

Mp3 Mañana Me Chanto - Pero Mañana



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We play Barcelona world latin music; this means rumba, cumbia, ska salsa rhythms with punk lyrics and a big influence of our own 12 MP3 Songs LATIN: Rock en Espanol, WORLD: Flamenco Details: Maana me Chanto was written on a wall in a squat in Barcelona, is chilenian slang and means tomorrow i quit.

Andres and Carlos, two chilean streetmusicians playing in Barcelona, decided to call the band maana me chanto after seeing the graffiti. They travelled with Alex a former band member to germany playing on the streets of Freiburg. When they arrived in Basel, switzerland they looked for a place to sleep and were send to the squat "elsie" where marco the trupetplayer opened the door. In the squat lived also Dex who had a little studio, so we recorded the album arriba there. Later we travelled throug

Germany, France, Spain, Switzerland and we drove two old busses through the Sahara, playin Morrocco, Western Sahara and Mauretannia. In summertime we went back to Switzerland to play many openairs and make money for future travels. Since we were pretty successful in Switzerland we could afford a flight to chile so Andres and Carlos went home after six years playing in Europe. There we were invited by Sully in California to play there so we just went back to Switzerland to record a new album and we went for 20 days to California. There it worked out extreemely good (16 gigs even we only had 3 set up in advance). Then back to Europe, where we played every weekend of the summer 2 gigs or more. After we found out that everything seems possible for us we decided to travel down the Panamericana from Seattle to Patagonia. We entered the USA with little money, worked every day, bought a car in portland and had 1000 cds of each album printed to sell on the waydown to south america. The same cd that you can buy now over cd baby (since we dont sign contracts we sold allour cd's by hand). I write these words from Chiapas, Mexico, our car is still running and the people like the music. see you in guatemala, honduras, el salvador, nicaragua, costarica, panama, ecuador, venecuela, peru, chile, argentinia

or next summer in europe REVIEWS! hi we are a travelling band from barcelona on our trip from seattle to patagonia and i am using this space to publish the newsletters of our trip... have fun reading it the incredible adventures of maana me chanto A little late we took the intercity train with a invalid ticket from Basel (Switzerland)to Stuttgard airport.We slept at the check in hall and the next day we flew into Seattle,5 boys and a dog.We got hosted by craig (who didn't knew us before!) and bought a car that broke down after 8 miles(tranny). So stuck in Seattle we made new friends, the band marmelade from buddhahful.com.They let us sleep at theyr house and play at theyr gigs.Then they drove us to portland were they played a show.No money no car and no nerves I(trp.)and Juan(b)started to fight ,but since none of us wanted to stop the travel at this point the whole thing endet with a swollen lip,a blue eye and a hug.Looking forward again we found a stickshift minivan that we bought with borrowed money.We drove back to Seattle to dump our old car and played 4 nights in a row at murphys pub where we made the money to pay back our friend tim from Portland.Encouraged we ordered 2000 new maana me chanto cd's in a special 3 americas edition.We drove south to santa cruz where we lived at Susi Love's (singer songwriter) house who let us play some overdubs for her new album.We made fleahmarkets, played at housepartys with a lot of weed and played many times on the street,where we got stopped by the police one day.Forced to get a amplified music permit we managed to get one even we wouldn't had the right to.We played at a buddhist circle and for the free turkey for homeless' thanksgiving.Our "grandma" Andrea (an elderly transvestite and president of the medical marihuana club)gave us a house in the forest to crush.We played gigs in Oakland and in San Francisco were we slept at a christian Hippie community at height street.At height we became rich enough to pay our cd bill and on top a cd store boss let us choose music for \$100 out of his store.We bought a videocam on the st.cruz fleamarket and then drove to San Lous Obispo to meet our "dad" Sully who is partly guilty for our adwentures since he was the one who invited us to SLO when he met us playing at a restaurant in Valdivia ,Chile half a year ago.We found the house open and tecate beer in the cooler... After playing some housepartys in San Lous Obispo and enjoining a concert of robert earl keen, we went to venice beach where we had to play just to see the bodybuilders walking on the boardwalk(the 80ties are still alive).From there we went on to Nogales were our 2000 new CD's should arrive.Since we noticed in Nogales that we need the original title from the car to go on we had to wait another 3 days for the title.Definetely too long for Juan and Carlos whose girlfriends were waiting already a week in Mazatlan for theyr boys.So they went on by bus while we were

