

## Roland Barthes

Publication *Death Of The Author* is a truly eye-opening experience that allows us to comprehend the philosophical theory that evidently has no beginning but certainly has an end. The text starts off by trying to state in the clearest possible way, the unknown. He states that when something is written, all identity is lost and all that remains is that specific word within a particular vernacular arrangement. It might be the character speaking, it could also be the author speaking, it might be him regaling us with a personal even, he could even be trying to explain to us his inner most thoughts on the ideas and personifications of philosophy. But no matter what is written on that page, it is all a false trap retaining to some pretentious hankering for self-existence.

'I think there for I am' In a nutshell.

As a writer writes down his thoughts onto paper, he is giving up ownerships of his ideologies. What was once private is now viewable for many. This is the death of the Author's individual thought. At the same time it is the birth legion, a united thought propagated by a shared belief. The author's work might last century's and survive many wars all to tell the criticism he had of the time. But what does his work really tell when put out of context and through another viewer's eyes. His work might as well be abstracted, as when all historical and philosophical contexts are sanded away with time; all that will be left is a black space within a white space, showing his bravado and confidence to the world a proclaiming a statement that says I was here. And in some way his death might have a duality to it. The viewer can be the author of the text whilst never having written it, as well as the death of a text yet never having burning it.

The viewer's opinions and accusations will determine the longevity of the text itself.

In addition to, the viewer taking onboard the meaning of the book, if one grasps every word that the book has to offer. Undeniably understanding the pretext for the book having been written, would he not be an author in his own right? By merely reading the article does he not ascertain a new trail of thought, thus allowing him to possibly write a new piece of fiction? By this whom is really the author the person that wrote the book or the person that gained an experience from the book?

Every word, every meaning and every form of subjugation changes with a single glance of the next sentence. (The man who was once a serial killer, is now a loving father, who was trying to avenge the death of his brother; by killing the man how murdered is sibling.) With a few words I turned a killer into an honorable man and with only another few words I could turn him into a heinous monster.

Words are surreal by very principle of language; words can manipulate and be manipulated. They have no truest alignment or linear pattern, yet they can form sentences of great refinement and power. They can form a narrative with both and a harmonic or disharmony statement; they are always in a constant form of fluctuation.

They are neither living nor dead, just trapped within a cat shaped box. These are the same properties that the author possesses.

It is thought that the author pre-exists their books, thus they are the books creator; this trial of thought is wrong. The author exist on the same timeline as

their books, they exist in unison simultaneity being reborn again and again. With each new word transcends the next and with each new word come the death of the author and the rebirth of another. The author never really dies there are just reborn like the mythological phoenix.

There is no true author of a specific text of any kind, everyone would have had to learn how to write or the meaning of a word at some earlier stage in their existence and someone would have come before then. Life is a sequence of inaccurate points only pronounced through inconsistencies and utterances within text. The only real reason any written word has only value or meaning is in hopes that someone reinterprets, reevaluates or resolves the questions that have been left unanswered.

We have no preexisting imagination of any form or way; we are merely here at this very moment, we exist in the present and when we die we exist in the past; there for in all intensive purpose we have no future. Future is just a word that transcends time itself which never truly existing; this is the reality of the subjection of the author.

To sum up, there is no true author of any text and itself is subjugated to historical, cultural, political and social means. It's not so much as the death of the author; rather it is the endless reinterpretation, reevaluation or resolution of the author.