

Mp3 The Princes Of Hollywood - Direction Of Motion



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Classic pop songs painted with wistful snippets of Americana--think '60s pop twelve-string, Mexican border-radio Mariachi horns, Hawaiian steel guitar, and New Orleans accordion--whose boots are dug deep into blue-collar folk-rock 11 MP3 Songs FOLK: Folk Pop, POP: Folky Pop Details: During the '50s and '60s, in many a sleepy town in Middle America, young musicians in garages aspired to make great rock 'n' roll. And while the music industry has increasingly moved toward glossy images and over-hyped "bands of the moment," a few artists still hold on to the simple, earnest rock 'n' roll aesthetics of yesteryear. In one small town in southeast Ohio, two young men are doing just that. The Princes of Hollywood, Harlan Dalzell and Tris Kinsley, were raised in the little cultural hub of Athens, Ohio, situated among the rolling foothills and Mail-Pouch Chewing Tobacco barns of Appalachia, a good two hours drive from just about anywhere. Surrounded by the healthy influence of families made up of musicians, poets, and painters, the boys were fed a steady diet of the best folk, rock, pop, jazz, and country this ole spinning rock has to offer. As naturally as they inherited their parents' features, they seemed destined to be heirs to their families' musical traditions. Kinsley's father and uncle were an Everly Brothers-style folk duo for the better part of the '70s, and Dalzell's father was a member of the Crosby, Stills, and Nash-style group, The Kings of Hollywood. Before too long, both Dalzell and Kinsley were banging on pots and on things with strings, and before either had a driver's license, they began appearing on stages around town, continuing their parents' traditions and inheriting the Kings' throne. Thus: The Princes of Hollywood were born. These guys could practically be a definition of earnestness in Webster's next edition. Polite and self-deprecating, they are obviously much more in tune with bar-b-que, bad jokes, and wistful strumming than with the trappings of arrogant stardom. Their eyes light up when you mention Springsteen or whatever local band they saw at the bar last night, and they frequently break into song, jamming along

together with their eyes closed before bursting into laughter; their attitudes are infectious, and so is their music. Pure, organic, and classic, their music is a whirl-wind tour of Americana-listen close and you can hear '60s pop twelve-string, Mexican border-radio mariachi horns, and New Orleans accordion all in the same song-which somehow still keeps its boots dug deep into blue-collar folk-rock. In 2002, they both split for college, but during the sweltering summer of 2003 they recorded and released a debut album, entitled *Moving Slowly*, a varied and sometimes spontaneous collection of early material quietly and defiantly bringing together folk, pop, rock, country, and (fake) jazz. The Athens Insider described the recording as "a refreshing, harmony-heavy collection of songs that conjure a mood conducive to youthful innocence, thoughtful self-reflection, sentimental love letters, good intentions." Less than a year later, again during breaks from college, they set to work on their next collection of songs. They produced, recorded, and played most of the instrumentation themselves, and the result is the impressive and mature *Direction of Motion*. The Athens Insider declared "from the opening track, "My Love Will Be True," The Princes of Hollywood leave the bold impression that they're capable of songs that are lyrically smart and lucid, craftily arranged, and intensely melodic. With a sort of Simon and Garfunkel sensibility, Dalzell and Kinsley write songs that speak to unashamed love, heartbreak and self-discovery. *Direction of Motion* is an effective line up of songs that are sweet without sappiness and moody without whininess. The Princes of Hollywood write life affirming, comfortably pensive songs that make you long for (or appreciate) simpler times and real love." For now, The Princes of Hollywood sit on the verge of something big as the press and radio around the east-coast begin to catch wind of what fellow musicians have long been recognizing: the songs. "I am just amazed at the quality of the songwriting," declares Chris Trapper, of Boston's The Push Stars. Something big indeed. But hanging around with Harlan and Tris, you'd hardly know it. They'd rather tell you about the great diners and cool cars they've seen along the commute between Boston and Athens, the two places they have been calling home on and off for the past three years, or about how they've been needing to spend more time at the beach, surfing and seeking out fresh soft-shelled crab. But regardless of what these two sincere young men may tell you, there is something about them that makes you confident that they'll be around for a long time to come. As one fellow musician put it, "nice harmonies, and just the right amount of abandon." If you ask me, that sounds like a recipe for some great music.

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