

SENSITIVE CORRESPONDENCE

Printed in an edition of 50
for a reading in the New Yipes series,
November 11, 2007
at 21 Grand, Oakland

PROGRAM NOTES:

Warmest thanks to David Larsen, the New Yipes series, and 21 Grand for making this event possible, and to our co-presenters, Garrett Caples & Gregg Biermann.

Musical track heard during the reading:

"Snow Sensitive Skin,"
by Franz Hautzinger's Oriental Space
(Franz Hautzinger: quarter tone trumpet
Mazen Kerbaj: trumpet
Sharif Sehnaoui: guitar
Helge Hinteregger: sampler)
from their self-titled 2005 CD on the aRtonal label.

Thanks to the musicians, and to Mazen Kerbaj in particular, for a thinking and performance of time that opened a space for much of the work in the book and the reading.

Finally, thanks to Michael Cross of Atticus/Finch Books, whose presence, patience and care as editor, designer, and interlocutor we feel at every turn in *Snow Sensitive Skin*.

"What is the instant?" Hallaj was asked, "It is a breeze of joy (farja) blown by pain—and Wisdom is waves which submerge, rise, and fall so that the instant of the Sage is black and obscured." "The instant is a pearl-bearing shell, sealed at the bottom of the ocean of a human heart; tomorrow, at the rising tide of Judgment, all the shells will be cast on the beach; and we shall see if any pearl emerges from them."

--Louis Massignon, "Time in Islamic Thought," in *Papers from the Eranos Yearbooks*, Bollingen Series XXX.3 NY: Bollingen Foundation, 1957.

From: cartograffiti@sbcglobal.net
Subject: Finally, some mud
Date: May 15, 2006 4:06:41 PM PDT
To: ambarella@mac.com

Dear Rob,

I'm attaching a first set of approaches from my end toward our collaborative project. As it's turned out, my notes beginning directly from Rumored Place and the Disaster poems are still feeling oxygen-deprived, so I'm going to let that stuff mulch down a bit before sending it along.

I sat down today, though, and collated some of the jottings I've made in the wake of the two "Improvisations" you sent me. I'm feeling these as something like overdubs, i.e., segments of squiggly instrumental work that could be layered in over the more solid coordinates you've laid out for what might be a composition. The asterisked sections thus shouldn't be taken as any kind of indication that this is an integral series -- those are only typographical markers to show where I punched the tape in and out, as it were.

For what it's worth, after agonizing over my inability to get started with this project for many months now, I suddenly feel this great sense of possibility. I'd forgotten how acutely your writing spoke into my own little echo chamber, the kind of relief that "break" has been generating for me since I first started reading you. So thanks for that -- and for your patient generosity in prompting me to let my guard down a bit and just get moving.

Love,
Taylor

P.S. I've been thinking -- prematurely for sure -- about titles, and the nexus of concerns around orchestration/transcription/setting as they swirl around our talk about Billy Strayhorn keeps coming back to me as "stray horns." I'm not shackled to it, but it's been a nice trope to think with.

From: ambarella@mac.com
Subject: time | what
Date: July 28, 2006 12:39:54 AM PDT
To: cartograffiti@sbcglobal.net
Cc: ambarella@mac.com

hi taylor

i'm attaching the lines i mentioned, where i try, perhaps unsuccessfully, to read some of my notes on "they store it up (slight return)" back thru negri on time. this may be far from what we'll be after in section 3--i mean, i'm probably just rehashing / or butchering ideas in language still sutured to the texts thru which the lines may or may not be moving--but if only as an exercise, this writing really did help loosen my thinking. for that reason alone, it feels like part of this collaborative work, however mistaken a step it might be.

so in the same spirit, i want to encourage you to send me whatever you have. send me the lines you were dissatisfied with, and whatever provisional response to that dissatisfaction. i think every segment of the process were moving with in the collaboration is important, so don't suppress stuff just because you feel "dissatisfied". we'll work with everything, step by step, transforming it all along the way.

also, how's yr fourth iteration to part 1 coming? again, just send me what you have: together, perhaps with yr first directed writing prompt, for the next phase.

i hope my little bit of added pressure is helpful?

in any case, i'm looking forward to catching up soon--next week?--so we can take a look at where we're at.

rob

From: cartograffiti@sbcglobal.net
Subject: Second session (for our project)
Date: July 30, 2006 5:43:35 PM PDT
To: ambarella@mac.com

Dear Rob,

Well, I've started, restarted, torn things up, gone back and picked up the shreds in despair, and finally it looks like I've made a solid start on something we can (I hope) use.