hosted by "the teacher" George, who used our cd's to teach political classes. He also donated us his Guitar!, a laptop and some time to phone home. Many people in the world told us that the folks in the USA are afraid and unfriendly. It wasn't true for us in the whole trip from Seattle to Nogales (there is still hope). Green light on the border to Mexico! Means we could pass the boarder with our 2000 CD's without getting controlled by the customs. Tom Becker drove all night through to Mazatlan where we looked for Lisa, Ines, Carlos and Juan. We found them at Stoned Island (Isla de la Piedra). We made our x-mas vacation there with music, hemp and coco loco. Then we received a mail from our friend Eule from Berlin (organiser fusion-festival.de) that we should play in Mazunte. Even though we hit the road right away we arrived 2 days late. To catch up we played 7 hours on New Year's Eve and the following 4 nights in the same bar. The last night in Mazunte we made a party ourselves invited two bands (son cubano) and sold beer and coco loco. Then into the mountains of San Cristobal where we took a break from mosquitos, diarroehe and mini dengue. On the market of San Cristobal we also played our record set where we sold 60 cd's (3300 pesos) in one hour. Then we joined the mosquitos and tics from the selva of Palenque where we lodged in the jungle close to the Maya ruins. Andres went to pick mushrooms (carne de dios) and met some Mayas on his trip. Palenque is a special mystical place. We passed some CD's to a mafia boss of the cd-pirat industry who promised us that in a month all Mexico City is listening to Maana me Chanto. In the meantime we received a mail from cdbaby that they will put us on the front page (the boss loved our CD). So in less than 3 months we had the USA and Mexico in our pocket much faster than Columbus... thanks for your nice feedbacks it encouraged me to translate my original German articles into English more fast.. and if you know somebody who would like our music tell them that both of our cd's are now available on cdbaby under Maana me Chanto greetings from the Caribe Marco soon more stories Marco Tulum, Caribe the Musicians Paradise! We arrived at sunrise, slept some hours on the beach and went to the village, where we got booked for the same evening to play at the Cocodrillo bar. This bar has 7 days a week 2 bands per night booked and they pay them alright. We had a chance to learn salsa with a Russian beauty, who adopted the Latin temperament and we played the following 4 nights in the same place, jamming every night with another gorgeous band. The nights here often end drunk at sunrise in the warm Caribbean sea... The computer at the internet cafe with free coffee tells us that we start to sell our first cds over cdbaby in the USA and that they play Hey George on the radio there. We leave this Paradise and drive via Chiapas to Guatemala to go to the lake Atitlan reggae festival. We get booked last minute to play as last

band, but the police stops the party before its our turn.i was happy that i could at least play the trumpet in the last 2 songs with Antidoping. A little depressed we go to sleep and the next day we got booked to play 2 nights at the Freedom in. When we tryed to leave the street was so steep and our car so much overloaded that we had to push it uphill to leave San Pedro.Anyway we made it to Antigua where we could play again and where we met 3 boysfrom the Buena Vista Social Club.What a drag that we dont haver our Basilona Compilation from the Buena Volta Social Clubwith us(Volta is a squat in Basel,Switzerland).In Guatemala City we spend a whole day going from Embassy to Embassy trying to get an affordable (not \$350)for Ines (Peru) to get into Costa Rica and trying to get some new pages in my passport(we need empty pages to stamp the car into it at each border),but no success. We decide to move on and we pass El Salvador with no expenses and spend 5 hours to pass Honduras (\$50 paperwork),where te police tried to get 4 times bakshish for driving with no shirt or shoes or license plate(only 1).We talked us out and payed none of them.Then in Nicaragua we had to pay the first time a Police officer(\$12)so he would let us go.In Managua I got finally new pages (free!)in my passport.We drive out of Managua just to sleep and end up in the backpackers hostel central(nice!)where we first bring Diana to the hospital because she was stung by a scorpion,while packing her backpack. She survived fine even thoug she said that she wanna die... We played the centralfrom where we got hired to play next day in a upper class Restaurant with policeman at the door.Our fans (yes, after staying 1 night!)danced out on the street in front of the window.Next night we played at Cafe Nuitwhere they treated us bad and refused to give us some beers while playing.(1 glass of water for 6 pers.).We filled the place and encouraged the audience to drink tapwater with us.The party gets so wild (pogo!)that the owner stopped the concert for security reasons. We and the fans leave and party on in the hostel.Now all granada knows us and we get invited to give a interview for La Prensain Managua at 10 oclock in the morning.We had to get up so early that only Ines, Carlos and me made it there since we also wanted to get a cheaper visa for Ines over the Peruan Consul and the UNICEF.It tured out to be complicated so Ines decided to fly into Ecuador directly.We drive to Costa Rica where we first play without succes at playa del coco.We move on to San jose where we can stay at some friends house who have a theater circus.Here we are supposed to make a lot of money to pay to send the car to south america, and in our pocket are \$2 to buy food... hello from San Jose ,Costa Rica In Costa Rica we got hosted by the people of "los magos del tiempo" (circus).Here in San Jose we want to make the money we need to ship our car to south america(couple

