

Mp3 The Grassy Knoll - Short Stories



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Dark and nasty, down tempo rock grooves with an oh so sexy spoken word apocalyptic message dancing over the top. play loud 11 MP3 Songs ROCK: Emo, HIP HOP/RAP: Alternative Hip Hop Details: Linking the rebellious spirit of Fugazi to the experimental adventures of Ornette Coleman, or fusing the ghetto-box hype of Public Enemy to the rock fortitude of Humble Pie, may not seem to be obvious connections for the everyman. But like the subversive stories uncovered in the JFK conspiracy on that fateful day in Dallas, The Grassy Knoll lurks in the dark corners of our musical memory, assimilating and connecting disparate sonic textures by way of his own methods and the ever-suspicious ear. You could classify the Knoll's music as melody-entrenched rocktronica, but why limit your experience? The band, and the man behind the band, rarely stand still long enough to let you wonder what is next. Liberated from his record deal stalemate, Knoll mastermind Bob Green has adapted the credo of the independent rock community in creating his own visually astute and musically rich coop: sixtyonesixtyeight-- along with fellow artist absorption (London) and Jettatura (New York). While the newly recorded / released Short Stories (2003) is The Grassy Knoll's first album in several years, within it Green has reasserted the kind of raw artistic control found only when free from the hit-sifting industry machine. Born from sweaty bass and guitar jams in his New York City studio apartment, Short Stories may be Knoll's most intimate work. By sampling spoken word artist / NY actress Becca Ayers, and reworking tracks from longtime cohort Chris Grady (trumpet), Short Stories concocts images of post 9-11 New York using brave sonic imagery and a purposefully dark subtext. Amazingly, The Knoll's dub-laden stylistic mix simultaneously tips its hat to John Adams, '70's era Miles Davis, Sonic Youth, and the mix of Green's urban experience. To understand what is rock and what is not is but to glimpse at the seam of Green's overlying vision. His early albums, 1994's untitled debut, 1996's Positive, and 1998's III were premonitions of the music-future

as well as critically acclaimed recordings. These snapshots were a full, ahead-of-the-curve exposure of the loop-based sonic collages taken for granted today -- a today where Green now looks out his lower Manhattan apartment to study the movements of a flirtatious neighbor, watch the garbage truck skittering by the neighborhood soup kitchen, and reminisce about growing up in Texas. The Grassy Knoll's atypical rock message, heartfelt melodic ambiences and passionate sonic debauchery may well house the missing ingredient to today's music -- brain food that still nourishes the soul. the following is an excerpt from a review of the abum III: The Grassy Knoll aren't playing what fusion jazz sounded like in the early '70s but what it should sound like now: bristling with broken hip-hop breaks, Money Mark- like Hammond B-3 fills, dark ambient, post-rock (particularly Cul du Sac), heavy noise, and lo-fi distortion crackles. It's all there, along with some singing trumpet lines, bass clarinet, sinister electric violin, sludgy deep basslines, and some jagged electric guitar. "A Beaten Dog Beneath the Hail" opens with Bonzo big beats. Buzzing guitars snake about the regimented rhythm, and several Miles- ish trumpet lines skim the surfaces like a waterbug. Ellery Eskelin's admirable tenor sax work comes to the fore in "Down in the Happy Zone," set before an alternating fusillade of distorted noise, and surreally screaming strings (violin and cello). Think Wayne Shorter soloing over a Carbon record cut with shards of Henryk Gorecki. "Every Third Thought" stays with the strings and softens the blow of the album's first two tracks. "Blue Wires" has an asskicking blaxploitation sound: swinging muted trumpet over superfunky wah- wah guitar. And all this in the first sixteen minutes. The album seems to paradoxically turn a new corner with every track, but somehow never loses its overall continuity. It's as if the melee of one track somehow unearths the seeds of the next and plants them in a different sound far away. The final track, "Thunder Ain't Rain," lays a squirmy repetitive crawl under the deepest bass this side of a Praxis record, and dices the whole affair up with acid- fried electric violin that makes Jean-Luc Ponty sound like the stuff of Bar Mitzvah bands. This is fusion, children. Not the smooth supermarket sounds of delicate electric guitar and unobtrusive sax. This is the dangerous fusion, an exercise in the grotesque: sonic miscegenation and unchecked generation of forms. It's almost occult in execution. Ouroboros baby: the snake that devours its own tail forever. -Brent S. Sirota

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