




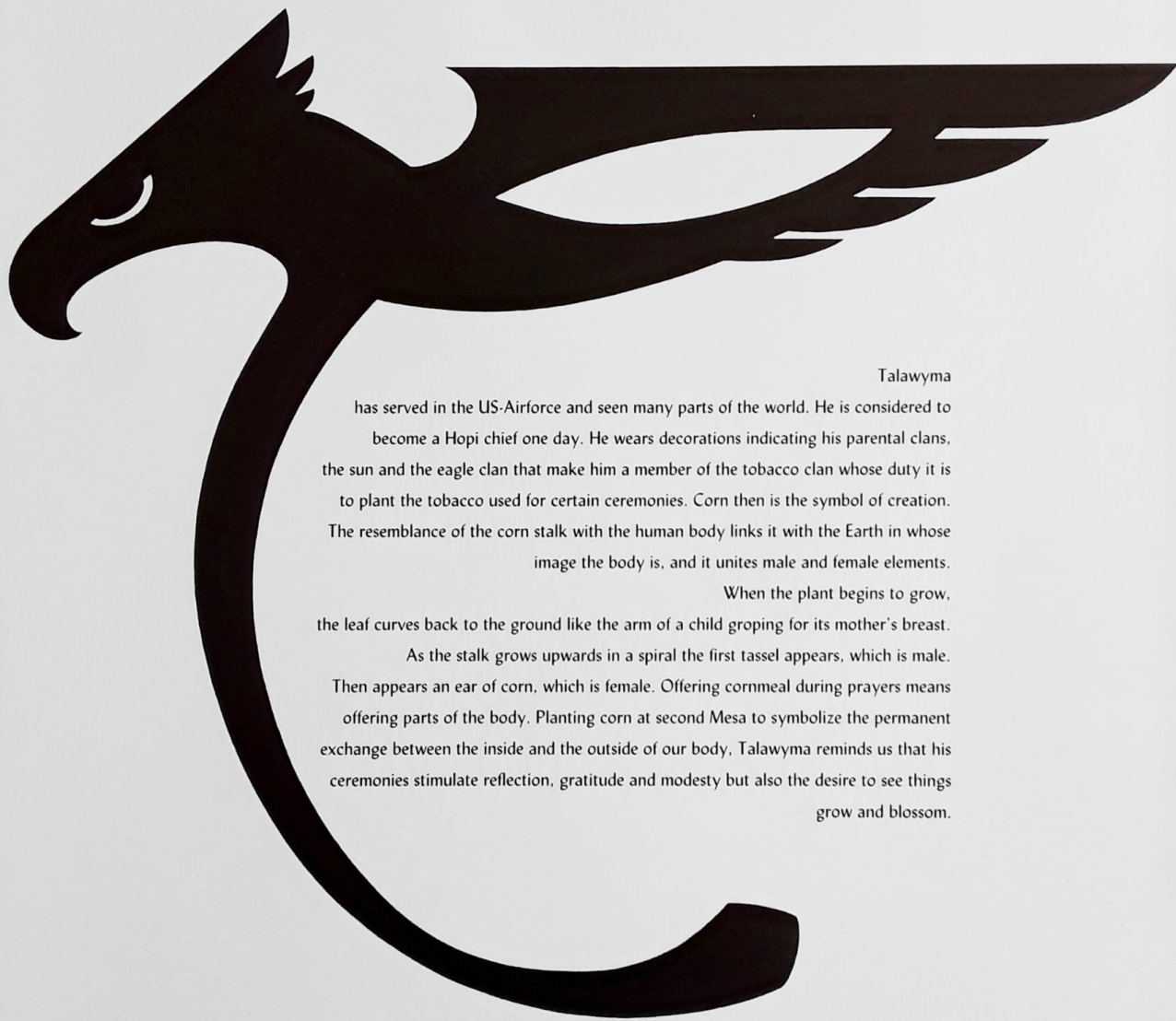
ESKMS

INDIAN RAP



Robbie Bee
has mixed indian beats with patterns of traditional indian music he
composed to come up with Rap-songs that will attack your feet
and make you dance. But listen to what he sings:

*"500 years of injustice
it's time to let freedom ring
the abuse you have put on our people
is like the beating of Rodney King
through inferior education
or with a gun to our head it's the same
when it comes to the first American people
in 500 years nothing's changed
for now it's the land of the wanna be free
and I'm survioin' in a country taken from me."*



