

# Mp3 Andy Conrad? - Artificial Junk

ANDY CONRAD?



ARTIFICIAL JUNK

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Flashy Beck stimulated with Wilco tweaked with Pink Floyd Air. Unusual hooks. Storm curves. High yet cheerful Delightful, inspiring vocals and lyrics. "Chillrific." Swirling sounds. Hear something new with each listen. ALL PROFITS GO TO CHARITY 16 MP3 Songs POP: British Pop, POP: Beatles-pop Artificial Junk Songs Details: A Brief History Rather Exciting Autobiographical Hints Regarding Artificial Junk by Andy Conrad I am from Kansas City, a conservative community on the verge of falling into an ocean of grains and pastures. Jazz great Count Basie, baseball legend Satchel Paige, comedian Eddie Griffin and director Robert Altman ran in her streets. And, somewhere in these ranks is Andy Conrad. A quick shout from the gallery, "Who is he?" and my question mark-studded name was born. On a love quest, I found myself on the Mississippi River. My migration to St. Louis revealed the fact that Midwestern towns look and feel same. It's a little lonely, but it's honest. The Midwest is a state-of-mind. It's part of me and I'm part of it. People go about their business of making babies and shooting each other while they try to count up their money and stash it away for their funerals. I guess it basically runs in the same mode as any other town in America. But, here, the music scene runs at a snail's pace. The nice thing is, there isn't a whole lot of pressure, just a lot of swirling, heartbreaking dreams. So, to my musty basement I went to record "Artificial Junk." I was down in my bunker, every moment I had, for over a year. Artificial Junk was written and recorded from mid 2002 to mid 2003. Some parts were rehearsed, but a lot of it was written as the machine was rolling. So, most of the album's music and lyrics aren't actually written down. I can't read music, so I don't know what I'm doing when it comes to music theory. My responsibilities included vocal chords, bass guitars, acoustic and electric guitars, keyboards, drums, percussion, buckets, chairs, bells, whistles, gadgets, writing, production, recording and paint brushes. There were a few exceptions on drums and several guest appearances. The album wasn't released in typical fashion. There wasn't a

confetti-strewn concert. On October 19, 2003, the Federal Express man delivered the boxes to my house, without any damage, and I carried them to my basement. It has been nice to pass copies to friends and strangers. The compliments create ego buoyancy equaled only by the feeling of completing the album. A labor of love. I've always been a large fan of listening to music and I maintain a jumbolicious album collection. My loves are soul-funk and jazz. I enjoy California country, Liverpool and Stravinsky. There's rarely a moment in my life when music isn't playing, which many people might find upsetting. I need a soundtrack for my rather mundane life: My favorite color used to be green, but I'm not sure about that anymore. I've become partial to blue, which I guess is a simplified green. My favorite number is 4, but I've read that my "magic number" is 1. So, that's been very confusing as of late. My favorite trousers are of the corduroy kind. I think everyone should read "The Tao of Pooh," by Benjamin Hoff. And, I love dogs because they seem to love me. ? A brand new, full-length album was recently completed-now awaiting the finalization of artwork and the printing process. This fresh new daisy has been christened Everyday Peepholes.

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