

three of his daughters after the legend's songs. Perhaps it's Maita's multicultural roots that have influenced her forward-thinking reinterpretation of bossa nova, calling to mind contemporary singers like Cêu and Cibelle with her experimental and beat-oriented tracks, all of which are tempered by her sweet, soulful voice. "Aí Vem Ele" is hands down one of the best Portuguese tracks I've ever heard, employing a capoeira rhythm devised by Baden Powell and featuring a melody that lingers long after the song ends. On the heels of that stunner, the unmistakable cuíca leads the listener into the sensuous "Desencabulada" and the highly danceable "Fulaninha." You can download the title song, a crisply produced, acoustic-led, samba-derived vibe, for free from the Cumbancha website. And while you're online, check out the videos and live performances that have already surfaced from Maita, which are easy to find. Like any artist worth her weight, the live atmosphere trumps the recorded work – and this is one damn good album with which to begin. — DB

**VARIOUS**  
*The Roots of Chicha 2:*  
*Psychedelic Cumbias from Peru*  
 Barbès 0028

Back in 2007, when the first *Roots of Chicha* record came out, few people outside of Peru had ever heard of *chicha* music – a psychedelic, hypnotic, electric guitar-driven mutation of traditional *cumbia* from deep in the Peruvian Amazon. Yet that first recording – born as a labor of love from the reams of old cassettes brought back from Peru by Barbès label founder Olivier Conan – became something of a phenomenon, catapulting this once-obscure music into the front rank of a burgeoning worldwide *cumbia* revival. Now, after three years and more than a few related releases from Barbès, the second volume of this seminal collection finally drops, filling in the blanks and answering many of the questions raised by the first album. Where that record focused mainly on groups from the Amazon like Juaneco y su Combo and Los Mirlos, this one broadens the scope to focus on *chicha*'s urban manifestations – from Amazonian boomtowns like Iquitos to the Peruvian capital of Lima itself. Fans of the first album will recognize some familiar names, like Los Destellos, but the cast is mostly new, from Chacalon, "the bad boy of Chicha," to Grupo Celeste – one of the unlikely linchpins bridging traditional Colombian *cumbia* and its foursquare Mexican incarnation. There's a significant Cuban influence here, too, with a good representation of some of the early *chicha* bands, like Los Illusionistas, who blended driving Afro-Cu-

ban percussion with psychedelic guitar pyrotechnics to end up with something else altogether. There's also tracks from some of the later groups in the movement, like Los Shapis, whose dramatic, polished "El Aguajal" stands in contrast to the naïve genius of the early groups, pointing the way towards the more "Andean" sound that eventually emerged to define the music. Best of all is "Mala Mujer" – a track from Ranil y su Conjunto, led by the iconoclastic Ranil, a singer and activist from the town of Iquitos, as well as the subject of an upcoming documentary film on *chicha* music and the culture that produced it. And so the adventure continues ... — TP



**LOS LOBOS**  
*Tin Can Trust*  
 Shout! Factory 12110

Despite the fame accrued to L.A.'s Los Lobos, the longstanding band has stayed true to their beliefs, remaining both of the street and fiercely proud of their heritage. Even better, they've widened the way for roots rock by marrying skilled playing to a broad, eclectic perspective that has merged traditional Mexican and Spanish music with rock, country, r&b, Tex-Mex, folk and blues. Fourteen albums later, their aim remains true and the layers of polish remain bulletproof. The writing team of guitarist/vocalist David Hidalgo and guitarist/drummer/vocalist Louie Pérez continues to yield magic, while Cesar Rosas' contribution of the buoyant, Spanish-seasoned "Yo Canto" and "Mujer Ingrata" adds further gravitas to their weighty legacy. Blend in the blistering guitar artistry of Hidalgo and Rosas, the tight rhythms of Pérez and (bassist) Conrad Lozano and Steve Berlin's patented edge and you have more Los Lobos to love. Take the timely message of the title track on an album that tackles dealing with adversity, in which the central character is barely able to make ends meet – not unlike a lot of us. Or there is the heart-wrenching breakup song "Jupiter or the Moon" – slow, seductive, pitifully poignant. The instrumental "Do the Murray" is patented, Latin-hued Los Lobos – an exercise in tonal perfection, as Rosa's and Hidalgo's guitars sizzle and smoke, delivering something rock solid to bite into. Another highlight is the Rosas/Robert Hunter-penned "All My Bridges Burning"; more anthem than bal-

lad, its chorus proves infectious in short order. That this band could maintain their gritty edge after almost four decades speaks highly of their feet being firmly planted on the ground. It is noteworthy that *Tin Can Trust* was recorded in a no-frills studio in East L.A. There is, however, plenty of the fluid, relaxed musicianship and forward-thinking you've come to expect from these hardy, seasoned veterans. — ET

**CLOTHESLINE REVIVAL**  
*They Came from Somewhere*  
 Paleo 5003

This is not your typical release. More a series of musical vignettes than songs, the easy comparison is to a Ry Cooder soundtrack – the quality of the musicianship and production is high-end and the intriguing collection of acoustic-driven sounds would prove a great accompaniment to a cross-country drive or as the backdrop to an artful movie. However, the effect is not unlike a series of 13 postcards from unrelated people: lovely photos and a thoughtful gesture, but not a lot of content to sink one's teeth into. A highly atmospheric concoction of sonic experimentation, acoustic guitar fires each composition, joined by lap steel, church organ, fiddle, banjo, mandolin, pedal steel, an array of percussive instruments and the highly distinctive harp of Charlie Musselwhite on one of the disc's most accomplished tracks, "Washed Away Blues." A '72 sample from Ozark vocalist Orville McInturff adorns "Beautiful Home" for a hint of old-timey charm set against a wash of pedal steel and barely there guitar on what is, otherwise, an entirely instrumental album. The opening track, "Voice of the Lobster," is nothing short of breathtaking – as guitar and lap steel intertwine. "Washed Away Blues" begins as a slow electric guitar intro is transformed into something more trance-like by Musselwhite. Likewise, the banjo-led "Cootie Catcher" features tasteful acoustic slide and simple percussion. Beautiful pieces but frustrating in their inability to resolve themselves musically – to develop fully into songs, which is what you want them to do. And you want them to go beyond their too-short durations. But they don't. Clothesline Revival is Conrad Praetzel (stringed instruments, keys, percussion, samples) and Robert Powell (lap and pedal steel, guitars), with Musselwhite and Chris Rovetti (fiddle) guesting. Alt-folk? Country? Blues? It's an artful amalgam of all of them and rather inventive in their sound design and overall effect. Not for everyone, perhaps, but you'll not spend a less adventurous 40 minutes. — ET