

ROCHESTER INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

COLLEGE OF FINE AND APPLIED ARTS



SAC

School for American Craftsmen

Ceramics and Ceramic Sculpture
Glass
Metacrafts and Jewelry
Weaving and Textile Design
Wood and Furniture Design

MUSIC
composed, arranged, and produced
by
JEFF REDACK

A P.M.P. RECORD
produced for
Rochester Institute of Technology
by Perceptive Media Productions
95 Rochester Avenue
Saratoga, N.Y. 14850

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THANK YOU!

ROCHESTER INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

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A&D

School of Art and Design

Communication Design
Environmental Design
Medical Illustration
Painting
Printmaking
Art Education

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SAC/A&D:

The 40th Anniversary Limited Edition Reissue.

This project has been a long time coming, and we're proud of the result of our combined efforts. We're pleased to send this document to you as a digital file download. We'll be introducing you to **The Story** behind this coveted album, and how it came to be way back in 1977. Next, you'll meet **The Players** on the album. Indeed, what a group of musicians! Finally, we'll tell you all about **The Book** that began as one small pamphlet and ended up as something else entirely!



*Jeff Resnick, Producer
of the original LP*
JeffResnick.com



*Harv Nagi, record
label owner for the LP reissue*
outernationalsounds.co.uk/



THE STORY

Did you ever wonder how an album comes together in the first place? It starts out as a mere thought, but quickly grows into something no one could have imagined. There's an old saying:

ALL THINGS HAPPEN FOR A REASON.

You're about to learn about

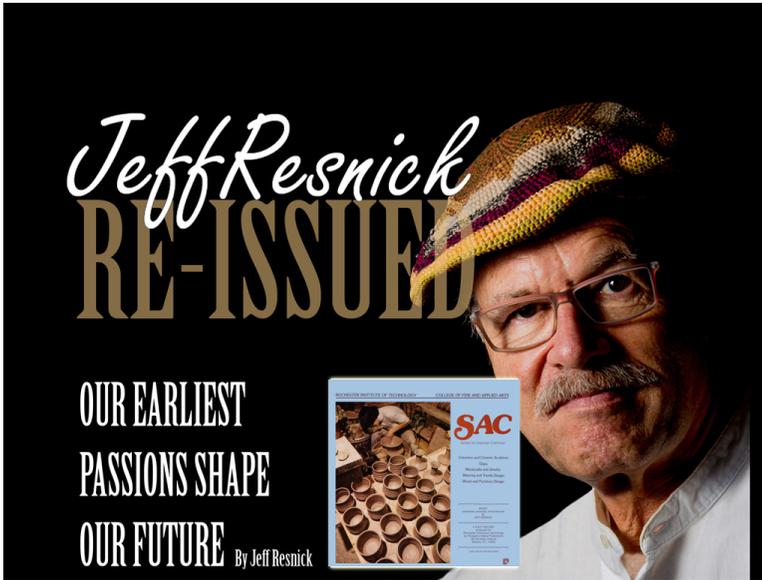
THE THING THAT HAPPENED IN 1977!



40 YEARS IN THE MAKING

40 Years in the Making

by Jeff Resnick



Who could have imagined that something that happened in 1977 would result in a new vinyl LP in 2017? It all started when a young college professor was invited to compose the music for a film promoting the Rochester Institute of Technology in Rochester, New York. His task? Compose a Tone Poem for



each of the five departments within R.I.T.'s School for American Craftsmen:

Wood, Metal, Weaving, Glass, & Clay. There's quite a story behind-the-scenes, so let's begin at the beginning, shall we?

The young professor had just produced an LP of the student Jazz ensemble he directed at Genesee

Community College, on a hilltop in farm country outside the small town of Batavia,



New York. The ensemble was performing a concert for the local community. As luck would have it, which luck always does, a film-maker from Chicago was in attendance. After the concert, she enthusiastically approached the young professor and asked if he would

consider composing original music to accompany the afore-mentioned promotional film.

“Love to,” he answered simply.

“I’m afraid there’s a very limited budget, though,” she warned. “Actually, there’s *no* budget!”

“Sounds like fun! As long as I can cover the cost of a few local musicians I know and some recording studio time, that’s all we’ll need.”