Talawyma

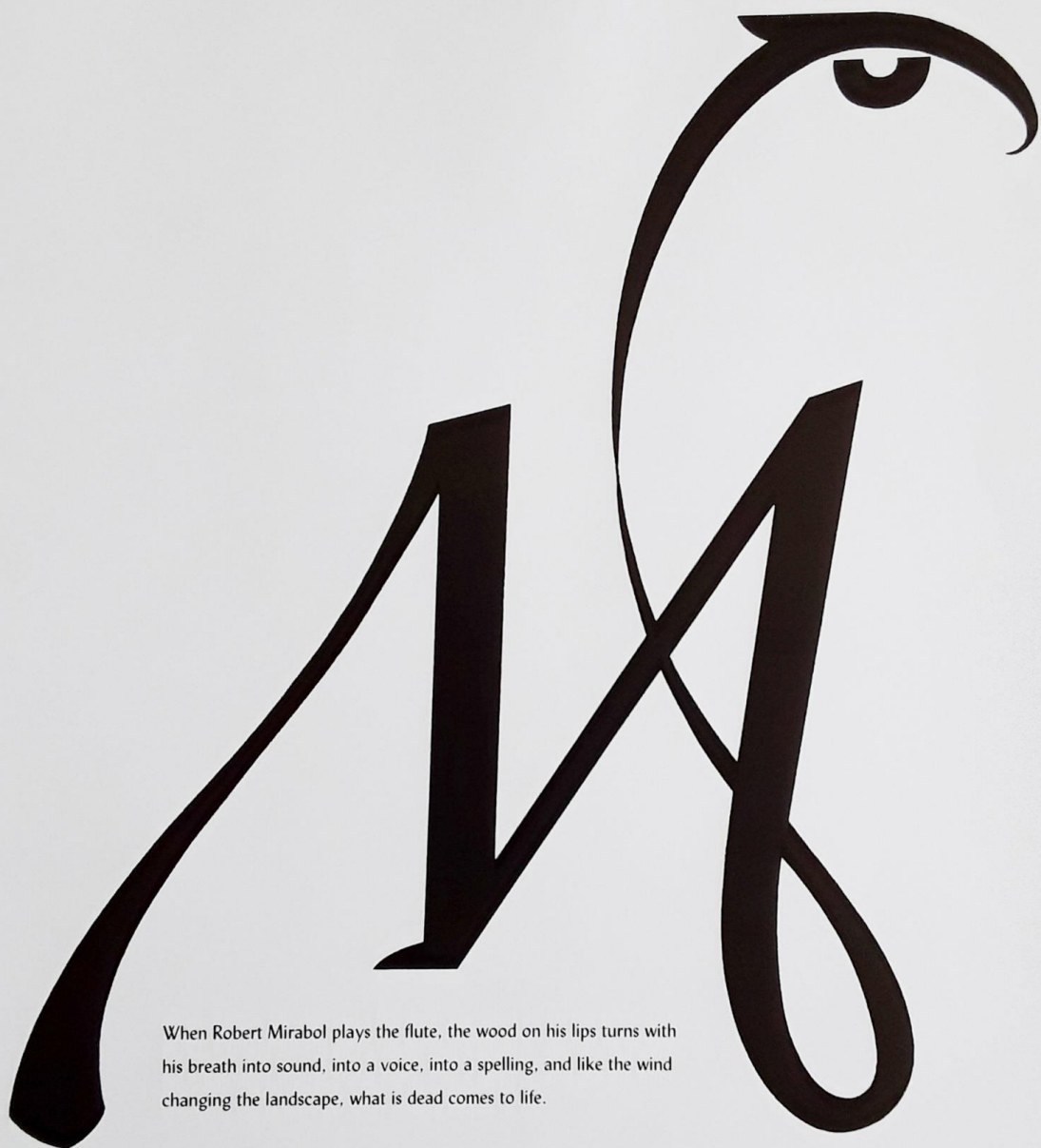
has served in the US-Airforce and seen many parts of the world. He is considered to become a Hopi chief one day. He wears decorations indicating his parental clans, the sun and the eagle clan that make him a member of the tobacco clan whose duty it is to plant the tobacco used for certain ceremonies. Corn then is the symbol of creation. The resemblance of the corn stalk with the human body links it with the Earth in whose image the body is, and it unites male and female elements.

