

Canciones Para El Discman by Los Jaguares de la Bahía

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LABEL : SELF EDITED / ROCK CD

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BRIEF The dynamic producer, Paco Loco, is the most well-known face amongst Los Jaguares de la Bahía, a band that also includes Pablo Errea (Edwin Moses), Patri Espejo, Jesús Cabral and 'La Machina'. You could say that this same drum machine has simply become another member of the line-up and the main inspiration behind Canciones para el Discman (Songs for the Discman).

Under this illuminating title, the Jaguares de la Bahía have delivered an ambitious double CD (forget the vinyl) in homage to this near-forgotten format, now available in music outlets and digitally online. In total, 28 songs that unashamedly mix Devo, Run DMC, The Velvet Underground, Boney M. and Half Japanese in a musical jigsaw puzzle, which is delightful and extra-terrestrial in equal parts.

FULL TEXT The panther, an archetypical creature from a near-extinct mythology is as breath-taking in its beauty as basic in its instincts, perhaps more so than any other feline in its species. Using patience and stealth, this animal is a paragon

of sinister charm, accustomed to never releasing its prey. In few words, we are talking about a killing machine, something belonging to the wild side. Perhaps for this reason, taking the name of a savage carnivore to defend a creative project automatically becomes a clear-cut declaration of principle. The Jaguares de la Bahía was originally a basketball team from Nayarit, Mexico, who despite their name, never stood out for their fiery edge or achievements on the court. They could have done better bragging about how they inspired the latest musical invention of musician and producer, Paco Loco.

Paco Loco, a guy capable of making every enterprise shine, already had a history playing with bands such as Australian Blonde and Los Sangrientos, until he finally put down roots in Cadiz, Spain. He set up a recording studio in El Puerto de Santa María and carried by the nostalgia and desire to form part of a rock band, he founded the most atypical and stunning Paco Loco Trio. Two drums, two bass players, two keyboards and Paco honouring, in no uncertain terms, his “Crazy” nickname. And that’s how the story went. Less of a Trio, more of a mix. It didn’t last for long, just enough to lay the ground rules for the following months.

Back then, none of the main characters in this plot could possibly have imagined that that cocktail of styles would act as the foundation for an unclassifiable new band with sharpened incisors and velvety fur. Los Jaguares de la Bahía appeared in an almost improvised way, with one single objective: to perform in a local campsite. Their only maxim: everything counts. Rock, blues, soul, country, glam punk, calypso, syn-

th-pop... a Frankensteinian monster pumped with enough electricity to make you wildly shake your booty to a ballad that sits halfway between Kraftwerk and the Dream Syndicate.

The band has still managed to preserve some songs from those early beginnings, such as “Running on Circles”, composed as a birthday present for Pablo’s girlfriend. Just like other songs that have been recovered in this double album, such as “Oh Yeah” or “I’m Not You Will”, which appeared as videos in collaboration with the Miel de Moscas label (Madrid).

“So why the Jaguars?” Paco has asked. “Why are we like animals that parade about El Puerto without a care in the world? Well, that’s not actually it. We named ourselves the Jaguars because we play with Jaguar guitars. Although, at the same time, calling ourselves the Stratocasters or the SG of the Bay just wouldn’t have worked”. Neither could they have been the spotted panthers nor the third-grade basketballers. In the end, it all came from a brand of instrument. Of course, this guy is capable of flattening any old enigma with a single blow.

After a period of abstention when Esteban (drums) separated from the project in a move to Madrid, the pack had no other option than to turn to a drum machine nicknamed La Machina. And from this immediate and promising solution Canciones para el Discman was born. 28 short self-edited tracks on a double CD, a kind of revindication for a format almost in extinction, something representative of the wild and savage nature of the cat. “I started going crazy with 80’s drums and began buying a few Simmons and then we started playing everything we all hated from that era. We used pedal effects

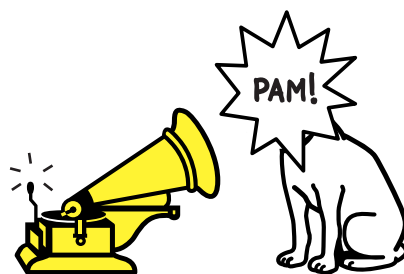
and synthesized guitars. We started combining MC Hammer with The Velvet Underground, Devo with Boney M, Prince with Pink Floyd, Half Japanese with Malcom McLaren”.

The totally undefinable result appeared on 13th April 2018, an ostentatious display of independence that goes beyond the realm of ideas, as if those responsible had decided to hibernate in a closed vault swamped with CDs from The Rezillos, Ween, Gary Numan, Meat Puppets, Daniel Johnston, Butthole Surfers, Donovan, Pigeonhed, Guided By Voices, Flaming Lips, Thomas Dolby, King Missile, Bongwater, Run D.M.C. or even some genetically modified Bee Gees from outer space. A collection of retro-futuristic anti-anthems where intros, outros, glitches, hallucinogenic ballads and streams of synth-pop create a giddy puzzle worthy of an appearance in a cross between “Stranger Things” and “Attack the Block”.

“We are already recording the second album, there’s no stopping us”. Predators of a genre yet to be invented, it appears that they still have a lot to talk about.

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