Music for A Great All Day Miata Drive, Pt. 2

by Phredd

Editor's note: Continued from April. Phredd is a prolific poster on the Miata.net mailing list. A question was posed recently about what would be good driving music. Phredd responded and has graciously given us permission to reprint his remarks here.

Continuing our Musical drive...

Number 12 ought to be something like "Perdido" by Dave Brubeck. The long version from one of his great 50's sides. I can't remember which one at the moment. I think it's from the '58 Newport Jazz Festival. But that's not important. What is, is that you're about to be laid upon by about 20 minutes of the most creative and cooperative music ever produced by a piano, sax, base and drums. And, it's drivin' sounds in the bargain.

There's no doubt where to go next. You're flat out on that wide, black ribbon taking you toward the hills that are dissembling the city where you sleep. Your little four-banger is putting out a fifth gear continuum matching perfectly that which is provided by the drum line in #13; Ahmad Jamal's classic "Poinciana."

As you begin your climb back into the black hills that form the divide between the valley and the city — reentering the twisties that earlier got you out to the flats, you realize that you've already had much excitement for the day. Time to chill out and just enjoy the coolness of the road without quite so much incremental gravity. What you need is some cool music that take as you smoothly up and down the knobs and around the switchbacks. For this, I have to recommend that you hook yourself onto some Vibraphonics. Selections #14, #15, and #16, then, would be sundry cuts from Lionel Hampton, The Modern Jazz Quartet, and The George Shearing Quintet.

When you get to the apogee of the divide, pull into a scenic overlook and switch off. The CD deck, that is. Leave your engine to provide an 850rpm reminder of the day's events, the residuum to come, and to keep the temps relatively even. Walk over to the overlook, give your Squeeze a squeeze, survey the mini-Milky Way below, and reflect upon the memorialization of this day still to come. Back behind the Nardi. Now you need something to bring you down. There's only one choice. #17 is Miles Davis' immortal, "Kind Of Blue." Play the whole thing. "So What." "Freddie Freeloader." The incredible "All Blues." Davis will mute the music — you must remember to mute the momentum — along with downshifting and reacceleration, of course.

As the last strains of "Flamenco Sketches" drift away, you should be out of the hills and beginning to get into the lights and a bit of traffic. Take a break and enjoy your engine and your ability to trap big, powerful machines in tight places behind you simply because your car is nimble and not too big. Keep an eye peeled for the city limits because, as soon as you see the "Welcome To Metropolis" sign, you hit the button for your last selection of the trip; #18 -- The Best Of The Platters.

BTW, did I mention that CDs sound better in God's Colored Miatas?

Keep the Revs up!