When the plant begins to grow, the leaf curves back to the ground like the arm of a child groping for its mother's breast.

As the stalk grows upwards in a spiral the first tassel appears, which is male. Then appears an ear of corn, which is female. Offering cornmeal during prayers means offering parts of the body. Planting corn at second Mesa to symbolize the permanent exchange between the inside and the outside of our body, Talawyma reminds us that his ceremonies stimulate reflection, gratitude and modesty but also the desire to see things grow and blossom.



CORN PLANTER



When Robert Mirabol plays the flute, the wood on his lips turns with his breath into sound, into a voice, into a spelling, and like the wind changing the landscape, what is dead comes to life.



NATIVE FLUTE PLAYER



Carlos Lomas

was one of those who came a long time ago to Santa Fe fascinated by the organic Pueblo culture and a land that shapes everybody's mind to be more attentive. They were not so much pilgrims though as they were outcasts, refugees from the American Way of Life or from restraints imposed by other societies.

Men and women who were nonconformists in their sexual love, in the strength of their appreciation for history and love for the arts, or in their desire to be able to drive an old car in peace, are glad to live a life there in the sun, and sometimes they are so glad that their creativity seems to be exploding.

When Carlos takes out his guitar to dig the roots of every music. Together with a few friends he will enchant his instrument so that sunrays and soil change into the melodram of Flamenco. Having played with the most famous guitarists and Flamenco interpreters,

Carlos explains that Flamenco is gipsy music:

"People who travel around, who come in contact with many other people, who have left a lot behind, and yet people who are driven by the hope to discover something in the end will always invoke a music like Flamenco.

Likewise when you hear it, you are inflamed. Flamenco sets you free. It has many relatives around the world."



FLAMENCO



Bill King,

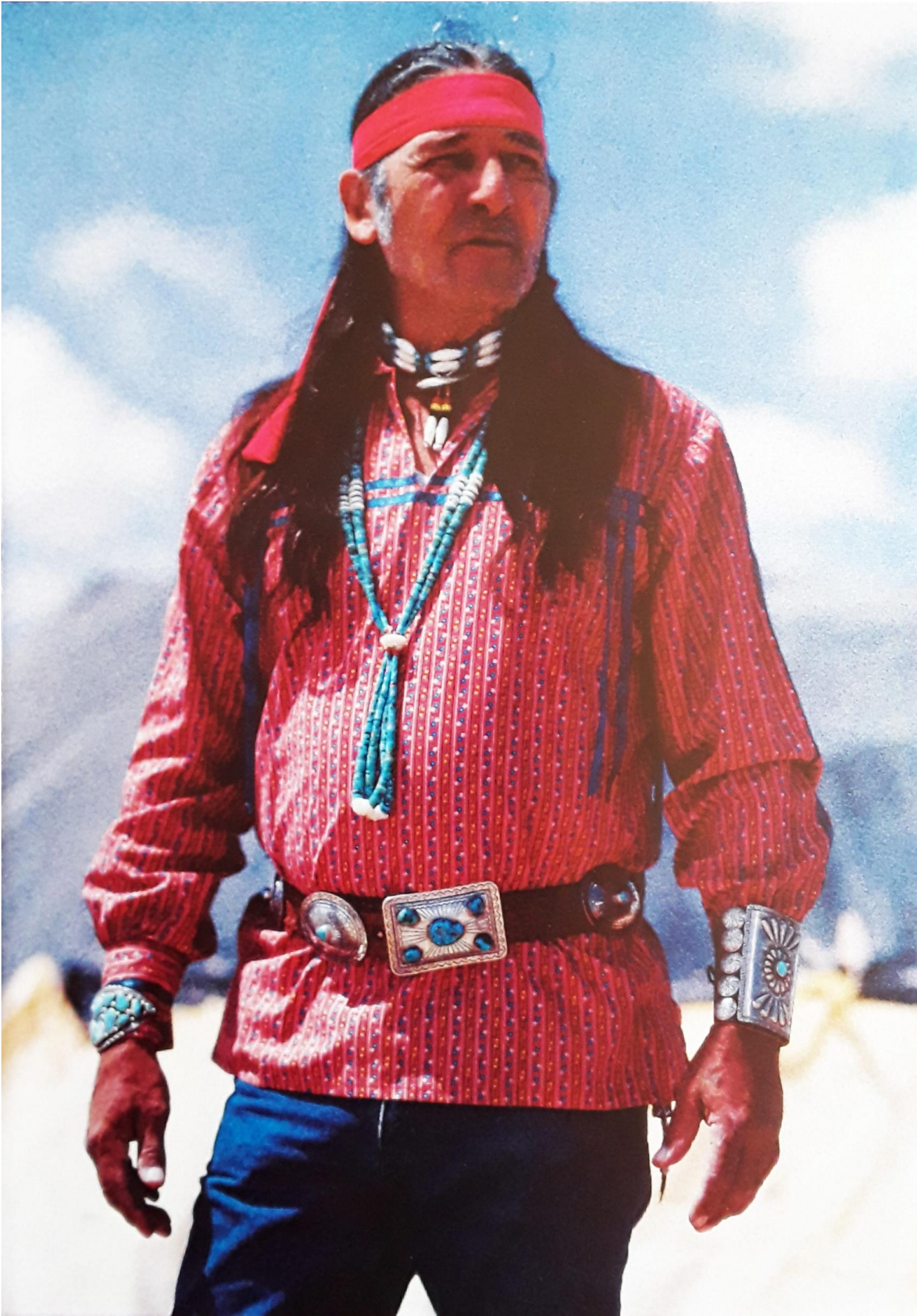
Chief Cochise's great-grandson and a shaman himself, invited us to a sweat lodge where for hours we sat with him and other Apache Indians praying in a hogan. Filled with glowing stones they spread cedarsmoke and steam until we all cooled off, washing ourselves with icecold water and smoking a pipe. "Sweating makes you feel entirely alive.