“Really? But what about *your* fee?”

“Hey, I do it for the love of composing and recording!”

“How soon could you do this?” she asked, raised eyebrow baiting the hook.

“I can start tomorrow,” the hook already buried deep in his beard-covered chin.

“I need a finished score delivered in two weeks! Is that even possible?”

“Sure. Wanna grab lunch tomorrow to talk about it?”



So, they met the next day, and she described the mood she envisioned for each of the five Tone Poems: *Wood, Metal, Weaving, Glass, and Clay*. They agreed on a minimalist budget to cover costs for the project. By that afternoon, she had begged the required approval from the Dean, along with advance payment for the musicians and studio time, and they agreed to meet two weeks later, when the young professor would deliver the master tape of his finished score. Alas, he was soon to suffer a series of behind-the-scenes events that no one could have dreamed possible. Now for the story-within-the-story!

The smartest thing the young professor did was to call Jeff Tyzik, a marvelously gifted trumpet player the professor had worked with several years prior. Jeff agreed to bring along three of his Eastman School of Music faculty band mates, woodwind specialist Ramon Ricker, drummer Dave Mancini, and bassist Aleck Brinkman. The professor's second call



went to the great pianist Sonny Kompanek. The final call went to Tom Rizzo, an

acclaimed

Rochester guitarist who had worked with the professor in the recording studio.



Of course, they all coveted studio work, as their collective music careers would demonstrate all too well.

Sonny Kompanek: <http://www.imdb.com/name/nm0464751/>

Jeff Tyzik: <http://www.JeffTyzik.com>

Ramon Ricker: <http://www.RayRicker.com>

Tom Rizzo: <http://www.originarts.com>

Dave Mancini: <http://www.DaveManciniProductions.com>

True to form, all agreed to a minimalist fee to accommodate the available budget.

The next smart thing the professor did was to book a recording session at the \$150/hour recording studio in Rochester where he had produced the college ensemble's album. Admittedly, completing even *one* Tone Poem in eight hours was a stretch. But *five*? That's all the budget would allow, so they would simply have to make do. With that in mind, the last smart thing he did was to compose the

music the first week, sending the performance charts to the musicians in advance. He knew he didn't need to ask them to master the music beforehand. He had no doubt they would. And that turned out to be a life-saver!

The recording session was scheduled for a Saturday morning at nine o'clock. Naturally, all the musicians had gigs that night, so 5 o'clock was the latest they could stay. As with all his sessions, the professor arrived with sealed envelopes, containing payment in full for the day's recording. No surprise, everyone showed up early, eager to get started on time. All except the recording engineer, that is! So, they sat outside on the stoop, awaiting his arrival. 10 o'clock. No engineer. 11 o'clock. Still no engineer. The professor was in a panic, pressured by the Monday due date of the completed master tape for the film. No cell phones in the 1970's, so dozens of phone

calls were dialed from nearby telephone booths. You know, like in Superman movies? The engineer was nowhere to be found, and answering-machine messages went unreturned. At noon, Jeff Tyzik came running from his phone booth waving his arms frantically, out of breath but smiling.

“We’re in luck! I just got ahold of Mick Guzauski. He got home this morning from a European concert tour. He has a key to the studio, and he’s on his way!”

“Man, no way he’s gonna make it here before one o’clock,” Dave bemoaned. “And we gotta be outa here by 5!”

They all looked at each other. And at the professor. And at the envelopes in their pockets.

“I can stay ’til 7, maybe 7:30,” Ray offered. They all looked at each other again. And at the professor. And at the envelopes in their

pockets. They took a vote. Without exception, all agreed to stay and work until 8 o'clock, but that would have to be the limit. The professor smiled.

“Thanks, guys.”

Mick arrived at 12:45, looking none the



worse for wear, studio key in hand. The musicians filed in with their gear.

Normally, it takes the typical engineer hours to set up a studio for recording. But Mick was far from typical! He had everything ready to roll in 20-minutes, the professor marveling at his calm and cool demeanor, despite his lack of sleep.

