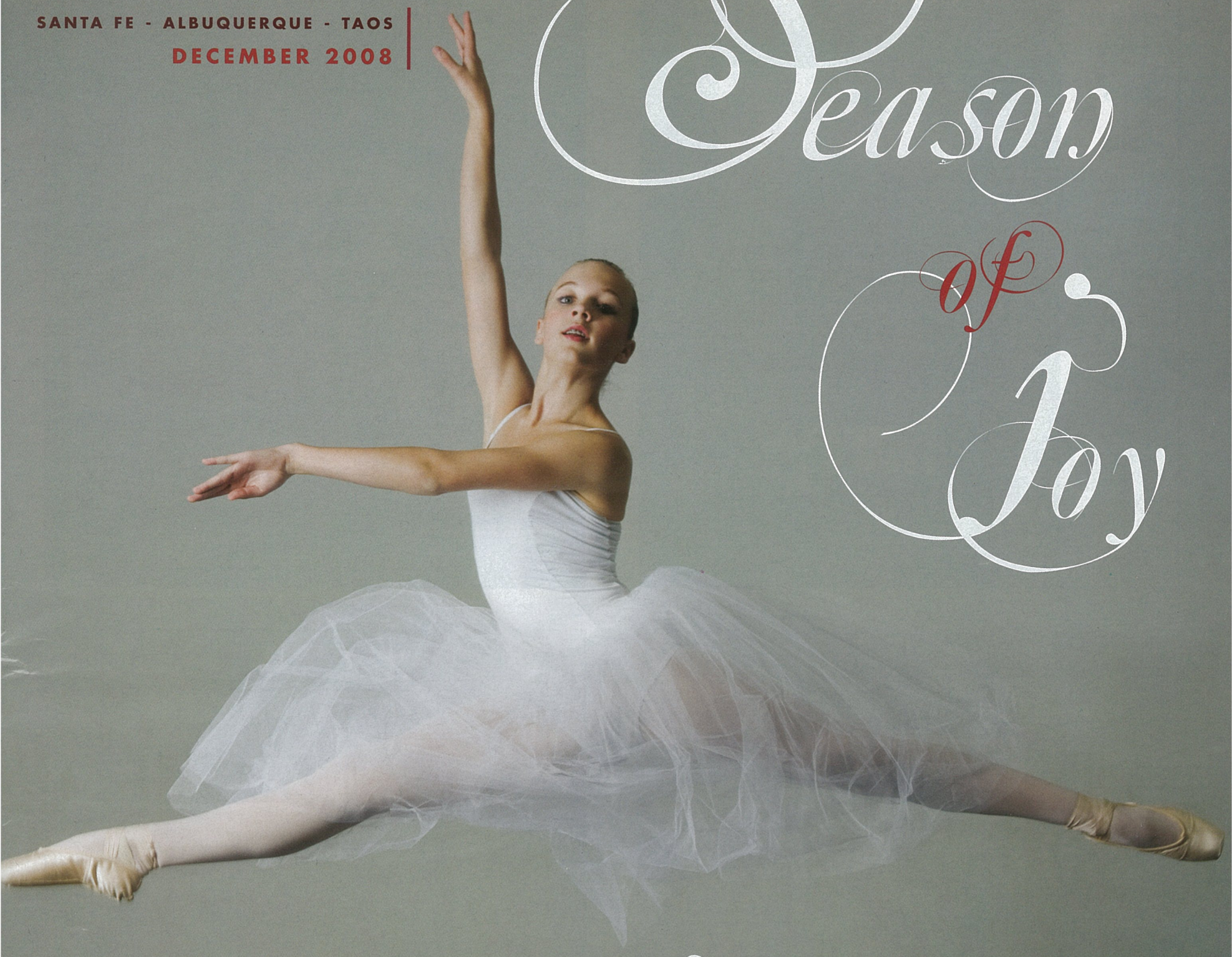


SANTA FE - ALBUQUERQUE - TAOS  
DECEMBER 2008

# Season of Joy



POST CARD



# Romancing the 'Fe



story by Ruby Peru

Learn more about Tony Furtado at  
[www.tonyfurtado.com](http://www.tonyfurtado.com) or  
[www.myspace.com/tonyfurtado.com](http://www.myspace.com/tonyfurtado.com)  
People can learn more about Gig and  
join their email list at  
[www.gigsantafe.com](http://www.gigsantafe.com).