Your energy streams out.

You don't feel like you're wrapped up in a skin against the others. You transpire. And you share it with other bodies. Same in Rodeo" says Bill. In his cowboy dress, he rides out to the grazing ground of his farm, looking after his herd.



APACHE SHAMAN





NAVAHO are outdoorsmen. Apart from their love of living in the open countryside, they show manifold interests in sport. Navahos like to go riding at sunrise. They grew up under the open sky; as boys and girls they went swimming in the river, riding for days through the mountain valleys or fishing at one of the nearby lakes. Hunting or running is also part of the kinaalda, the puberty ritual of the girls. Navaho parents and grandparents try to

convey their knowledge about nature in taking their children out to live with them in a tent, at a campfire. After a while they will learn all about roots, wild berries, game, minerals and wood. Having thus sharpened their consciousness, they will learn the value of their land, of their tradition and their resources. During their rodeos, Navahos put their tenacity, exertion and adroitness to the test, and there are not many in the USA who can compete with their skills.



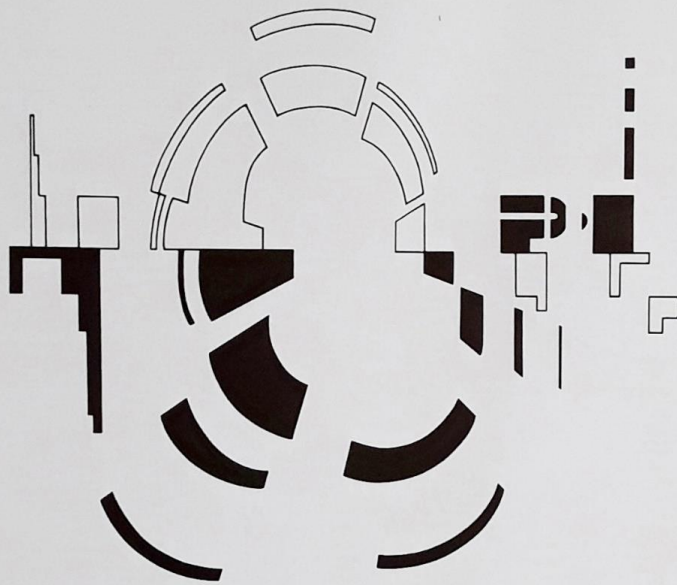
SPIDER ROCK



Only half of TAOS pueblo is open for visitors, and only at daytime. At night and for ceremonies, the gates of the village are closed. The pueblo indians block the street and keep out everybody who is only there to peep. Like many of the northern pueblos, Taos is divided by the Taos river into two competing social groups, the "North House" and the "South House". The clay-