Glass was the first Tone Poem they recorded. No rehearsal. One take. Done! The creative juices were flowing. Jeff assumed the duties of organizing everything from that point on, devising innovative solutions for all the

tricky overdubs the professor's music required in order to make seven players sound like a much bigger band. True to their promises, they managed to wrap up the session at 7:59 P.M. Mick and the professor remained until midnight to edit and master the score. As promised, the young professor handed the magical master tape to the film-maker on Monday, then departed, assuming his professional obligation was complete. Not so fast! A week later, the professor answered his ringing phone. It was the film-maker.

'Uh-oh,' he thought to himself.

"The Dean *loves* the music!" she gushed. "In fact, he wants to know if you can create four *new* Tone Poems for the School of Art & Design: *Painting, Printmaking, Foundations, and Communications Design*. These would be added to the film, already near completion."

“Wow, that’s great! Same approach as before? Same budget?”

Silence.

“...uhhh...well...there’s no money available,” she winced. “I’m afraid we spent everything we had on the School for American Craftsmen project. Do you think you might... uhhh...*you* know...”

He scratched his head, thought about it, and an idea came to him in mid-scratch.



“You know,” he mused, “I’ve got my own little project studio in a 9’x11’ space I rent for \$50-a-month in an old

industrial warehouse in town. Nothing even close to a *professional* recording studio. But I’ve got an eight-track tape deck for multi-tracking, a small mixing board, a two-track deck for mastering, and a synthesizer. So, if

you're game, I've always wanted to jump into the one-man-band genre. A real challenge, for sure. So, yeah, I think I could give you exactly what you need."

"Let's do it!"

"Let me guess...you need it in two weeks, right?"

"...uhhh...well...I actually need it in *one* week...can you *do* that?"

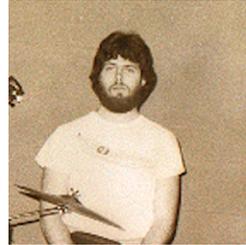
"Yep. I can. And I will."

The young professor spent the next week, day and night, in his little make-shift project studio in the Batavia Industrial Center. Of course, back in those days, there were no personal computers, no MIDI sequencers and the like. So he performed every part on every instrument himself. He persuaded another



musician friend to play on two of the tracks. That musician was saxophonist Dick Griffo,

a fellow alumnus from the University of Buffalo music department. He also invited one of his community college students, percussionist Mitch Grant, to join the fun on a track.



Sure enough, the exhausted professor delivered his second master tape a week later. He had a good feeling that something good might come from all of this. Once again, he assumed he had fulfilled his obligation, and his search for a new project was already underway. The phone rang! Yes, it was the film-maker.

“Uh-oh...you didn’t like it?” he asked.

“Like it? The Dean loves it so much that he’s decided he would like you to produce all nine Tone Poems on a long play record album!”

Silence.

“You’re kidding, right?”

“He thinks an LP of your music scores would be a great recruiting tool for the School for American Craftsmen and School of Art & Design. They’re going to mail copies to high school guidance counselors and promising students across the country. Europe, too, I believe. What do you think about that?”

“I think the Dean is a very wise man with a vision for the future. Okay, how’s this gonna work, financially?”

“First, he insists that you register the music copyrights in your name to protect your legal rights. Second, you’ll be given full credit for the music on the album cover, along with contact information for anyone who wants to reach you. R.I.T. will pay for everything. The Dean wants you to oversee the whole project to completion.”

“I can handle that. I hate to even ask, but when do you need it done?”

“Surprise! Take whatever time you need! The film is already doing its job, that’s for sure, so the LP is just icing on the cake,” she explained.

“Speaking of the film, what kind of response are you getting?”

“To quote the Dean, *‘viewer response to the professor’s innovative Jazz-Fusion music has been immediate and overwhelming.’*”

“Count me in! I’ll get everything rolling on my end. By the way, what are we going to use for the album cover?”

“The Dean invited one of the faculty members in the School of Art & Design to design the cover, which will have four-color art work on both sides.”



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“This is exciting stuff, for sure! Thank you for involving me in such an innovative project. I’ve really enjoyed it, every step of the way.”

“All I can tell you is that the Dean isn’t easily satisfied. This is all happening because of your passion for your work,” she complimented.

