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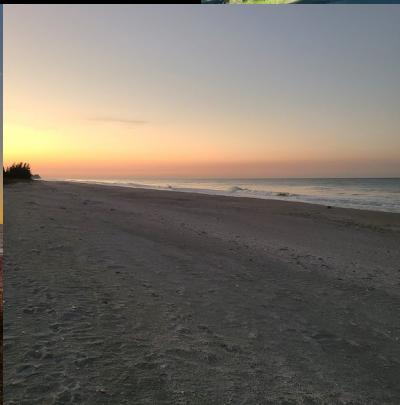


Skies of 2020, by Luke Stewart

Here are some selected photos of the sky in 2020...

Look to the sky,
Omnipresent.
The answers that lie
In the endless question,
That is, is.
The sky reminds us,
That it Is. Forever.





by Ben Hall

On May 16, 1969, Andrew Hill, Woody Shaw, Carlos Garnett, Freddie Waits, and Richard Davis recorded Lift Every Voice, an LP of Hill composition's released under his name for Blue Note. The session took place at Rudy Van Gelder's home studio in New Jersey. The quintet was joined by a septet of vocalists, 3 men and 4 women to make the group, strictly speaking, a duodecet. In the liner notes Leonard Feather refers to the singers as a, "three-man, four-girl choir." The day before, on May 15th, students at Berkeley we're shot at/shot with shotguns by Alameda County deputies. Police attacked protesters.

Andy Warhol made the print/painting, Race Riot, in 1964, depicting police attacking non-violent protestors in Birmingham, Alabama with German shepherds in 1963. The photo Warhol used was taken by the photographer Charles Moore. This is not the same Charles Moore that played trumpet in the C.J.Q., Contemporary Jazz Quintet and was instrumental in the Strata records label in Detroit though I once had someone drunkenly try to convince me that that was the case. Moore's photograph shows police attacking protestors. Warhol's painting/print shouldn't have been titled Race Riot it should have been titled Police Riot.

The dispute in Berkeley was over an eminent domain claim the University of California made to build student housing of which the university claimed it was in desperate need. In reality, the university suspected that the low income non-student left were the primary residents of the existing housing and razing the housing would be a way to stop and/or greatly reduce the free speech and Vietnam protests occurring on and around campus. After the housing was razed the land sat

empty for two years and became, "The Peoples Park." The sheriffs deputies we're emptying the park and evicting protestors.

Emptying and evicting with tear gas and the shotguns. As one does. In his song from 1965, Shotgun, Junior Walker says, "Shoot 'em 'fore he run now." The song is only one chord throughout. James Jamerson plays bass on Shotgun.

Richard Davis plays bass on Lift Every Voice.

Later that day, after the shooting of unarmed American citizens by sherrff's deputies, Ronald Reagan, actor turned governor turned 2 term president ordered in the National Guard to quell the students, who were primarily minority students asking for equity and parity in educational opportunities. That was what was happening at that protest that day. 75 people were injured. An E.R. doctor working that day said most people were rushed directly into surgery from gunshot wounds and that it was, "Mostly bird shot."

Later that year, Reagan would pressure the Board of Regents of the University of California to remove Angela Davis from her research and teaching position she had taken in the philosophy department at U.C.L.A. while finishing her dissertation also in the UC system at San Diego. Herbert Marcuse was her dissertation advisor.

I had lunch with Richard Davis in 1999. Margaret Davis, who later became Henry Grimes's wife, introduced me to him.

Richard Davis had left a bag of charts with Margaret. I don't know why. I offered to carry them. It turned out it was many blocks away and hot and I offered before I saw that it was like 30 Real Book sized bound books. It was very heavy and I was so sweaty when I showed up to meet

Richard Davis. The Richard Davis that had played on Out to Lunch and turned Van Morrison's Astral Weeks into my favorite pop album. Connie Kay and Warren Smith play on Astral Weeks also.

A friend came to Detroit the summer before that and I had an old Chevy Blazer. A few years back he called from California saying that his girlfriend had put on Out to Lunch and he had something close to a flashback because all summer we painted graffiti and drank and drove around Detroit and he said the only cassette I played the whole summer was Out to Lunch. He said Detroit, crumbling Detroit, vibrated and shimmered and echoed like Out to Lunch.

