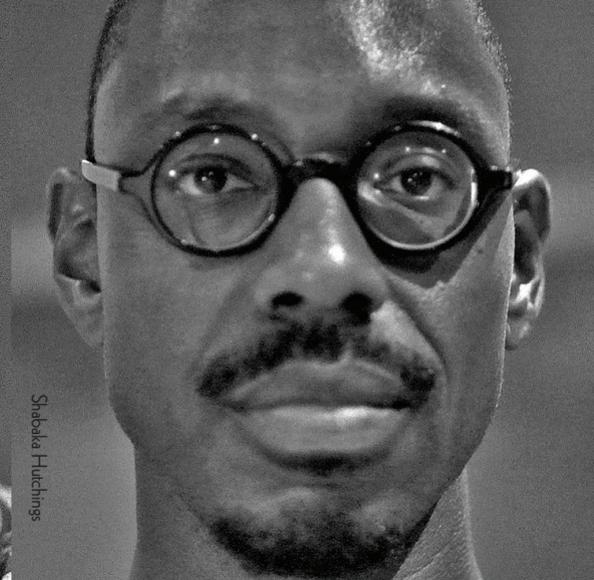


Andrew John



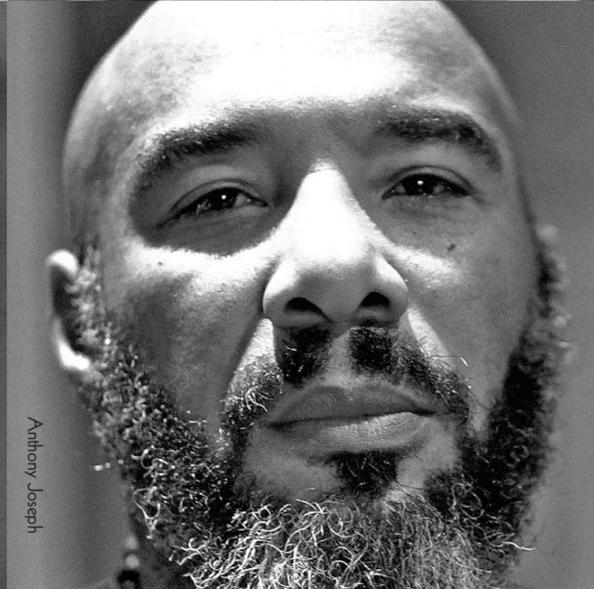
Florian Pellister



Shobha Hutchings



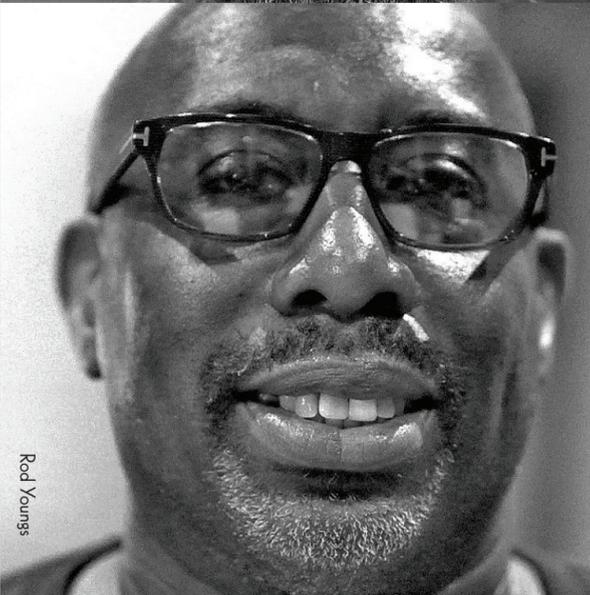
Colin Webster



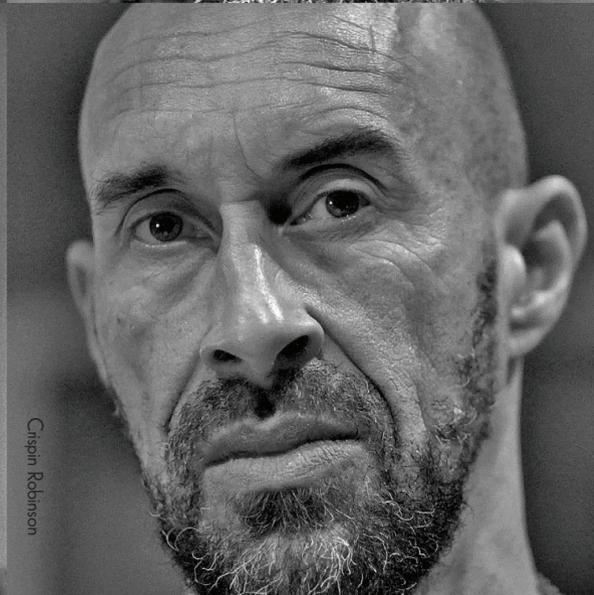
Anthony Joseph



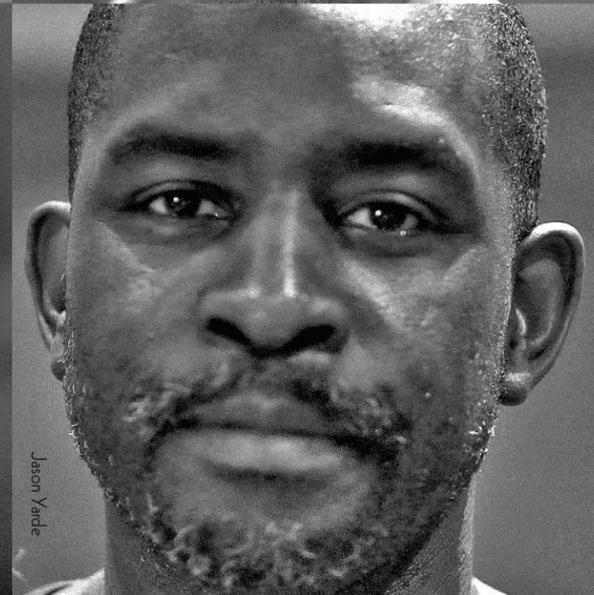
Thibaut Remy



Rod Youngs



Crispin Robinson



Jason Yade

KAMAU *For Kamau Brathwaite*

For Kamau.
For the furtive sound of his phonaesthetic exegesis.
For his secret technology, his liquid textolgy, the seppy.
Pure energy.
Seducing the ear,
lancing the plane of sight.
And if vision is righteous and holy and pure
then Baba Kamau was the sonic sage.
The one who never kept silent.
The one who never wear necktie yet.
The one who never wept in pews, who
wove beads of triplet notes
with the trumpet in his throat - the infinite muse -
- a bad and contagious poet!
Perceptible only in a glance.
Emerging
dressed in black.
Much blacker than black
surrealist conflict.
And I've been a black surrealist
ever since I saw my grandfather chuck the wheel
of his Austin Cambridge
with a rock so it don't roll down hill
and simple to the sea
because iron don't float.
Since I ran between vine and root,
leapt over the wire
where the land rushed wild to the sea.
Picked the fruit
still warm from the vine.