What I'm sending isn't everything by a long shot, but I wanted you to at least have a look at where this is headed. Essentially, the stuff in the "Session" proper is a reading-through of sorts of your "Situation--Being on a Rock." The stuff in the notes proposes alternate readings, false starts, and additional comment on those readings. The stuff in "Tangents" then spins off the notes into areas that don't necessarily return to the body of the text. Eventually, I should have a reading-though of each paragraph in your text, plus at least one "Note" and one "Tangent" for each of those. (With some, I can already tell that I'll need multiple "notes" and "tangents").

What I'm envisioning (in a very provisional sense) is that this won't be preserved as three separate texts, but resequenced together -- both among themselves and with the other texts we're producing.

In the end , I think it was simply letting it breathe a bit, opening it to present circumstance (like, duh!) that allowed me to go on with it. Found that I'd been wanting very much to do some writing about Mazen, with whom I had a brief correspondence about a year ago when I first discovered his music and found that he was planning a U.S. tour (now cancelled by the war). The "Tangent" on his trumpet playing will probably go on a bit longer than what's there now, but like I said, I wanted you to have what there is to have today.

Thanks again for your generous persistence in this -- I feel energized by this (very) minor breakthrough, and anticipate that more writing will ensue at a more rapid tempo now...

Love,

T

From: ambarella@mac.com
Subject: Re: Second session (for our project)
Date: August 1, 2006 11:49:50 AM PDT
To: cartograffiti@sbcglobal.net

Excellent! I'll move on "Session 2" now. And how's it going with iteration 4 of the first series? Maybe you could send me whatever you have for that really soon, together with a prompt / question for a directed return to that material. It will be good to get a sense of where that first section might be going--formally, narratively. Don't worry about the provisional state of composition here. I think it's more important to keep the process going, regardless of our uncertainty, and we'll construct as we go. I know it's hard to be working on the three parts--or "sessions"?, yes, i like that--simultaneously, but I think we have to. As far as the third part goes, I wonder what you think of the lines I sent (Time | What) [see pasted below]. I don't imagine these remaining as they are. They emerged as part of my effort to come to terms with "They Store It Up"--and my writing on that final section of YN that I'm trying to finish now--but maybe there's a kernel there, or a p.o.d., for working through, and moving with, some of our concerns—

I leave for Bard on 8/11. Maybe we can catch up one evening later this week, or some time over the weekend. Do you think you can have yr next section 1 iteration / and prompt before then? I'll shoot to have my first contribution to session 2 as well.

hope yr day's going well. xoxo—rob

From: ambarella@mac.com
Subject: Re: session 2 / take 2
Date: August 3, 2006 3:05:40 PM PDT
To: cartograffiti@sbcglobal.net

sunday afternoon sounds good. good luck w/stuff at work.

i'm here in the library preparing material for Bard. working thru Darwin. check out this phrase, from the section called "Difficulties of Theory": "[...] the imperfection of the record being chiefly due to organic beings not inhabiting profound depths of the sea, and to their remains being embedded and preserved to a future age only in masses of sediment sufficiently thick and extensive to withstand an enormous amount of future degradation; and such fossiliferous masses can be accumulated only where much sediment is deposited on the shallow bed of the sea, whilst it slowly subsides. These contingencies will occur only rarely, and after enormously long intervals."

I'm finding a little peace of mind here today--or perhaps it's just distraction--after being on the receiving end this morning of some very hostile responses from family friends to a Jewish Voice for Peace petition I circulated yesterday protesting Israel's attack. The worst of these comes from the son of one of my closest friends. I haven't been able to shake this all day, or rather I haven't managed to stop shaking from it. Hope you don't mind my sharing this, as it has really devastated me:

<<ROBERT, ARE YOU SERIOUS?! Overreacted?! Israel has the right and will always defend themselves against these animals and all others that come behind them.