Richard Davis invited me to his performance later that evening. He was playing a trio at the Knitting Factory with Sunny Murray and Archie Shepp. I had tickets to see the Arkestra but what am I gonna do? "No, I'm sorry Richard I can't make the gig." Of course I went. Sunny was wildly loose. It was a style of drumming I've never heard before or sense. Archie played little tenor, he was having problems with his mouth or jaw. But every line he played was cosmic. A cosmic drama. Each little stanza a play. A little puppet show of balloons. Much later I read Nathaniel Mackey's Bass Cathedral and in one of the letters to the Angel of Dust, N., the narrator says that when the band is really making it happen balloons appear, appear out of the sound. When I read that I first rubbed my eyes and then looked over my shoulder. I had seen those balloons. Mackey does the best, most spectral writing on jazz.

Richard Davis played what I can only describe as magisterially. It seemed to emanate from him. He would pick notes and place them underneath other sounds. Pin them to empty unoccupied spaces in the music which then became the music. It almost seemed like he could take his hands off the bass and music would still come out like Jimi Hendrix drawing the fire out of his guitar. Sorcerer shit, both.

After the set Richard Davis came up to me and asked if I enjoyed the music. As if. "Yes, of course." Richard Davis asked if I had any problem at the door. He had said earlier that he would put me on the list. I was not on the list. The guy at the door acted like I was a bum on the hustle. Which I kinda was in general but not in that moment.

Richard Davis was so disappointed with the door man. I felt like he was disappointed in me. He and I walked to the door and he told the man to give me back my twenty dollars. The doorman began to balk and then just handed it right over. It was the kindest thing, I needed the cash. Whenever I'm supposed to be on the list but end up paying anyway I always lie and say, "Yeah, everything was cool." No one could pull off the politics that it takes for a man to tell a guy working the door to give money back. Sorcerer shit.

Richard Davis.

Richard Nixon was president when the Lift Every Voice session was recorded. He was later impeached. In the Republican primary Nixon beat out Reagan for the presidential nomination. The two other main contenders in the primary were George Romney, governor of my home state of Michigan, and Nelson Rockefeller, governor of the state of New York. Romney, who's son is Mitt Romney, sent National Guard troops into Detroit in the summer of 1967 to end the uprising that occurred as a result of police raiding a party celebrating the safe return of two G.I.'s from the war in Vietnam. The uprising in Detroit of 1967 is not to be confused with the race riot in Detroit of 1943 if it was in fact a race riot. Rockefeller sent state police to Attica prison where inmates were protesting prison conditions, food, educational programs, living conditions, living. 30 inmates were killed.

Rockefeller also created a set of drug laws and later adopted by the state of Michigan, the 650-Lifer law. Possession of 650 grams is life in prison. The Rockefeller drug laws put thousands of people in prison and were not reformed until the mid-2000's. These statutes were patterned after Richard Nixon's own tough on crime policy. In 1971, President Richard Nixon declared in a White House briefing speech, "America's public enemy No. 1 in the United States is drug abuse. In order to fight and defeat this enemy, it is necessary to wage a new, all-out offensive." However, according to a 2016 article in Harper's Magazine, John Ehrlichman, who had been Nixon's domestic-policy adviser, told reporter Dan Baum in a 1994 interview, "The Nixon campaign in 1968, and the Nixon White House after that, had two enemies: the antiwar left and black people. You understand what I'm saying? We knew we couldn't make it illegal to be either against the war or black, but by getting the public to associate the hippies with marijuana and blacks with heroin, and then criminalizing both heavily, we could disrupt those communities. We could arrest their leaders, raid their homes, break up their meetings, and vilify them night after night on the evening news. Did we know we were lying about the drugs? Of course we did."

