

Mp3 Wet Paint - Healing Rain



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Indian Classical meets Soul Jazz groove, killa' musician ship; Pete Levin keyboards, Don Pate bass, Steve Gorn flutes/sax, Mark E. Johnson tabla/drums 7 MP3 Songs NEW AGE: Yoga, JAZZ: World Fusion

Details: As music is an incredible Healer and as the Rain does nourish us all... this ensemble on this night in the Joyous Lake in Woodstock New York; April 27, 2005 laid down just this; Healing Rain. Pete Levin arrived first; amazing musician keyboard player who has played with Paul Simon, Gil Evans Orchestra and countless others in the biz, was all set up and ready. My car would not start, so luckily Steve Gorn the amazing bonsouri flute player (classical Indian) lives in the same woods, so he came around and lifted me. His trunk was small, so I only brought my mini Djembe, which is actually my eldest daughter's Sophia Willow she is featured on the cover in the painting, created from a photo of her kneeling down to give her new younger sister, Olivia her first kiss, gently with her two fingers... sorry, tangenting. Also in tow was my war horse white conga, or actually quinto and me bag of hand percussion. As I was saying, Steve Gorn also brought a few other reeded instruments; the soprano sax the clarinet... he is all over this music from above and below. It was raining wind this night as well. Don Pate on stand up bass and Mark E. Johnson tablas/drum kit arrived a bit late, shall we say, making the trip from Manhattan... on black time! Strangely enough Pate and Levin had played alongside each other on two European tours with the Gil Evans Orchestra 15 or so years prior to this date. They were both tentative to re-align, as Pate had left one of these tours and was fired from another... ole' "Jimmy Crack Corn" had most likely become bored, or elsewhere interested. Although there was an interesting story that the bassist imparted to me prior to this date, that Gil had taken him aside and told him to play his groove and pulse, opposed to following the sheets. He then added not to mention this to the other rhythm section players; hence the discrepancy and misunderstanding. How funny life can be, huh. That 15 years prior somewhere in Europe Levin was

completely exasperated with Pate for playing whatever the fuck... when... and thinks that Pate thinks himself to be a star!!! What a nerve... when all n' all we are all stars, naw ain't we naw... Another synchronicity to this ensemble, not to my knowledge previously, was that Johnson and Gorn had played together two weeks prior at the University of Maryland. Unbelievably magical I thought it. well, who am I, and who did I play with??? The album begins with the last tune of the night, as I could not stop playing. "boil ova wid luv" as I asked for "one more" Johnson and I were the only ones willing and eager... Pate asked what time it was? Gorn said he had to go home Levin, well, he just sits back and smiles wryly choosing all encompassing velvet chords as a lush tier to the "forest floor", as all others continued to pour down da groove. Aptly, this cut weaves into the first song of the night the second verse of "forest floor" as I enjoy editing these recordings donning another producer cap squeezing the most possible music in essay form to fill up the 80 minutes allotted on a disc. These two sections of the 1st and last tune of the night bookend the evening and begin the CD. The second is a three suite opus, magically blending from a classical Indian duo of tabla and flute as I add the queeka in the mix falling into a funky blues, when Pate adds sum space scales, as Levin cushions a mighty fine pillow for moi to melodize. These three separated by time code, but actually performed in "real time" succession; "Sliver Moon", "Half Moon" "Selah Sista' Moon" The 5th cut "Fifteen Hundred Miles Away" features Johnson on timpani mallets rumbling over cymbals down the hill to a slow blues, while Gorn descends through the clouds to set me up to cry for missing my two wee ones, who were at the time 1,500 miles away in Texas. The 6th cut "Fall into this Mystery" begins with a Celtic, Klezmer, Russian war folk weave. {Don't ask how these things occur, cuz I have absolutely no idea...} leading into a sun burst of hope and perserverance through the dark cumulus clouds, with the lyric; "Fragile web my brother's and sister's sparkle bright star. I've chosen you from the sip and age'd brine. Climb up my taproot... up my vine, falling over, into this mystery... c'mon now, fall into this mystery"... Cut #7 the title track begins with the classical Indian drone underneath begun vocally and then furnished by Pate's bow as Gorn appreciates and adds his flute over which evolves into a piston firing pass between Pate's deep groove, Johnson 's echoing drum kit and Elliot's vocal percussive exhales. Levin is always underneath throughout this entire recording gluing sediments for the music to stand upon... There is some very fine musicianship throughout this recording, as all truly have ears as big as Elephants and give and take, bob and weave, as if enjoying the spring rain, stepping between the drops. This recording dedicated to my children; Sophia Willow and Olivia Willow. Your

Daddy loves you one day very soon we will all go out during a storm and we will all jump through some puddles, together!

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