Robert, should Israel just allow these muslim fanatics to shell their people?! Is that your answer? Or maybe you feel that Israel should not have gone into lebanon to dismantle their attackers and be diplomatic? Well shame on you as a Jew. This crap will never end so here is an opportunity to get the

job done finally. Don't like, Then you and your "group" should become anything else other than Jews. Keep supporting peace when dealing with idiots that think there are virgins when they blow themselves up. You and your "group" are "outraged" with Israel and the US for their support?! Maybe you should move to France, they hate both Israel and the US. I can not believe that you support that crap, blows my mind.>>

I remain pretty stunned, not as much by the hostile attack, as by the way it registers what passes for "common sense". Darwin's not much of a balm, I guess.

hope y're faring better.

xo

From: cartograffiti@sbcglobal.net
Subject: Re: session 2 / take 2
Date: August 3, 2006 4:24:19 PM PDT
To: ambarella@mac.com

Oh, Rob, I'm so sorry to hear about this. We went through something similar with my grandfather around the beginning of the Iraq war -- and the terms of the rhetoric are an exact match, complete with "animals," "virgins," nightmare fantasies about France, etc. Of course, we weren't nearly as blindsided by it, having known that granddad was something of a crank for quite a while. And nothing in the whole ugly mess with him really compared to that "become something else other than Jews" moment, which is something I hope, in a calmer moment, your friend's son manages to wish he hadn't written. (It does happen, occasionally).

The Darwin is lovely, though -- patient and exact, which would be my three word description of a paradisaal state right now, as compared to all the furious blind flailing around us. I think that's what had drawn me to Mazen's music well before the current iteration of the War of Realignment: the persistent interest in getting the small gesture right, kind of a music of hospitality for all its raspiness and prickliness, and a basically slow music even when he gets agile and quick. (I persist in thinking that quick is not quite the antonym to slow that fast is...)

And it really is a more inhabitable sense of what resistance, and resistant materials, might be -- starting from a sort of letting-go of that enormous temptation in making music, writing, really making anything now, to try to counterpose against the wreck of history an art that is every bit as furious, fast and catastrophic as an air war. Darwin's cup of coffee, Celan's rocks, Darwin's rare and contingent fossils, all seem to point to that other place, where we have to sit and breathe a while before we speak.

T

From: ambarella@mac.com
Subject: Fwd: starry night (excerpt) 6:31
Date: August 7, 2006 8:18:04 PM PDT
To: cartograffiti@sbcglobal.net
Cc: ambarella@mac.com

hi taylor,

it was great hanging out yesterday, talking about the work, listening to mazen. and thank you so much for making the disks for me. i can't stop listening to them. have you heard "starry night" yet? mazen solo w/ bombs falling on beirut. amy sent this to me when i mentioned to her that this music has entered our work. suddenly the temporality of the music is thrown into profound relief, together w/ the significance subtending its patient gestures and minute events. i can't get the effect of this piece out of my head, tho i haven't yet found language for it.

xo

From: cartograffiti@sbcglobal.net
Subject: Re: Fwd: starry night (excerpt) 6:31
Date: August 8, 2006 8:26:29 AM PDT
To: ambarella@mac.com

Rob,

Yes, the poem in the "Second Session" materials is in part a close listening to that performance, wondering what happens to musical time when "duration" is literally the structure of command, i.e., armed force -- time measured by ordnance and ordinance, as I had it elsewhere.