Carlos Garnett played tenor on Lift Every Voice. It was, as far as discographic evidence suggests, only his second recording date, the first having been earlier in the year on Freddie Hubbard's Soul Experiment, an Atlantic release featuring the relentlessly working rhythm section of Pretty Purdie and Jerry Jemmott (though Grady Tate subs on drum on three tracks). Soul Experience is more groovy than funky. It doesn't in anyway acknowledge the moment the country is in. But perhaps that's not it's job. In that moment perhaps

it was fun to listen to but when I picked it up in the early 90's it sounded like the tinny music one would hear burbling out of a radio in a diner in a movie where the cop has to interrupt his ham and eggs to stop a crime. The cop is usually a white dude.

The perp is usually a not white dude.

On May 15th, the day before the Lift Every Voice session, the liberal mayor of New York, John Lindsay, wrote an excoriating letter to New York City's Board of Education opposing a rezoning issue in Brooklyn that would have allowed primarily Black and Puerto Rican students to attend integrated schools in south Brooklyn. Lindsay claimed

the redistricting was attempted without engaging the "black and white residents of the affected communities." This redistricting would only affect about 2 percent of the 84,500 students in Brooklyn. Dr. Bernard Donovan, the superintendent of schools, stated, "I do not think we deserve condemnation from the Mayor if he is as devoted to integration in the schools as we are. If the Mayor doesn't share our goal he should say so publicly." This is a full 12 years after

The Little Rock Nine integrated public schools in Arkansas where Orval Faubus was governor. On Mingus Ah Um, one of three jazz records I grew up with there's the song composition titled Fables of Faubus.

Lift Every Voice was recorded May 16, 1969 and only two of the ten records Hill wrote and recorded between 1964 and 1974 we're released during that period.



from

freq

A few years ago, a friend asked me when the last time was that I spent one whole season in a single place. I couldn't answer with certainty but knew it had been several years. Now, thanks to the pandemic, I've spent three whole seasons in one place. When it began, I (like many) thought the restrictions would last a couple of months and then normal life would resume. And at first it seemed like a strange, externally imposed vacation, a time to go internal, to focus, revisit old material, improve a skill or two; a time to experience life without the filter of recurring jet lag and seasonal dissociation; and then ... back to "normal" life.

While I love(d) the music (and the struggle to make it) I have to admit I am not the biggest fan of touring. I can't help feeling more stressed in airports than probably anywhere else I go by choice. The fact that I was arrested in an airport once certainly contributes to that feeling. In addition to personal stress, though, our "carbon footprint" is never so abundantly obvious as in these temples to excessive energy consumption. I don't hate trains and vans nearly as much but still I am not a "fan" (I have never toured by bike but props to Taylor Ho Bynum for doing at least one such tour). Then there are the often highly impersonal hotel rooms, the grungy crash pads some venues (not all) supply, the couches in friend's living rooms, the occasional hard floor etc. but sleeping was probably the easiest part of touring, although I recently read about a study that found the first night of sleep in a new place to be lighter than subsequent nights for most people so... it's definitely not optimal.

But I kept going anyway. I could see no future for the music I and my colleagues made if I stayed in one spot and so I entered the "vehicle du jour" and off I went. "We do because we can" and "If I don't do it, someone else will" are familiar refrains, but also I often thought of a comment made by the consummate road warrior William Parker: (to paraphrase) "If I don't do it, maybe others won't either."

Now that I have been in one spot for most of a year, I see I was partly right but also partly wrong.

Yes, I am also not playing concerts (much). Since early March, I have had a couple of "live" internet gigs, played a duo event that was recorded and later streamed, and had three real life "concerts" (one in a field behind a gallery in a semi-rural area, one in a friend's backyard and one outside a restaurant). I don't think I have played fewer concerts in a year since I was 12.

But ... I am playing the cello almost everyday. It's probably still my favorite thing to do. Or maybe I just can't imagine a life without it. Regardless, I am sure it's at least partly out of a desire to "keep in shape" for the next gig (as Monk and many others advise). Near the end of his life, Fred Katz told me he still played every day although he expected to not perform again. "I stay in shape so when Buddy (Collette) recovers from his stroke, we can play together".

