

# INVISIBLE MUSIC

## Listening Guide

2025 Remastering and  
Production Notes  
By  
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Note: The blue links in the digital version of this guide will take you to appropriate links on the Internet.

## Prelude

What follows are some recollections I have regarding surrounding the recording of my album *Invisible Music*, originally completed in 1983, and remastered in January of 2025. Some of the minor details regarding the original recording are lost to memory, such as the exact dates of some events, but generally my observations here of that time period forty-three years ago I will vouch are as accurate and true as my memory serves me these many years later.

It had all started in the fourth grade, playing a brand new Conn alto saxophone that my parents bought for me for the exact sum of \$365. I had been encouraged by my mother to play that instrument and not the trumpet, as my uncle had already led the way, and had been a professional saxophone player serenading love lorn singles in the Catskill mountain resorts of upper New York State during the 1940's.

Some fourteen years later after grade school I had graduated with a degree in music education from Denver's Metropolitan State College Department of Music, which was known for being a superlative place to earn a state teaching certificate. This, I was encouraged to acquire, as my mother was a public school teacher with a steady income, and both my parents had instilled with me some desire to have a practical skill to fall back on.

For myself, by the time I was only mid-way through high school I had decided to become a professional musician, was deeply immersed in music, and had already begun composing music and recording it in whatever feeble fashion I could at home in the basement. This included writing (in my head) guitar and ukulele duets with my best friend, Robert Kennedy. No, not *that* one, but of the same name none the less.

Robert and I had met in junior high school, being put in the same home room "section" having been found to allegedly possess among other similarities the same academic potential. Robert played in the school's string orchestra, and myself a member of the school's concert band. By the time we were in high school, we found ourselves great fans of Frank Zappa and Don Van Vliet (famously known as Captain Beefheart).

We did our best to create and perform our own original compositions especially in the chaotic and Dadaist stylings of Beefheart. (The details and still existing recordings of that endeavor can be found in my humor infused musical autobiographic audio book, *Free Dirt*, found online on my YouTube channel: ["Free Dirt" 2 Hour Audio Book With Music](#)

One evening, at a downtown nightclub's open mic night, we managed to play on the very same stage that we had recently seen Captain Beefheart and His Magic Band themselves perform. On that memorable event we found it fitting to have Robert's grade school little brother Michael conduct our performance with a fresh carrot in hand in lieu of a baton. Unfortunately, although we played with precision and panache and were quite happy with our own performance, the audience restrained itself from giving us the standing ovation which we had hoped for.

Robert and I continued to play music together up to the point where we both enrolled in college music departments, he at the University of Colorado in Boulder, and myself, remaining in Denver and enrolled at first on KCFR's University of Denver campus, and then at Metropolitan State College. It might be of mention that some forty years later as of 2025, Robert has well earned the privilege of playing viola in no less than five high level orchestras in Boston, all during the same season.

But back to teenage adventures...

Before long, one afternoon at the age of 18, I found myself hitchhiking, saxophone in hand, when fate stepped in. I was given a ride by a very attractive young teenage girl, a high school fellow student with whom I was acquainted with and had previously admired at some distance. I explained to her in the car that I was contemplating running off to join Captain Beefheart and His Magic Band located a thousand miles away in Los Angeles. By virtue of her long blonde hair and fluttering eyelashes she somehow convinced me to stay put in Denver, and pursue my dreams in the relative comfort and safety of my home town.

Consequently, I just managed to graduate from high school after seriously contemplating dropping out in my senior year and to just getting a GED via the high school equivalency test. But in the end I found it easier to simply finish out the year with only a few classes left, and end my public school career like most of my friends graduating en masse. As it turned out the graduation ceremony was held in the Denver Coliseum, coincidentally in exactly the same place where Robert and I would soon see Led Zeppelin play to a capacity crowd a year later on their 1973 tour across America.

And so thusly, I next succumbed to my parents wishes and immediately after high school graduation applied to and was accepted at Denver's prestigious and expensive Lamont School of Music. My parents had paid for me to move out and live in the school's dormitory that very summer after graduation and sign up for a full curriculum at no small cost. But within no time at all I had completely lost interest in that brand of college life and dropped out of every class I had. It seemed to me preferential to instead spend my time cranking up the volume of my Kay electric guitar and Radio Shack PA amplifier, which had previously annoyed my dormitory roommate to no little degree.