I hid in the trees.
So much hairy snake and picka bush
was tying up the land.
But strong poems still found me
between the leaves.

Come on, flash your costume,
flash your rage, poet.
Play sailor mas.
Play jab jab.
Play junkanoo.
Play rukatuk music.
Play with life and bones
and fiddle and flute.
Play mojo jumbie.
Dance the juba
with the hands akimbo
play stick man
an' bus' they carapace.
Play mud mas.
Plot your root.
Piss blood.
Piss rum.
Wear the brazen breastplate
and the burnt wooden mask
from the Upper Volta.
Wear pins in the mouth
like the tailor carving a map of Africa
on the corner of your island.
Play kaiso.
Play calypso.
Play socalypso.
Play rapso.
Play jazz, like a second skin.
Reel you in, reel you in, reel you in.

I carried my black surrealist manifesto
between elbows
like fetish to poison wounds
in the bronze plateau of the Congo.
Read me in, read me in
Brooklyn warehouse space
no running water, no hot heat, no light,
but Fanon, Fanon, Fanon, Fanon.

Read me in, read you in.
I read you in every squall and bawl of the hurricane
Write this in the distance.
Write this on the wind.
Write this on the waves.
Write this in cowpasture.
In fragments.
Under islands
Write this in each trace of diaspora,
in each stone that skims from Africa,
blooming into Islands! islands! Islands! Islands!

