

Mp3 Monkeyworks - Jazz: World Fusion



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Monkeyworks is a seven piece instrumental ensemble that eeks out noises containing elements of African, ambient, cajun, folk, jazz, middle eastern, and rock music. Stir the soup enough and you'll find something that tastes good. 11 MP3 Songs JAZZ: World Fusion, WORLD: Middle East Details:

Monkeyworks is a seven piece instrumental ensemble that eeks out noises containing elements of African, ambient, cajun, folk, jazz, middle eastern, and rock music. Stir the soup enough and you'll find something that tastes good. = = = = = MonkeyWorks is: Kevin "Tex" Brown - Bass Alan Camlet - Drums Jeff Eldredge - Piano/Accordian Steve Meltzer - Percussion Steve Peckman - Woodwinds Ian Smit - Guitar/Curator Jim Stagnitto - Trumpet/Flugelhorn = = = = = The music of MonkeyWorks, as explained by Ian Smit... When it comes to instrumental music, you can call a tune anything you want, and sometimes the titles even have relevancy. Rather than describing the music on most of these tunes, here are where the titles come from. "All Folks Welcome" refers to two things -- an open doorway that leads one down the hall through Monkeyville...and the several different kinds of folk music that have seeped onto the Monkey pallet. Subtle nuances of different cultures cohabitate in this tune. India, Africa, the Middle East, Ireland and Spain...all living in the same room. Fortunately, it's a big room. These influences are not overt references, but rather an organic melting of cultures. I wish people could get along this well. I worked for a bank in NYC for about ten years until the corporate world took its toll. You can tell your boss to "screw off" only so many times before there are consequences (this would represent the PG version). This was probably the best thing that has happened to me career-wise, and I got a tune out of the experience with the help of Mr. Peckman who wrote the slow part of "Monkeywork". Picture yourself sitting in an office, at a desk doing some stupid job that even a monkey could do and you could write your own version of Monkeywork as well. This however, is not to be confused with the name of the band,

Monkeyworks, which refers to a body of work or the works represented by a bunch of people making little contributions to make a big sound, or seven guys monkeying about. ****Audio Sample Available**** At least for now, the last monkey motif refers to "Let's Do the Monkeywalk" which is sort of a combination "The Baby Elephant Walk" meets "Mustang Sally". It's our tribute to Henry Mancini, the late great composer of the former tune. My dad would say to me about my music, "Son, why don't you play something with a melody, something like "Moon River?" Mancini wrote "Moon River" also, but the only way we would play a tune like that is if we played it like the Sex Pistols. ****Audio Sample Available**** "Dancing by the Acacia Tree" MP3 Sample was influenced by my dad's African roots and some old Miriam Makeba records we had, as well as hearing Abdullah Ibrahim. Our tune is by no means traditional, yet it represents more of a tribute to some of the most lasting and beautiful music I have ever heard. Picture yourself....on a boat....on a river....with tangerine dreams and marmalade skies...if you were holding a big stick, you could be floating in a "Gone Doe La". A Kindergarten infatuation A chivalrous realization A test no longer taken So goes "The Daphne Quiz" Hey, geez...I was 5 ****Audio Sample Available**** Once in a record shop, I was hovering around the "A" section which was by a plate glass window looking out on Park Row in NYC. Hovering on the other side of the window was a dragonfly also looking at the "A" section. We noticed each other and hovered for about a minute. It was a sort of meeting of the minds. All of a sudden, the dragonfly swooped down towards the street, plowed itself right into the hubcap of a taxi cab, bounced off and landed on its back where I fear it expired right there on Park Row. The cab was undamaged despite being "Hit By a Dragonfly"(MP3 sample). I wondered whether the dragonfly was distraught because it couldn't find anything in the "A" section, or whether it didn't like what it was looking at on the other side of the plate glass window. ****Audio Sample Available**** When I was a little kid, a five hour car ride from somewhere in NJ to Boston seemed like an eternity. The anticipation could be almost debilitating. Time almost seemed like it was running backwards and cries of "When Are We Gonna Be There?" filled the backseat of the Buick Special. While riding up the drive way of my Aunt Ruth's house, it seemed like we were moving in slow motion, and just when we thought we could get out and jump in swimming pool in the backyard of her house it would inevitably rain. This piece sums up a five hour car ride in one minute and fifty-four seconds. You can't have half of a whole. A hole is always a "Whole Hole." It might however, be a small hole, but it is still whole. "Out of the Bush" was written as a celebration of a passing of a political torch. The celebration continues. "Just Another One of Those Blasting Things" - There is nothing

else to say except "the boys cut loose."

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