I showed up back on my horrified parent's doorstep one afternoon, a mere two weeks after leaving to attend college with my bags and saxophone on the front porch, and announced, "I'm home!"

I somehow managed to get fifty percent of my paid tuition refunded, but unbelievably by the time September came around, I had changed my mind about school again, returned to the dean's office and begged them to let me back in. Astonishingly, they recanted, probably with dollar signs in their eyes, and let me back in.

My saxophone teacher at DU was none other than clarinet virtuoso Ray Kirelis. He is most famous for being featured as a cool musician in the Kool cigarette magazine ads of that period.

He managed to convince me to upgrade my saxophone from my original student Conn, and sold me his very own 1952 Selmer Super Balanced Action, the same model played by Paul Desmond of The Dave Brubeck Quartet, and which years later I played on *Invisible Music*, and to which I still use to this day. It turned out that Ray had to switch instrument loyalty from Selmer to the LeBlanc brand of instruments as he had just been hired to newly endorse the latter company. It was a move that he told me years later he had deeply regretted parting with his Selmer alto and selling it, but alas, it was to my own ultimate benefit. It remains among saxophone connoisseurs and players one of the most

beloved models of all time, whereas almost no self-respecting sax player will admit to playing a LeBlanc sax.



But once again, after attending exactly one English class, I had refused to attend any more classes or even music lessons at DU except for concert band. I continued to play in the ensemble for exactly one year, enough time to go on tour with the band to sunny California in the middle of winter, as well as on a concretizing trip to Wichita, Kansas one week.

After the end of my year at DU, my father asked me if I had enough time goofing around, and he suggested I enroll back into college with more serious intentions, and pragmatism. So it was that I was drawn to a much more down to earth campus, at Denver's Metropolitan State College Department of Music. It was a substantial sized academic body, very well respected for turning out highly skilled educators, with a campus that was scattered across downtown Denver, requiring a fair bit of hiking through the maze of downtown Denver streets to get from one departmental building to another.

By contrast with DU, the average age of students at Metro was 28, with a student body consisting of working people and including actual local working street savvy professional musicians, many much older than students merely in their twenties. The campus was friendly and welcoming, and I felt right at home among the faculty and students, who unlike the atmosphere at DU, importantly had a sense of humor, and accepted my quirks and personality that was anything but conventional.

Before I had even graduated from Metro I had become familiar with the local recording scene, and had launched two recording projects. One was an album of my original acoustic piano solo pieces that I had compiled beginning from my high school

years and onward, which I entitled *Piano Impressions From Another Dimension*. This I recorded at a large commercial 24 track studio, making delighted use of their sumptuous 9 foot Baldwin concert grand piano.

But shortly thereafter I had discovered a smaller studio that afforded musicians with less than abundant bank accounts the opportunity to not only record their music, but to also get hands-on experience operating the recording gear. This place was “Free Reelin’ Studio” and where I created my second album, and my first multi-track project, *Invisible Music*.

(cont.)



Track 1  
Super Cool Whip

The album *Invisible Music* consists of all original compositions, as would every recording I would produce in the following four decades. It is an 8 track recording, done when Free Reelin' was still situated in the owner's home living room. The studio was run by United Airlines captain Ken Kenneally and his wife Shirley, and was their passion and avocation. Ken was an amateur folk guitar player, but quickly became consumed by his interest in music and all the technology that surrounded it in his off time between flights. It was Ken and Shirley's abundant generosity shared with the local music community that allowed so many musicians to get started in all manner of musical endeavors and to get it all on tape.

For me, it was a key experience, and I ended up spending more than twenty years at the studio. This was where I learned the ins and outs of recording, as well as honed my composition and arranging skills that would allow me in later years to take over full production of music on my own, in my own home with my own studio equipment.

*Super Cool Whip* is an aural feast of saxophones and sawtooth wave synthesizer (an early monophonic "MiniKorg"), along with electric bass and drums. It's compositional form of is modeled after Frank Zappa's ground breaking but unconventional instrumental rock-jazz fusion overture, *Peaches En Regalia*. Frank was my role model and inspiration for ages and ages, and *Super Cool Whip* reflects his

musical leanings, and my enthusiasm for his eclectic and broad, unconventional musical palette.