— O Baba O —

May you return if possible
as a grey bearded afronaut.
Emerge again
as a secret colour,
as prophet.
emerge again — deep teacher, as wizard,
as hawk or black bird,
as if you fell from the stars,
as if you emerged from the rainforest
wh(((o)))le

— Oh Baba O —

Come on,
swing your horn.
Swing your horn and flash your second skin.
Flail and flash your colour.
Omen, omen of jumbie.
See-er man, obeah man.
Obeah man who can make remote vision of people
with psycho-spiritual camera,
then the next day tell you exactly
what you was wearing, what bone you was chewing
at your kitchen table the night before.
Surrealist since black, behind god's back

Come on, cast speaking serpents out.
Flash your beacon, be bold, be something else!
And on the first day, on the first day
of the first week
of the first month
after your death
I come with real, real, real, real, real
real fire this year.

Oil does not dry on the tip of his tongue,
nor honey on the tips of his fingers.

THE GIFT

This was after we had buried my father
in the soft earth of the Santa Cruz valley.
That same graveyard on the hill
where our whole clan
will eventually be replanted.
And we swung dirges in the midday
as the shepherd and his flock
dealt with my father, they had placed
white flowers around his neck.
But oh, when that first dirt dash the casket lid,
no amount of ritual can protect you
from that sound — when it hits.

We lit candles upon the tumulus
of dirt which lay heavy upon him.
Heavier than when I pressed his breastbone in the chapel.
While outside, beyond the farmlands, deep in the country
the river continued to run, not knowing
that my father had died

And we waited until he was
well settled in the dirt before we left.
And back at the house I started rapping
with the cousin with the long-long dread
that wrap up in a scroll - the one with the biblical name.
The one who say he don't communicate by computer.

This was when we were standing at the gate,
ready to leave that house of mourning.
This was after the jewel bag get bring out,
and my brother and I had to choose which as heirlooms.
The silver ring with the raised initials of his name.
But he laughed and he never told me what those letters
spelled
when I asked him in 1978.

See me walking the yard
hip in my English waistcoat.
Tall in the saddle like big scissors cutting.
And Mama D, Mama D
who also loved him, and who could tell you the names
of all his children, even those he forgot.
She was saying, 'Look, look how you end up where you is,
when things coulda been so different.
Well is all them prayers and benediction
your people put on you.
Coming down through generation,
the hope was you.
Is the asafoetida the ol' lady burn.
All the pray she pay till her knees burst open.
And all those orisons must have conjured some power.
Till her love became a chant to kill death
a fetish to protect you on this journey.
We may live and die, but what is between is ours to keep.
She gave what she had.

THE RICH ARE ONLY DEFEATED WHEN RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES

Kamau
(A. Joseph/J. Yarde)
Calling England Home
(A. Joseph/T. Remy)
Maka Dimweh
(A. Joseph/J. Yarde/A. John/D. Bitan)
Language (Poem for Anthony McNeill)
(A. Joseph/J. Yarde/A. John)
Swing Praxis
(A. Joseph/J. Yarde/A. John)
The Gift
(A. Joseph/A. John)

Anthony Joseph - Vocals
Andrew John - Bass
Thibaut Remy - Guitar
Rod Youngs - Drums
Florian Pellissier - Piano, Moog, Organ & Rhodes Piano
Jason Yarde - Alto & Baritone Saxophone
Shabaka Hutchings - Tenor Saxophone on 'Swing Praxis'
Bass clarinet on 'Kamau'
Denys Baptiste - Tenor Saxophone & Bass Clarinet on
'Language'
Tenor Sax on 'Maka Dimweh' & 'The Gift'
Colin Webster - Tenor Saxophone on
'Kamau' & 'Swing Praxis'
Baritone Sax on 'Language'
Crispin Robinson - Bata Drums & Percussion
Roger Raspail - Percussion on 'Maka Dimweh'

Produced by **Jason Yarde**

All arrangements by **Jason Yarde**
except 'The Gift' - arranged by **Andrew John**
& 'Calling England Home' arranged by **Thibaut Remy**
both with additional arrangements by **Mr Yarde**

Album engineered and mixed by **Jordan Kouby**
Recorded at Livingston Studios, London
Additional recording at Total Refreshment Center, London
& Question De Son, Paris
Mastered by **Mickaël Rangeard** at Question De Son

Executive Producer: **Franck Descollonges**
Photos: **Bunny Bread** / @icreatenotdestroy
Design & Artwork: **Jean-Louis Duralek**

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and the whole Heavenly Sweetness family

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Sabino Martiradonna and Felicia Silva

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Bembe Segue

The Yarde family & the NHS

David Bitan!