Remember the opening headline to this story, dear readers? *‘Our Earliest Passions Shape Our Future!’* Six months later, the LPs were mailed across the globe. In the meantime, the young professor left teaching... *another story for another time...* and opened a



music production company in his 9’x11’ studio in the decrepit old industrial complex. With a film score to his

credit, he ventured into advertising by

composing and producing jingles for ad agencies. That little production company eventually morphed into a full service national ad agency...*yet another story for another time and place!*

But before we conclude *this* story, the young professor has a confession to make:

“He is me. And I am him.”

But *you* already *knew* that, *didn't* you?

Time for the final movement in this composition! Let's fast-forward to 2003 and another phone call! Not from the film-maker this time, but from my younger brother.

“Congratulations,” Irv said.

“For what?” I asked in confusion.

“For selling your album on eBay for \$185!”

“What are you talking about? What album? And what's eBay?”

“You remember that album you produced for R.I.T. all those years ago? Some record

collector in Europe just sold his copy for \$185! Can you believe that? And you haven't heard of eBay? It's an Internet site where people around the world sell things to each other. You better do some research, old man! By the way, do you happen to have any of those LPs left?"

"I think I might have a few of them up in the attic."

"Send me one, will you? It might be worth quite a bit of money," he laughed.

"Sure, I'll send you one...as soon as you pay me the \$20 you owe me!"

"Check's in the mail, bro!"

"So is the album, bro!"

Phone call concluded with a chuckle, I could only wonder how that LP could have become a favorite of rare-LP collectors around the globe, bought and sold who-knows-how-many-times? And for how much money? Yes, I

did the required research, contacting the rare-LP collectors who had been following my music for all those years, unbeknownst to me. When they heard I had a few unopened LPs in my attic...well, you can guess the rest.



THE PLAYERS

The music notes on the score mean nothing
without the right group of Musicians to
bring those notes and dreams to Life!
You're about to meet the Players that
MADE IT ALL HAPPEN IN 1977!

SIDE 1: SAC

Acoustic Piano, Sonny Kompanek
Upright Bass, Aleck Brinkman
Electric Guitar, Tom Rizzo
Drums, Dave Mancini
Trumpet, Jeff Tyzik
Saxophones and Flute, Ramon Ricker
Flugelhorn & Alto Recorder, Jeff Resnick
ARP Synthesizer, Jeff Resnick
ARP String Synthesizer, Jeff Resnick
Sound EFX, Jeff Resnick

SIDE B: A&D

Electric Piano, Jeff Resnick
Soprano & Alto Recorders, Jeff Resnick
ARP Odyssey Synthesizer, Jeff Resnick
ARP String Synthesizer, Jeff Resnick
Saxophones & Flute, Dick Griffo (in
memoriam)
Percussion, Mitch Grant

All music composed, arranged and produced
by Jeff Resnick
© Jeff Resnick
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THE STORY

Back to ***The Story*** for a moment for the Finale!
Did you ever wonder why an LP recorded 40
years ago is suddenly given New Life?
It's all about **Passion!**

You'll see why, soon.
But first, meet the person who had dreamed
about reissuing this LP for many years.
Because of his Passion,
IT FINALLY HAPPENED!



***PEACE, LOVE, &
MUSIC ALWAYS!***

Peace, Love, & Music Always!
by Harvinder Nagi



I met Harv only a few months ago when he emailed me and said, 'I would be honored to reissue your amazing LP from 1977!' After some lengthy email conversations, we spoke by telephone to get to know each other on a personal level. That was one of the nicest conversations I'd had. No question, the human voice is a powerful communications tool. And now here we are, working together across the ocean on a wonderful project!

Jeff Resnick

So one day we were playing on the beach, swimming everyday, eating the most incredible food, enjoying an amazing idyllic childhood. One great big beach holiday! And the next thing we were at Heathrow airport on a chilly early Saturday morning in the UK. I remember I was holding my Mum's hand and thinking, '*What are we doing here Mum?*' It's cold, and there are so many people here, and there's no jungle! Its all concrete!