I even met Frank for five minutes when I was 17 after a janitor let me and a friend who adopted the name Yellow Jello into the building where Zappa was doing a radio interview during his *Apostrophe* album tour. Frank grinned at us as he mischievously bobbed his eyebrows at us up and down from within the glass enclosed record booth a la Groucho Marx. When he came out he was patient and polite, and not only gave me his autograph but also recommended to me several books on musical composition and arrangement.

His parting words to me and his advice was, “Remember you are employed and working for the muse.”

Presented here for the first time after 43 years in this newly remastered recording, I was able to bring the drum parts way forward in the mix- something I've wanted to do for decades, but had no means of doing so as I only had the remaining stereo mix, and no longer processed the eight-track multi-track master to work with

In the original mixdown, you could hardly hear the drums. But now in 2025 my musical editing software (Izotope Ozone 11) allows one to separate the drums from all the other sounds in the recording and bring the volume up of just the drum part. This is a miraculous technological advancement, only newly available in the past couple of years. A world of difference in clarity, stereo field, and punch is easily heard in the 2025 remastering.

The drummer on the album, Dr. Robert Wolfson, is still a friend after 45 years, and who in 1983 was doing his surgical residency. Bob went on to become a recognized surgeon and later a great medical educator. Bob had unbelievable energy, and the fact the he could juggle medical school and residency and simultaneously play drums at such a competent, creative, and high level is virtually super human.

I had initially been introduced to Bob at his cousin Morey Wolfson's Solar Energy (themed) Book Store located on the famed East Colfax Avenue right across the street from the Satire Lounge. East Colfax is famed for being the longest main street in American, populated by motels and bars, stretching from the foothills through Denver, further eastward into the plains, fifty miles in length altogether.

The Satire was where The Smothers Brothers, Judy Collins, and a fledgling and then [notorious young Bob Dylan](#) appeared in the early 1960's. It also hosted my eventual brain and behavior science guru and mentor, at that time only known for being an NBC summer replacement TV folk music show host, T.D. Lingo. (See: [The Real Story of The Dormant Brain Research and Development Laboratory](#)).

Morey on electric piano and Bob on the drums got together each Saturday afternoon to jam on jazz standards across the hall from the bookstore on the second floor above a bank. Before long I was invited to join them. Soon we added a bass player, Bruce Hanson using a home made Heathkit amplifier, and a group was formed. Eventually Morey left the band and I took over the keyboard responsibilities on a Fender Rhodes piano. Bruce eventually left as well, and a progressive jazz trio was formed with a brand new bass player, a young teenage Tammy Diebert, followed later by another bassist Tim Lightburn. We played not only jazz standards, but included more and more of my own non-standard compositions as well.

Bob recalls, “At that time in my life I was mostly concerned with other things- I was a 2nd year Surgical Resident working on the Pediatric Transplant Surgery service at

University Hospital. I was working in the hospital all day every day and all night every other night (over 120 hours per week).”

He continues, “Most of the recording sessions occurred in the evenings (as far as I remember). In order to make it to those sessions I had to pretend I was in the hospital. I put a small earphone connected to my pager in my right ear, then wore the studio monitor headphones over that. My pager beeped several times during the recording sessions, to some distraction, but I was the only person who could hear it.”

“I had worked in a recording studio a few times before these sessions. I worked as a session player (getting paid by the hour) while I was in college and had also done some studio recording with local bands I worked with in the 1970s. Compared to other sessions I’d done, these sessions went relatively well. We only had to do a few takes for each tune to get good performance.”

I would suggest that all of Bob’s experience as a drummer utilizing fine hand motor coordination in deftly wielding drum sticks contributed in no small way to his skills as a surgeon handling scalpels, retractors and needles!

Especially on *Collective Intelligence* and on *Track On The Back*, make note of the bass guitar parts- these were done by a fellow musician with whom I played music with starting in the late 1970’s, into the 80’s and beyond.

Tim Lightburn was a giant of a man physically, very eccentric, yet a very creative and original musician with an honest and warm personality. I couldn't ask for a better bass player, and in my opinion delivers a performance here and on other tracks that rank as great as any.

