



## JOKE 'EM IF THEY CAN'T TAKE A FUCK Madlib

Story: Roosevelt Franklin (a.k.a. Mister Miracle)

Madcap mad hatter Madlib: mucho dinero nada pero he's the man, ya heard? Hip-Hop was supposed to be funky and he takes it there like George Clinton time shifted to the west coast cool of 50s jazz. A better comparison might be what Prince would sound like as a rap cat who got crazy zooted. Talented is as understatement. Clever rhymes are just a sideline. Production is his bread and butter, delving deeper into the Be-Bop than DJ Premier ever dared go.

The son of a soul singer and a nephew of well known trumpeter Jon Faddis, Madlib has made a name for himself by bridging that gap between rap and jazz in a way b-boys can relate to and respect. Affiliated with the Likwit crew (which includes tha Liks, Xzibit, Defari, and King Tee), this rare grooves beat junkie is a staple in the L.A. underground. His seemingly multiple personality disorder has become a trademark of sorts, the calling card of a mad genius who can't settle for just anything. A loop digga who keeps searching like a Roy Ayers love song, he's all over the rap game like Lon Chaney, the man of a thousand faces.

He's the sound behind Lootpack, the abstract Cali trio who've been holding it down alongside cats like Zion I and Planet Asia the past few years. Like Q-Tip in A Tribe Called Quest, Madlib rhymes on their songs,

but is more influential as the group's musical director. He sets the tone.

Whatever success Lootpack achieved obviously wasn't enough. Like Rza's got Bobby Digital and Shock G had Humpty Hump, Madlib's got the mushroom hallucination manifest Quasimoto. His alter ego's album, *The Unseen*, topped the critics end of the year best-of lists from sea to shining sea in 2000. Not bad for some music that was never supposed to be released to the public.

Madlib's next project is the jazz outfit Yesterday's New Quintet for which he hits the skins, among other things. It's live Be-Bop performed with a Hip-Hop sensibility. Even though I'd love to see these cats open up for the Roots, I prefer Madlib's drumming over brother ?uestlove's soulquarianisms. It's more organic, like Art Blakey playing out as opposed to perpetrating 8 bars then repeating endlessly.

For those who can't get enough, he's got a lil' brother coming up named Oh No whose group Epitome just released their first single which includes the Madlib produced "Earthquake." They say that madness is genetic. Guess we'll find out soon enough if it runs in the family.