You see my Father emigrated from India to Tanzania in his early twenties with his younger brother seeking a new life, new opportunities. His Father was already in Tanga so it was a little easier for him. The trip in those days was hazardous, to say the least. The journey was by sea and the '*Ships*' were a little dubious, as some of them didn't quite make it to their final destination. My lovely dear Mother stayed behind with my elder brother whilst he made

preparations for their arrival. A few years down the line, My Sister Rani arrived followed by someone named Harvinder, the wildest, naughtiest child in Africa! *'Mowgli'* would have been a pretty good description.

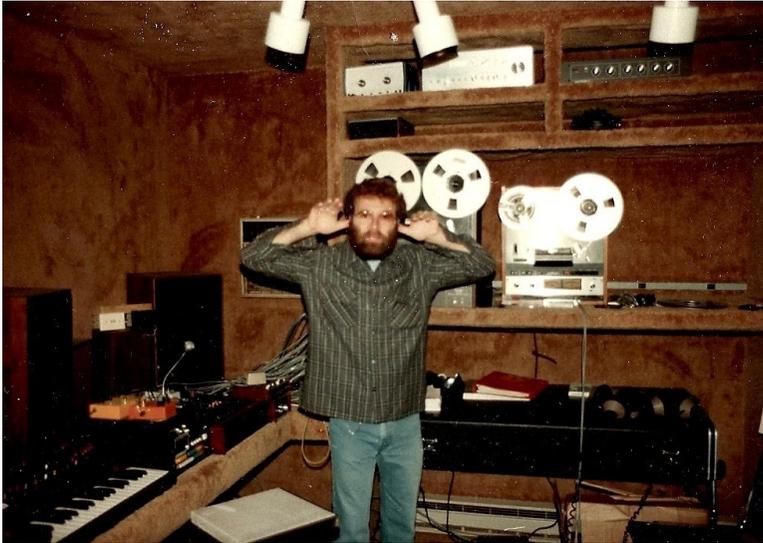
My musical journey began at a very early age. We used to have tickets booked at the local cinema every Saturday evening where they showed all the latest Bollywood films. These were three hours long with the most amazing musical scores you could imagine. You could hear everything from the traditional Indian Bollywood tunes to some of the most incredible Jazzy, Funky tunes with elements of Latin, Brazilian, and Afro themed music packed into those three hours. This is where my musical journey of inspiration started.

As I grew into my teens, my interest in collecting music began, so I used to frequent many of the famous and not-so-famous shops

that you could find in London in the late 1970's , 1980's, and 1990's. It was in the late 1980's that I discovered **Honest Jons Records** on the famous Portobello Road in Ladbroke Grove. One day, the owner Mark asked if I would like to work there on the weekends and of course I said '**yes!**' I used to be in there so much I think he thought he might as well offer me a job as I kind of knew my stuff, musically speaking.

To cut a long story short, this is where I came across this incredible record which had a picture of a man creating some pottery and, on the other side, a beautiful young lady doing something artistic that I didn't really understand! Anyway, I put the needle on the record and **POW! INCREDIBLE!** Tune after tune, ***Mesmerizing, Energizing, Hypnotic*** in some cases, composed, arranged and produced by someone named Jeff Resnick,

whom I had never come across in my record collecting days.



Anyway, there went my week's wages!
Money well-spent for some amazing music!
Thank You, Honest Jons Records. This record
now is a Holy Grail record amongst the vinyl
collectors across the world.

Fast forward many, many years later and
'Mowgli' has now decided finally to set up his
very own record label called **Outernational
Sounds**. I had already been a DJ, Record

Producer, Vinyl Collector, and Radio Show Host for many years. My first release was an Indo Jazz album from the 1960's called **Raga Jazz Style** By Shankar Jaikishan.



piece of work. The Concept, The Titles, The Incredible Story of how it just all came together, and last but not least, the Music itself. **Just Incredible!** I would like to think Jeff and I have made a connection, although we have only spoken on the telephone, but I was lucky enough to get some Positive vibes from Jeff.

I won't spoil the surprise by telling you too much about the individual tracks. It's impossible to do, as every time I listen to this album It takes me on a different journey. Go forth and discover what's in store. Recorded from original masters on heavy duty 180-gram vinyl only, with everything reproduced as close as possible to the original release. Come with an open mind!

