



KIP HANRAHAN
AT HOME IN ANGER

WHICH COULD ALSO BE CALLED IMPERFECT, HAPPILY

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ewac 1061



ROBERTO POVEDA

BRANDON ROSS

FERNANDO SAUNDERS



PLAYERS, IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:

DICK KONNAS (SOUND), DAFNIS PRIETO (DRUMS, VOICE), STEVE SWALLOW (BASS), ALFREDO TRIFF (VIOLIN), MILTON CARBONA (CONGAS, PERCUSSION), KIP HANRAHAN (DIRECTION, PERCUSSION, VOICE), DO JACKSON (PIANO), PEDRITO MARTINEZ (CONGAS), ROBBY AMEEN (DRUMS, PERCUSSION), YOSVANY TERRY (PERCUSSION, SAX), HORACIO "EL NEGRO" HERNANDEZ (DRUMS, PERCUSSION), JOHN BEASLEY (PIANO, KEYBOARDS), BRANDON ROSS (VOICE, GUITAR), BRYAN CARROTT (VIBRAPHONE), ANDY GONZALEZ (BASS), JOHN KILGORE (SOUND), FERNANDO SAUNDERS (VOICE, BASS), ANTHONY COX (BASS), MIKE CLAIN (PIANO), XIOMARA LAUGART (VOICE), DON BYRON (CLARINET), ROBERTO POVEDA (VOICE, GUITAR), CRAIG HANDY (SAX), LYSANDRO ARENAS (PIANO), LUCY PENABAZ (VOICE)

SONGS:

1 - **VIDA SIN MIEL** (DAFNIS PRIETO); 2 - **GIFT (NO WOMAN KNOWS)** (KIP HANRAHAN, STEVE SWALLOW, BRANDON ROSS); 3 - **ANOTHER AUTUMN FORMS** (KIP HANRAHAN, STEVE SWALLOW); 4 - **COMO EN VIETNAM** (STEVE SWALLOW, KIP HANRAHAN); 5 - **NO BABY (1)** (STEVE LACY); 6 - **THE SAVAGE DAWN IN HER GLANCE (MUSIC AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY)** (STEVE SWALLOW, KIP HANRAHAN, FERNANDO SAUNDERS); 7 - **SUENOS DA VIDA COLONIAL** (KIP HANRAHAN, STEVE SWALLOW, ROBERTO POVEDA); 8 - **KUDURO OF ASSASSINS AND LAUGHTER** (HORACIO HERNANDEZ, KIP HANRAHAN); 9 - **OBVIOUSLY SPRING (EVORA)** (KIP HANRAHAN); 10 - **YOU PLAY WITH THE NIGHT WITH YOUR FINGERTIPS** (KIP HANRAHAN, DO JACKSON, FERNANDO SAUNDERS); 11 - **UNFINISHED DAWN** (KIP HANRAHAN); 12 - **AT HOME IN THE NIGHT** (KIP HANRAHAN, FERNANDO SAUNDERS); 13 - **WAR NEWS FROM INSIDE THE CITY** (BRANDON ROSS, KIP HANRAHAN); 14 - **SHADOW OF THE UNFINISHED DAWN** (KIP HANRAHAN); 15 - **UNFINISHED DUSK** (KIP HANRAHAN); 16 - **CLEAN CHARM AMONGST EVIL** (YOSVANY TERRY, KIP HANRAHAN); 17 - **NEED** (BRANDON ROSS, KIP HANRAHAN); 18 - **NO BABY (2)** (STEVE LACY)

PRODUCED BY KIP HANRAHAN

ENGINEERED BY DICK KONNAS AND JOHN KILGORE AT JOHN KILGORE SOUND, NEW YORK CITY (JANUARY 2008 THROUGH APRIL 2010, WITH SECTIONS RECORDED IN AUGUST 2004)

MIXED BY DICK KONNAS AND KIP HANRAHAN (2010)

MASTERED BY GREG CALBI AT STERLING SOUND, NEW YORK CITY (APRIL 2010)

PACKAGING DESIGNED BY CARDEIRA GRAPHICS WITH ADDITIONAL WORK BY TADASHI KITAGAWA (KITAGAWA DESIGN OFFICE)

PHOTOGRAPH ON THE COVER TAKEN BY ALAIR D. GOMES

PHOTOGRAPHS INSIDE BOOKLET TAKEN BY JEAN PHILIPPE POIBELEU

EXCEPT FOR THE PHOTO OF ISAAC KLASS AND A MORE AGREEABLE KIP HANRAHAN, TAKEN BY A PROFESSIONAL BRONX PHOTOGRAPHER WHO CALLED HIMSELF "MOZART"

ENDROMOUS, DEEP AND LIFETIME THANKS ARE OWED TO JOHN KILGORE, VERA BEREN AND DICK KONNAS FOR THEIR BELIEF, NO, MORE THEIR DEEP TRUST IN ME AND THE MUSIC DURING THE PERIOD OF A HORRENDOUS GAME OF MONETARY HIDE-AND-SEEK THE BIZ SADISTICALLY ENJOYS SPRINGING ON US AT TIMES.

