



## FACES OF MUSIC: 25 YEARS OF LUNCHING WITH LEGENDS

The phone rings. "Hi. You may not know me but they call me Mr. Bonzai." As in the miniature tree? Or as in the battle cry of the Asian wing of the Axis powers? "Yeah yeah, look, I got a book. . . ." And so it went. The famous Mr. Bonzai talking at me like Charlie Rose zapped out on valium. He had a book. *Faces of Music*. His interviews. It was great. I should read it, live it, love it. The phone went rocking back in the cradle as soon as the conversation crawled to a close and was forgotten in its entirety until the book actually showed up. Make that **THE BOOK**.

It's a monster of a tome and it reads like Bonzai sounds and the questions are a curious mix— equal parts clunky, awe-inspired, and having you run the razor's edge of laughing both at and with— of something that will have you feverishly thumbing through the whole thing just to find out what happens next.

Making this?

You got it: an unqualified work of mad genius. —*Eugene Robinson*