It turns out that *Cool Whip* ended up being recorded in four different arrangements over the years, and appears on three different albums, each with its own treatment. But the premier and perhaps my favorite version is right here on *Invisible Music*.

\*\*Of curious potential interest is my YouTube video, ["Primitive Cool Whip 1969?"](#)

As a special bonus, this is a surviving recording of me plinking out the very first germs of *Cool Whip* as a rank beginning composer and piano player, probably around the age of 15 so.

The surviving Beatles Ringo Starr and Paul McCartney recorded their final Beatle’s song using similar technology that I have employed on remastering *Super Cool Whip* to similarly separate, extract and restore the vocal of John Lennon from an old cassette he once recorded of very poor quality. If you haven't seen the documentary illustrating the process, and the resultant song, *Now and Then*, here it is;

[Beatles Short Documentary Film "Now and Then"](#)

and the finished song at ["Now and Then Music Video"](#)



## Track 2 Bee Mop

Bee Mop derives its title from two sources; First, after the musical jazz genre Bebop, a style of jazz that originated in the United States in the 1940s. It is characterized by fast tempos, complex chords, and extended improvisational solos. *Bee Mop* shares these qualities to some degree, although it is of a more moderate tempo, and introduces new musical themes midway through a couple of times separating the improvised sections, something not found in the traditional form, and which I employ in other compositions as well..

As on other tracks, I utilize the use of a rudimentary synthesizer for improvisation, an early monophonic Mini-Korg synthesizer, the sound further processed and tweaked using a then state of the art Eventide harmonizer sound processor in the control room.

Unlike traditional bebop, *Bee Mop* contains numerous and frequent time signature changes, giving it a distinctly modern and adventurous feel. These multiple time signature changes go beyond the standard bebop use of the singular 4/4 time signature which also dominates in 99% of popular music, then as it does nowadays.

Secondly, although the original title was *Be Mop*, I later changed it to *Bee Mop* as the original recording unfortunately had an annoying electromagnetic interference buzz injected and un-removable at the start of the recording. I later solved the problem by introducing the sound of a bee buzzing, which completely masked the unwanted sound to my relief and delight- hence the modified title, *Bee Mop*.

*Bee Mop* and other similar jazz/classical/rock fusion tracks on *Invisible Music* derive their inspiration from the music I was listening to at that time, including John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra, Cannonball Adderley (in particular his album *Phenix* featuring George Duke on electric piano and synth), Jon Luc Ponty, Chick Corea, as well as Frank Zappa's instrumental music. It also draws on my classical and jazz musical education and experience playing in school ensembles from the fourth grade onwards, and much of the common rock music of the 1960s, 70s, and 80s.

## Tammy and The Dinettes

Incidentally, *Invisible Music* was so named by the general lack of commercial exposure and public acceptance given my music at the time. I distinctly remember the comment of a friend given after one of our concerts, who put it succinctly: "You would be great if you only played *real* music."

Denver was more at home with country and western music along with middle of the road rock and roll although from time to time it would be visited by more adventuresome artists even including Zappa and Beethoven. I can also count among my friends Denver native Paul Conly, who was a pioneer in the use of synthesizers back in the 1960's, and was among those to lead in experimental music with his nationally recognized group *Lothar and The Hand People*. Be aware that they had to first relocate out of Denver to make it in the big time.

As previously noted, the Free Reelin' Recording Studio offered a chance for struggling poor musicians a place to try their hand at music recording at little expense (starting out at \$5 an hour). But before long, word got around and the home studio had been visited and utilized by a score of Denver musicians, many of whom would go on to national recognition, such as Kenny Vaughn, Jill Sobule, John McEuen and many others.

By the time I arrived at Free Reelin' it had grown to offer 8 track recording, though even still, their living room providing the studio stage with an adjoining bedroom fitted out as the engineering booth. Only a few years out of music college, Free Reelin' allowed me to get me toes wet in multi-track recording, not only as a performer, but also allowed me hands-on experience as an audio engineer and producer, and provided a vehicle for producing my own original music.

