

Mp3 Kirin Kapin - Eclectronic



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An oddly compelling and creative mix of influences that rewards close listening-- take the earnest vocals of Michael Stipe at his prime, infuse them with eclectic international rhythms la David Byrne and Manu Chao, add a nudge and a wink from Tom Waits 12 MP3 Songs in this album (38:09) ! Related styles: POP: Pop/Rock, ROCK: Adult Alternative Pop/Rock People who are interested in Radiohead Depeche Mode Paul Simon should consider this download. Details: Kirin Kapin, that is, "I," floated forth from my mommy's tummy to a place North of El Capitan, where people find it funny to point loaded rifles at their square neighbors and chase joggers ("fags") off the road in their beaten-up, flat-bed cockmobiles. My mother used to play gopher hole golf with the family across the street, and yet for some reason my parents fled with us from there to a better mobile home park as soon as financially capable. Most of my memories of Sonora are conjured through the tales of others, as I left there when I was about three. I do remember my mom getting covered with poison oak after clearing the hill beneath the White House, where I had my first nightmare. When it was my turn to sleep on the top bunk, I would have a dream where I was sleeping on the top bunk and a fox crept into my room. He walked upright like a man and wore a black top hat like Scrooge McDuck, but underneath he was all fox, and would eat me if he could. I rolled quickly off the bed, and slipped past him and outside to the garage where, having quickly turned the little knob to lock the door handle, I would then huddle in the corner on an old, rolled-up carpet we kept there, waiting for him to try to get me. And sure enough, the handle would begin to jiggle, slowly, this way and then that, to no avail. And then it just stopped. Silence. Suddenly I realized that there was a second door to the garage, and as I turned to lock it, I saw it slowly swinging open, and the fox! creeping toward my carpet roll tomb, where I would cower, defenseless, and just when he would reach toward me with outstretched claws, I would awake from the dream and find myself on the floor next to the bunk bed.

(That's like a five-foot fall and may explain some of my problems.) When I was fourish, I moved to LA with my mom and brother, where we first abandoned Melissa, our kitty cat, in Castle Heights Park, and moved into my grandma's no-pets apartment building on Canfield Ave. I was pretty good at school, I think, but devious. I remember starting a family called the Schmakkas. I was Daddy Schmakka and there were a few different members of the family: Mommy Schmakka, Baby Schmakka, etc. I remember my cousin really wanting to be in the family, so I made him the Schmakka pet. He was very anti in nature, always the underdog, so he agreed. There was a boy named Ezra, who wanted so badly to be liked that I could grievously mistreat him and he would always come back for more. I remember throwing one of those big, red, rubber handballs right into his head more than once, and socking him many more times than that. He was a good kid, and didn't deserve all that. When I eventually got to college I fled Los Angeles to attend UC Santa Cruz, where I started hanging out with my papa regularly for the first time in my life. He had fled North from El Capitan during the Masri/Kapin exodus, whereas we had taken the So-Cal, Sephardic route. He was finally making decent cash in Silicon Valley, working as a tester for Apple Computers in the days of Mac Classic and System 7, and as I had a growing interest in World Musics, he started buying me scads of CDs. One of my first was "Babatunde Olatunji - Drums of Passion: The Invocation," which blew me away, and soon after I discovered "Le Mystre de Voix Bulgare," which is a listening experience I will never forget, followed by Kodo's taiko drumming, which changed me forever. My thirst for other-worldly music was unquenchable, and you can hear many other influences strongly in the music... Latin folk musics such as cumbia, marinera limea, samba, forr and capoeira, African musics such as Ghanaian (Ewe) drumming and pygmy vocal polyphony, Javanese gamelan, Balinese kecak, Indian vocal ragas. I don't try to pull any of these sounds off in a "traditional" way, which I think would be impermissable; rather, I let these sounds simmer in the back of my brain along with the quest for the Grand Unifying Theory of physics, and they pop out whenever I start to make shit up. I came up with the term "Ecllectronic" to describe the extensive use of overdubbing required to develop a sound all by my lonesome in the studio as it combined with exotic soundscapes and compositional styles that I hope you can hear when you listen closely. I am not the first to use this term, nor am I the first writer in this style, which I feel describes a whole host of musicians in this vastly shrinking musical playland called Earth.

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