But it has to be at least partly because the cello is a sort of "safe space" for me. Aside from a short break in the mid '80's, it's been a constant in my life since 10 and an obsession since about 3. And, when I get tired of whatever I can think of to do with it, there is an endless supply of charts (Bach to Bacharach) to read and enjoy

Strangely, though, while I have the capacity to record myself, I am recording very little of it and writing even less of it down. It's not that I don't care if you listen, it just doesn't seem necessary. Every minute of every day, hundreds of hours' worth of listening is uploaded to

L o n g - H o l m

the internet. (At least 25 hours of every day's uploads is stuff I might really enjoy hearing but... that's impossible. I'd fall behind no matter how hard I tried so I try to not stress.) And of course, I too have uploaded many recordings that I hope someone will listen to and enjoy but when is it enough? No comment on others' more prolific (or austere) outputs, but perhaps I have already crossed the line. I guess we are all negotiating such things with ourselves as there are almost no barriers (aside from our own sensibilities) to uploading audio files now. (Of course, all those servers that hold those files use energy but since when did anyone worry about that unless they have to pay for it.)

So... I just play. I used to self-identify more as a composer; the cello was my voice but it was my composer side at work during improvisations. Now I feel more like a player. I enjoy making the sounds and letting them hang in the air and then disappear without a trace. I don't need them to be organized, reproduced and then possibly disseminated. They don't have to be coherent in any way. The sounds are sandcastles or maybe the waves that destroy them or both at the same time. Some might call it "noodling" and perhaps it is but so what? I make and eat my own "noodles" so where's the harm?

Is the music developing? I honestly don't know. Perhaps after we start meeting again we will find out. Perhaps the dormant seeds many of us have become will sprout in new and unexpected ways. Whether or not I will, I have faith that as long as there are kids, they will find new ways to express themselves through sound. As long as there are humans there will be music.

I have been thinking lately about the older gamba player in "Tous les Matins du Monde". (I should watch it again but who has time these days?) In my recollection he is done with the world, which no longer holds any attraction for him. He is alone and plays for himself alone. His relationship is with the music, not the court and its passing fancies and politics. Maybe I misremember but I like the character as I recall him and imagine (fantasize?) myself becoming him, eschewing the world, becoming a kind of monk, only playing because I love it. Maybe that love becomes in some tiny way essential for the wellbeing of the planet. Maybe my vibrations are felt around the world with ramifications far beyond the scope of my awareness. Just as that butterfly in Japan can affect me, maybe in return I affect it. In my fantasy, we are a feedback loop. As we vibrate alone, we resonate together. The butterfly, you, me, the old gambist (Gerard/Jordi et al), everyone else... we all resonate. Soon the squalls of feedback are deafening. As we go microphonic, we break apart and come together in new ways. Soon the fractures spiral off forming new vibrations that return to inform the older ones. The audible becomes inaudible. We await the climax and then end. Is this the climax? Will there be one? Did it happen long ago and our entire lives have been a part of the coda? Will there be an intermission? So many questions.

P t r P

s sc i t – I will confess that I recently re-animated an old Instagram account where I had posted some cello bits with the idea that groups of people (or soloists) could use them to o make their own constructions and I have been adding events for several weeks now. Aside from my posts, there is very little activity in that account (as should perhaps be expected).

by PAAL NILSEN-LØVE

2020 was this:

I celebrate New Year's eve with my parents and soon after I'm on the plane to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. Can't wait to see all friends and colleagues at Fendika and elsewhere in Addis. Terrie and Emma also arrive some days before I return and we celebrate Timat together and many great nights at Fendika.

The trip gives me many strong experiences.

I go from there to Stockholm to start off a tour with pianist Sten Sandell. First gig is a double bill with Richard Dawson. Couldn't be better! The tour continues in Norway and we have a great time and do some really nice gigs together.

I continue touring with Mudskipper, a new band with Signe Emmeluth, Hanne de Backer AND Terrie Ex! First gig is also in Stockholm, funny enough... and continues to Norway, again. Great gigs also with this new band!