In the beginning I had the bass parts covered by Tammy Diebert, a bass guitar prodigy I had met in college when she was just 16 years old. Although still in high school, one of the Metro music professors had invited her to come sit in with the school's jazz band. I soon befriended her and recruited her for my own ensemble.

Along with our drummer, as an ensemble we were at times known as "Tammy and The Dinettes". On *Invisible Music* I played alto and soprano sax, flute, acoustic piano, Fender Rhodes electric piano, and the monophonic Mini-Korg synthesizer.

Tammy begun as the bass player for the album and is heard on tracks 2, 4, 7, and 8. Her playing is rhythmically precise, and imaginatively intricate.. But midway through the project, which went on for many months with me doing overdubs, Tammy quit the group to spend more time with her boyfriend, and impulsively pawned her bass for sorely needed cash. When I discovered this, I immediately drove to the pawn shop and got it out of hock so she could continue to play with us, but before long she pawned it all over again.



Me, Tammy, and Dr. Bob

Finally I gave up my efforts with Tammy and instead relied on another musician I had first met at a night club downtown, Tim Lightburn. On that evening from the stage he had asked if anyone had any requests, and I replied shouting out "Brown Shoes Don't Make It" by Zappa. To my surprise he laughed and fully recognized the tune, giving the request a heroic try. Before long he joined me in my own alternative musical projects.

Initially Tim played in the band that immediately preceded The Dinettes. That group was named *Free Dirt*, as comically inscribed in acrylic paint on the back of my Wurlitzer electric piano, and was the very first band I had put together while still in college.

The name *Free Dirt* was used for naming this first band with the tongue-in-cheek notion that every time someone might see such a sign with that proclamation, they would invariably be reminded of our musical group. I half seriously thought this was a very practical and useful name that would forever utilize the free advertisement commonly seen around town in vacant lots and on construction sites afforded by that title in perpetuity.

Of note, Tim played bass for me at my first student recital at the Metro Music Department, along with the soon to be famous jazz guitarist Bill Frisell, whom I had met and befriended at the nearby University of Colorado at Denver music department's urban campus jam sessions and other jam sessions around town.

In yet another memorable hitchhiking episode, without a car of my own, I found myself one late afternoon thumbing for a ride on South Broadway, fourteen miles from home. I had just bought a used Sears Silvertone amplifier for my then Wurlitzer electric piano from an Englewood pawn shop, and wasn't keen on dragging it onto a city bus. Lo and behold, who came by and stopped to give me a lift in his yellow VW bug, but none other than Bill Frisell, on his way from a nearby music store where he taught lessons at the time, and furnished me with transportation to my very own front door.

My now lifelong friend Sky Wise was featured in the recital back then on clarinet, he, also enrolled at the same Metro State Music Department. Sky, along with Tim and a young drummer, Steve Downs, made up the newly formed *Free Dirt* ensemble outside of school. Notably, soon after graduation Sky and I also secured employment by a non-profit charity group, Art Reach, Inc., to give musical performances and music workshops at many of the region's hospitals, nursing homes, schools, and mental health facilities. This which provided us with two years of steady income, giving us a good chance to hone our playing technique and performing skills, and pay for my recording sessions without the pressure of meeting the expectations of a purely commercial music enterprise that bars and clubs would require.

After the recital performance the only payment these volunteer musicians happily received for premiering my compositions (*Cool Whip* and *A Refined Mud Pie*) was a Chinese dinner at a nearby Veteran's of Foreign Wars Chinese Restaurant, The Lotus Room. As a youth I dined there regularly with my parents, at times dragging along a music manuscript I found myself working on as a teenager. But post recital, then and there I distinctly remember going off my vegetarian diet having won ton soup, the first of only two times in my life after 18 that I had eaten anything other than vegetables and other plant matter. Those very same tunes played by Tim, Bill, Sky, and myself would ultimately end up on *Invisible Music* a short time later.

Tim can be heard playing on tracks 3, 5, 6 and 9. However some forty-three years later, I can't remember if it was Tammy or Tim who played on track 1 since the bass part shows characteristics of each player. What do you think?

(cont.)