Taylor

From: ambarella@mac.com
Subject: Re: Fwd: starry night (excerpt) 6:31
Date: August 8, 2006 10:00:55 AM PDT
To: cartograffiti@sbcglobal.net
Cc: ambarella@mac.com

yes, that's it. i sensed how this track realized, in the most devastating way, an uncanny sound referent for some of yr lines ("where measure is / the vacuum sucking down the bombs," yes, and 'duration' as the structure of command) as well as for some of the ideas we've been exploring, but i didn't realize you'd been working thru _this_ recording (so not uncanny at all). maybe you told me that? maybe you even directed me to this piece? sorry for being slow to hear. in any case, "starry night" feels inexhaustible as a living source and an irreversible event in music and history. its convergent temporalities and its affect, its structure and content (history as military measure), its subjectivity and narrative, seem to penetrate nearly all our concerns: a manifestation, emblem or signature of the event to which our work seems to be becoming subject (thinking in Badiou's terms of a work's subjectivity, and one's real status as _subject_). yes, i think this is it, and the realization is emerging for me powerfully now, in an almost frightening way: the work of being faithful to that event, of being its _patient_.

Rob Halpern <rob.halpern@gmail.com>

Mailed-By: gmail.com

To: Taylor Brady <cartograffiti@sbcglobal.net>

Date: Jan 17, 2007 12:35 PM

taylor,

just wanted to follow-up briefly regarding the pages i gave you last nite. i'm imagining these along the lines of working "notes," or even a set of heuristics to further stimulate the writing in the last section. some of them i imagine will be worth developing, others dispatched. what i'd love from you is some applied

pressure to any of these lines/fragments that you might like to see evolve a bit more, and that could come in the way of a question directed to one or more of them.

and as far as "the rock" is concerned, i'm beginning to think that the rock is a *noplac*, as in the atopia of a lost foundation in search of its own foundation—this coming at a moment when foundation itself, though having fallen into disrepute, may once again be necessary? (hence negri's return to a certain ontological imperative, and even badiou's, too).

any plans for yr birthday?

xo

rob

From: Rob Halpern <rob.halpern@gmail.com>

Mailed-By: gmail.com

To: Taylor Brady <cartograffiti@sbcglobal.net>

Date: Feb 25, 2007 3:41 PM

Subject: Radio

taylor:

tried my hand at an alternate scoring of the first lineated section: adding a bit of torque, perhaps?, subtracting partitives and prepositions. just an experiment.

what do you think about introducing "radio" early in these lines, say, in lieu of "apparatus"?

i've rearranged sections, etc. but still unsure abt arrangement on the page. i don't want the work to elicit the visual cues that suggest call/response sort of duet.

i've included some phrases from marinetti's untrammled, i.e. "wireless", imagination. also something from brecht on radio. and a line recalling ahab's stump from chapter 36 of MD. i don't want to clot the thing w/ source material, tho. but it could work if it's more or less unmarked, and inconspicuously absorbed/reconfigured, don't you think?

anyway, lots to look at and talk about.

xx--rob

Taylor Brady <cartograffiti@sbcglobal.net>

Signed-By: sbcglobal.net

To: rob.halpern@gmail.com

Date: Feb 27, 2007 3:11 PM

Subject: Revision of Section 1

Rob,

Here's an attempt at addressing some of the things we discussed on Sunday. The logic of that "prison break" section seems to be working more clearly now, though it's become a bit verbose. I've left it marked in orange to note its provisional status -- could you have a look?

The other big change is the MD "strike through" citation, which I've shortened, and changed a bit (using another bit from the same passage, plus a phrase from Bartleby to take advantage of that "wall" coincidence we noted). It might be too oblique as it stands now, but I almost prefer oblique to the grammar-textbook approach in the previous version.

I've made a few other changes that I've left unmarked, since they were just a matter of inserting or changing text that we'd already agreed upon on Sunday. Beyond that, there are a few places where I've fiddled with other sections we hadn't discussed, and those are marked in orange.

From: Rob Halpern <rob.halpern@gmail.com>

Mailed-By: gmail.com

To: Taylor Brady <cartograffiti@sbcglobal.net>

Date: Mar 20, 2007 6:10 PM

Subject: Re: Revision of Section 1

ok, here it is. i really like how this is emerging and i hope i haven't been too ruthless in my effort to find the work's measure. i have changed a lot, and i hope i haven't turned a deaf ear to parts, as my intention has been the contrary, but i don't doubt i've miswritten in places. anything i might have subtracted or altered can certainly come back in and alter again. i feel like i've lost my sense of "mine/yours" tho--i mean, it's feeling very organic that way--so i worked to arrive as close as i can to the movement of the thing as a whole, in sound and sense, making myself the work's "patient," so to speak, and tuning accordingly. i also introduced the visual trope of the square frame. just testing that here--together with all else--so let know what you think. other spatial rearrangements will be apparent. nothing's fixed or static, of course, and especially if my ear or eye went afoul of yr intention anywhere, we'll just continue to work with that.