I go from the last gig and straight to Rio de Janeiro and will stay in Brazil for the whole of February. This is actually a trip that's been in the works for a long time. I was in Brazil for the carnival in 2017 and that blew my mind! I wanted and needed more! This time I would experience all the preparations for the carnival and of course the actual carnival. During the trip I visit Rio de Janeiro, Recife, Olinda, Nazare da Mata, Salvador and more... an incredible month!

I go directly from Rio to Addis with Ethiopian Airlines. I was told about Adwa and I could not miss that... the flight from Brazil does not give me enough time to digest any of what I've just experienced but in some way it feels natural to just continue this trip. From one extreme to the other. -and little did I know that I would face quite a different life situation in a month. I'm extremely glad I did it all now.

After a family reunion in England and a few days off in Lisbon, I begin to understand that the situation around the virus might get very bad. Instead of going back to Brazil for a planned tour, I go with my parents to my hometown Stavanger, Norway and we stay there. This turns out to be a wise decision. During my stay I reunite with many friends, I organize a festival and also do some concerts in both Stavanger and Oslo. After the summer holiday, I end up moving to Nesodden which is a peninsula outside of Oslo. Norway is the safest place for me to stay and there's also concerts happening during the fall. Before settling properly in at Nesodden, I go to Portugal and stay at my place for 6 weeks. I return to Norway in time for self-quarantine before concerts I have in mid-October. I don't know when we'll be able to travel again and I decide to compile a solid stack of LPs to take with me to Nesodden. There are some records I can't be without and some new discoveries. Here's what could be called

"my desert island records," list fall 2020:

Mike Westbrook s Brazz Band Plays “**For The Record**”

Clifton Chenier “**Baby Snake Blues**”

Kanisuke Takeshiba “**Art of Kabuki Clappers**”

Nega Airevida “**Sapoty Da Mangueira**”

Nelson Cavaquinho “**Serie Documento**”

Dora Lopes “**Testamento**”

Zelia Barbosa “**Sertao e Favelas**”

Maria Marcia

Catia de Franca

Jorge Ben “**Silencio No Brooklyn**”

Jorge Ben JR “**Negro y Lindo**”

Sil Austin & Red Prysock “**Battle Royal**”

Rinsho Kategaru

Old and New Dreams (1979)

Rahsaan Roland Kirk “**Prepare Thyself to Deal with a Miracle**”

Ornette Coleman “**Dancing in your Head**”

Oum Kalsoum “**Hakam Aleena El Hawa**”

Ibrahim Tatlises “**Benim Hayatim**”

Banda Los Hijos de la Nina Luz

Salim Halali “**Les Nuits de Maghreb**”

Bitorí “**Legend of Funana**”

Various artists “**14 Canonazos Vol 3**” Discos Fuentes

Chants et Musique d Algérie

Mina “**Golden Mina**” (has the most amazing version of “Besame Mucho”... period!)

Renato Carosone “**La Panse**”

The Cesta All-Stars “**Live Jam Session**”

The Alegre all Stars

Vladimir Visotski & Marina Vladys

Claudete Soares, Taiguara “**Primeiro Tempo: 5 X 0**”

Bandinha De Pifano “**Zabumba Caruaru**”

Dennis Wilson “**Pacific Ocean Blue**”

Alan Skidmore, Ali Haurand, Tony Oxley “**SOH**”

Art Blakey et les Jazz Messengers au club St. Germain Vol 1

Mal Waldron with The Steve Lacy Quintet

Ivo Papasov and his Bulgarian Wedding band “**Orpheus Ascending**”

Chris McGregor & The Castle Lager Big Band “**Jazz/The African Sound**”

Jimmy Hamilton and his orchestra “**Swing Low, Sweet Clarinet**”

I forgot **Pig Destroyer**, **Meshuggah**, **Camaron**, **Louis Armstrong**, **Ennio Morricone**, **Orchestre Regional de Mopti**, **Seijin Noborikawa**, **Merzbowl**, **Russel Haswell**, **Public Enemy**, **Bongo Joe**, **Planxty** and more...