### Track 3 Collective Intelligence

This track, like several others, does not follow the typical jazz form of composed melodic theme at the start followed by repeated jazz improvisations over the previously heard chord progression, and concluded at the end by a verbatim restatement of the original theme. By contrast, *Collective Intelligence* offers additional composed material midway through the tune to break up the improvised sections. It also presents less common alternative harmony based upon intervals of fourths and seconds, as opposed to the more common use of triad harmony found in all popular music and the majority of traditional jazz.

Quartal harmony and chords were first introduced at the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century by Impressionist composers such as Debussy and Ravel, and is a style I've often embraced along with the use of chords arranged in seconds (notes immediately adjacent to each other).

I'm not sure why I chose the title *Collective Intelligence*, but it might as well refer to the idea of a musical band altogether combining individual thoughts and expression into a single unified whole.

### Track 4 Thousands of Bugs

The title of this simply comes from the content of a vivid dream I had at the time, and which I found perfectly matched the musical content of this number.

As to the origin of this composition, it was a class assignment in music theory class at Metro. We had just learned the definition of the classical form of music known as a "rondo" and were told to demonstrate our understanding by composing a short rondo ourselves. A rondo is a musical structure that alternates between a main theme, or refrain, and contrasting themes, or episodes. The refrain is usually labeled A, and the episodes are labeled B, C, and so on. For example: A B A C A D A, or abracadabra.

I followed the professor's instructions and came up with my contribution which I happily handed in for a grade. As was usual my habit, I diverted somewhat from tradition and employed unconventional harmony as well as numerous time signature changes and a rather odd melody. When I was handed back my completed manuscript I was rather upset to find that I had been given a grade of D.

I immediately filed a protest, and after class I approached my professor and patiently explained my exact methodology following the prescription given for a rondo, albeit with my unexpected modifications. Happily, Professor Tupper, my theory teacher at that time, understood my approach and relented, changing my grade to an A-.

*Thousands of Bugs* continued to be one of my favorite pieces in my professional repertoire for years, and I even performed it to a somewhat puzzled audience during a solo engagement of what I called "Mind Music" that I delivered at the Gerald Ford Amphitheater one summer evening in Vail, Colorado.

## Track 5 Track On The Back

The title is just a derived and turned around from the common place expression to be “back on track”.

It’s an upbeat and a cheerful jazzy tune that builds nicely, and features an improvisational saxophone solo as well as a solo on a Fender Rhodes electric piano, and an especially virtuosic and creative bass line delivered by Tim throughout.

It concludes, unconventionally in a wind-down of intensity rather than a rousing conclusion, and ends on a suddenly odd atonal bleep from the Rhodes followed by Tim suddenly ripping the guitar cord out of his bass in a explosion of static and noise.

Perfect.

## Track 6 Arangian Colamsus

This peculiar composition contains no improvisation whatsoever except in the interpretation of the unique cluster chord progression delivered by the electric piano and then taken on and improvised by the bass guitar part. It has more in common with classical music composition than it does with jazz.

The roots of its creation are indeed unique as well, in that it was entirely conceived and written away from any instrument whatsoever, and composed sitting alone at a desk with nothing more than a pencil and my manuscript paper.

Unlike the common practice of composing music with the aid of an instrument like a piano or guitar, I set out to create something utilizing my intellect alone, something along the lines of Mozart or Bach, composers who were not dependent on checking their ideas immediately upon a keyboard, but who could similarly hear complete and accurate musical ideas in their head and transcribe it directly to paper.

Naturally I do not put myself in any way in that class of musician, but never the less in *Arangian Colamsus* I gave it my best shot, and I was not disappointed in the least.

At the time of its creation, I was firmly involved in the yoga community, and had spent a good amount of my time exploring meditation, as well as investigating the idea of astral projection and contemplating parallel and alternative universes. So on the occasion of starting a new composition, I prepared myself with eyes closed, and before long, with the lights dimmed, found myself cavorting among musical orbs of various colored lights who seemingly inhabited an alien world of melody- which was given the very name “Arangian Colamsus”.

Before you could say “what the heck”, I found myself with a bunch of notes scribbled neatly on the manuscript paper in front of me, and so the tune delivered itself to me through my subconscious. Only when I sat down at the piano could I claim, “Hey, that’s kind of a catchy tune!”

Fortunately, the band had no objection either.