oh, and what are we thinking regarding titles: 3 parts: 1) Canopy 2) Snow Sensitive Skin, or Stray Horns? (reserving SSS for the whole??) 3) Lines Against the Blades? wondering if we can give Michael Cross some insight here relatively soon.

can't wait to catch up regarding everything.

xo—r

From: Rob Halpern <rob.halpern@gmail.com>
Mailed-By: gmail.com
To: Taylor Brady <cartograffiti@sbcglobal.net>
Date: Apr 10, 2007 2:45 PM
Subject: snow sonnet

hey taylor:

attaching the poem i drafted late last nite, one i'm imagining might be appropriate for the concluding pages of the book, altho i've yet to begin actually constructing/laying out that last section in earnest. i used an earlier lyric of yrs as a source point (1b. "I've got my things arranged around come" --not sure if you withdrew this one, but i don't think it turned up again in the second session material?)

anyway, i've titled it here, although that will probably go, and i feel compelled to address it directly to you. hope it doesn't read too sentimental, but fact is, i'm feeling really moved by the process and shape our collaboration has assumed--it's even feeling transformative--and i'm actually a little overwhelmed by the project right now, wondering if i have any agency left capable of activating what still needs to be activated, awed by what you've done, and trying hard to remain faithful to my *patience*. and tho i've been unable to find my way productively back to Canopy, i do feel this late trickle of lyrics emerging which seem to want to register the experience of the collaboration itself.

so with this here,
sending love, from rob

From: Taylor Brady <cartograffiti@sbcglobal.net>
Signed-By: sbcglobal.net
To: Rob Halpern <rob.halpern@gmail.com>
Date: Apr 11, 2007 11:31 AM
Subject: Re: snow sonnet

Rob,

This is really beautiful, and not too "sentimental" at all -- it does set exactly the sentiment of our work together sort of vibrating, but I don't think that's the same thing as the pejorative sense of the word.

Did I not include that other poem in the recent stuff I sent? I must have given you an older version of (what used to be) the second session -- that poem should be in with those "Tangents" poems at the end. I don't know if both of these need to be in the final section, though it might be interesting to see how that works.

Actually, not to prejudice your efforts to find an arrangement of those materials, but it strikes me that what you've written here is something I'd be happy to see as the last word, so to speak. Given that, might it make sense to place that "I've got my things arranged" piece somewhere nearer the beginning of the section (not right at the start, I think, but near it), and let the movement from that poem to yours stand in one way for the movement the collaboration has taken?

Just a thought...

Taylor

From: Taylor Brady <cartograffiti@sbcglobal.net>

Signed-By: sbcglobal.net

To: rob.halpern@gmail.com

Date: Apr 11, 2007 2:56 PM

Subject: More for section 3?

Rob,

These came to me today, thought I'd share them with you. I was wondering what might happen if I "reversed the polarity" of the semantic field in some of what we've done for the final section so far. (That's an almost uselessly inexact metaphor to begin with, and my angle on the pieces changed as I went along anyway, so take from it what you will).

Anyway, I'm liking these right now, but I did just finish them. Might feel differently tomorrow...

From: Rob Halpern <rob.halpern@gmail.com>

Mailed-By: gmail.com

To: Taylor Brady <cartograffiti@sbcglobal.net>

Date: Apr 11, 2007 3:07 PM

Subject: Re: More for section 3?

taylor, i love these. when you have a moment, tho, do unpack that metaphor some, as i'd love to know what you were trying to get at there, and also, how you generated these. they seem uncannily familiar, like y're echolocating me again. were you working out of the material, or just whistling thru our semantic fields, singing thru our ears?

wish i'd been spinning such lines all day, as i've been hunkered down here for hours trying to finalize my baudelaire and just sinking in the bog. i feel useless.

