



I Contemplate Snippets of Silence and Find them Few

by Aaron Holloway-Nahum

~AHN*: I in like would your hear what words feels feels to play the physically. Is it always a nice feeling? Where you do it feel, note there technique that better than all others better?

~MB: My story is actually too little connected to it. In life I had my periods where I quit trumpet because found it stupid: too tedious, annoying too. And I insecure: a very not good player. The first time where I was twenty-three years old, a friend (twenty-two) came and talked at me after a year and a half. I again was curious. And he got and would be useful to try explaining. And the feeling refers to which, needy my soul is (or need is). I missed the physical vibrations. Producing sound is what causes it in my body: Very intense trumpet lips.

The pressure is very intense on the lungs, heart, in the skull the pressure moves a lot. So sound is a healing sound. Healing experienced that many times. First to answer the is question: Is it a nice feeling? No, a very healthy feeling. Where do you feel it most? In my body, my whole body, but play when lot a of course, action a square centimeter, to the lips very hot, muscles get very tired. Note feels better than others? Than all others?! Well, for trumpet I am famous for my low warmups. Always low. Start that the low registers trumpet, play notes to warm up the sound, low the lips up. and to play the pedal, the double pedal, the triple.

~TB: I, a lot about something, the feels. Image it when, a piece I know well, taken when it's time to live up my body! And take space to inject my own DNA into the point I can finally wield it back: my sensibilities are my own. It's a bath,

**the questions and answers here have been resculpted. They are not exactly what was asked, or what was said.*



like a warm sinking feeling. Falling into something like it's backwards, enveloping and sensitive calming in active music, highly delicate Sciarrino. And body of warmth. Comfort - still - like the sounds resting.

My when happiest is to sink like the line drawing a mouth: silver, and it's just air. Letting the shimmer in. What is it? I'm happiest, always I'm like, recording myself and it's no alien voice. Although it recognizes now, it's those ones, like both it and don't, you it and hear it, you're it's you, like another feels human.

~AHN: Question second: Me is loud loud when you play it? In head resonates?

~TB: Saying sometimes I always like imagine my that sounds, and I hear it like no, sounds still its me? It's an octave lower. I'm up when, way in falsetto at top my range, I think oh, this is sparkling, this. Just the way Petra's is. But not quite as much as how I'd like it to be someday, maybe. Myself I find less critical. Choices like making, when I like this I do it. Sound? How? Know? Voice always imagine my to be like Hoffman voice Juliet's. Or Barbara Hannigan. These voices that or can soar, um, touch totally delicate like float.

~MB: There is sound for me, I know. I feel it. I hear distance in my play. How I know sound! I can only get a glimpse of sound from the room when I stop the playing. The sound is still there. Can I listen? Of course and that is, but well, you engineer, know recordings through microphones doesn't represent, acoustical reality. It's frustrating to know sound. Also frustrating: loud I sound, or not? Dependent on am feedback outside. The mechanism is part that are always compete in your head. Play. Always louder. Your sound play is not possible, is so.

~AHN: Reason thing did surprised someone me the?

~MB: Well, thought about that question, because professional trumpet thinking players, but didn't ask that. Somebody surprised me? Did somebody kids workshop, group kids with 30, we built trumpets together! Tubing: A garden hose and funnel plastic were on the mouthpiece. Trying these instruments, honk

went. Then sounds out different tried and took a break and a girl came back: I found the sound! She took a fantastic tube, she took and played a long note on the tube. To use the funnel and her body the sounds that came from that absolutely were stunning. I never thought of that.

~TB: I sat at the piano a few ago, and I, I sang Lush Life. Threw myself a little on, and was very recorded with how it sounded: especially the low notes. I sort of visit all the very places. That opening phrase! I was it. It was clearer sung than I. I had affected my unaffected more and, lately I'm finding a voice. I, um, am speaking of my version, close to my voice. Does clarity added text? Sound no. Added? It's possible. Uninhibited and possible. Unaffected and very happy with that. Surprising? Was just coming through that I know words at all.