Gig contact info:  
1808 Second St., Suite H  
Santa Fe, NM 87505  
No phone  
[bruce@brucedunlap.com](mailto:bruce@brucedunlap.com)

Tickets are sold at the door on the  
night of the show only.  
No reservations are accepted.  
Doors open 30 minutes before show.

My baby takes the morning train,  
He works from 9 to 5 and then,  
He takes another home again,  
To find me waiting for him.

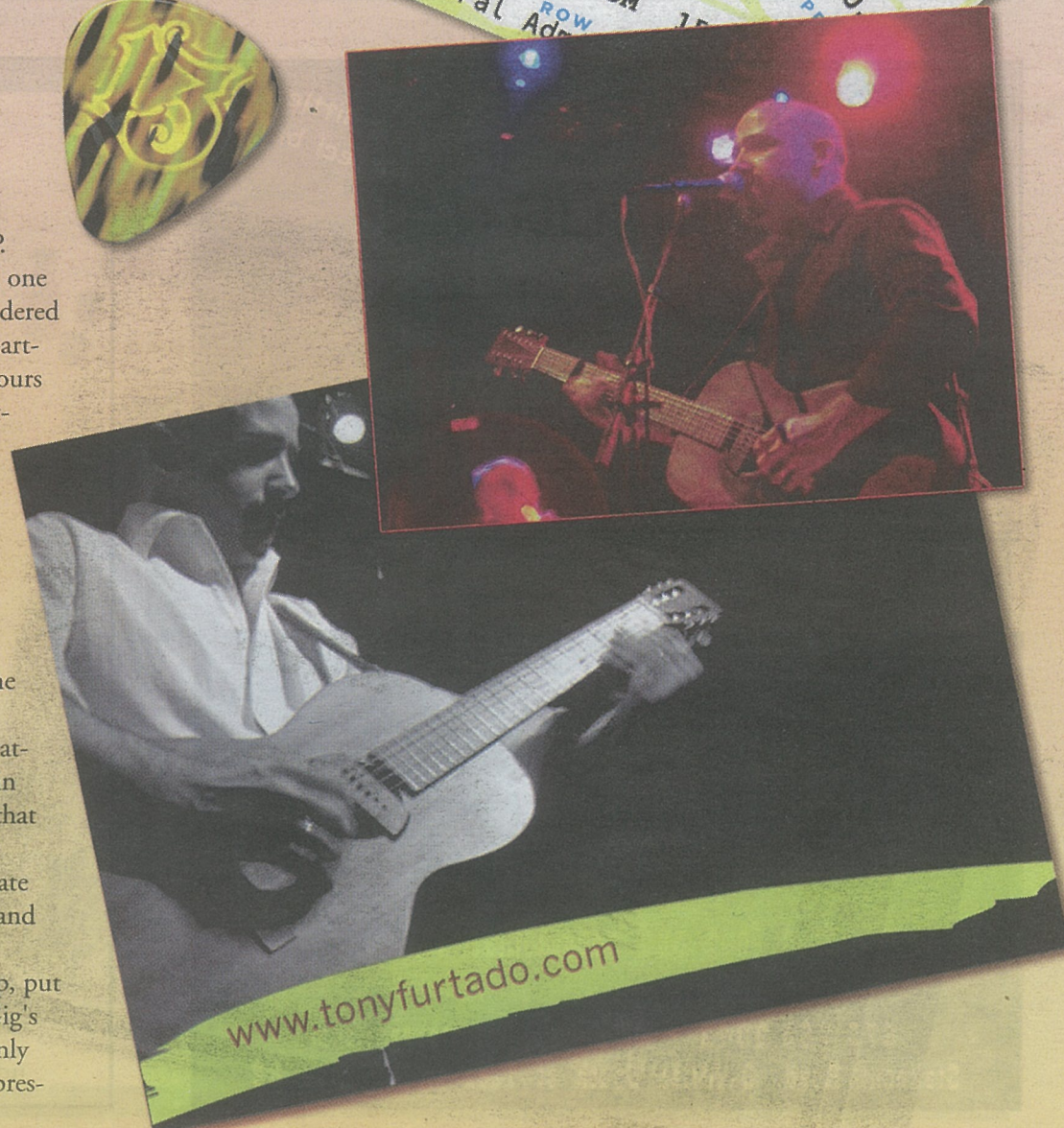
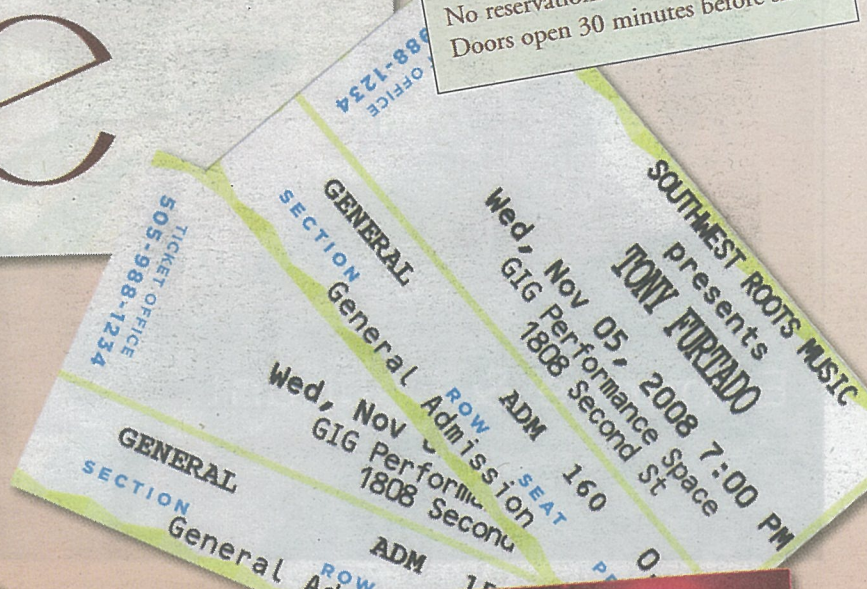
He takes me to a movie  
Or to a restaurant, to go  
Slow dancing  
Or anything I want . . .