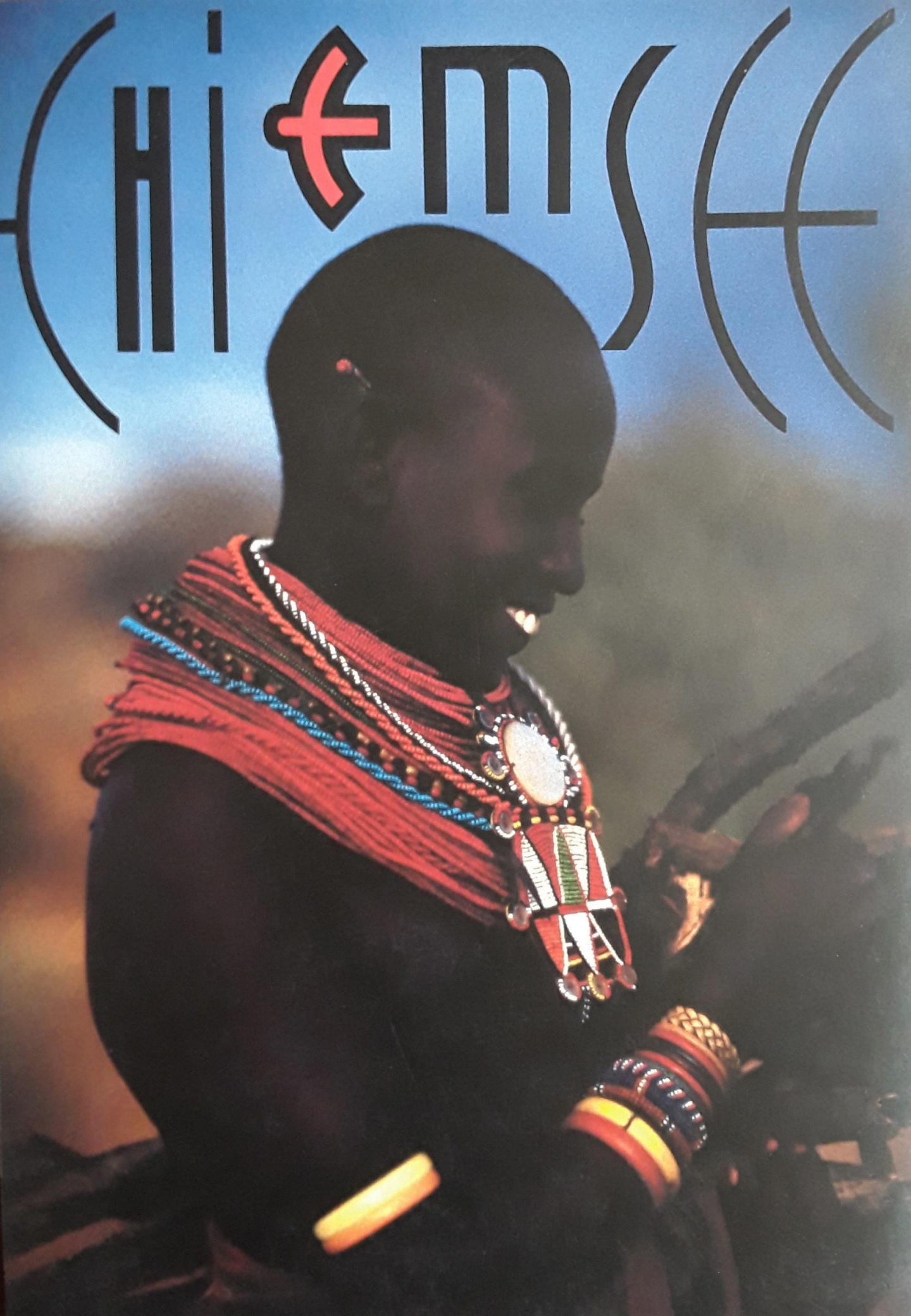
coloured, picturesque cubes and patios, the ladders, the symmetry of doors and windows attract many visitors. Integrating others, inviting them, having them look or take part doesn't only finance the pueblo life; it had always been part of the tradition to accept intermediaries and to trade prophecies, ideas and artworks, all kinds of goods as long as they are good-natured things.





When a stranger arrives in the village, give him food; don't hurt each other; respect what is old; don't start no war... Following this advice the Hopis make their laws. The Hopis regard themselves as the first American inhabitants, and their village of Oraibi as the oldest. Their

traditional ceremonies depend on the history of the Hopi since they have left their homes underground in order to become a natural force. All Hopi rituals refer to their clan migrations and symbolize the myths of creation and the three worlds they have crossed before arriving in this world.