Track 7  
Number 4

This again, like *Cool Whip*, was a composition that I whipped up in my earlier youth, perhaps when I was a slightly older nineteen year old, on an 1890's Kohler and Campbell upright piano that my mother had originally bought in New Jersey for \$50 when I was seven years old. She had moved it west to Denver along with all our other belongings when I was eight years old, and I would find myself experimenting on it throughout my childhood, through high school, into my college years, and now even as an adult long in the tooth. After its long useful life the instrument has happily found a permanent home in the basement here- and that's after incredibly been hoisted and moved up and down the narrow basement stairs, nearly stuck at times, on three separate occasions.

The piano always had a real honky tonk quality to it, perfect for Ragtime music. And it's own tone was greatly shared with the very piano that was found at Free Reelin' studio in those early days, also a grand upright from the turn of the century. It was not particularly a modern sounding piano, but served well for the tune.

*Number 4*, again like other tracks, consists of a lot of composed material broken up by a couple of improvised piano solo sections, so it came to be a blend of a classical approach teamed up with a jazz sentiment.

Track 8  
Homer's Canteloupe

The fondness I had for my first canine companion, Homer, is honored in a brief vocal interlude three quarters of the way through, followed with a chorus of vocalizations by my second dog, Voncie, paired with my own barking in concert.



*Homer's Canteloupe*, the title itself inspired by Herbie Hancock's *Watermelon Man*. remains as the most ambitious and difficult to play track on the album. It would remain for years in a prominent place in my live performance repertoire, suitable for a

rousing concluding number for any concert situation. The form of the song combines a complex melodic theme of gymnastic qualities along with an unconventional and contrasting improvised section that follows, before returning to the main theme as a concluding coda. It is great fun to play once you've got it under your fingers.

It will forever remain as a musical tribute and salute to one of the greatest dogs to ever inhabit the planet, Homer.

## Track 9 A Refined Mud Pie

I named this tune *A Refined Mud Pie*- given my perception of the adult past time of musical endeavor, which I felt could be seen as simply a grownup manifestation of a toddler's creative urges completed in the dirt.

The melodic and rhythmic construction is derived from the stylistic properties of jazz saxophonist Eric Dolphy, as can be heard on his early Prestige Label recording circa 1960. Such similar angular and dissonant melodic harmonic structure can further be found in Zappa's own interpretation and tribute found on his recording of *Eric Dolphy Memorial Barbecue*.

*A Refined Mud Pie* found a permanent place in my band's set list for a good twenty years, and was found to satisfyingly perplex audiences seeking romantic adventure in the Denver Art Museum's Wednesday night singles gatherings as well as raising eyebrows at a black tie Christmas party situated in the ritzy Denver Polo Club neighborhood.

## Track 10 Theme From Home Movies

Denver is unique among American cities in having not one, but two public television channels broadcasting to its citizenry. Competing to some degree for audience share is the more traditional and conservatively liberal KRMA TV Channel 6, and contrasting with that station, the wildly unpredictable and liberally liberal KBDI Channel 12. Channel 6 always broadcasted from a brick and mortar building in downtown Denver, whereas Channel 12 got its renegade start in a primitive metal Quonset hut off the Denver Boulder Turnpike in nearby suburban Broomfield. For a detailed account see: [History of KBDI Channel 12](#) I'm not making any of this up.

Channel 12, at least in its early days, ventured in programming much in common with cable TV's DIY ethic, and would cast upon the airwaves content Channel 6 wouldn't touch with a ten foot pole. Among such adventuresome programming would be "Teletunes", a musical collage of early rock and roll videos that even predated MTV by a good six months.

And even more radical was the original long running program "Home Movies" in which TV viewers at home were encouraged to supply the show with their own home-made 8mm and video productions of any and all conceivable content and quality. Hosted

by part time local stand up comic Bill Hammel and his straight man Steve Jobs look alike Nick Frazier, in 1981 it was a delightfully rough amateur production of the type that would only be characterized by Saturday Night Live's *Wayne's World* skit a full seven years later.

Long before such nationally syndicated shows like "America's Funniest Home Movies", each week Nick and Bill would solely air contributions filmed entirely by unprofessional film and video makers in the Denver region. Anything was game, and films ranged from utterly primitive and questionably pointless home movies to more elaborate home productions complete with plot and home made musical score.