...But, I found the blues... in Oslo... There are not many record stores in Oslo but one pretty decent that sells secondhand only... From time to time they get some amazing collections... I went by the store one day and instead of searching through the jazz or world music section, I began looking through the blues section... little did I know I'd spend two afternoons in the store, listening through a ton of records... most of them with names I didn't know... I took notice of some interesting labels: **Jewel**, **Flyright**, **Blue Goose** and **Yazoo Records**.

Artists I didn't know from before: **Sunnyland Slim**, **Tarheel Slim**, **Lightnin' Slim**, **J.B. Lenoir**, **Charles Brown**, **Sam Myers**... the list goes on and on...

One of the biggest highlights for me is **Tarheel Slim**. There's a compilation LP with recordings from a three-day blues festival in Chapel Hill, North Carolina in 1973 called “**Blues come to Chapel Hill**”. **Tarheel Slim** sings a song which is also on his own album “**No Time at All**” but this version of “**Cold Rainy Day**” is very very touching.



Some of the blues albums I've discovered and played a lot this last fall and feel like sharing are these:

Charles Brown "**Blues 'N' Brown**"
[1972, JEWEL Records]

J.B. Lenoir "**Alabama Blues**"
[1966, CBS]

Lightning Hopkins "**Talking some Sense**"
[1968, JEWEL Records]

Robert Pete Williams
[1971, Ahura Mazda]

Sunnyland Slim "**Midnight Jump**"
[1969, Blue Horizon]

Sunnyland Slim "**Slims Got His Thing Goin On**"
[1969, World Pacific Records]

Lightnin' Slim "**High and Low Down**"
[1971, Excello Records]

Sam Myers "**Mississippi Delta Blues**"
[1980, TJ Records]

Fred McDowell and Forest City Joe
"**Roots of the Blues**"
[1961, Atlantic]

Doctor Ross "**The Harmonica Boss**"
[1974, Munich Records]

Frank Proffitt "**Frank Proffitt**"
[1962, Folk Legacy Records]

Yank Rachell's Tennessee Jugbusters
"**Mandolin Blues**"
[1963, Delmark Records]

Little Walter "**Hate to See You Go**"
[1969, Chess Records]

Tarheel Slim "**No Time at All**"
[1975, Trix Records]

Sonny Terry "**Whoopin' The Blues**"
[1976, Charly Records]

John Lee Hooker "**Hooker Alone Vol 1!**"
[1976, Labor Records]

Lowell Fulsom "**In a Heavy Bag**"
[1970, Jewel Records]

Tom Shaw "**Blind Lemon's Buddy**"
[1972, Blue Goose Records]

more to come...



The Africa Trip

Terrie Ex and Emma Fischer // (Dec. 16 1995 - Dec. 16 1996)



This chapter is from Kenya to Ethiopia

Between October 2 – 17, 1996 We are 10 months on the road

We're in remote, rough northern Kenya. Never really part of the English colony; in those days only accessible with a special permit. On the route to Lake Turkana and then Ethiopia.

The road is dusty and bumpy, but ok. We're going up and it's getting cold. People are selling animal skins and fur hats. Incredible view on the riftvalley; craters and lakes; sometimes full of flamengos, everything looking pink.

We have to find fuel and get some money in the first little town. While changing we get a warning that somebody tries to break into the car. We run back; the lock is broken, but our secret safety-pin did wonders! And still have a great meal afterwards!

We cross the equator and everything looks even more 'original'. Different nomadic tribes with lots of cattle. There is only one bit of tarmac road in the area, to Lake Baringa. That's where the president lives.. Mmmm.

An almost rediculous amount of birds. Hundreds of different kinds flying around! In a tree we see five huge marabous, flirting with rattling beaks. Or welcoming eachother with a kind of 'cow boo-ing' on 45-rpm. When they fly off it sounds like beating a leather carpet.

At night the hippos are coming out of the water. We hear them grazing around. And scratching themselves against our car, which is shaking back and forth. Emma needs to pee urgently, but it's not easy to decide when to go outside.. They are huge and dangerous. There is also a massive tortoise around, but it moves only five meters a day!