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CHENGO

Barely nine years old, CHENGO is already a proud Samburu warrior. Too young to live a nomadic life on his own, he stays around the Maniata (the hut) and takes care of the cattle with his younger brothers and sisters. One day, when Chengo will be free to go and to travel on his own, far away from his Maniata, as his elders did.

Nevertheless, one should not believe that this young man has nothing to do. He is busy all day and has only time to rest in the evening; that is almost twelve hours after he wakes up.

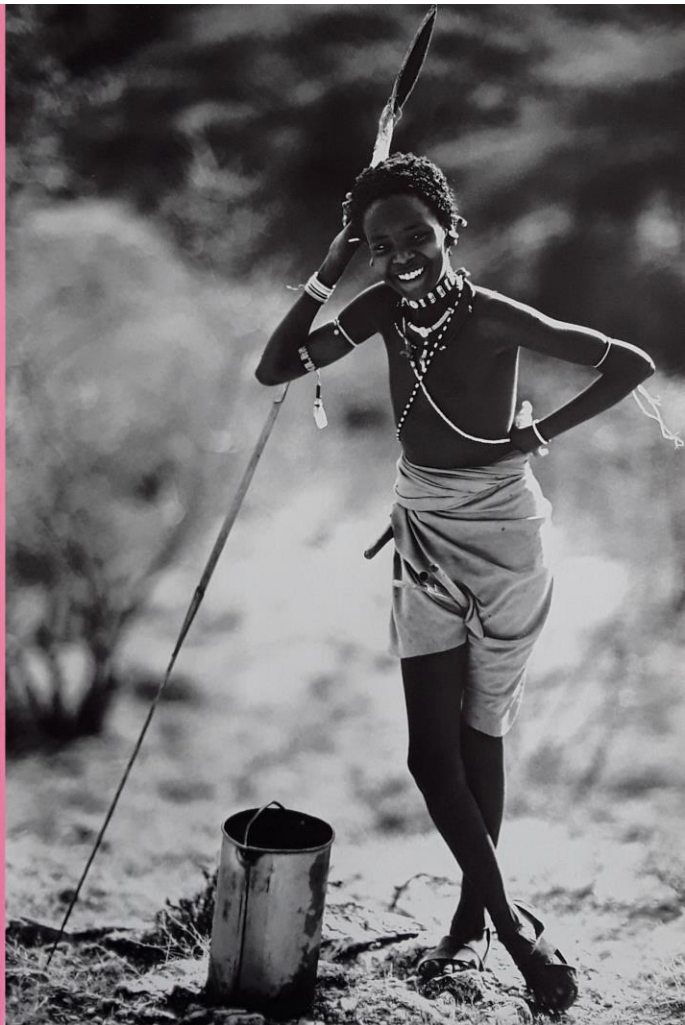
"I wake up with the sun every morning," Chengo says. "I have to help my father when he taps blood from the water-buffaloes. Blood and milk, this is what we eat, and as a member of our family I have to do my share, if we all want to eat."

"I take care of the goats, because these animals are our treasure. I also have to teach the youngest how to take good care of them, because they will be in charge, when I will be gone."

His task is actually not an easy one. Every day, in this hostile universe, Chengo must find what nature has hidden so well: water and pasture.

"We walk for two to three hours every morning. We have to take the herd to the watering hole. There we let the animals quench their thirst for again two hours." But, of course, finding water is not that easy. Sometimes the Samburu boys find only a dry well, then they have to dig as deep as five meters, until they reach the precious liquid. Once the animals have watered, they must be fed. "Having found a well after all, we've got to look for grass and roots that the cattle can eat. But the pastures are small and do not last very long. Every week we have to find new grazing land to turn the herd out to."

The days are long for Chengo, but he is not on his own. On his way to the well, or while the animals graze, Chengo is with his friends. The desert may look empty, but for those who live there, it is full of life and joy.



Lamu

The desert sand and the sea : LAMU.

Not far away from the shores of mainland Kenya is a small island called LAMU. The contrast with the rest of the country is stunning. The desert seems to be far away. Here, the sand touches the cool water of the sea. LAMU is a place where all kinds of culture get together. Whereas the desert tends to isolate people, to preserve their own culture, the urban life of LAMU pushes all sorts of people to mix and to share their customs.