thousand \$). Right now we just have \$1 left to buy something to cook (beans, potatoes, bananas). We also try to go play but none of the restaurants want to let us play. We go play at the traffic lights where we made \$2 so we could cook two more meals. The next days are better we play downtown, where we get invited to play at a kultural festival beside the stages in between shows. Since we attracted more people than they had in front of the official stages, 3 different TV stations filmed us and broadcasted the stuff. A fourth TV station asked to film a concert of us. So we rented a place to make a concert and made a little trip to Puerto Viejo where we played at Standfords. Back in San Jose we played again on the street, selling much more CD's because all the people knew us from TV. This way we turned our local fame into \$1400 we took with us to Panama. At the border they first wouldn't let us in because they couldn't do the paperwork for Aurelio (our dog). It was a hard night waiting since I had an inflammation in a nerve of a tooth. 2 days later I was finally at a dentist in Panama City. Here we play our first set on the street and get filmed right away by Cascara TV (it will be broadcasted this Saturday evening). We try to find a cheap possibility to ship our car and us to South America but it's difficult. All we found till now is horribly expensive (ship car and us \$2800). Even after driving to the weirdest piers in Colon talking to pirates, fishermen and drug dealers we didn't find an affordable way south. The winds in the Caribbean are bad since 2 weeks and many boats didn't arrive yet. The only affordable boat left yesterday and will be back in 2 months... Now we think about selling our car and all the stuff we don't really need. We look for gigs, make interviews, wash the car, go play the streets etc. We make everything we could do to move on south. We don't have many CD's left and our drummer is waiting without money in Ecuador... If you want to know how the story continues, check your mail in a month. In the meantime you can bring our CD's and this story to your local radiostation, tell your friends who might have a sailboat in Panama and are going south that we're there. Mention that our wonderful CD's are available over cdbaby.com. and pray etc. Hello from Panama City Marco Panama-city. So we're stuck here... Not enough money to ship the car with a container, nor to send the band to South America. Hopeless I followed some tourist, so I could sell them some CD's to make at least a little money. Oh miracle, these tourists were Swiss and were traveling with a car and wanted to send their car also south.. It was not easy to convince them to share a container with us but finally they did and both of us saved about \$650 to send the car. So I flew with Silke and Pedro (the Swiss couple) to Guayaquil to get the car at the port and the rest of the band tried their luck to get by bus and little boats to Colombia and from there with the bus to Quito where we wanted to meet again. In Guayaquil it turned