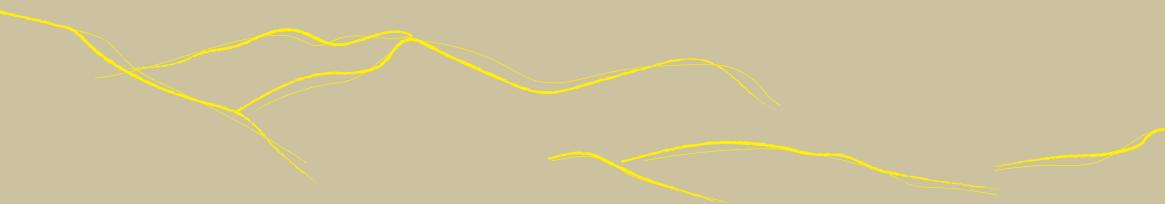
The landscape is getting more and more rough and empty, turning red. We meet some lone nomads. Then we spot oil; a part of gear wheel broke and caused a hole in the axle. Really in the middle of nowhere.. A bit vague we stroll along the road towards a tiny village. But luck is on our side. The first thing we see is a dusty little sign: 'Bohla&sons - Landrover garage' (!) The 'garage' is in an old shed and closed for years. Still, we find the owner and still he has 10 Landrovers, standing there. He finds us a set of gears; problem solved! Phew!

Maralal is the 'capital' of the Samburu district and looks a bit like a small 'wild-west' town. Wide dusty alleys, small shops with verandas. People passing here are mainly local nomads. The Samburus, especially the young warriors, Morans, look incredibly decorated. Red clay in their long, braided hair and on their faces. Beads, chains, metal bracelets; some with a metal flap on their forehead and chain over their chin. In a red loin cloth with a long spear. It is somehow bizarre to imagine these vain people in extravagant clothes living in huts of branches and cow shit. But who are we to know...

Close to South Horr, approaching the Lake Turkana, it's becoming deserty. Dry riverbeds and dust. We hear rumours of bandits around, but at a police post no one knows. We see small shelter huts from thorny branches but hardly any people. Then entering the lava area; everything becomes dark-brown and black. Full of vulcano ash, black stones looking like sponges. At a footpace we hobble on; tires crunching. Then, in a barren black field, we spot four men, with some goats, really in the middle of nowhere. What are they doing HERE??

After some fifty kilometres suddenly the bright blue lake Turkana! Wow, sensational view! But, apart from a few thorn-bushes, no vegetation. The lake is a salty soda lake. Not for irrigation, not to drink.. But it has fish, hippos and crocodiles. Then suddenly, over the hill, we arrive at Loiyangalani. An oasis, with a well and palm trees. Amazing small huts from dry palm leaves, far apart. A little street with white clay houses, tiny shops, a bar and two small eateries. It's a holiday (Moi-day) and lots of people on the street. Drunken guys stick their heads through our open windows. We're quite happy to find a quiet field, after an intense day..

The next morning we have breakfast in the 'Cold Drink Hotel', opposite the 'Hilton Hotel', both tiny little huts with only chapati's and tea. And fish on demand. We order some for the evening; it's Terrie's birthday!! We walk around a bit to the lake. So many different people. Samburu's, Turkana's, El-Molo's, Borana's, Somali's, Ethiopians, Rendille's and a few Kikuju's. (guy's from the south). Turkana's stand out, with their mohicans and the elder women with lip-plugs, tatoos, iron ear-decoration and many chains; all in darker colours.