Here, on this island caught between Somalia and Kenya, Islamic culture is blended with a strong African way of life.

The RASTAS of LAMU play soccer in front of centuries-old Mosques, and the descendants of Arabs who settled here have become noble Kenyans. But what used to be a rich port, preserved from radical changes, is now becoming a more modern city. It is difficult to maintain tradition when contacts with other lifestyles are frequent.

The harbor, which served as a strategic outpost on the way from the Gulf of Aden to Zanzibar, is now on the decline. There are no more goods to carry and the boats, more modern than in the past, can avoid berthing in LAMU.

The beautiful city has become a tourist attraction and is losing a bit of its past magic.





Cradle of Humanity

WITH ITS LONG LEG-LIKE SHAPE, THE TURKANA LAKE IS ONE OF THE FEW PLACES IN NORTHERN KENYA WHERE WATER CAN EASILY BE FOUND. BUT THE WATERS OF THE TURKANA LAKE ARE ONLY USEFUL FOR THOSE - THE TURKANA AND THE MBOLO - WHO LIVE ON ITS SHORE. THE LAKE IS CIRCLED WITH A BARRIER OF VOLCANIC ROCKS, THROUGH WHICH WATER CANNOT PASS. BUT DO NOT TRY TO TELL TO A TURKANA THAT HIS PEOPLE ARE LOCKED BEHIND UNBREAKABLE BOUNDARIES. THE TURKANA ARE NO PRISONERS. ON THE CONTRARY, ACCORDING TO ONE OF THEIR LEGENDS, THE TURKANA LAKE IS SAID TO BE THE BIRTHPLACE OF CIVILIZATION, THE CRADLE OF HUMANITY. BUT IS THIS ONLY A LEGEND? ACTUALLY, WORLD-KNOWN ARCHEOLOGISTS UNEARTHED SOME OF THE OLDEST HUMANOID SPECIMENS IN THE AREA AROUND THE TURKANA LAKE, THEREBY INDICATING THAT MAN PROBABLY FIRST EXISTED IN WHAT IS NOW EASTERN AFRICA. FOR THE TURKANA CHILDREN, THIS BIRTHPLACE IS THE BEST PLAYGROUND THEY COULD GROW UP IN. THE LAKE, EVEN THOUGH IT IS INFESTED WITH THOUSANDS OF CROCODILES, IS THEIR FRIEND. ON RAFTS MADE OF LOG THEY CRUISE THE LAKE. PUSHING THEIR RAFTS WITH THE HELP OF A LONG STICK, THEY LOOK FOR FISH. IN A COUNTRY LARGELY MADE OF DESERT SAND, THE LIFE AROUND THE LAKE IS LIKE AN INVITATION TO RELAX A LITTLE BIT. ANOTHER OLD TURKANA LEGEND TELLS THAT THE TURKANA SETTLED THERE, WHEN ONE OF THEIR ANCESTORS, WHO HAD GOT LOST IN THE DESERT WHILE HE WAS CHASING A COW, FOUND THE LAKE. HE LIKED IT SO MUCH THAT HE WENT BACK TO HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS AND INVITED THEM TO FOLLOW HIM TO THE SHORES OF THE TURKANA LAKE.