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Now available on **Outernational Sounds** with
Jeff's blessings! Exclusive Worldwide
Distribution by **Honest Jons Records**.

Thank You,

Peace, Love & Music Always!

Harv Nagi

Outernational Sounds

<http://outernationalsounds.co.uk/>

Mixcloud

<https://www.mixcloud.com/harvnagi/>

Feeling Good

Outernational Sounds Radio Show

<https://www.mixcloud.com/harvnagi/>

Facebook

<https://www.facebook.com/harv.nagi>

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[https://www.facebook.com/
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Twitter

<https://twitter.com/harv0510>[https://twitter.com/
OuternationalSS](https://twitter.com/OuternationalSS)

Honest Jon's Records

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latest 100 arrivals](http://honestjons.com/shop/)





THE BOOK

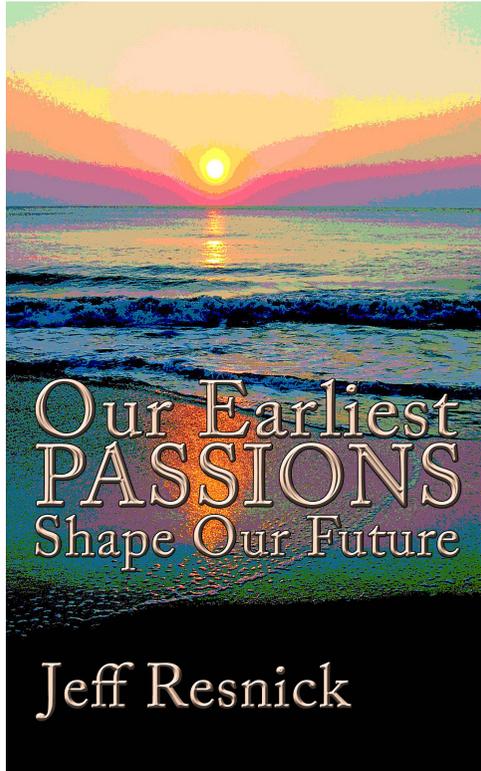
THE JOURNEY CONTINUES!

What began as a mere pamphlet about the LP
grew into something far greater in scope.

You're about to learn about the true meaning
of the word I mentioned earlier:

PASSION!

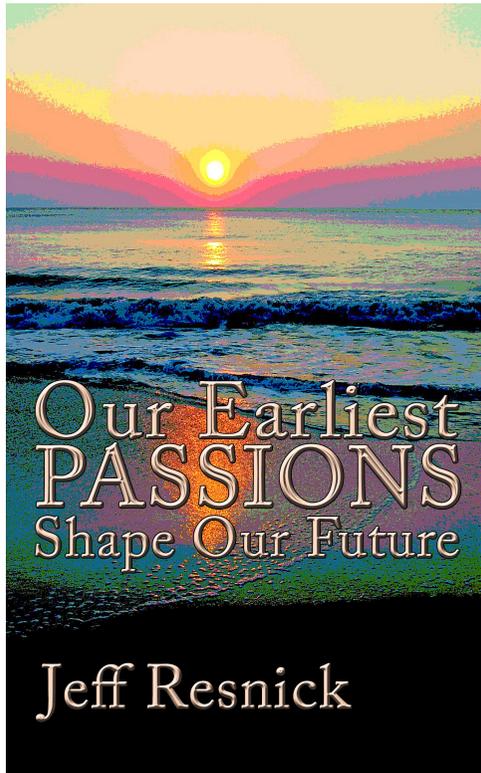
THE BOOK



*What began as **THE STORY** about the LP Reissue quickly morphed into something much more than anything I could have imagined. I hope you'll read the book and learn something about **Our Earliest Passions**. It's available now in Print and Digital Download on Amazon & Apple.*

Jeff Resnick

Introduction



This book has been 70 years in the making! I just didn't realize it until this moment, as I now enter these alphabet characters on my computer screen to form the words you are reading. For me, my earliest passion was unquestionably Music. From the moment I was given an old trumpet in the fourth grade

at Francis Parker #23 School in Rochester, New York, I sensed a change in my young life. A freedom to explore, if you will. A natural ability that seemed to take over my every thought and dream.



