

# Music For A Great All Day Miata Drive, Pt. 1

by Phredd

*Editor's note: 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. Look for Part 2 in April.*

I'd suggest starting out at first light (or, a bit earlier if you have to drive a ways to the good roads). Head East, if possible and, as soon as you get the first blast of gold on the horizon, hit the play button and crank up Selection #1; Beethoven's "Symphony No. 6." Loud.

By the time you hear the Pastoral's ring-out, it should be fully light and you should be in the mood for Selection #2; Antonio Vivaldi's "Four Seasons." If you're in a hurry, you may want to celebrate only the season you happen to be driving through. This is okay, as each is a more-or-less complete work unto itself. I can't do it, though. Once the Vivaldi starts, I'm compelled to listen to the entire year. Oh, what the hell. Kick it off with "Spring" and let it run. It'll only take you about 43 and a half minutes if the CD was recorded by a reasonably efficient orchestra.

You'll be glad you did because you should be wound out in fifth by now and the fullness of the morning is just perfect for #3; Carl Maria Von Weber's "Concertino for Horn and Orchestra." The sweetness is golden just like your day is about now. You may want to punch right through to the second movement, though, as the first (Adagio) may be a bit morose for your current mood. Come to think of it, you may want to go right on to the third (Polacca) as the second, while lots more uplifting than the first, is still not all that lively. It's the third that's really the famous and most melodic part, anyway.

By the same token, you may want to just touch on the Allegro of your #4 selection; Haydn's "E-flat Trumpet Concerto." Even, if you're not a classics geek, you'll recognize and like it. And, it will set you up perfectly for what should be the next selection. #5: Handel's "Water Music." This is enough to make you celebrate life even if you hear it in a stone cell somewhere in the bowels of Equatorial America. Listening to it whilst doing what \*you're\* doing may cause sensory overload. It may be advisable to have a responsible adult in your passenger seat about now. Although, I suppose she would be part of this kind of a Miata drive's basic equipment, anyway, eh? Be sure to invite a lady with a really great set of — uh — ears.

By now, you should be in really great tune with both the car and the road — you know — that magical-rapport-between-man-and-machine thing. It's time to head for the tight twisties (preferably with some really good hills) and so some spirited, aggressive driving. And, what could be better to accompany you in this pursuit than #6; Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik?" By the time Herr Mozart shakes hands with the First Violinist, you should back down out of the hills, and ready for lunch. Or some other adrenaline-absorbing activity.

Right after lunch, I'd recommend a straight run through #7; "The Brandenburg Concertos" (or, concerti, as some of those veddy British wannabe radio announcers are wont to say). On further consideration, you might want to omit the Third. Why ruin a wonderful sensory experience by having William F. Buckley, Jr. poke you in your mind's eye? I'll bet J.S.B. spins like a pigeon on a rotisserie every time "Firing Line" comes on TV. Besides, you're out on the flats now and it'd be hard to resist the natural urge to gnash your teeth and mash your loud pedal. Who needs a ticket for 120 in a 65?

Well, it's really bright and hot by now. And especially, if you've worked your way into a relatively featureless landscape, you need something big to take up all that space. Fortunately, if you took my advice for #8; Rachmaninoff's "C-Minor Concerto for Piano and Orchestra" (the big No. 2) fills your cockpit. Overfills it, in fact. Since you have your top

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down (you DO, don't you?), you'll be blowing crescendos all over the landscape and leaving a trail of hemi-demi-semi-quavers down the double yellow line.

To stay in a similar vein for a bit, #9 should probably be Beethoven's "Concerto in D for violin and orchestra." I enthusiastically recommend Itzhak Perlman, although there are those — perhaps even on this very list — who might prefer other soloists.

Selection #10 could be a bit of a problem if you're the kind of guy who is embarrassed to cry in front of a woman. Beethoven again. "The Emperor Concerto." It always makes me tear up, anyway. Doesn't matter where I am or what I'm doing. If that sucker comes on, I'm gonna turn on the water works before it's over. It's that freakin' beautiful. What a piece of work. It'll probably make you temporarily feel like you're driving a 300SL Gull Wing Coupe.

By now, the day is getting golden again. It's cooling down. Getting quiet., and you're still tooling along. Probably on your way back now, following the Sun. Gonna need a transition piece to get you ready for the evening. Two words; "Swan Lake. Selection #11 could've paid homage to The Tchai Man with almost any of dozens of his works but he just happened to fall into this time of day.

Starting to get dark now. It's time to look for a place to make another pit stop. By the time you finish filling up, emptying out, and wiping down with one last pass of Final Inspection, the last vestiges of purple sky are gone. You pull out of the Pump'n'Pay and point your toilet seat (if you're unfortunate enough to have one in the middle of your front bumper cover) toward the loom of the city lights which are now apparent. Run it up through the gears. Changing at six or six and a half. Never get tired of that sound, eh?

*Tune in next month for the stirring conclusion of Phredd's musical suggestions...*