Gordon and Gillian Wedderburn (GWJazz)

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Nathalie Teitler

Rob Farhat / Serious Music

David Walters (*une Caraïbe, brotherman!*)

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and all the Jazz re:refreshed crew for continued,
unbroken support and inspiration.

A special kind of love to all the wise and wonderful
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and
to my beloved family in Trinidad and London —
Louise, Keiko & Meena,
I'm thankful and thoughtful.

anthonyjoseph.co.uk
heavenly-sweetness.com

SWING PRAXIS

It is language which calls all things to creation
And language is the origin of the world. The word
was the great mass of a black star exploding.
It was the beat of a drum. The vibration of the body
was to bear the boom, the thrust into breath, and breath
into fire and fire into rain and rain onto ocean
and ocean onto shore and shore upon rivers
and rivers upon land and rivers which pierced each region
with vines and veins and vitamins.

A great storm was coming. The earth would shake,
it would tumble, it would break. Each flash of lightning
was a blade flung against temptation,
but our little house would withstand it all;
it would not fail, it would not fall.

...//Language//...
...//Language//...

We held still
within the great torrents of rain,
peering into the beginning of the world.
It was language which formed nations
and decolonised our minds.
A new language,
rooted deep in the resonance of the drum
rooted down down into the centre
root strata — in every beat and bell
in every scope of feeling.
Like wind in the arc of the horn.
In the cry of the horn.
It was language which freed us from ourselves.

...//Language//...
...//Language//...

Maculate:
The dirty bone
Intractable:
Unnameable.
— language, language —
Fluctuant.

Leviathan
A molecule:
A homecoming.
A people who.

And the hauteur
and the halter back of cousin Maria -1978, 1982
The brightness of the image
remaining in the photograph.

Space:
The interstice (of loss)
between canvas and paint.

Swing Praxis.

In which considering the lack
of a truly beautyfull, violent revolution
we establish ourselves as mediums for change,
change which must accumulate
to maximum impact and speed
like rhythm
and rhythm
is a unit of meaning
of feeling
of being
and there are ways
to withstand sustained conflict
but guns are the teeth of democracy.

Swing praxis.

We must not easily be possessed
by what is just the crudest element of a given plan.
Either we vote or protest or tremble or march or fight,
but either way it will soon be hard to be 'cool'
and black at the same time.

Swing praxis.

It is self evident
that we stand at the edge of a great victory,
of which we are confident,
that we have been wounded in battle.
But its too late to be hurt.
Its too late to turn back now!
So go on, go on, bring fire music
with harmonic cycles of hymn rhythm
and we will navigate the fear of death.
Go deep in the jungles of deceit and concrete
and see how we are murdered on these streets.
Or be real and go back to the old country,
go down in the valley and see how my people have built
such beautyfull homes in the dirt.
See how only secular sound and the mutability
and resilience of black spirit duality
can liberate them
from history.

Swing praxis.

Come with the hard bop
and catch the vision.
Jazz is a river of vigorous spirits.
Come like Lightning Hopkins
with the Akpala hip shake.
Come and dance the Juba
with the kick and step
and the arms akimbo

Swing
as method.
As action.
As rubric.
As heritage.
as a black and combative orchestra
with terrible bees
and whistles and teeth.

Swing praxis.

Swing praxis.

Swing as method.
Swing as a template for revolution.

CALLING ENGLAND HOME

Black and been here since 1949
— West London jaw grind, 'Tek it easy'.
We saw him, you saw him
walking along the canal last night.
And what a joy to buck up upon him
at the carnival today,
to hear him speak about
the dances and the bands
at the Paramount,
the spots you couldn't mix
with white in, or dance in.
Remembering... London.
How he been slapped so hard
with the lash - Sam Selvon say.
And it take him 60 years
before he could call England
'home.'

He musta come here in black and white, 1959,
time longer than twine.
So long ago he don't
remember being a child,
Just a suit and steamer trunk
upon a ship which took
a good six weeks to cross.
We sat at his kitchen table
and I filmed him on the sly
but he wasn't saying much
at least nothing I could put in a poem,
instead, he showed me
photographs - with the dashiki and the fez
with Michael X at the Ambience.
Outside the night came in,
we had moved so far away
from calling England
'home.'