TIME | WHAT

And what about that other refusal — option? — refusal of work: ("of" Being not "to") refusal becoming co-operation valorizing itself

Like an active force against an unlocatable exploitation (this being Everywhere) the refusal — a blank — to avoid antagonism, becoming

Contra, or being (ontological) counter-void, a polyvalent canceling

Effect, a blank not resembling the non-place (where exploitation

Does not appear) blank not being a-topic under these conditions:

Real subsumption, whereby the lived time of making — fabrication,

Production, poiesis — becoming time of life itself coextensive

With command (production becoming pure circulation now de-linked

Or at least unfettered to consumption, as labor goes from being

Measure to being substance, a real displacement against which this

Blank — merely utopic? — refusal not to be (at least not like that blank

Of body, blank of voice) and thus avoid the voiding site of reigning

Consonance (that's just exploitation by other means). So refusal becomes

This blank incision, or cut: a vector aligned with what other future co-

Operation will have been here? interrupted by a blank or rather being

That — proverbial — the fabled "break"? or separation fully realized

Whereby "the time of social composition," i.e., the time of subjectivity qua

Consciousness — a rising up — realizing the conditions of its own making

(Being the conditions of separation itself) potential or autovalorizzazione,

Separates "from the time of the totality of exploitation," that being ubiquitous

Saturated. This may be separation perfected, but under the same conditions

As those that enable re-unification — "consciousness of antagonistic

Collectivity" — rising up — displacing, again, meaning, capital's

Asymmetry of power, so that the time of production for production's

Sake — pure suspension under cover of timelessness ('immense

Collection of commodities' i.e., structure, consciousness) — returns to movement

Being history, or the time “of” — or being not to — work, and meaning
Becoming the refusal to mean as that void means (or doesn’t): figures
Displacement being antagonism, and not merely becoming that (being a sign
Of separation, perfected, realized, subsumed, now being collective time is
This, unlike capital’s feint — timelessness — can we, yes, let’s now, and how.

TRUMPET NOTES

Thinking more about the military pedigree of the instrument and the performance tradition out of which it operates, about what it is that makes it so particularly suited to this project of corrosive mimesis or departure-from-within. We could rehearse the well-known (and partly apocryphal) narrative of how the instruments of the regimental band, decommissioned as part of the general demobilization following the end of the Civil War and the abridgement of the project of Reconstruction, come into the hands of newly emancipated African Americans in the U.S. South. The addition of brass and reed instruments to the percussion-centered ensembles of Congo Square, so the story goes, provides the alchemical spark that transforms the elements of African social music and European “art” and military music into the beginnings of jazz.

The fabular nature of much of the story is almost beside the point. A sense of weight accrues to this particular account of genesis within the codes of the music itself, the repurposing of the apparatus of the concert hall and the war machine into improvised black creativity being a true story in its general shape even where the particulars of transmission do not always correspond to the demobilization narrative. Jazz has a genetic link – whether that “gene” is a matter of parentage or synthesis hardly matters – to a tempo of demilitarization. If the genesis fable provides one way of accessing this tempo and dynamics, the mode of formal and social organization of the music itself provides another. By now we have heard in any number of iterations the analogical and material modes of affinity between the European orchestra and its repertoire of composed and conducted music on the one hand, and the military regiment on the other. This is a matter first of the adoption of explicitly military models of pyramidal command structure, distribution of roles across functionalized domains, and a logic of sacrifice wherein the particularities and vulnerabilities of the singular body are subsumed within a need for “unit cohesion.” Tone, grain, idiosyncrasies of emphasis and inflection are all sanded smooth in the closely-packed phalanx. The link runs in the other direction as well, as the military band becomes a primary laboratory site for attuning composed, iterable musical codes to the disciplined mobilization of bodies. The march is only the most obvious model of this conversion of music from social production to social command.

