

Mp3 Inner Gypsy - Gypsyology



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Acoustic world-beat flute and guitar pop and extended jams with a gypsy soul 9 MP3 Songs WORLD: World Fusion, JAZZ: Gypsy Jazz Show all album songs: Gypsyology Songs Details: The Story of How Inner Gypsy was born. Tiffany Schoff was a small town American girl with a great big wandering heart. She always knew that the only thing she ever wanted to do was to play her flute, and travel the world. As soon as she was able, she moved to Asheville, North Carolina, where she studied music, and learned well all of its laws and theories. But she wondered sometimes if laws and theories might not be what she was actually looking for. Stay tuned for a dream deferred. As part of her quest for latitude she ended up quite naturally in the big city the real big city: New York. But somewhere along the line, she realized that she had turned an odd and unexpected corner. Albeit through her own hard work and perseverance the fickle years had led her to Seventh Avenue, the fashion industry, and corporate management. Power and success presented themselves within her fingertips reach, and her flute temporarily played second fiddle to their seduction. But still, as she attended those meetings in soaring glass and metal towers, as she played the mind games of politics and compromise, her spirit was constantly drawn away to the unfettered music of the flute, which wafted towards her consciousness across the ether from the East. And she wondered if power and success might not even be what she was looking for. And yet this corporation which had kidnapped her away from her original intended path, would also become the unwitting accomplice in her gradual disillusionment with her present lifestyle. On business she traveled to China, where she would witness the tragic conditions of the factory workers she had been sent to observe. She could not help but compare their limitations, within this corporate world market, to her own. But there she would also witness the remarkable Shaolin Monks their color, their music, their fantastic dedication to mind and body and spirit. And she realized that, if she were to collect her focus, she might

well discover exactly what it was that she was looking for. Mario Vickram Sen was a little Indian boy who was named after a famous Italian tenor. It was a different age, it was another world. His father led their intrepid family unit, The Singing Sens, in what he called a chucker round the world. Their loco-motion came ultimately to rest in jolly old London just as that city was dawning from out of a grey and dismal post war conventionality, into a place that swings like a pendulum do. It was an explosion of color and fashion and style and music where anything, and everything goes! His father, Hara Sen, inspired by the creativity around him, invented the Sitar-Guitar, an instrument which combined the sounds of East and West. And young Mario, a growing boy now who loved to watch that Elvis play the Rockabilly music and shake his hips, who loved to watch that Chubby Checker do the twist, who loved to hear those Beatles twist and shout embraced this new instrument and his fathers concept, Raga-billy music, which fused Indian music with RocknRoll. Well, the apple may not fall far from the tree, but the son of a rolling stone gathers no moss and just keeps on rolling at least until he reaches the apple the Big Apple that is. Thats right, once again, New York City. A place where you can live a thousand lives in a couple of short decades. And Mario did just that. He grew and changed through bands, and jobs, and wives, and even a child. He lived in Queens, in Brooklyn, in Manhattan, in Hoboken. He worked in the fashion industry as a fabric designer. He played in Rock bands and Fusion bands. There were Jazz bands and Reggae bands, Calypso and High Life and even Bhangra which had followed him all the way from India. In New York City you can find any kind of music and he did. He even played guitar for a while for one of his old idols, Chubby Checker. But Rock'n'Roll just wasnt enough for him anymore; neither was designing floral patterns for women's dresses. It occurred to him that he needed to focus in order to discover exactly what it was that he was looking for. New York City, Seventh Avenue, the fashion industry. The East, the West, the North, the South. How many times had their paths crossed? Perhaps they had been in the same elevator at some time. Perhaps on the same plane. How would they find each other? Well, lets not forget, friends, this is a modern day story. The twenty-first century. Nothing happens without a computer. And so it was, inevitably, the internet which brought these two gypsy souls together. Boy meets Girl. A classic romance. An electric collision of acoustic experiences and organic styles. Of guitars and flutes. Of male and female. Of X and Y. And out of this intercourse a child was created. An inner child. A little multi-colored raga-muffin gypsy of their inner dreams, running barefoot in the dirt, playing however it wanted to, answering to no one, free as a totally free thing can possibly be. An inner gypsy, if you will, the child of

their deepest desires. Thats right, it was this band: Inner Gypsy. And even though the parents the new Mr. and Mrs. Mario and Tiffany Sen have finally allowed their coupling to be officially sanctioned by the State of New Jersey (wherein they now reside, a happily married couple) their bastard offspring, the Inner Gypsy, continues to wreak havoc with the status quo, as it picks up like minded gypsies wherever it goes, and leaves a trail of joy and tears in its wake. Ah the proud parents proclaim we have raised this inner child well. We have given it the gift of freedom. Inner Gypsy

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