

LETTERS TO DATEBOOK

On Spooky's side

Editor — James Sullivan's review of DJ Spooky and the Oakland Symphony ("DJ Spooky mixes it up with Oakland Symphony," March 22) places him in the Britain of the last century, not in our progressive Oakland of today.

Before I read the article in The Chronicle, my comment to Jude Gold of Guitar Player magazine about the show was literally going to be: "Nice Pink Floyd bass jam with Spooky." Sullivan claims Gold's bass "might have been the biggest incongruity, not Spooky's record scratching." This statement suggests that Spooky's scratching was also an "incongruity," just not as big as that of Jude's bass.

I believe that the main incongruity was that the old guy who was passed out like he walked there from San Jose, face up to ceiling, jaw open for anything that may fall, finally popped his head up and looked.

Sticking with hundreds of years of tradition, Sullivan believes the symphony crowd doesn't want to

hear anyone who ruffles feathers: "That the performance did not crumble in an unsightly collision of metal and wood was an achievement in itself."

My experience was that Gold's bass (and his delay/echo) made the symphony more three-dimensional.

I thought it was an example of

how great it would be if the symphony could add rock 'n' roll elements. I particularly liked having the snare drum and a more rockin' rhythm section. It was a revelation that an amazing new genre of music could blossom if we could get the symphony to add rock 'n' roll to the rhythm section (and maybe even improvise — instead of play-

ing every note exactly as written on the sheet music). Imagine the symphony rocking out the first Beethoven song with Spooky, Gold on bass and the rock 'n' roll drum kit with some freedom to go off. That would be awesome!

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