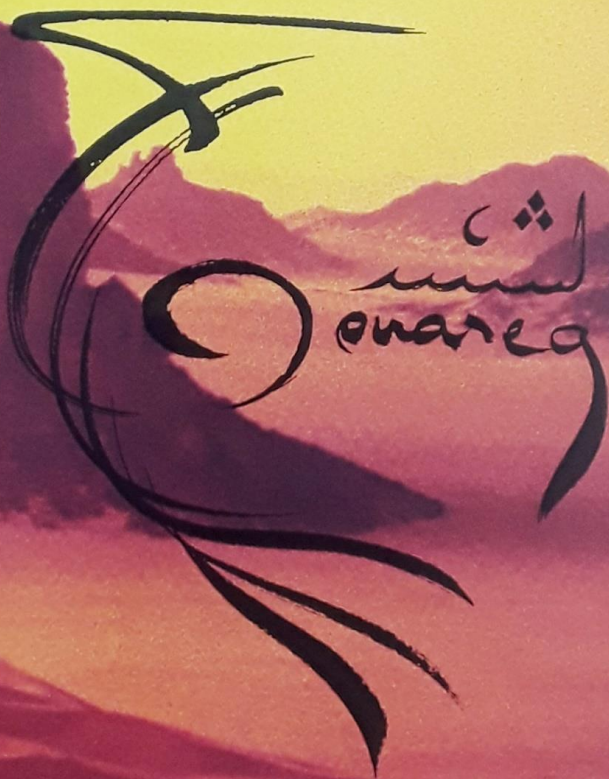


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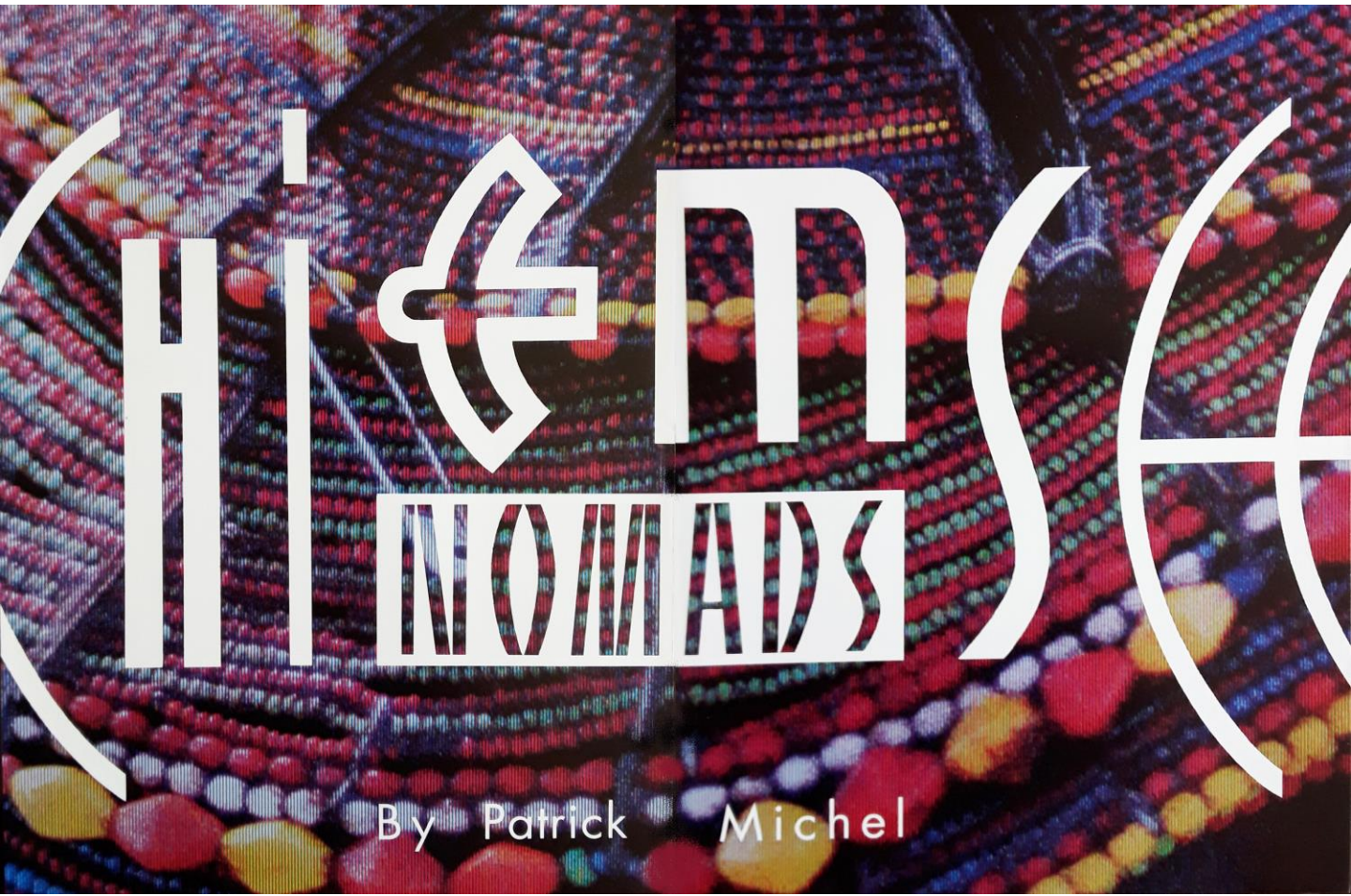
KID COLLECTION 93

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PATRICK MICHEL



سنة
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HIEMSE

NOMADS

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