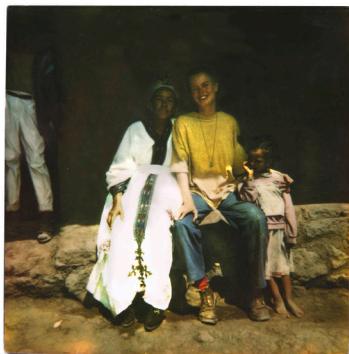
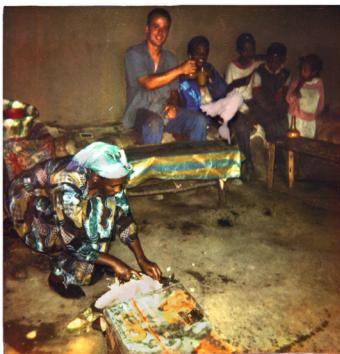
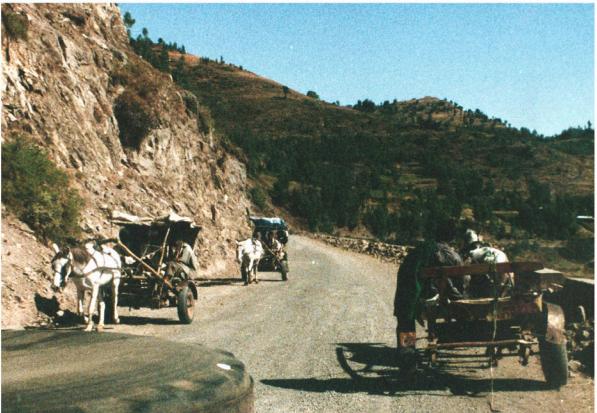


In the evening we get picked up: our fish is catched, fried and ready! The cook is excited we came and people walking in and out can hardly believe we are sitting there. And the fish is amazing!! Direction North Horr, Chalbi desert. First sharp lava stones again. Flat tire (only the 3rd, but completely destroyed.). Then a sandstorm, clouds of dust and we fear to lose track or get stuck. But suddenly, to our surprise, there is water and a herd of camels drinking. We spot beautiful huts, round, with cloths. Dark from smoke.

On the other side, out of the blue, suddenly a big church and a mission. 'Oh no!', we think, but the 'Father' is special. Richard Tiroler from Munich, Germany. He listens John Coltrane and starts telling us what is all wrong about having a mission in this area. The school and hospital are ok of course, but he honestly wonders if these nomadic people have any benefit from a western church. It is giving the area all kinds of problems too. He did try to be useful for 20 years but is about to give up. He got more interested and learnt more, by living amongst nomadic people. Bringing needs, property, emotion, everything, back to the essence. Wow, unique to hear. We give him our Cecil Taylor and Albert Ayler cassettes and drive on. Into the next bit of desert. A brown cracked crust. We spend the night under a lone tree.

Direction Ethiopia. Beautiful diverse valleys, little round volcanic mountains, with the light colored grass everything looks like fur. But also stoney, sand, bushes. We cross the Kenyan bit of border without realising and are soon overtaken by a Landrover full of military, shouting: 'This is not possible; go back!!' There are simply no customs and stamps here. We try to convince them that we can do without a stamp and slowly they are getting more and more friendly, realising our situation. We spend the night next to the police station and go on the next morning. Stopping soon, to make a Kenya stamp in our carnet ourselves, with ink and a Kenyan coin. It almost goes wrong when Emma writes Kenya with an 'i', but in the end it looks very official!

Up the hill on a path into Ethiopia. Not many cars ever come here. After 30 km a crowded village. Signs to stop, military shouting, people pointing, but all unclear what exactly to do. Then a group of soldiers come running and bang angrily on the car. We have to come, and under military escort we are delivered at the headquarters. 'You can only enter in Moyale!' (some 100 km east). We point out on the map the place where we are, with a border flag. The Commander is still angry and not convinced. Surrounded by dozens of soldiers they search the car. Emma gets the Word Music Book and reads out: Aster Aweke, Tilaoun Gessesse and Mahmoud Ahmed. There's a silence and they are totally flabbergasted! 'They know our singers!!!' Everything is fine immediately. We get some food and coffee and can go to the other border post to get the stamp. No problem! Wow! Music!



by claire rousay

A list of things I've been listening to in 2021:

Aisha Orazbayeva

Music for Violin Alone

Carmen Villain

Sketch for Winter IX: Perlita

Ellen Phan

Policy

Kath Bloom & Loren Connors

Moonlight

Luc Ferrari

Cycle Des Souvenirs 1995

2000: Exploitation Des Concepts No. 2

Lucy Liyou

Practice

Macie Stewart & Lia Kohl

Recipe For a Boiled Egg

Rob Mazurek's

Exploding Star Orchestra

Dimensional Stardust



[front and back]

paintings by Chris Corsano



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