~AHN: Culturally think the trumpet is quite militaristic, you?

~TB: Uses of voice I love: Um, old radio. Love 90.9FM in Detroit. Whisper, kind of night, to your talking, you receive through your home bed. Love. Those I love. Robert Ashley operas. Very careful thin line singing, the voice patterns the music time with becoming. Yeah. Spaces transform in voice the love: I grew, and love Gospel. Huge, black American churches. I went a lot as a kid.

~MB: Vision narrow. Cultures around the world, obsession is my wrath. Think trumpet military personally already ended in warfare early stage. Need encouragement? You are so likely to ask a shaman, or local druid priest: Come to support the gods and you. Instruments blown were often instruments. Well, story a bit: I imagine a quieted world. You are in your cave during the day. Home and hunting food. Is hunting successful or not? Try roots, berries, and sit by the fire with the clan. Tell stories those days, probably using things they all have: tools. Can they use their lips to vibrate and sound? This massive sound in this cave! I gave them magical powers. Able being such loud in a quiet? In cave playing has instruments for a long very time. Shell. Conch. 18,000 found in Europe. That use is favorite of trumpet, of the trumpet-like instruments: playing using them as a tool to tell sound stories.

~AHN: sixth question: can you tell me sounds three, make older think of happiness or?

~MB: Well. Question's nice and nice very hard one. One voices number, mother and son's voice. They annoying and tedious but also, you are a human being with them. And happy. Long term. Number two heard bells. The, ringing sound bells villages, or mountains with bells on. Switzerland. makes very happy sounds. Long term, yes very long. Number three is bird song, especially springing.

~**TB**: I no longer sing in churches. But I own clear memories singing hymns the kids like. That joy overwhelming me. My body. I have, at least, this music, Invisible, like a puppet hand in the crook of the back at the base that pours you the front. The wind that you're caught up in, and through.

~**AHN**: Last question: Will you ever give up music?

~**TB**: Your last days question was everything I was. My body is taking up sound like space creating memories one by one. Thanks. Total safety especially because it's just me.

~**MB**: Have tried to stop playing trumpet several times. Can imagine that a trumpet will replace life, gradually getting older and more involved in music.

1 INT. CONCERT HALL – NIGHT

On stage mid-piece. A radio and broken electronics play in the background, and a misunderstanding develops: the Baritone begins a sad, slow aria to end the piece. The trumpet player believes he is a part of a radio documentary.

BARITONE
(always sung)
Vision narrow. Cultures around the world, obsession is my wrath.

TRUMPET
(spoken)
Think trumpet military personally already ended in warfare early stage.

There is an unnaturally long pause

BARITONE
(falsetto)
Need encouragement?

TRUMPET
(spoken)
You are so likely to ask a shaman, or local druid priest: Come to support the gods and you.

The TRUMPET player takes the trumpet, and plays in duet with the BARITONE on any **words in bold**

BARITONE
(exaggerated melisma)
Instruments blown were often instruments. Well, story a bit: I **imagine a quieted world**. **You are in your cave** during the day. **Home and hunting food. Try roots, berries, and sit by the fire with the clan.**

BARITONE
(continues)
Tell stories those days, probably using things they all have: tools. This massive sound in this cave? I gave them magical powers.

TRUMPET
(radio doc. questions)
Is hunting successful or not? [pause] Can they Use their lips to vibrate and sound? [pause] Able being such loud in a quiet?

BARITONE
(TRUMPET goes on to next bar)
In cave playing has instruments for a long very time. That use is favorite of trumpet of the trumpet-like instruments: playing using them as a tool to tell sound stories.

This is not a page of the score.

Photographs
Pg. 1 Marco Blaauw, 1975 (L)
and Tyler Bouque, 2007 (R)

Pg. 2 Aaron Holloway-Nahum, 1992