I've lived here longer than home, since 1989.
Remember Harlesden in the spring time.
I used to walk from Cricklewood
to Marylebone High Street
to cut up meat to punch out dough.
I was never asked to wait tables
or to serve scones and coffee.
I worked in the basement.
But I learned to tie my apron
in a way that retained some dignity.
And in my first summer above the corner shop,
I listened to rare groove on pirate radio.
I was flung so far from any notion of nation.
How long do you have to live in a place
before you can call it
'home?'

MAKA DIMWEH

Maka Dimweh was a soldier
in the Guyanese army.
Get send up to Jim Jones territory
to clean up corpses.
Notorious in the news, when the mark bust,
was the tent and the altar, the barrel,
and the upturned mouths of the faithful,
in that camp nation: poison.
But up there in them jungle
had money to find.
Good U.S. currency
these army man find.
Men find money
all under rock stone an' tootoo,
money dash 'way like toilet paper,
'Well, Honey, I am bound to go.
These people don't need money
where they going.'

Fellas find money wrap up in kerchief and socks.
Dead people money.
Jaw grind pornography,
and jewels: gold and white pearl, ruby, lapis lazuli.
Men find keys for motorcar park up quite in America.
Like bush meat the immigrant want to eat
but can't bring back from dream,
but no matter what trick get try,
or which hole they fold it in
that same Maka Dimweh
he woulda find it anywhere.
Big bad Maka Dimweh,
he find it anywhere.

Maka watch his best friend Bodhi get rip out
by a cutlass coming back from fishing
and fall on the slippery rocks above the bay,
capsize and enter between the ribbing,
rip out his particulars, and the boy body beat-up
till his liver get frighten, till his bile spill out
like the white milk of egg and the scent
was of snakes in the garden after the rain.
Eyes wide open and rolling around the skull.
Turn back an' come again. Rock back an' turn back
and kick back and come again.
Rain falling on the sea, fish falling out the bucket.
And since that day, since that day,
Maka coulda never eat no meat.
That same Maka Dimweh, Maka-Maka Dimweh.
Big bad Maka Dimweh.

Oh gosh man! Hear the vision.
Maka run Florida, catch jail for DUI.
Maka gone Brooklyn, he in the jungle now.
Maka bust a man chest in New York
and get five more years in Uncle Sam jail.
That same Maka Dimweh, Maka-Maka Dimweh!
Rock back an' come again...

LANGUAGE *Poem for Anthony McNeill*

*To name something is to wait for it in place
you think it will pass. - Amiri Baraka*

Something about how we have names for everything now.
How each leaf has its place at the shaded side of the river.
The dark dirt under the cocoa onion has a name
for that kind of soil. The soft cup of scales
forming the echeveria has a name, the way it folds.
The filament in the light of the firefly — the wick, the tail
has a name: luciferin, in the production of light.
Water in the knee and it has a name
— meniscus — effusion.
Which is really a form of liquid textology
dividing the meat into chunk and gill.

Once, there were still unseen places and things,
corners of experience which had no name,
and so you could walk upon them
and meet them solid for the first time
be dubwise and dread and hail them up
and bump locks head.

Dread.

And my grandmother said that if the flying frog leapt
and landed on your face or the soft fold of your arm,
that it would stay there. Attach itself as if with glue
and you would have to iron or steam steel - heat - impress
upon the frog-back skin till it stick to the stainless heat,
until it release, an' peel off.

We returned from country visits, from visiting kin in churches
hid in bush to find flying frogs perched in corners
of the house.

Trapped in their silence of peace. I never saw their leap.
But I seen what hurricanes could do to islands.
I seen it on TV and it had a name.

Nigropalmatus.
Hylidae.
Rhacophorus
— fringe-limbed or marvellous
Ecnomichyla
Polypedates
— in the calabash tree.

My cousin Alvin and the hillside
where bananas are grown from seed.
This place has a dance, and it has a name.
Even vinegar has a seed.
We were wild, we were wild children.
We had names with which we
moved through space
like blades.



ANTHONY
 JOSEPH
 THE RICH
 ARE
 ONLY
 DEFEATED
 WHEN
 RUNNING
 FOR
 THEIR
 LIVES