Mp3 Gavin Castleton And Cyrus Leddy - Grace Land



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This album chronicles a horrifying week in the life of Gary Tivoli, who works at Staples. 10 MP3 Songs SPOKEN WORD: With Music, HIP HOP/RAP: Alternative Hip Hop Details: This Description was taken from Cyrus Leddy's myspace page (myspace.com/cyrusleddy): Grace Land is the result of a collaboration between me, Gavin and Gary Tivoli, a man I met when I was out shopping for USB adaptors at Staples. Gary was my salesman that day and I was immediately struck by his unusual selling technique, which was a mishmash of weird prepared jokes and overt frustration. I'd ask a question (I had a lot, never having bought a USB adaptor) and have it answered with Gary saying "Uh huh... Uh...huh..." And like nodding. At first I thought he was just processing my questions, you know, getting all the facts so as to get a clear view of my specific computer needs. But when he just kept nodding and staring at me I realized..."This guy's in the wrong department." Which turned out to be true; Gary normally works in the Copy Center. But I was fascinated by what I saw as Gary's inability to put up a sales guy front; one look at him and I could see that hated his job and on top of that, hated ME for taking his time up. I also saw that in asking questions that he had no clue how to answer I was in his mind, showing him up, and being a know-it-all. So I went back to that Staples again. I went to the Copy Center this time and started chatting him up; he seemed to like talking to me this time and I didn't hate talking to him. We talked about the Pawsox a lot and I mentioned that I had tickets behind Home plate, would he like to go sometime. He would. So we went to some games, hung out, Gary doing most of the talking. He talked about his life, which is all he really could talk about. When I asked him questions he'd 9 times out of 10 respond by saying something that had no relation to what I asked and seemed annoyed (he's always getting annoyed) that I interrupted him. He had a monologue and an audience and it was not my place to butt in. But the thing was, all that he was saying was so boring. It was all about different brands of stereo

systems and the walking to work. I remember we walked by a little bistro once and he told me that the bistro was actually made of styrofoam and they had just put a glaze of concrete over it. Fair enough. But then the whole day he kept pointing out buildings he thought were made of styrofoam. It sounds cute but you try talking to someone who does that. And he'd do comedy bits for me so obviously ripped from Jerry Seinfeld; he idolized Seinfeld. But he hardly left the house except to go to work so all his material referenced things that 99f the world would never be able to relate to. Like he'd say "Oh, isn't it strange when you watch certain things on TV your pilliow need to be arranged just so? When you watch CSI it has to be 3 pillows, right? But with Law and Order, you can sit up, with no pillows!" I found myself getting really angry. But I recognized a little of myself in Gary and he was such a misfit I couldn't help hanging with him. I thought too that Gary is a person that no one is interested in hearing from, people talk about "regular folk" and aspire to re-create that in art, but that's just melodrama and artist's guilt. People aren't like the noble "everyman" characters in movies, and they're not like the desperately flawed characters in theater. Most people are like Gary, in that they're on the border of too odd and not odd enough. I started recording him. Not his thoughts on life but just whatever he wanted to say to me. I then took it, jazzed it up and gave it to Gavin. He then put what he thought as fitting music behind these 10 pieces and performed it. It's out now.

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