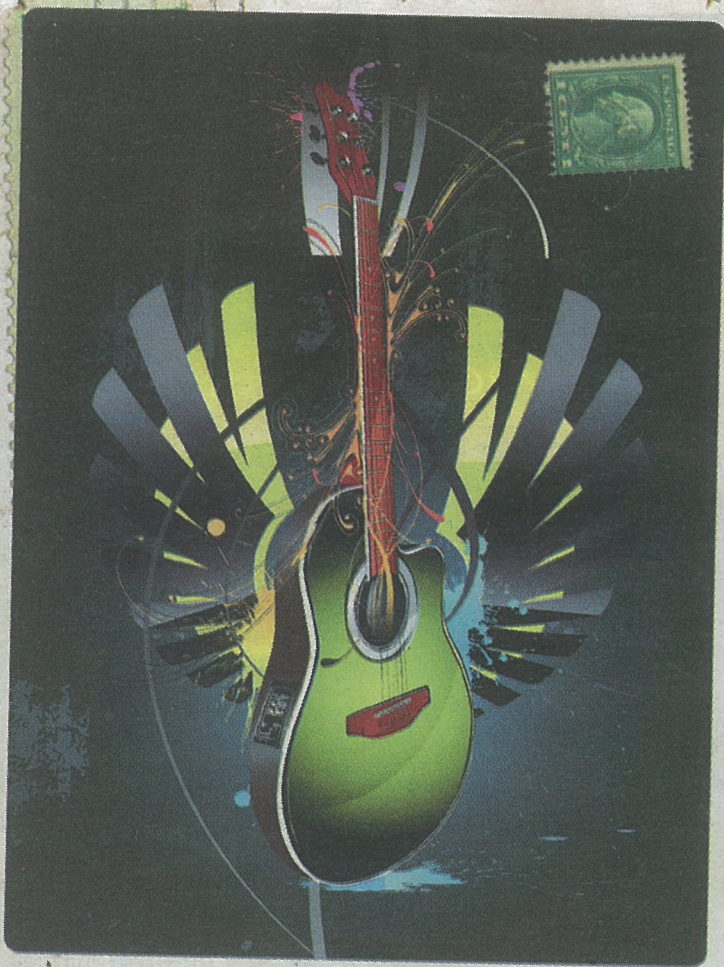
Scree! That's me ripping the needle off that old Sheena Easton LP. Those were the days, huh? When one partner working 9 to 5 and one partner anticipating a wonderful night out on the town was considered the stuff of life. Today's version would have to encompass both partners taking separate morning trains; and the fact that corporate hours are now 8:30 to 5:30. Unfortunately, that song will never get written because nothing rhymes with 5:30.

