 [2012]), 111.
33. Randall Kennedy, *Nigger: The Strange Career of a Troublesome Word* (New York: Vintage Books, 2003), xvii.
34. Cecil Brown, *Pryor Lives! Kiss My Rich, Happy Black . . . Ass! A Memoir* (Berkeley, CA: Cecil Brown, 2013), 120.
35. *Ibid.*
36. For a recent account providing historical corroboration and theoretical context for the experiences of African-American students at Northwestern University, see Sarah Susannah Willie, *Acting Black: College, Identity, and the Performance of Race* (New York: Routledge, 2003). See also Lewis, *A Power Stronger Than Itself*, 289–91.
37. Hanson-Dvoracek, "Julius Eastman's 1980 Residency at Northwestern University," 34.
38. Greg Tate, *Flyboy in the Buttermilk: Essays on Contemporary America* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1992).
39. Hear John Coltrane, *My Favorite Things*, Atlantic 13420, compact disc, 2009 [1961].
40. For an account of Coltrane's influence on early minimalist composers, see Edward Strickland, *Minimalism: Origins* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1993), 131, 148–50.
41. Benjamin Piekut, *Experimentalism Otherwise: The New York Avant-Garde and Its Limits* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2011), 7.
42. See Rosalind Krauss, "Grids," *October* 9 (Summer 1979): 50–64.

43. Snead's life bore some parallels with Eastman's. A jazz musician as well as a scholar, Snead was a gay African American. A devout Christian, he died of AIDS in 1989, after holding academic posts at Yale and the University of Pittsburgh. Philosopher Cornel West, who arranged for the posthumous publication of Snead's writings, wrote a poignant remembrance of him that seems to resonate with Eastman as well: "Jamie . . . represents a new breed of black intellectual produced by a culture on the underside of modernity. And by 'new breed,' what I mean is that, given his energy and the quality of his mind, he was willing to no longer confine himself to the Afro-American terrain, but rather to try to redefine the whole in light of his understanding of that terrain." See the Yale AIDS Memorial Project (YAMP) page on Snead at <http://yamp.org/Profiles/JamesSnead>.

44. Briony Fer, *The Infinite Line: Re-Making Art after Modernism* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2004), 4.

45. James A. Snead, "On Repetition in Black Culture," *Black American Literature Forum* 15, no. 4 (Winter 1981): 147.

46. *Ibid.*, 152.