out to be really difficult to clear the cars at the customs and get them out of the port. I was lucky to have the swiss couple fighting with me and their creditcard to get our cars. It took a week and costed another \$400 i didn't had... From the band I didn't had any news, beside the one that the caribbean sea whether is bad and that two of three boats(small!)drowned and that nobody is willing to risk his life for some insolvent hippies.. Still waiting for news i got the car and met our new drummer aimara who drove by bus from buenos aires to equador to finally meet Maana me canto.Even he 's black he got robbed on his way and arrived with \$ 6 in guayaquil .So we got with the last gas in the tank to montanita where we played drum and trumpet and made some fleamarkets to get gas money to get to quito ,where we were supposed to meet the others. But still no news from the boys who even after 2 weeks never arrived in colombia from where they could send mails again... We tried to book some gigs and print more cd's when we got the news that they are in colombia - alive! when we meet them they looked like people who where for years far from civilisation.Completely sunburned with blond hair,hungry and happy to be close to a blanket.The amps and the instruments were broken or oxidated.Theyr story was frightening :They got stuck in el porvenir after taking a little boat to there where only the relaxed face of the indio steering the boat gave them a little hope that they won't drown... There they stayed about a week till some americans took them with theyr catamaran to san blas .They walked about 2 hours through the djungle with the broken amps and instruments and took then a speed boat to colombia. The speedboat looked save but turned out to be extrememly painfull for the kidneys since it struck the waves really hard and of course the poor hippies where seated where it hurts most...The boys swared never to enter a boat like that! Entering Colombia they where searched the first time in the whole trip for drugs! Then it turned out to be almost impossible to take a bus with a dog in colombia.They stopped to ask the busdrivers and tom becker just hid the dog under his jacket and entered the bus fast... So we played the first time with aimara in Guapulo(quito) and went then to montanita to make some money there since this place is packed in the "semana santa".We made enough to get to lima where we only arrived because tom becker woke me up while i was driving!(i'll never drive too tired again). So we slept in real beds again, ate wunderfull meals prepared from ines' mother(carlos and ines will marry soon!) . We played two gigs and made a super nice party with hard core ska band from lima in the house of ines and her family.So were on the road again! we have a little gas money and a few cd's left over and are packed with many stories... From Lima we drove in one piece to arica where we got searched the first time seriously by the chilean customs.We

played there successfully on the street and filled up the car with gas. The following desert is real and the Sahara seems to be a forest compared to the Chilean desert, no plants visible. In Santiago de Chile the moral of the band is really low. We argue more and more often about money we don't have because we're afraid that we won't make it to Argentina in time and that we will miss the flights we bought with borrowed money. We are close to split the band and stop everything. Besides we all get ill because of the combination of smog, cold and alcohol but we continue to play on the streets even when we were not really able to play and sing. We even drive to Valparaíso, where we play a gig for little money. Then we drive on to Argentina. On the way again fights about money. We get rid of our paranoia to pass the border by buying a car insurance the first time since Mexico, which we got asked for at the border. Shortly before Santa Rosa we lose another tire because of overloading and driving fast. Since we only got left over a tiny provisional spare tire that heats up in 3 minutes of driving we needed to drive with 10 miles an hour to the next village where we provisionally repair a already for dead declared tire. Driving slowly we manage to do the last 50 miles. Here they organized a huge party for our arrival with loads of grilled meat, wine and so forth. They show us many articles about us which were published in the local newspapers. They played us for weeks on the radio and shop owners paid 700 pesos to be with us on the posters for the concert, that hang all over the city. So much fame and a full belly was able to wipe out all our fights we went through and the moral goes up fast again since we got stopped several times on the streets to give an interview or to kiss some girls. We use a lot the washing machine and make another coordinated chemical attack to get rid of our lice for ever. Our manager Aurelio get a worm and flea treatment and it looks like we finally win the fight against the parasites traveling with us way too long. We enjoy the Argentinian weed and give another 2 interviews for some radiostations. The next day we almost fill the Spanish theater where a TV station filmed 6 songs entirely with 2 cameras and where we get interviewed again. A lot of pleased fans, nice food and another invitation to play live on TV the next day. It's our first live TV show. The following radio interviews seem to be daily routine now. Sure that now everybody in Santa Rosa knows about us and our travel since we showed up in all available medias here. In the ice cream shop we get special treatment and the vendors fight about serving us. We eat a complete grilled lamb with the family of Juan and digest the whole thing with a lot of good wine. Today is Sunday and we play our last gig of this trip in a bar that holds 80 persons where 200 came to see the show. After the show we take the bus to Buenos Aires from where we fly back to Barcelona. The car we leave in Santa Rosa where we can leave it without

paying customs for 8 month. of course we will be back here in oktober with more time to enjoy this wonderful continent. This is for now the last travel log. sorry that i send it so late but i got trapped by the system and my hometown imediately and couldn't find the time and power to translate these words.Right now i am in Sete in the south of france travelling again ,and having energy again and writing again... thanks for all the support we got from all of you the hosting the food the places we slept the money .this trip was possible because of all the wonderful people we met. maximum respect for all the beeings we met and thanks again. Marco (trom)Peter Gunn 14 Mai,Santa Rosa,Argentinien,20 june ,sete france

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