But one thing hasn't changed, and that's the fact that I still like to go out after a long day of work. As for my boyfriend (whom we shall call Panda) by the time he gets home from a grueling day of hassling with bureaucracy he would like nothing better than to drink a few beers and stare at the wall. So when I told him I was taking him out to see Tony Furtado at Gig, he actually kind of . . . complained. Long story short: not only was he suffering from the usual fatigue of a long workday, but he also admitted he had a hangover. The night before we had been celebrating a certain history-making political victory. But Tony was only in town for one night, and I still wanted to celebrate. So, I decided that this date would be a scientific experiment.

My hypothesis: Seeing a world-class performer in Gig's intimate and peaceful venue would bring my man out of his deep alcohol and work-induced funk and make everything alright.

My method: While Panda groaned pitifully, I bundled him up, put him in the car and hauled him through fierce cold and wind to Gig's performance venue at 1808 Second Street. The terrible weather only helped my experiment by increasing his misery, thus putting the pres-





My baby takes the morning train,  
 He works from 9 to 5 and then,  
 He takes another home again,  
 To find me waiting for him.

He takes me to a movie  
 Or to a restaurant, to go  
 Slow dancing  
 Or anything I want . . .

sure on Gig to do what music is supposed to do -- make people feel better.

Experimental Conditions: Gig is a performance venue, not a bar. No food or alcohol is served, and there is no dance floor. There is almost no opportunity for loud conversation, gossip or flirting with strangers. Think of it this way: it is like a teeny-tiny, more-affordable Lensic. Incredible performers come from all over to play in this space, and little old you — without any friends in high places — can get a front row seat to see their fingers fly and voices soar. It is a place where musicians like to play, because the audience is there to see them, not to drink cocktails while hearing something in the background. Also, they are not invited to play there based on their ability to increase alcohol sales. They are invited because they rock. It is the difference between seeing someone play from his heart and seeing someone play for his wallet. They probably won't print this, but it is like what Susan Sarandon once said about the difference between acting in live theater and acting in the movies: "It is the difference between sex and masturbation."

That said, we got our front row seats for twenty bucks apiece, and Tony did his thing with a well-loved guitar that looked like it had seen some miles. Watching him play was like watching a professional rattlesnake handler. He had this way of grabbing his guitar by the neck and showing it who's boss, meanwhile exuding this incredible gentleness and respect for the instrument in the act of playing it. His original pieces reflect his love of mining songs, prison songs and old chain-gang dirges. They are melancholy but brimming with melodic outbursts. For us, the opportunity to watch his fingers skillfully working the strings made the music so much more enjoyable than it would have been to just hear it. He also performed a lot of instrumentals, working a banjo in the "newgrass" style that makes the thing sound like the love child of a flamenco guitar and an Arabic Oud.

Tony's covers are great as well. He lent a walking rhythm of his own to Tom Petty's "Runaway" and bracketed an incredible instrumental medley with The Beatles' romantic "I Will." His variation of "Stagger Lee" was the thing that got my deadhead boyfriend to finally start tapping his feet, and by the time he got to John Prine's "Paradise," the whole audience was singing along:

*Daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County,  
 Down by the Green River where Paradise lay,  
 Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking,  
 Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away*

Which, thankfully, got that Sheena Easton song right out of my mind. And then it happened: Panda turned to me, actually smiling, and said, "I think I'm getting my second wind!" Mission Accomplished and Scientific Experiment Complete!

Conclusion: Music doth Soothe the Savage Beast. Also, the hung-over beast and the overworked and aggravated beast.

I think my little experiment has proven that Gig is a five-kiss experience for established couples, and attending the show with another music-loving couple would only enhance the experience. But since it doesn't give you much opportunity to talk, I'm only giving it three and a half kiss for first daters. Luckily, Gig is right near both Backroads Pizza and the Second Street Brewery, and not far from Alfanoose, the new middle-eastern restaurant on Second Street. So for first-daters, dinner on Second Street followed by a concert at Gig could be a great variation on the old-fashioned "dinner and a movie" idea.

As chance would have it, Tony was standing near the door when all fifty-or-so of the audience members were filing out through the narrow space, and it just seemed natural to all of us to shake his hand and say thanks as we left. New to Santa Fe, Tony was a little stunned by this. As I went out the door I heard him say, "Wow. I shook everyone's hand! . . . Wow!" That's what I call an intimate venue.

Established couples:   
 First daters: 