What this is all leading to is in appreciation of "Home Movies", and for my wonderful experiences with that show, I wrote and properly recorded a new theme song for it, "Ode To Home Movies". I premiered it live on the show and they used it to close the show from that point on. It has found a comfortable and appropriate place on this album as well, complete with saxophone solo on my trusty Selmer Super Balanced Action, along with the track's proper and illustrative sound effects.

## Track 11 The Greene Variations

The girlfriend of one of my high school and college friends was a fledgling artist by the name of Leslie Greene. She had arranged for one of her first art exhibitions in the lower downtown area one evening and asked if I would provide something of a musical background.

I set about to record a highly improvised musical triad which was provided through a PA system during her show. I recorded this one evening at a friend's own studio outside of Free Reelin' by the name of Jamie Kurtz. He introduced me at that time to the revolutionary and groundbreaking Yamaha DX-7 synthesizer, used on this track, as well as the Sony MD8 digital tape machine that followed some time later.

Both of these devices would have a huge impact on my life and my ability to record music in later years, and at last allowed me to begin to record fully professional sounding recordings from my own home.

Leslie went on to pursue art in Paris, where she continues to live and work.

Unfortunately the only remaining recording from Leslie's early art exhibit is the third movement of The Green Variations included as the fitting finale for *Invisible Music*. Never the less, it is a wonderfully weird and chaotic, if not sincere and all-rules-off expression of the time and place of which all of *Invisible Music* came to be.

-Neil Slade, January 2025



Delivering The Declaration of Musical Independence  
in front of Denver's own Liberty Bell



Shown, Center, Dr. Robert Wolfson, Right, Fred Poindexter  
Kneeling right, myself

# In DENVER, June 1, 1996

## The unanimous Declaration of Musical Independence

**When** in the Course of human activity, it becomes necessary for one group of artists to dissolve the political and economic restraints placed upon them in a given commercial enterprise, and to assume among the powers of the Market, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Personal Creativity entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.-----We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all musicians are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are **Melody, Clarity, the Pursuit of Non-Tertiary Harmony, and Odd Numbered Time Signatures.**-----That whenever any system of commercial distribution becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of The Players to alter or to establish new forms of Expression and Market Placement, and to institute new ideals of What Is Good In Music, and to create, express, and promote such sonic forms in whatever public and private venues allow musical performance. When a long train of abuses and dictations upon individual musicians and artists as to what is proper and acceptable musical expression insisted upon them by non-musical lawyers, business and record company executives, as well as audiences stuck in a rut, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such record label profit motive shackles, to provide new Guards for their future freedom of expression.----- Such has been the patient sufferance of these musicians, university trained as well as self-taught musicians; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former System of Artistic Priority. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.----- We have been forced to play in four-four time eternally.----- We have been unable to modify our tempo during any one number except for the last four bars.----- We have been made to adhere exclusively to the Major and Minor modes, Pentatonic, and Blues scales in composition.-----We have been made to delete any instrumental solos longer than fifteen seconds in duration, especially those that are actually improvised.-----Physically plain or blatantly unattractive persons have been excluded from or discouraged from pursuing public display of their talents.-----We have been kept from performing and conceiving musical forms longer than three and a half minutes or shorter than two and one half minutes.----- We have been expected to dance or provide unnatural body movements while simultaneously playing our instrument or singing.----- We have been expected to spend money which we haven't even made yet on Music Videos which we are then expected to give away for free to highly profitable Network Television.----- --- We therefore, representative of Musicians of Denver, union and non-union, affiliated and non-affiliated, signed and unsigned artists, performing and closet musicians, appealing to the Supreme Muses of Melody, Harmony, and Rhythm, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good and appreciative audiences of Denver, solemnly publish and declare, That these composers, players, and listeners ought to be Free and Independent Thinkers, that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to Commercial Consideration and Profit Motive, and that all political and intellectual restraints upon them be severed, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent Thinkers and Truly Creative Artists, inclusive of all regardless of style, exclusive to none, they have full power to play music as their hearts, brains, and minds instruct them to.

[The Amazing Brain Adventure](#)

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[Neil Slade's YouTube Channel](#)

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