

Douglas C. Wadle

Insomnambulations:
Preachin' Aphasia

for trombone solo


PLAINSOUND MUSIC EDITION

Insomnambulations: Preachin' Aphasia (2003)

for trombone solo

PERFORMANCE NOTES

The piece is to be performed by a trombonist also comfortable with vocal and theatrical performance. It begins with vocal recitation of the text in a preaching style derived from the charismatic traditions of the African American South(ern United States). Preparation for performance should include study of such preaching styles.

At the indication "improvisation on the rhythm of the following text...", the performer is to continue in the rhythmic character of preaching while incorporating the trombone and voice. The text is to be used to provide the rhythmic material of the improvisation, matching sounds to syllables. Any of the text may be enunciated intelligibly; underlined text must be delivered intelligibly. Any short segment (a single line or less) may be repeated any number of times; segments of text set off by repeat signs must be repeated at least once. Performance instructions are given in italics above and in the margins to the left of the text to which they refer. Rhythms over text should be treated with relative freedom and may be altered on any repetitions. Diacritical markings below words indicate pitch inflections, and  is used here to indicate a rough(er) timbral quality.

The pitch material of the piece is an A-flat blues scale, with appropriate microtonal inflections. The performer should feel free to transpose the pitch material to a range in which all of the pitch material played on the trombone falls comfortably within the range of the player's voice.

Los Angeles, March 2003

INSOMNAMBULATIONS: Preachin' Aphasia

<heightened recitation, preaching>

If I could fill the un-for-giv-ing min-ute

with <grunt> with six-ty sec-onds worth of


dis-tance run...

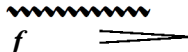
then I could be el-o-quent

1. in my mind

2. talk-ing back to the Big Bill Broon-zy in my dash

3. in my mind and the words would come out as if



I could :||
 *mp*


HOL - LER
 *f*

I would tell you <grunt> how I...
mf *p*

<trombone, plunger mute>

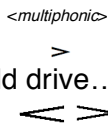




sub - sum - ed under a sea of <8" of agitated vocalizations, tones, yells>
 *mf* *f*

If I could HOL - LERrrrrrr
 *mf* *f*

I tell you ||: how I... :||
mp *poco dim.*

<trombone & voice, improvise on the rhythm of the following text, A-flat blues scale>

plunger mute:  And I would drive... away from there


 rest - less

||: not ready :|| to go home

Drive on for hours into days

accented low notes: for fried egg sandwiches and apple cider and breakfasts in San Francisco

I never made


Drive on until the sun'd start to come up

and sit some Sunday morning with Rob

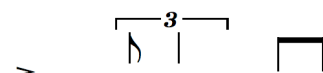
listening to the Baptist preachers preach...

and wasn't that a time...

we could holler

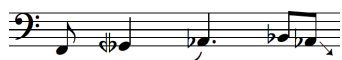
If I could holler

(like the)


Baptist preachers preaching

about suffering here below –

I've had none



vowel harmonics: but I've seen plenty,

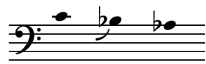
seen it by the busload.

Seen

>
too much

to speak of

through the megaphone in my trombone bell that I was obliged to bring to the di-
nner table if I had anything to say about people who have more important things
to worry about than



shout & play: megaphones



that let them holler in the middle of the night when no one hears

they're crying tears by the busload –

and wasn't that a time...

with too much

(to holler)

If I could holler

open:

>
Chicago winters are cold

(I would tell you)

agitated
vocalizations,
tones, yells:

when too many windows have spilled their words on the floor

||: rattled :||

loose from their panes

bell slaps: And broken glass is met

with

<feverish>: flying fists, straight-faced and good-intentioned saying:

>
“Sorry you had to see that, but

I’ve got to

get

this maniac under control.

Please accept my apologies...

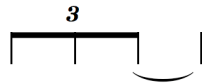
again.”

and wasn’t that a –

wasn’t that an unforgiving minute...

If I could holler

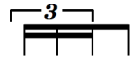
<introspective>: When I failed,
frozen



at the tops of stairs



in living rooms and lob-bies in New Orleans



listening to:

"If you can't learn how to behave



we're gonna

>
send you away

where

||: nobody loves you :||

and you'll never see Mommy and Daddy again.

>
My tongue was still...

(If I could holler)



(and him that I failed is the only one

vested

with the authority to forgive,)

but his voice

||: can't form the words :||

and waiting for words fails him again –

in all those unforgiven minutes.

If I could –

<increasingly rhythmic with greater integration of vocalizations, recitation, and trombone>:

If I could fill them...

I would

If I could

□□ |. ʃ □□ ³ | ³ |

If I could fill the unforgiving minute...

I would

If I could drive one mile further down the road...

If I could hear the words the glass was saying...

If I could because he can't – they told me so...

If I could drive one mile further down the road...

I would

Then I could fill the unforgiving minute...

If I could hear the words the glass was saying...

If I could fill it...

I would

If I could

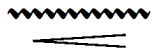
If I could holler...

I would

If I could fill it...

I would

If I could HOLLER...



I would

tell you...

<full tilt rhythmic improvisation with vocalizations, tones, yells incorporated>

<suddenly winding down>:

