

stories photos lyrics musings

# ROADMAP

## *Scrap Book*

THE ROAD TO PAYSANDU

Joanna Eden

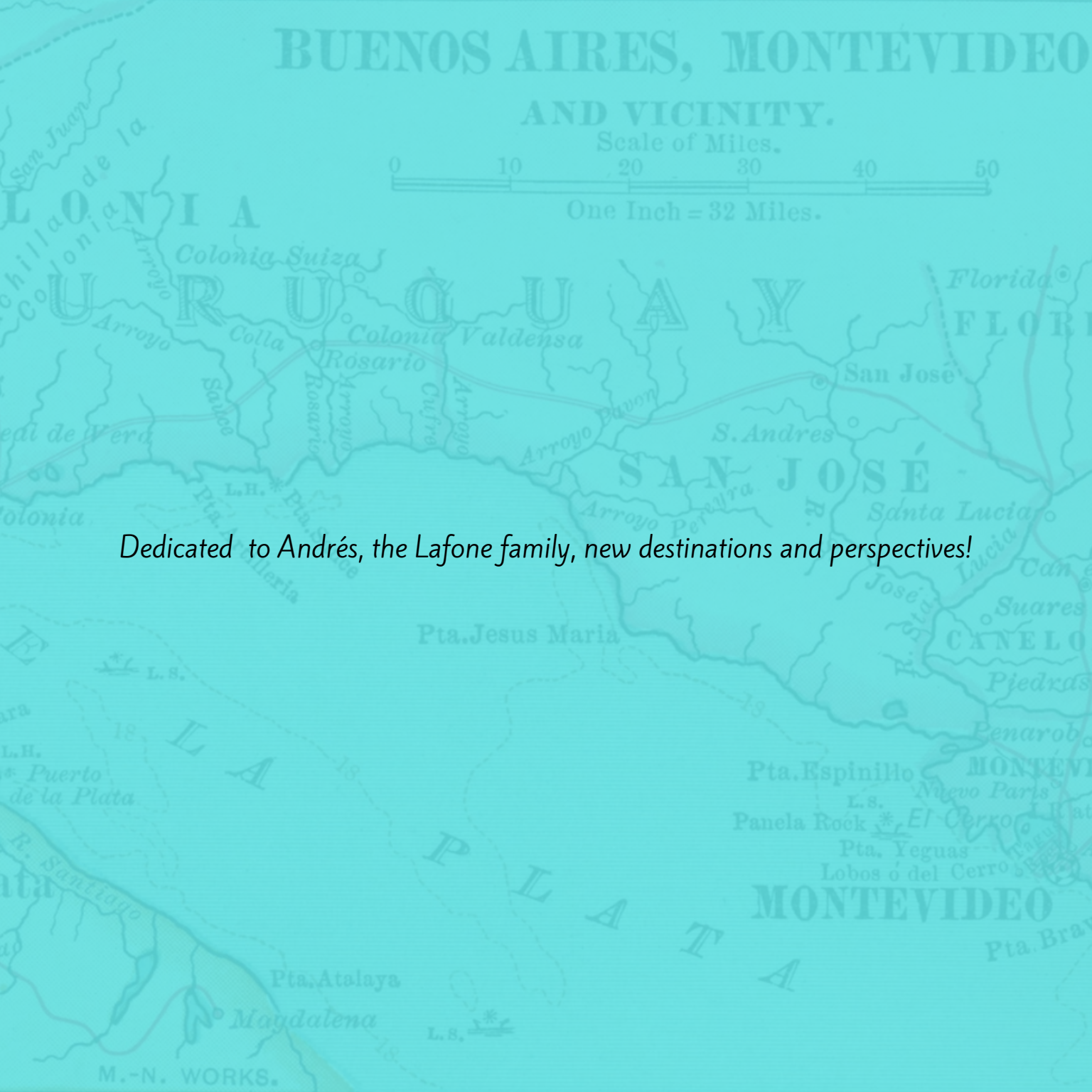
# BUENOS AIRES, MONTEVIDEO

## AND VICINITY.

Scale of Miles.



One Inch = 32 Miles.



*Dedicated to Andrés, the Lafone family, new destinations and perspectives!*

*In 2020 I fell head over heels for my Uruguayan bassist and empty-nest/lockdown saviour Andrés Lafone. We shared poems, philosophies, walks and music... a lot of music!*

*As soon as we could, we played music and songs started coming thick and fast!*

*An album's worth was soon ready and by 2022 it was released as our first collaborative album Love Quiet.*

*And as soon as we could, we visited Uruguay.*

*Before 2020 I had no idea where Uruguay even was. My best bet was somewhere in South America. Uruguay isn't conventionally 'remarkable'. Well, what makes it remarkable for me is the absence of extremes.*

*There are no jungles, no indigenous tribes, no mountains, no military juntas. Just a long, sandy coast, loads of fertile land, the capital Montevideo; full of faces that could be from anywhere in the world including a lot of people who look like - well like me!*

*I grew up on media with a 'world view' that - now I realise - was largely dominated by the USA. I can't really blame the UK education system that, in 13 years, Uruguay wasn't mentioned. But maybe something about South America would've been interesting. And maybe a year of studying Tristan da Cunha was a little extreme! My only glimpses of South America came courtesy of David Attenborough on the telly and maybe the occasional US drama with a drug smuggling storyline.*

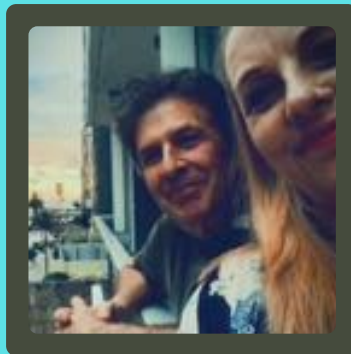
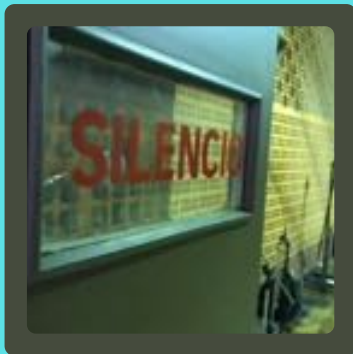
*It feels quite important to get a sense of what I don't know; to address my ignorance and pre-conceptions.*

*The truth is, I thought of South America (on the rare occasions I did) as a land of extreme wildlife, endless jungles, indigenous tribes, drugs and shanti towns.*

*They do say travel broadens the mind. Mine really needed broadening!*

# ON THE RIVER PLATE

TRACK 5





# ON THE RIVER PLATE

## TRACK 5

*The great colony decays, destroys,  
& rebuilds like it always did*

*In a steady line we dance, like ants,  
with great petals on our backs*

*We are building a home  
From which to gaze upon the waves  
Of the River Plate*

*Mother Nature has a way to state her case,  
she makes us listen  
Her gentle roots can lift the curb,  
Yielding new soil for the storm to disturb*

*& carry it away, to freedom  
Upon the waves of the River Plate*

*We're all carrying the load  
You carry mine I'll carry yours  
Even though we may not know  
You carry mine I'll carry yours  
We're all carrying the load  
You carry mine I'll carry yours  
We're all on a muddy road*

*From deep space we ebb and flow  
kaleidoscope  
The city breathes against the water*

*Holding back the greedy dog they let the  
dunes grow  
They're holding on to freedom  
As they gaze upon the waves of the River  
Plate*

AND VICINITY.

Scale of Miles.



ON THE RIVER PLATE

TRACK 5

RECORDED by Gustavo de Leon at Sondor studios, Montevideo  
MIXED by Rich Breen in Los Angeles

VOICE & PIANO Joanna Eden  
BASS Andrés Lafone  
SYNTH Hugo Fattoruso  
DRUMS & PERCUSSION Albana Barrocas

## ON THE RIVER PLATE

### TRACK 5

#### Andrés' thoughts

*I think this was the first tune we recorded with Hugo and Albana. I had played with Hugo before and had seen him play with Albana. Their project is called HA duo and they play regularly throughout South America. Albana is a master percussionist and has a beautiful voice - together with Hugo they create a unique experience with songs and tunes performed with great virtuosity but never reaching an out of reach ethereal sphere that is beyond the understanding of anyone who loves music. They are rooted to the Uruguayan earth.*

*I consider Hugo to be probably the best musician I have ever played with but I had no qualms about asking him to play and accompany Joanna. She herself is an outstanding musician and in her own way is also 'rooted' to the earth.*

*After sending Hugo and Albana some demos we were able to book the legendary Sondor Studios in Montevideo, where some of Uruguay's greatest musicians have been recording since the fifties or Before!? Hugo was so generous to offer Joanna the loan of a keyboard to practice and also let us rehearse at his house. Even before we started recording at Sondor it was clear that Hugo and Albana had studied the demos we had sent and had devised their own parts and arrangements. Albana knew every phrase that she wanted to emphasise on the kit and Hugo had composed phrases that linked the different phases of the song. - to lift, to soften - to create ambience.*

ON THE RIVER PLATE  
TRACK 5

Joanna's thoughts

Why start with Track 5?

I feel I should, because I've just talked about Uruguay. Uruguay is the backbone of this album. And this is a 'first impressions' of Uruguay song.

Very broad strokes.

Maybe it's a long view on all cities. Those extraordinary, chaotic, noisy, cruel, exciting, dirty, vibrant human experiments.

Maybe the 14 hour flight took me higher than I thought and I didn't completely come down.

As we wandered the streets and parks of Montevideo, I started noticing. I found myself incredibly 'in the moment'.

Poor Andrés showing me around his city as I constantly stopped to point out that pigeons are smaller, sparrows too! But robins are bigger. Ants are enormous. Uruguay does have interesting animals found only in that part of the world but I became obsessed with the mundane. The similarities... and tiny differences. Like witnessing myself in a parallel universe.



ON THE RIVER PLATE  
TRACK 5

The day before we arrived there was a bad rain storm and a video went viral of a large street bin floating down the road in the torrent. Some youtube comedian had accompanied the video with a song with inspirational lyrics about escaping to freedom.

A sense of humour! I thought I'm going to like it here!

Montevideo boasts, like the whole country, a beautiful golden beach. Some parts are full of sunbeds, windbreaks and watersports, others rock pools, sand dunes and wading birds. And a wide walkway 'The Rambla' runs the length of Montevideo's section of coast. A city by the sea.

Wonderful. Let's go to a bar and sip a cool drink and feel fabulous. What? No? There are no beach bars. The coastline is protected and commerce on the beach is largely outlawed.

How disconcerting when your experience of travel is to turn up, find a perch and 'own' the view. I'm not a sun-bathing person so beach bars and cafés are my natural holiday habitat.

ON THE RIVER PLATE  
TRACK 5

So this non-native species was out of sorts. Out of her comfort zone.

I was in a nation that hadn't quite rolled over to capitalism and commerce. Rather they regulated to protect the sand dunes and sacrificed their Starbucks and Hard Rock Café selfies by the sea for healthy sea bird populations.

Maybe I could even get into this.

So how do the citizens of Montevideo enjoy their Rambla without coffee and cocktails? Do they even enjoy it at all? Yes they do! They cycle, they stroll, they gather at sunset and even spontaneously applaud the good ones. They drink the national brew maté. Not a straightforward activity. You need a flask of hot water, a maté gourd (cup) and a special straw (bombilla) to filter out the herbs.

Many even bring the maté paraphernalia in a special carry case. It's a serious business. But not big business! Starbucks doesn't get to cash in on that nation's addiction! How incredibly refreshing.

## HUGO FATTORUSO

*Every artist needs role models. Mine are Ella (for the voice) and Joni Mitchell (for the liberated artistry), Stephen Sondheim (for the craft) and Nina Simone (for the pain and attempted healing).*

*Now, thanks to Andrés who leant me one of his, I have a living, breathing role model that I've actually met, played and recorded with. Hugo Fattoruso actually played my songs!*

*Hugo is an extraordinary pianist, synth master, sound builder, creator of themes. He has been a household name in South America since starting a 'beat' band with Beatles style haircuts called Los Shakers in the 60s with his brother Osvaldo. He has performed and recorded all over the world and boasts numerous honours and awards including Grammys.*

*He didn't just play on my songs. He really is part of the composition of the tracks which feature his playing on this album. His motifs and solos are always part of the story of the song. How he knew the story and grew it within those notes, I don't know! There is no single note played for the sake of playing something. It is all created into the whole.*

## HUGO FATTORUSO

*And my obvious admiration for his playing isn't the whole reason that Hugo has become my role model.*

*It is his musical life.*

*In that nearly 70 year long career he has done it all; in the USA, all over South America, in Europe and Japan.*

*But he knows who he is. He is home. His passion is Candombe. His home is Uruguay.*

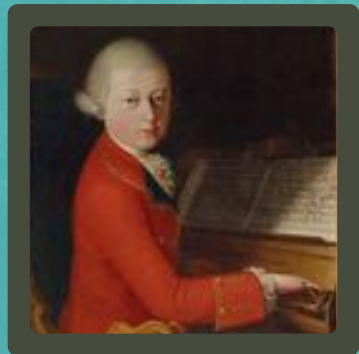
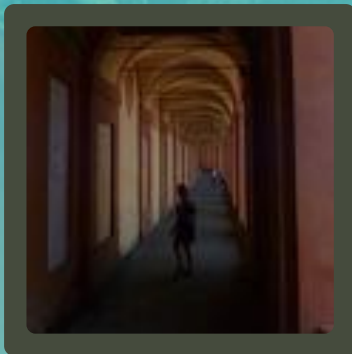
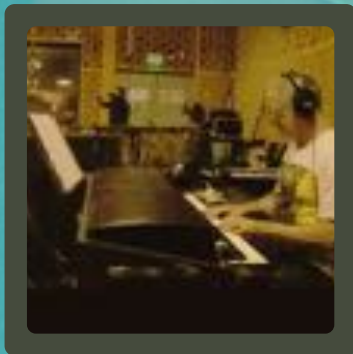
*He told me that his father would take him from his working class barrio to a nearby black neighbourhood, to hear the candombe schools practising for the annual Llamadas. That would become his musical backbone.*

*He is interested in where music comes from. The stories, the journeys, the families, the generations. Real music, real lives.*

*He knows what music is for. In his 80s now the music industry has walked alongside him for many decades. But he knows that industry has very little to do with music. He is home.*

# BY DESIGN

TRACK 1



# BY DESIGN

## TRACK 1

Twilight barking echoes through the porticos  
As the swallows dance in group hysteria  
Maybe they can feel what's going on in here

Everywhere beauty. Beauty by design.  
Beauty for its own sake.  
Beauty for permanence & power.

& I'm telling myself  
'Surely beauty has its place. Feeling worth it.  
surely that's pride without pride

& I long to deserve that dress.  
Could I ever, would it ever be seen  
On this badly tied bundle  
Imported from a colder place

Everything is fine  
You know your place but where is mine  
Everything is fine, fine, fine  
But not when you're marked down by design

In the Piazza Maggiore stands a balladeer  
Offering with blind passion  
Something I would only throw away

Such solid satisfaction  
That his sentiment is worthy  
But in my land his song's just a commodity

Honey you're selling something  
It gets cheaper when you dress it up  
I told you,  
yes I told you I come from a colder place.

Everything is fine  
You know your place but where is mine  
Everything is fine  
I'm in the dirt and you're divine  
Everything is fine, fine, fine  
But not when you're marked down by  
design

Every day I tell myself  
'You're worth it girl, you're worth it girl'  
Everyday I'm throwing it away



BY DESIGN  
TRACK 1

*RECORDED* by Gerardo Alonso at his studio in Montevideo  
*MIXED* by Steve Stewart at Waves Studio, Cambridge

*VOICE* Joanna Eden  
*BASS* Andrés Lafone  
*PIANO* Hugo Fattoruso  
*DRUMS* Albana Barrocas  
*GUITAR* Guillermo Hill

ON THE RIVER PLATE  
TRACK 5

Andrés' thoughts

*This is one of three songs recorded at Gerardo's studio. Gerardo himself is one of the top bassists in Uruguay and Argentina so it was a pleasure to meet him at last.*

*Like the other three tracks recorded at Sondor these were all live takes - there were very few 'corrections' or drop ins.*

*Hugo played the baby grand on this tune. Of the others, he did one on accordion while in the control room and another on synth/keys.*

*Again, they had learned the songs inside out before going to the studio.*

*When Joanna finished singing and playing the piano on 'the Big Sleep' Hugo jumped up and exclaimed, Nena, como cantas!! meaning, Lady, you sure can sing. Joanna is greatly admired in a country with a very high level of musicianship and a love of fusion and DIFFICULT MUSIC!*



BY DESIGN  
TRACK 1

Why didn't I start with this one? Cos it was actually written about Bologna, Italy. I reserve the right to be 'off message'! Like my songwriting hero Joni Mitchell, I am fickle. Sorry but I've surrendered to the muse and the muse grabbed me in Bologna too, maybe it saved me.

Bologna gave me a different kind of perspective to Montevideo. It sent me inwards. And not in a good way. Maybe because it was only a budget airline flight away and we were only there for the weekend. I wasn't expecting to be so 'altered' there. Something took me by surprise. As we wandered through those beautifully crafted streets and squares something crept up on me from behind. A self-pitying, pathetic jealousy of bolognese women. Those petite, well coiffed, well proportioned, thoughtfully and expensively dressed visions of femininity drove me crazy.

The timing wasn't great. I'd always felt a pound or two overweight; I'd been programmed that way by the diet industry since I bought my first Jane Fonda work-out tape and signed up for The Cambridge Diet aged sixteen.

BY DESIGN  
TRACK 1

But somehow I'd got used to being only a support garment away from a shape I could live with. But mistress menopause put an end to that and I'd expanded to an irredeemable shape, just before exposing myself to the beauties of Bologna. Not good.

Incidentally I'm now doing what the diet industry distracted me from all those years ago. Proper, health giving, daily yoga. The weight gain and myriad of other menopause symptoms are gone thank god. Thank Sharon to be specific. My wonderful hairdresser of 30 years who shared the yoga secret with me during a more than usually confessional, post-Bologna salon visit. If you're curious, get in touch. It's life changing stuff and I have zero will-power by the way. I just know a good thing when I see, smell, touch, taste and hear it!

If I met Joni Mitchell - and dared to speak to her (I find her simultaneously inspirational and terrifying) - I would ask her if I was right in my suspicion that she writes her lyrics first, as poems, then sets them to music.

BY DESIGN  
TRACK 1

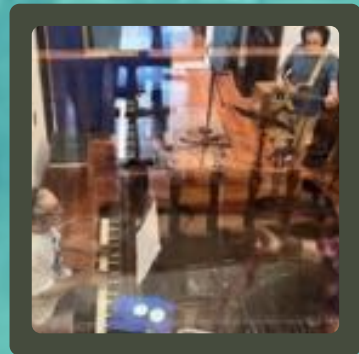
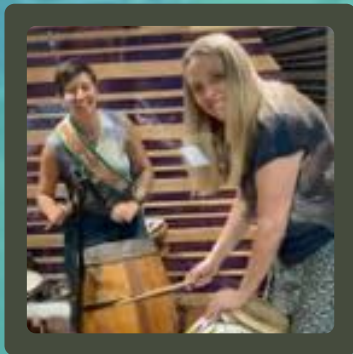
The result is a lyric which has to be pushed and pulled by Joni, to scan. And that explains her incredible singing style to me. Exploring, surprising, ducking and diving, rushing then languishing. Liberated!

I haven't written many poems but I wrote one as soon as I got home from Bologna. A catharsis. It didn't feel like a song. It was too depressing, too deep. But then I remembered my hunch about Joni. I'd always started songs whilst noodling at the piano and then a lyric would pop into my head and I'd be off. Songs would decide what they were about as we went along!

Sitting at the piano though, a noodle wouldn't come! But I'd longed to try a poem song. Maybe this one could be the first. I had the poem but would need a musical prompt. I googled 'music written in Bologna' and up popped Mozart's *Quaerite primum regnum Dei in D minor* with its beautiful opening melody. Teenage Mozart's masterpiece gave me just the prompt I needed to capture the majesty of Bologna and contrast it with the 'car-park at the back of Sainsbury's' vista of my body dysmorphia.

# JUST ABOUT HOLDING ON

TRACK 2



# JUST ABOUT HOLDING ON

## TRACK 2

From libertad to San José  
We drove the roads they paved the way  
From Trinidad cross the Rio Negro  
We wondered how they made those places  
home

Pulling together and just about holding on

A mile or two from Trinidad  
A camel stopped us in our tracks  
Another stranger in this brave new land  
Swapped sweet cattle grass for desert sand

Rolling with the punches  
And just about holding on

Cinchando juntos, la van llevando  
(Pulling together, they're just about holding on)

Cuatro por cuatro acelera pasando  
camiones cargados, lentos largando  
calor en la plaza independencia  
botijas jugando, banderas flameando!  
Atraviesa la tierra, es una arteria,  
alimenta las calles del vecindario.  
El ganado se junta bajo un árbol cualquiera  
buscando la sombra porqué los rayos te quemam

(Four wheel drives speed up overtaking  
loaded trucks that give off heat  
its hot in the Independence plaza  
kids are playing and flags are swaying  
(the road) cuts through the land like an  
artery  
nourishing the streets of the  
neighbourhoods  
the cattle gather under any tree they  
can find  
looking for shade because the rays  
burn)

The city swells in harmony  
(Ahí viene la llamada)  
A dog & traffic symphony  
And people flock from wide & far  
Applaud the sunset from the busy  
Rambla  
Rubbing together  
& Just about holding on

Cinchando juntos, la van llevando  
(Pulling together, they're just about holding on)

*JUST ABOUT HOLDING ON*  
*TRACK 2*

*RECORDED by Gerardo Alonso at his studio in Montevideo*  
*MIXED by Steve Stewart at Waves Studio, Cambridge*

*VOICE & SYNTH Joanna Eden*  
*BASS & BACKING VOCALS Andrés Lafone*  
*ACCORDION Hugo Fattoruso*  
*DRUMS Albana Barrocas*  
*GUITAR & BACKING VOCALS Guillermo Hill*

JUST ABOUT HOLDING ON  
TRACK 2

*Just About Holding On is a journey song. But while On the River Plate zooms out to all cities, maybe this zooms back in time; when was the first journey along this road, or the land that now forms the road? How did it feel to be the first. How did you know you'd reached your destination, your home, your new land. A place to 'settle'.*

*Coming from a place like England with its long and well documented history where people always just 'were', the experience of settling a place feels like something which never happened here. The people and the land just seemed to evolve together. Of course they didn't but maybe we just have so much history that we don't dwell on the first humans to move here.*

*So driving from Montevideo to Paysandu on the north-west Uruguayan border with Argentina to see keyboard legend Hugo Fattoruso and his partner drummer Albana Barrocas in concert with Japanese percussionist Tomohiro Yahiro, I had 5 hours to think, drive, look, sleep, muse on first journeys.*

JUST ABOUT HOLDING ON  
TRACK 2

*I thought about the courage, self belief or desperation that must lead a person to pick up sticks and head off into the sunset. To new lands, maybe just on a promise, a whim, a hope that a better life could be built.*

*The phrase 'just about holding on' came into my mind.*

*I thought about the degree of self reliance, of perseverance a person, a family, a community must need to be at the frontier of their own kind, the last staging post, the end of the line.*

*All the towns we drove through may have been that place at some point. Before the next wave of dreamers came through, ambrosia bound.*

*I was surprised by the number of towns we drove through with familiar names. Libertad, Trinidad, San José (yes I do know the way to San José!)*

*Every town had a huge flag or an array of flags with the town's*



JUST ABOUT HOLDING ON  
TRACK 2

*name and symbol dancing proudly in the breeze; vivid against the deep blue, cloudless sky. No need for instagram filters here!*

*All those early years of 'just about holding on' in a new and unsupported place. No wonder the civic pride, worthy of a flag or two!*

*Perhaps I had disappeared a little too far in to my musings when I looked up and saw a camel as we drove along. Double take. Another unexpected part of this journey, another new thing to know about this strange country of small surprises.*

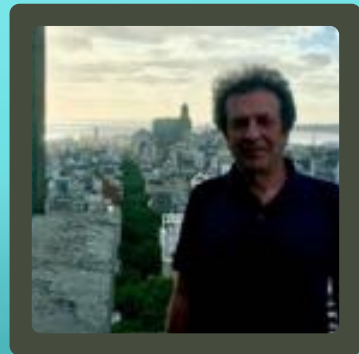
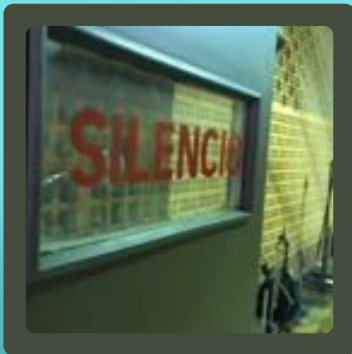
*'I didn't know camels lived in Uruguay'*

*Andrés' weary response was*

*'They don't. That's a safari park'.*

# *THE BIG SLEEP*

TRACK 3



# THE BIG SLEEP

## TRACK 3

Got a Friend who told me she was angry  
Another friend who told me he was sad  
He's got a friend who told him he was  
stupid  
For sharing something making her look bad

And the singers sing and the dancers dance  
The cats all play the fool  
And the gurus pray we can find a way  
To Stop

And the gods weep  
Cos we built a machine, it's doing us in and  
we can't make it stop  
And the black sheep  
Took a ride in a rocker, machine in his  
pocket, he thinks he's a god  
And the big sleep goes on and on and on

Come inside my movie watch me shining  
Come and watch me walking by the sea  
Come inside my head while I'm declining  
Block me with your compassion fatigue

While the singers sing and the dancers  
dance  
The cats still play the fool  
And the gurus cry cos they don't know  
why  
And the sellers sell and the fighters fight  
The wolves all poor the fuel  
And the gurus pray we can find a way  
To stop

And the gods weep  
Cos we built a machine, it's doing us in  
and we cant make it stop  
And the black sheep  
Took a ride on a rocket machine in his  
pocket, he thinks he's a god  
And the mission creep  
We're fighting for freedom, freedom to  
borrow, freedom to shop  
And the big sleep goes on and on and on..



THE BIG SLEEP  
TRACK 3

*RECORDED* by Gerardo Alonso at his studio in Montevideo  
*MIXED* by Steve Stewart at Waves Studio, Cambridge

*VOICE & PIANO* Joanna Eden  
*BASS & BACKING VOCALS* Andrés Lafone  
*SYNTH* Hugo Fattoruso  
*DRUMS* Albana Barrocas

THE BIG SLEEP  
TRACK 3

Written in Montevideo, February '23, Andrés came up with the chord sequence and melody for the verse - which sounded wonderfully childlike to me over the cool, funky groove.

It made me think of children telling tales or saying 'na, na, na, na, na!!' And that started the first verse lyrics for me.... a kind of childish 'she said that, he said this' thing!

And then I knew it was gonna be about social media.

If television was the 'drug of the nation' what does that make social media? Stronger than any conceivable drug. And those who deal it know exactly how to get us hooked whilst we're busy 'having fun'.

I think I started with Facebook thinking 'I wonder whatever happened to so and so from school/college, then later I climbed on the bandwagon of belief that it could market my music. The jury's still out on that one; my music is out there, I have no control over it, and it's available for free so my earnings have gone down.... hmm ... scratches head and feels a bit silly).

THE BIG SLEEP  
TRACK 3

And now - well now I hardly see my friends' posts. They just don't come up in my feed. And the 'discussions' I used to join in, debating increasingly contentious matters, with an ever-widening circle of 'friends'? Well they just became too ugly. I don't really get involved these days.

I do spend a lot of time and throw too much money at the wall trying to play poker with algorithms to get my music 'out there'.

Meanwhile the algorithms play me, for hours per day.

I'm ashamed to say, my psychological weak-spot is airplane disasters. Meta knows. The longer I'm on a break from it, the more lurid, morbid and tempting the airplane clips they send me... and I'm hooked again. Just enough cute and funny cat clips to give the appearance of balance. It's all just healthy fun.

Meanwhile, my kindle lies gathering dust whilst every day I promise myself this is the day I start that novel.

THE BIG SLEEP  
TRACK 3

*It's good to write this down.*

*To acknowledge that I have been consumed by a kind of madness. I can't dwell too long on the subject as sooner or later my thoughts will come to my kid and the tragedy that they grew up at a time when we adults collectively let down our guard and let the lunatics take over the nursery.*

*To my beautiful kid:*

*Terrible things happened in front of you online during your childhood.*

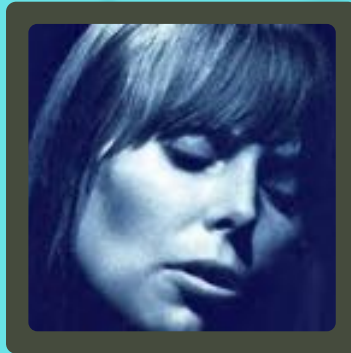
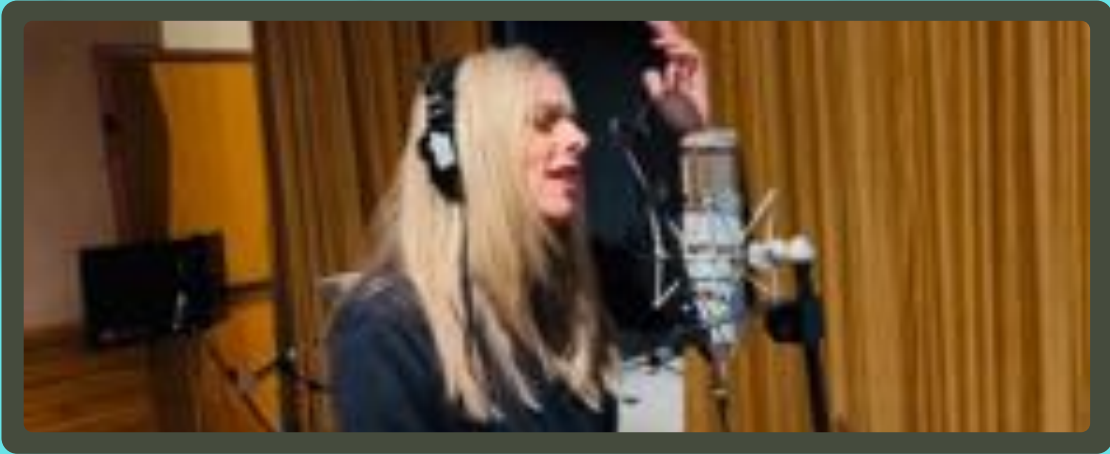
*On my watch.*

*I'm so sorry for my part in the collective neglect.*

*The Big Sleep is our collective blindness to all this.  
The Black Sheep is one of silicon valley's monsters - you choose which one!*

# BLUE

TRACK 4





# BLUE

## TRACK 4

Blue

Blue, songs are like tatoos  
You know I've been to sea before  
Crown and anchor me  
Or le me sail away

Blue, here is a song for you  
Ink on a pin  
Underneath the skin  
An empty place to fill in

There's so many sinking now  
You gotta keep thinking  
Gotta make it through the waves  
Acid, booze and ass  
Needles, guns and grass  
Lots of laughs, lots of laughs

Blue, I love you.

Everybody's saying  
That hell's the hippest way to go  
Well I don't think so  
But I'm gonna take a look around it  
though

Blue I love you

Blue  
Here is a shell for you  
Inside you'll hear a sigh  
A foggy lullabye

There is your song from me.



BLUE  
TRACK 4

RECORDED & MIXED by Steve Stewart at Waves Studio,  
Cambridge

VOICE & PIANO Joanna Eden  
DOUBLE BASS Andrés Lafone  
GUITAR Guillermo Hill  
DRUMS George Double

BLUE  
TRACK 4

Picture this:

Graham Nash and Joni Mitchell. A pop/folk prince and princess. In love, in Joni's beautiful Laurel Canyon home. He sings her a song he's written. Just for her.

And he's wondering when, if, she might write a song for him. They are living in paradise after all.

This may or may not have happened. I need to have a little story playing in my head to get inside someone else's song, to see it from the inside so that it becomes mine.

Their romance is a music fairytale. But for Joni the fairytale became a nightmare. The prince and princess didn't live happily ever after. Soon after they separated and Joni started to spin the blue thread of her misery into the stunning album 'Blue'.

BLUE  
TRACK 4

*So did Joni write that song for Graham.*

*At the end of Blue's title track is the line*

*'there is your song from me'*

*Be careful what you wish for Graham.*

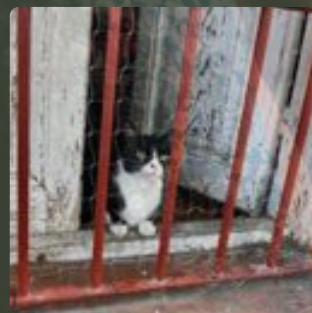
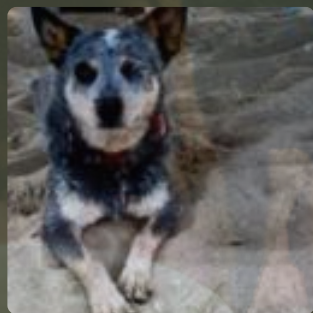
*Your domestic paradise gave Joni the heebie jeebies!*

*Joni spoke of her two loving grandmothers. Both frustrated musicians, frustrated humans. Both had taught her the importance of fulfilling your destiny. And marriage had been the road block on both their roads of self discovery.*

*So there it was. Relationships. Joni's journey. Or voyage. And the seas were wild in the early '70s - not easy for a tattooed, blue painted sailor with granny-baggage!*

# TIMO

TRACK 6



# TIMO

## TRACK 6

*He changes pace to suit the sun  
Past the doors avoiding his reflection  
The day has just begun  
But he's greedy for it to be done*

*And joie de vivre is on his chain  
Drags along the more sophisticated brain  
He fetches sticks to heal his pain  
Will his master ever smile again?*

*She rushes past the childrens' game  
Takes the lunch but must be back to  
work by ten  
Leaves them with a sense of shame  
Cos she only gets to see them now and then*

*And liberty is in her cage  
Fills the silence with her daily serenade  
Come let's fly my friend don't be afraid  
Just spread your wings  
Your debt it paid*

*Smiling for a better view  
He knows he left it there, but maybe that's  
not true  
Every day it's something new  
Some new idea this fading world has  
taken to*

*And peace of mind is on his lap  
Stretches both her paws and looks up  
from her nap  
Look into my eyes and you will see  
Serenity in mystery*

TIMO  
TRACK 6

RECORDED by Gustavo de Leon at Sondor studios, Montevideo  
MIXED by Rich Breen in Los Angeles

VOICE & PIANO Joanna Eden  
BASS Andrés Lafone  
ACCORDION Hugo Fattoruso  
DRUMS & ELECTRONICS Albana Barrocas

TIMO  
TRACK 6

*Timo is a huge, drooling boxer dog with enormous paws which will bruise your shoulders when he leaps up to greet you at eye level. He has an upturned nose which renders him almost comically ugly and the deepest, blackest eyes which will break your heart at the shortest glance.*

*One of my many pointless observations about Uruguay is that the boxer dogs have much more upturned noses than here. And - wait for it - so do the seals that perform for the tourists at Punta Del Este's floating fish market. You heard it here first!*

*This song isn't about Timo. Or seals.*

*It's about pets really. And how they save us from ourselves.*

*Another lockdown observation. (Remember when we had time to observe and reflect?! Those of us lucky ones.) We who weren't living through the hell of hospitals and sickness were able to treat ourselves, our bodies, our minds as we might treat our pets. We had time to discover that we might feel better about living through a global pandemic if we had a walk every day.*



TIMO  
TRACK 6

And during that first lockdown of spring 2020, mother nature, here in the UK at least, threw us a bone! Beautiful, crisp and sunny spring days, vivid blue skies and blossom bursting with the promise of recovery. As the fresh, fume-less air filled my lungs it soothed away my fears for my parents, my loneliness and any lingering financial concerns that 'Dishy Rishi' (remember when we liked him?! ) hadn't already calmed with his furlough payments (am I the only person who'd never heard the word furlough before?).

Did it really take a global health catastrophe for mother nature to be given the chance to show us how to live?

Our pets had been trying to show us for years.

But capitalism needs us to live a different way. And it will be encouraged that post-Covid we have completely reverted to our self flogging, planet clogging, tat consuming pre-Covid ways!

I'm allergic to most pets. And can't seem to bond with the ones that don't make me sneeze. I have tried to bond with fish and a ball python called Noodle.

Anyway, let's be our own pets. Walkies!

# THE KINDNESS OF A FRIEND

TRACK 7



# THE KINDNESS OF A FRIEND

## TRACK 7

I didn't know what to get you  
To spoil you but I bet you  
Never had a song  
So you can sing along right now

From the very first day I met you  
You've been giving and you know I let you  
Together we're stronger than before  
Sometimes you gotta lean upon the  
kindness of a friend  
We'll make it the end  
If only life will lend  
The kindness of a friend

The holiday can really send ya  
Especially when you're feeling tender  
From blowing in the cold and winter rain  
Watching money pouring down the drain

Then somebody comes along to show you  
That to love you is to know you  
Never have a penny to your name  
But they can really love you just the same  
from start to end  
We'll make it in the end  
If only life will lend  
The kindness of a friend

Behold, fear not I bring you tidings of  
great joy  
That could be for all people  
For all people

Be just, be kind and walk humbly with  
your god  
Because never know, you never know

You never know what's gonna hit ya  
Cos life is gonna paint your picture  
& it don't always draw a sunny day  
You don't know what's in store along the  
way, around the bend  
But I can recommend  
That life is gonna lend  
The kindness of a friend

Behold, fear not I bring you tidings of  
great joy  
That could be for all people  
For all people

Be just, be kind and walk humbly with  
your god and show  
The kindness of a friend

THE KINDNESS OF A FRIEND  
TRACK 7

RECORDED & MIXED by Steve Stewart at Waves Studio,  
Cambridge

VOICE & ELECTRIC PIANO Joanna Eden  
DOUBLE BASS & BACKING VOCALS Andrés Lafone  
GUITAR Guillermo Hill  
DRUMS & PERCUSSION George Double

THE KINDNESS OF A FRIEND  
TRACK 7

Christmas hangs heavy on me. There is so much management and housewifery involved; neither are my strong points. I carry the neurotic weight that I can't do it well and the subsequent guilt ensures that I'm so self-consumed that I usually do drop numerous balls (baubles) and so spins a self-feeding vortex of self persecution, distraction, forgetfulness, guilt, yada yada, on we go.

A friend who is the polar opposite in their Christmas husbandry dropped in with their card and pressie (it's in the car!). To say we weren't prepared is an understatement. Mid-December and there were no perceivable signs of the season. Not a decoration, no wreath, only a few hastily arranged cards on the mantle piece.

Another of my guilty Christmas secrets is my 're-gifting' cupboard. I made a dash for it and found a pre-wrapped box of chocolates which I checked for any identifying features as I put the kettle on and hastily scribbled out a card.

Our guest sipped tea and what a relief when he pronounced that Celebrations were his favourite chocs.

THE KINDNESS OF A FRIEND  
TRACK 7

Then out we trooped to the car. He would need a hand bringing in the Fortnum & Mason hamper.

He saw my shock and did his best to ease the situation with - we get so many of these delivered at work so I like to share them.

Fast forward 6 months. This friend's birthday loomed and I really wanted to make amends. I'm not sure if I did it out of kindness or out of a kind of oneupmanship. I wrote him a song. A song about giving. About being a bit more poor than your friends. But them loving you anyway and how much that meant.

I don't know if it was right to blame it on financial considerations. But being a muso you can sometimes feel a bit like a teenager at grown-up gatherings, zoning out when conversation turns to ISAs and loft conversions.

We really, really enjoyed the hamper and re-gifted very little of it!

# EL GIGANTE

TRACK 8





EL GIGANTE  
TRACK 8

*RECORDED* by Gustavo de Leon at Sondor studios, Montevideo  
*MIXED* by Rich Breen in Los Angeles

*VOICE & PIANO* Joanna Eden  
*BASS & BACKING VOCALS* Andrés Lafone  
*SYNTH* Hugo Fattoruso  
*DRUMS & BACKING VOCALS* Albana Barrocas



# EL GIGANTE

## TRACK 8

*El Gigante strolls along  
The sunny streets of old Cordon  
Pausing to shade the veteranas from  
the midday sun*

*El Hornero bird can spy  
El Gigante's friendly eye  
As he passes up crumbs discarded by  
the passers by  
To her home of clay in the blue sky  
Of Uruguay*

*Muestra una sonrisa  
(He shows a smile)  
Para darté vida  
(To give you life)  
Luce un cielo azul  
He lights up the blue sky  
Con su andar  
Su caminar por el Cordon  
(With his walk, his stroll through  
El Cordon)*

*Escaramuza's highest shelf  
El Gigante helps himself  
Passing down books to the  
customers below  
Reciting Ibarbourou*

*Many, many moons ago  
When they built the newest home  
The door was a regular size  
Then Gigante arrived  
That's why they build them so high  
In Uruguay*

*Muestra una sonrisa...*

*Las puertas d'el Cordon  
(The doors of Cordon)  
Asi tan grandes son  
(Are so big there)  
Para que puede entrar  
Por ellas El Gigante  
(In order for the giant to enter through  
them)  
Vamos a cantar  
Todos a cantar  
(Let's all sing)  
Le queremos dar  
(We'd all like to give)  
Las gracias al Gigante  
(Thanks to El Gigante)*

EL GIGANTE  
TRACK 8

*During the last miserable flings of the British winter a trip to late-summer Montevideo is an enormous luxury.*

*February in Montevideo is hot and pulsing with rhythms from the Llamadas; annual drumming and dancing competitions similar to those in Rio but no singing, no band, just drums and dancers. These parades hark back to days of slavery. Latterly they're a heady and incongruous mix of urgent, unrelenting, and virtuosic candombe polyrhythms from 20-40 shuffling drummers in silk costumes, full make-up and tight formation accompanied by a troupe of bikini clad dancers.*

*Songs can be heard in a separate Carnaval competition, the Murgas; tight harmonies, choreography and made up faces as teams compete for the wittiest satirical new song and the slickest performance.*

*As you stroll up from the coast into the heart of Montevideo the Carnaval soundtrack pours out of TVs in cafes and bars combining with a symphony of dog barking and car park alarms (cars don't stop when they pull out of the numerous underground carparks so an alarm when the garage door lifts is a polite - if offensively loud - concession to the physical - if not mental - health of pedestrians).*

EL GIGANTE  
TRACK 8

My favourite stroll is up to El Cordón. As you ascend from the modernity and daintiness of middle class Pocitos with its beach front apartments, dog walkers and delicious bakeries you leave behind the glamorous 1930s-2000s 'edificios' and embrace something far older and more colonial. The ornate and often crumbling 19th century Spanish buildings of El Cordón are a colourful and romantic feast for the eyes.

The most extraordinary feature of these often graffiti covered homes is the door. Doorframes are as tall as the building and boast beautifully crafted and ornate wooden doors and shutters and iron-work window bars and door handles.

Inside one of the finest buildings is Escaramuza, the most beautiful bookshop I've ever seen. It's always full of people like me who just come to smell the books, wonder at the height of the highest shelf and the stained glass ceiling and have a coffee in the café out-back (which I'm sure saves them from bankruptcy if customers really are like me and rarely buy more than a postcard.)

EL GIGANTE  
TRACK 8

*Sipping my coffee one day I found myself thinking about those doors. Why make them so big? Is it a ventilation thing? Maybe it was a way of showing off wealth?*

*In the absence of any sensible explanation I decided that a ten foot giant 'El Gigante' had once lived in El Cordón and was well known to everyone for his kindly acts. In order to be able to welcome him into their homes, residents all decided to add enormous doors to their properties.*

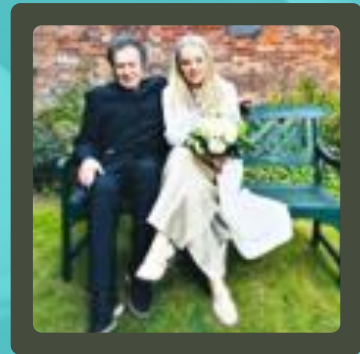
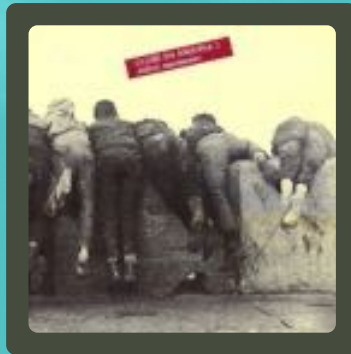
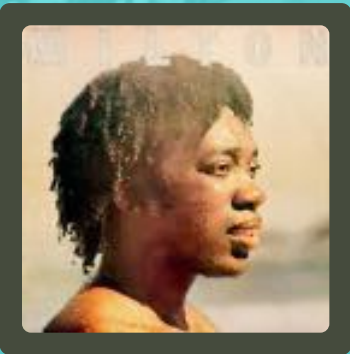
*Despite having figured out a completely logical explanation, I was thrilled when virtuoso guitarist Juan Pablo Chapital 'Chapa' who performed with us in in Montevideo's 'El Mingus' jazz club revealed that in 19th Century Cordón it was normal for people to enter their houses on horseback, hence the supersized doorways! How wonderful!*

*El Gigante is the kind of song you only write on holiday when you have few cares and too much time on your hands.*

*A celebration of El Cordón, of stories, and of day dreaming.*

# NASCENTE

TRACK 9



# NASCENTE

TRACK 9

*And I am born each day with you*

*The moon tries to hide  
Behind the sun but I know she is there  
Smiling softly  
Just as she did inside your eyes*

*The sun glides  
And I can see your body yearns for mine  
She exposes  
All of the love, the ecstasy  
We're born, you and me*

*(Translated indirectly from original lyrics by  
Brazilian songwriter Flavio Hugo Venturini)*

*Clareia, manhã  
O sol vai esconder a clara estrela  
Ardente  
Pérola do céu refletindo teus olhos*

*A luz do dia a contemplar teu corpo  
Sedento  
Louco de prazer e desejos  
Ardentes*

NASCENTE  
TRACK 9

*RECORDED by Gustavo de Leon at Sondor studios, Montevideo  
MIXED by Rich Breen in Los Angeles*

*VOICE & PIANO Joanna Eden  
BASS Andrés Lafone*

NASCENTE  
TRACK 9

*Nascente is probably the most romantic song I've ever heard. I felt this before I even attempted to understand the portuguese lyrics.*

*Flavio Hugo Venturini's soaring melody, a gentle cushion of harmony, an opening of the beautiful heart and voice of Milton Nascimento - they were enough. They told me all my heart needed to know of sensuous longing.*

*As Andrés and I attempted a translation of the lyrics (he had previously encouraged me to desist from my phonetically learned, flawed and phoney renditions of Brazil's exquisite canon of songs), I blushed on more than one occasion. I think Brazilians maybe can speak of physical love in a way that sends most Brits into embarrassed nose snorts and sniggers and end of the pier jokes!*

*Somehow, we managed to complete a translation. But honestly without the words this beautiful song says it all.*

*Milton Nascimento, who's stunning rendition of this song is featured on his album Clube da Esquina 2, has an innocent honesty to his voice that breaks my heart. I'm so glad to have discovered more of this incredibly rich musical culture; beyond the Bossanova, beyond Rio, there is so much beauty to be heard!*



# SOME VIDEOS

## THE ROAD TO PAYSANDU

*On the River Plate:- [https://youtu.be/OYzbbk8TxxE?si=rR4\\_z6X0I5gon0hN](https://youtu.be/OYzbbk8TxxE?si=rR4_z6X0I5gon0hN)*



*Timo recording session with Hugo:- <https://youtu.be/cb2yTy7xkwU?si=YjEt8-BNBzCByUg6>*



# SOME VIDEOS

## THE ROAD TO PAYSANDU

*The Kindness of a Friend:-* [https://youtu.be/2Z5sFIMbe7Q?si=3\\_F\\_EyrJNsun2k](https://youtu.be/2Z5sFIMbe7Q?si=3_F_EyrJNsun2k)



*Just about Holding On Live:-* <https://youtu.be/J2PAFH3wlbo?si=8JQXHid3EalVqHCj>



# SOME VIDEOS

## THE ROAD TO PAYSANDU

*A Samba lesson in Pocitos:- <https://youtu.be/mPuLlms6ORw>*



*Timo & other dogs in Montevideo:- <https://youtu.be/mPuLlms6ORw>*

