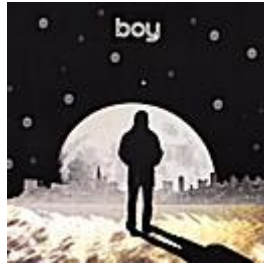


Mp3 Boy - Pop: British Pop



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This twenty-two year-multi-instrumentalist from Whitehorse, YT wrote, produced, recorded, arranged and mixed his self-titled debut album on his computer located in his bedroom. BOY's debut album was one of the most talked about releases of last year. 11 MP3 Songs POP: British Pop, POP: Beatles-pop Details: Stephen Noel Kazmeniuk (a.k.a. BOY) is one talented dude. Not only has he written all 11 tracks on this self-titled release, this Whitehorse native also plays most of the instruments, produces and even designs the artwork. Musically, the tracks boast poignant lyrics, atmospheric arrangements and a distinctive vocal style that is striking if not overtly commercial. Boy has produced a challenging set that stands up to repeated play. His debut album was one of the most talked about Canadian releases of last year! There is a certain Boy from Whitehorse. He is not a good ol' boy - he is good, just not old. For fifteen years he was a feral child of the wilderness, the Yukon River his sole provider. He drank and fished from it year-round, and in the winter, using driftwood from the previous summer as a chisel, would fashion vaguely phallic igloos out of river ice. This same stick would also serve as auger when it came time to carve holes for the ice fishing which sustained him during those cold, dark months. He maintained a perfect, harmonious balance with his pristine habitat. Animals, trees and water speak their own language, and from an early age this Boy learned to communicate his thoughts and feelings through a primitive form of music. Whether pounding out an emotive rhythm on a log or stone, or howling crude choruses that smelled of earth, the lofty pines of the river valley rang with his melodies. But the Boy grew restless of his simple, rustic life. With the next ice break up, he set out to discover what lay in wait, what the world had in store for him. He met people. He learned their ways, observed their "life," and found it wanting. What was he to do? Be a miner, a secretary, a mechanic, a systems analyst? Eke out an unremarkable existence, hoping only to catch some of the drippings of a real life? In a word, yes. In an ironic twist, Boy took as a career

the chopping and delivery of firewood. For the next three years, the trees that had once resonated with his unique musical stylings provided, in their destruction, a livelihood for the newly urbanized Boy. And then he turned eighteen. One day, while hitchhiking back from his former home turned firewood farm, he was picked up by a band of seasoned but dumpy-looking musicians on their way back to Minnesota from an Alaskan tour. With their contagious and unsophisticated zest for life and their music, Boy took a liking to them right away. He especially liked their style of dress - fringed vests, cowboy hats, and leather pants - and began modeling his own wardrobe after theirs. When they pulled up in front of the Boy's home, he realized that he did not wish to part ways with these worthy men. Boy suggested he continue along with them on their journey and the band immediately agreed. With a sleeping bag and a change of clothes his only worldly possessions, they hit the road once more. For reasons known only between them, Johnny Jenkins, the band's lead singer, gave Boy a black concert T-shirt as they drove up Steamboat Mountain. It had the words Pointer Brothers Band written in large, red italics. The significance of this gesture remains a mystery, but tragedy struck soon after. While supping at a Grande Prairie truck stop, the band, perhaps inadvertently, perhaps not, left without the Boy. What now? He was stranded. Alone and with no resources. Unfazed, Boy began walking. Soon he came across a bar called The Pristine Pit on Homer Street. The owner was a friendly man and, after hearing of the Boy's plight, gave him a job waiting tables. For two months Boy worked tirelessly at the Pit, earning enough money to once again set off for adventure, this time alone. From that day forward he made it his life's mission to even the score with Johnny and his band. He would get better than them and play all of the same venues in Alaska, Northern B.C. and the Yukon... but draw bigger crowds, receive more acclaim! Tonight, in a small bar somewhere in the desolate North, this Boy takes to the stage, still chasing his dream. So doff your cap to Boy should you ever cross paths, for he alone understands what music is all about: REVENGE!

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