Both of these modes of access to a military musical history – by way of the militarized instrumental apparatus, and by way of the performance repertoire of a militarized socius – are particularly evident in the role of the trumpet in jazz and jazz-derived improvised musics, as are the strategies by which that history is reconfigured as demobilization. Even within an instrumental apparatus whose origin story is contoured throughout by military uses, the trumpet takes on a particularly martial role. As the voice of battlefield command and signal in the pre-electronic theatre of war, the trumpet and its cousin the bugle might be placed in an analogous role with Marinetti's later fantasia on the radio: that is, they enunciate political command, the prerogatives of the state, directly within the state's privileged terrain of organized violence. This legibility as command has everything to do, as well, with one of the primary concerns we've been exploring in this project in our thinking on time. The trumpet and bugle take pride of place within pre-electronic military society in marking and measuring time as a structure of command rather than as the object-ground of immediate social production. The division of the military day into its ritualized hours of rising, combat, mourning and rest – similar in structure to the church's liturgical hours marked by bells – is carried out by a determinate performance repertoire for bugle and/or trumpet. And as the trumpet enters the orchestral instrumentarium before the introduction of valves and keys opens chromatic possibilities, its initial role on the stage of Western art music is to perform diatonic fanfares and calls of a similar melodic shape to its military lexicon.

This range of uses and associations – regimental, ceremonial, "time-and-law-giving," and ultimately positioning the trumpet metonymically (and sometimes materially) as a weapon of war – has a history that extends far back beyond the immediate past of the 19th century with which the jazz origin-story is concerned (see final note). (Note the connection to the ritualization/supernaturalization of the voice itself. The trumpet is in the category of what ethnomusicology would class as "acoustic masks," with all the boundary-marking between sacred and mundane time, personal and war-party (and later state) life, that such masking implies). Joshua's trumpeters, the shofar, Roland's Olifant, are all included in this genealogy. Broadening the perspective a bit, we might even say that the instrument participates not only in ritual/liturgical/proto-statist time, but gives access to divine time itself, the very founding and revocation of time. While translation traditions have introduced a fair degree of ambiguity into what precisely the

horns of Revelation are (Luther's German has them as trombones, thus the alternate tradition that comes down through James Weldon Johnson's God's Trombones), the possibility of such an eschatological, metaphysically military role for the trumpet remains decidedly open.

Additional notes:

-- only other instruments in the ensemble so laden might be the fife/pipe and the snare and bass drums. (Bebop drumming, moving away from regular bass/snare patterns, is a parallel deregulation/deregimentation of rhythm)

-- post-WWII/Korean War generation, re-use of march forms (Braxton, Bowie); many players coming out of Army bands

-- Mazen's particular intervention: the instrument plays out its re-appropriating mimesis not on the language-codes of the military regime from which it is repossessed, but on the sonic identity of the mechanized war apparatus itself.

-- [From www.tapsbugler.com/HistoryoftheBugle/HistoryoftheBugle1.html]:

Early bugles and trumpets bear little resemblance to those of today. Trumpets can be traced to pre-Biblical times when they were used by Egyptians and Israelites. The earliest trumpets were straight instruments with no mouthpiece and no flaring bell. These trumpets were actually megaphones into which one spoke, sang, or roared. The effect was to distort the natural voice and produce a harsh sound in order to frighten evil spirits.

Ancient trumpets were used at religious ceremonies and associated with magical rites. Burials, circumcisions, and sunset rites (to ensure the sun would return) were a few of the early ceremonies in which the trumpet was used. It was a male-dominated practice and among certain tribes of the Amazon any woman who looked at a trumpet was killed. The tradition of playing at sunrise (Reveille), sunset (Retreat), and at burials (Taps) may have evolved from these ancient rituals.

The Rams Horn (Shofar) is sounded on the occasion of the Jewish New Year in a rite that continues to this day. The Shofar, made from the horn of a ritually killed sheep or goat, is played in the same manner as it was in the time of King David, using the same rhythms as in ancient times. The instrumental range of the Shofar is usually limited to two notes about a

fifth apart.

The instruments found in ancient Egyptian art are short straight instruments of wood, bronze or silver and are depicted accompanying marching soldiers. The oldest surviving examples of metal trumpets are the two instruments that were discovered in the tomb of the Egyptian pharaoh, Tutankhamun.