

ANTSY AMERICANA

There are so many wondrous spices in the seasoning of what makes the mumbo gumbo called Americana. Antsy McClain and the Trailer Park Troubadours, with their tongues lovingly stitched in their cheeks, all four of em, bring a home cooked smile to most folks faces with their delightful self deprecating lyrics laced with pithy observations on life. The textbook solid tight musicianship that rocks, socks and locks you into a mesmerizing groove of giggle from the first tune to the last hollers that these boys love what they do, with you, for you and about you.

Trailer park trooper or just a never wannabee you will laugh as only the masters can make you as their music smiles through that window which is really somewhat a mirror into ourselves. Antsy's generously long shows are filled with sizzle as well as steak with delightfully creative ditties about a slice of America that we are all, in one manner or another, just one pay check away from. As the delightful maestro of mirth, with some serious slick styled hot rhythmic acoustic guitar chops dancing with child like reckless abandon into appreciative audience aisles says, a bumner is just a good time passing you buy so let's make some more new good old days.

Sure he has a cult like following donning fuzzy toy flamingo heads, worn out cheesy terry cloth robes and mountain dew can hair curlers, but are we all not just a few votes shy of induction into that genuine Aluminum level club? Hell, I could swear the last time I passed a picture of Old Norm Rockwell; I'd swear he was humming an Antsy tune or three.

Fun aside, when you take a first rate comic lyricist and observer of the human condition, pack on a passel of first rate talented co troubadours on mandolin electric geeetitar, keyboards and synth, add knock out percussion and rocking folkabilly bass, you have a formula for fun from so many angles. I had some antsy in my pants hankering for dancing round the aisles or fingering my old '71 Guild F 4-12. I can tell ya, there is nobody with whom I would rather toss back a beer, toss in some warbling perfect fourths harmony or tinkle the ivories with than these boys. Oooowee, they can surely play.

Ya know that weird Al, Lenny Bruce, Woody Allen, Robin Williams, Robert Kline smart- alecky infectiously funny gentle somanabitch dude with the funky doo, the irreverent smile and need to please from school daze? Well, McLain is antsy in the pantsys with it all. Antsy is a master of the so called melodic comical narrative which is, well, just that. Maybe arrive a cynic or snob but you'll go home giggling and a bit more of an American, especially if you watch his masterfully done Married in America video easily found on Youtube The man and his band get it and we all need a bit more time getting what they got. Who knows, he might move to Lake Wobegon next and Oi! - look out for the torrent of tunes that follows.

Well done to Rhonda Lucille Hicks of local Benicia Red Dragon Fly Productions- now if I sucked up enough, can ya get me a sit down with the boys?

Kevin Ryan is a retired Colonel, physician, musician and author who lives in Fairfield.