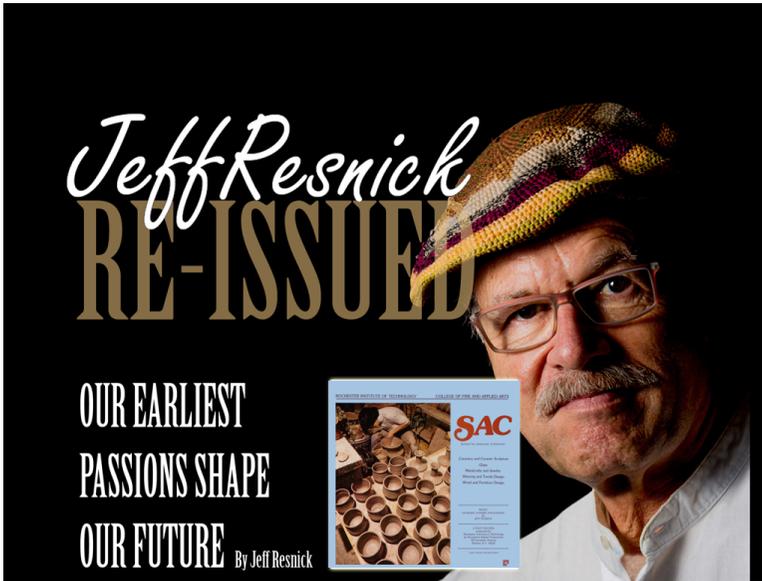
That earliest passion flourished throughout my high school years, introducing me to Musical experiences I could never have imagined as an eight-year old.

In the many years since, Music has taken me in different directions, all of them positive. No, this book is not meant to be my memoir.

But along the way I might make reference to those directions in an indirect way.

Occasionally, even in a direct way, as you'll soon realize. You see, about a year ago I embarked on a new Musical project, rooted in events that transpired some 40 years ago:

“Our Earliest Passions Shape Our Future”



It was certainly an ambitious undertaking, requiring new skills and new ways of thinking. Only then did I think about writing this book

about that experience, as if my ideas were being formulated without my knowledge. Suddenly, though, I had an epiphany. Surely there must be people around the world encountering similar thoughts as they search for their own answers to new projects in their own lives. It was then that I understood that this book could well be a learning tool for others, younger or older, to benefit from the experiences of their colleagues and mentors.

So I set myself to the task at hand, inviting some of my former and current friends and colleagues to contribute their personal thoughts about their own earliest passions shaping their later lives. Musicians. Artists. Storytellers. Teachers. Students. Business Owners. Activists. Entrepreneurs.

As different as our individual stories may be, we are constantly reminded that our earliest passions captured us in youth, then

changed over time as Life had its way with us, and eventually returned us to where we began. It's called *'The Circle of Life.'* Imagine my surprise when I quickly received enthusiastic responses from the people whose stories you will find on the pages to follow. Stories from people of different ages and career paths. Stories from different countries and cultures. Some comedic, at first glance. Others, not so much. But all reflect heartfelt gestures to share their talents, skills, and lifetime experiences with you in the unselfish hope that you will gain valuable insight about what it all means in the *'Circle of Life.'*

The first such chapter is my own, of course, intended to set the stage for the chapters that follow. So read on, if you will. And consider the pathways your own lives may be destined to follow.



CHAPTERS

Without knowing it, you've already read
the first three chapters in the book!

Introduction

40 Years In The Making

Peace, Love, & Music Always

Here are the titles of some of the other chapters,
submitted by some very inspiring people in
different countries, and from different cultures.

The Garden Of Passions
Life Aboard A Paddlewheel Cruise Boat
In My Mother's Honor
Let Music Be The Soul Of Life
Cooper's Way
Making Choices
The Summer Of 1966
The Acoustic Guitar Repair Detective
Rock Till Ya Drop
The Birth Of Passions
It All Started At Age 15
When One Door Closes
Inspiration
A New Direction
Living The Artful Life
Conclusion
Acknowledgements
In Memoriam



HOW TO ORDER

www.JeffResnick.com/passions.html