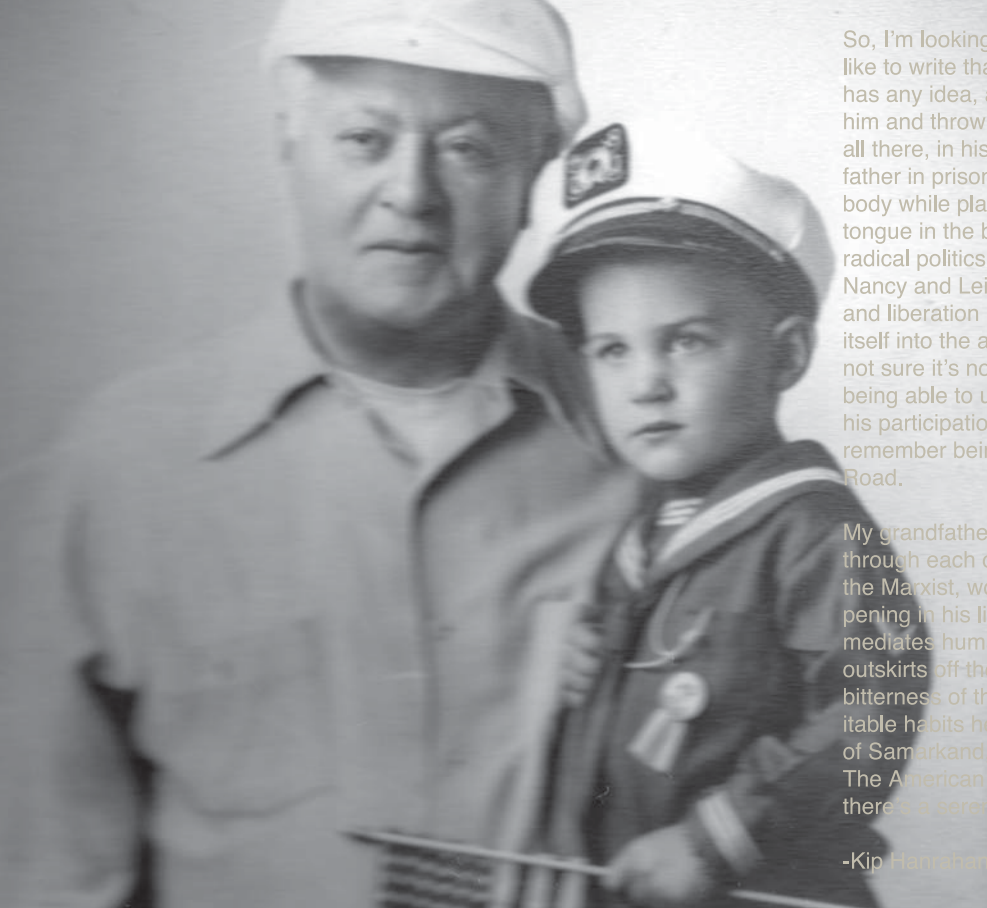
AND TO WERNER AT ENJA, PETRA AT METTISSE AND, OF COURSE, KAZU, JUN AND MORISAKI AT EAST WORKS FOR JUMPING IN TO HELP WITH MACHETES, PATIENCE AND SENSES OF HUMOR, WONDER AND PERSEVERANCE.

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HOACIO EL NEGRO HERNANDEZ

ALFREDO TRIFF



So, I'm looking at the expression of the kid my grandfather's holding in the photograph, and I'd like to write that there's nothing in the kid's expression, nothing in his eyes, that shows that he has any idea, any anticipation of the life of dark and the illusion of light that's about to grab him and throw him into its turbulence. But, you know, I'm not sure, I'm not convinced it's not all there, in his eyes. I mean cold winters with broken glass and an unstable mother, and a father in prison. I mean the thrill (still resurfacing, constantly in dreams) of thinking with your body while playing soccer, or the girls, of the first kisses, the electricity of the surprise of her tongue in the back of your mouth, of the knife fights and art school and radical politics, and the radical politics in the art, and Algeria, and India, and Mozambique and prison and poetry, Nancy and Leijia and friends for life and moments of terror and the constant promise of light and liberation in music. And the constant promise of an order formed by music re-imagining itself into the aural image of the anger and turbulent, insatiable movement of the heart. I'm not sure it's not all there in the kid's eyes, not only picturing the future events but, without being able to understand it, seeing the events unfold in the oncoming life, as well as seeing his participation, no, really his initiation of most of them... His comfort in the dark. I don't remember being behind those eyes, I just remember the photo being taken on Fordham Road.

My grandfather's eyes are a little bit easier for me to read, I lived with him and we lived through each other, in a way, for the strongest periods of my childhood. In his eyes I can see the Marxist, worker's utopia he'd worked for all his life recede from the possibility of ever happening in his lifetime, I can see his ironic resignation to living in his anger at the way capital mediates human relations and his resignation to living the rest of his life in The Bronx, on the outskirts of the heart of the forces he'd been disgusted by for his whole life. I don't see the bitterness of the — — but just of a comfortable home of anger and humor he'd made, and profitable habits he'd built, in his life, and expected death, in perpetual exile. Well he'd gotten out of Samarkand, the city of his birth and the city of his hated memory of underdevelopment. The American flag (the photographer gave me as a prop?) must have made him laugh, and there's a serenity and joy in his comfortable eyes of anger.

-Kip Hanrahan