

# Mp3 Gregory Fleeman & The Fleewomen - The Right Tool For The Job



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Funny, goofy rock songs with great vocal harmonies and full studio production - think Dan Hicks and The Hot Licks meets Tom Lehrer meets Randy Newman meets Lou Reed. Then think again. 13 MP3 Songs  
POP: Quirky, FOLK: Modern Folk Details: He's great and he's dangerous..." - Stereo Review "Fleeman will stop at nothing in humiliating himself for humorous effect, and it really works." - Interview He'll either become a great star or be run out of town on a rail..." - Cue "Fleeman's views on life and love had the audience in hysteria from his entrance to his exit..." - Michael's Thing "He might well be that finally berserk game show MC who's had quite enough..." - GQ "Demented..." - New York Times

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For over 25 years, Gregory Fleeman has been writing and performing his peculiar "songs" in some of the nation's leading nightclubs. Sometimes he performs alone, in the guise of "Lonesome Greg." Sometimes he performs with his band, Gregory Fleeman and the Fleewomen. Sometimes he stands in the back of the room and whimpers. That's just the kind of guy he is. But who is he? Born many years ago in the sleepy little Florida village of Miami Beach, Fleeman was a sickly child. Stricken with asthma at a very young age, he wasn't allowed to go outside and play with his childhood companions; consequently, he stayed indoors and amused himself in whatever ways he could. Perhaps it is this single, unavoidable fact that accounts for his overactive imagination. That same imagination earned him a reputation as a "Class Clown" in school. His puny physical bearing, however, earned him a reputation as "Class Piata." After years of being beaten up regularly by thugs and ruffians, Fleeman got down on his fourteen-year-old knees and begged his parents to, in his own words, "get me the hell out of here." Much to his surprise, they acquiesced, sending him to a progressive boarding school outside of Boston, where he attended classes alongside the relatives of many famous people. For years,

he was grateful, even guilty, for the sacrifices that his parents undertook to provide him with the best education that money could buy, until he finally realized that they just wanted him out of the house. He romped in the Groves of Academe for many years, doing time at a number of colleges, eventually (with a great deal of whining and pleading) obtaining a B.A. from Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, N.Y. Almost immediately upon graduation, he joined the world famous ETC company of Caf La MaMa, a radical theater group headed by impresario Ellen Stewart and Tony-winning director Wilford Leach. He appeared in many productions there, and toured Europe with "C.O.R.F.A.X. - Don't Ask," an Obie-winning musical. Back in New York, he worked full-time as an actor, appearing both on and off Broadway, and in the occasional movie (he was an extra in Alan Parker's "Fame" - look for the Rocky Horror Show sequence.) Like any other actor, he sometimes found it necessary to augment his income with odd jobs - and odd they were: Security Cop, Movie Theater Janitor, Movie Publicist, etc., etc. Somewhere along the line, he decided that, rather than acting someone else's words, it was time to perform his own. He began singing his own compositions in local nightspots. His inaugural gig was in 1973 at the Caf Wha?, where he billed himself, for reasons he now doesn't quite comprehend, as "Evolution's Plaything." Eventually, he went on to perform at all the city's best clubs, including The Bottom Line, Kenny's Castaways (where, for a brief shining moment, he was Pinball Champion), The Other End, J.P.'s, Folk City, Reno Sweeney, and many others best forgotten. It was while he was working as an Editor at CNN, however, that a friend called him and asked, "Wanna write a movie?" That innocent query eventually resulted in the cult film "F/X", and yet another career, this time as a screenwriter. However, the glamour of Hollywood, as it does to most sane men, began to pall, and Fleeman grew weary of the Fast Lane. He left his beloved New York, and wandered aimlessly for five years (actually, he lived in Mill Valley, California, which is pretty much the same thing). Eventually, having had his fill of tree hugging and hot tubs, he ambled in a southeasterly direction, finally settling, inexplicably, in Central Texas. And there he sits to this day, rapidly aging but still attractive, basking among the Live Oaks and smelling the barbecue. On rare occasions, he ventures out from his little cottage to amuse and annoy the local populace with his eccentric tunes and his snappy patter, but mostly he just sits alone, talking to his little animal pals, and hoping some sucker will call. -----

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