

Mp3 The Herbie Hinkle Ensemble - Rock: Funk Rock



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A funky, jazzy, bluesy, rockish, type of thing.....or.... A unique high-energy-meets-groove combination.... "Surf Love" or "Aggressive Groove" 10 MP3 Songs ROCK: Funk Rock, ROCK: Progressive Rock Details: The Herbie Hinkle Ensemble, founded in Louisville, KY by the mysterious Herbie Hinkle and Jon Beazlie, consists of Jon on guitar/vocals, Joe Wheeler on bass/vocals, Jeremy Smith on drums/vocals, and of course, Herbie on who knows what...(although his excessive neglect to attend public performances has become an issue with the other members.) The band, ages 25 to 30, has developed a jazz-funk-rock style that is hard to pigeonhole but easy to love. While they can seldom be compared to any one band, they pull from a variety of influences in a number of genres to create a sound that almost anyone can get into. Though the sound is of a new breed, the lyrics can grab almost anyone by the imagination and run back to a similar time in their lives. Jon's catchy melodies and funky guitar riffs laced with the occasional creative outburst (such as a reference to Listerine Man, or a haunting rendition of the Swamp Ass song) are sure to have you smiling to yourself long after the show is over. Backing him up on the bass is Joe Wheeler, who, hooded or unhooded, will undoubtedly find a unique pose to strike, such as the one-leg-up-in-the-air, or the Bugs Bunny Freakout. His bass lines are a stone groove, and groove to them you will. Keeping rhythm is Jeremy Smith on the drums. One has only to look around at the people tapping their feet or drumming on the table to know that the blend of his rhythms with the rest of the band is tight. Then there's Herbie... well, no one really knows what Herbie does in the band. Come to think of it, many people have never really seen the guy.... when asked, "So who IS Herbie Hinkle?" Jon simply states, "He is the leader of the band.... we do what he says because he makes us do it." Together, The Herbie Hinkle Ensemble delivers a refreshing new sound, a combination of high-energy-meets-groove. Their music is met with mutual smiles and head bobs, conveying the message that this is what people

have been waiting to hear. Their debut cd is one that won't leave your cd player. If you've left a show without buying one, the remnants of the songs bouncing around in your head will surely make you wish you hadn't. And now..... a completely different bio.... From the desk of Herbie Hinkle In my youth, being a connoisseur of fine record albums, the thought of becoming a professional musician titillated my enthusiasm and peaked my fancy. I would practice my homemade guitar (which I fashioned from rubber bands, half of a row boat paddle, and a whiskey crate) for hours, until my hands bled from exhaustion, or until I passed out from the whiskey (it was a full crate). Then when I had finally accumulated enough money plowing fields for an onion farmer, I bought my first real guitar. I. Was. Elated. Unfortunately, two days later I was engaged in what I will only refer to now as the "Son of a bitch, I lost my fu@#ing left hand!" incident. In which I lost my left hand. I. Was. Devastated. I became embittered by the battered embers of the cruel whore fate, and I turned my back on the world and both my guitars. Being a foreigner to this land and at the time not speaking much English, I spent my time poisoning stray dogs in the park, and setting wildly elaborate booby traps for unknowing joggers. However, one day I discovered an innocent young man, who had the intelligence of a rabbit, but the enthusiasm of a bunny, not to mention the gullibility of a hare, and I knew then that this young man would serve to be the perfect puppet to live out my fantasy, to achieve my masterpiece and ultimately...become me! I got straight to work, cutting his hair, locking him in my basement and forcing him to transform my sung melodies into great works of instrumental opuseses (if that's even a word). I fed him a half-empty (or half-full, if you're an optimist) glass of bathwater a day, plus a mighty portion of the leftover communion bread from the church across the street. God's hand was an integral part of this process. So, finally the day came when all the writing was done. I slapped together a band for him. One was a wino who slept in the church dumpster, and the other I crafted myself, using the body of a deadsailor, a monkey's brain and a lightning tower. And now, I give to you.... the ultimate creation of my genius....The Herbie Hinkle Ensemble. Below is an email sent to our "People of the List." 16th of April 2005 People of Herb, As long as I have known Herbie Hinkle, I knew in the back of my head this would one day come. Folks... Herbie. Is. Dead. As you may or may not know, Herbie had been sick for quite some time. Last week I got the call from Herb's caregivers that he had passed. Due to the nature of the subject and the reality of "What next?" it has taken some time for me to clearly collect my thoughts, thus resulting in the delay of this news. From the moment I first met the guy, his pale skin reeked of death... actually, it was probably 90 b. o., 5 gangrene from his left hand, and 5 Old

Spice. (That still don't make it right!) When I first set foot in his basement, the empty pill bottles, rubber bands, whisky crates, and piles of used gauze sprinkled with an occasional onion skin, clued me in to Herbie's dire situation, and of course my own cruel whore fate... months and months of tortuous, somewhat cryptic, musical information being crammed into my head, forcing me to ultimately become... A PROFESSIONAL MUSICIAN! For over three years, The Herbie Hinkle Ensemble has been playing Herb's sung melodies. If you've had the honor of witnessing the rare appearance of Herbie at a show, you are one of the lucky ones. As ill as he was, it was a wonder he ever made it out at all. (Hence our numerous excuses for his absences.) The gradually worsening condition of the founder of the band left us confused and frustrated; we knew we were coming to a turning point and a very important decision. The time to make that decision came on Saturday, shortly after the death of Pope John Paul II (which was ironic, because the Pope WAS morally opposed to poisoning stray dogs in the park, unlike Herbie). We knew that Herbie would want us to continue in his absence, but ultimately we were too grief-stricken to move forward with the original band name. Together, we decided to honor Herb's memory by dutifully renaming the band The Hinkle Family Trust.

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