

Sean Noonan Brewed by Noon *Stories to Tell*

Special Guests:

Mat Maneri Marc Ribot Abdoulaye Diabaté
Susan McKeown Dawn Padmore



1. Massana Cissé /9:03

2. Esspi /7:35

3. Noonbrews /6:31

4. Connection /5:53

5. Urban Mbalax /2:11

6. No Strings Attached /6:34

7. NY /4:43

8. Pineapple /9:28

9. Scabies /8:30

10. Dr. Sleepytime /4:04

Massana (meaning “great lord”) Cissé was a very rich man, and his appetites were as great as his fortune. Massana fell madly in love with a young woman engaged to a poor farmer, and forced her parents to break the engagement and marry him. But the day of the wedding, as his bride walked towards him, he suddenly was taken deathly ill. When she reached him he was already dead. This griot song is performed to encourage the great ones to be more tempered in their actions. It also reminds us that every time we give way to our passions, we move a little closer to our destiny’s end: death. The song begins with the line “The hour of destiny has struck for a great lord.” One’s destiny is presented as both unpredictable and inevitable, and the song ends with the humbling thought “One king alone cannot bring to an end an entire world.” (Adapted from the Manding Songs and Traditions website)



History has shown many times that melodies and songs travel from people to people. Brewed By Noon’s cast of musicians from different cultures communally re-create the various compositions on this record utilizing improvisation and “wandering” folk melodies. “Esspi,” for example, began as a simple story song about an elephant that gets lost and has to find its way back home. In the end it found its way to Mali, thanks to Abdoulaye Diabaté, who refracted the tale through his own griot tradition and sang the song in his native tongue, Bambara, adding new melodies to my original.

– Sean Noonan

Esspi

I've never seen, no I've never seen
A little elephant leave its Mama.
Oh God!

These are the words, this is the meaning
of the words.

The elephant child went off without the
permission of its Mama,
and every child must respect its mother.'

Sean, oh Sean, oh God, the little one left for
Brousse in Africa.

Listen to this. The little elephant went to
Brousse, and on the way back he got lost.

Every time you have to do something, you
must never forget to let your mother know,
you must always let your mother know.

Words are difficult in this world.

Finding a good mother is very difficult.

With his great power, no one knows God.
You must live, because no one knows God.

The young elephant finds his path again, now
he comes back home.

Listen: words are difficult.

You must know the word, the word is truth,
yes truth, oh truth.

You must respect your Mama. Each one must
respect his Mama.



Urban Mbalax

1st section, sung in Wolof by Thierno Camara:

Don't be like an animal [in the urban jungle],
whatever moves making you move.
There are no crazy people around you,
just what the great God gives.
No human can change your destiny.

2nd section, sung in Bambara by Abdoulaye Diabaté:

In every undertaking, whatever you do, you must
always let your mother know,
you must always let your father know.
In every undertaking you must let your family know,
let your cousins know, because they are the first witnesses.
What you have just said is the truth.
Listen: great God is powerful.
No one knows God.
No one knows God.
When he has need of you he takes you without
harming you.
It is necessary to speak the truth.
The truth is unique.
One must speak the truth.

Noonbrews

Susan McKeown sings a traditional Irish folk song in gaelic; the music is her own. The song, "Ar Maidin, Ar Nóin" (In the Morning, of Course), can be found in the book *Binneas Thar Meon, songs collected by Liam de Noraidd*, published by Comhairle Bhéaloideas Éireann, 1994. Here is her English version of the lyrics:

In the morning, of course, while I was walking quickly,
I saw the beautiful fair one coming towards me.
I asked my love what she was about,
"Or would you elope
with me, my darling, right now?"

"Let me have you as a husband, o nice young man,
And I don't know if my love is coming back alive."

"Where did he go from you, o pretty young woman,
That this deep loneliness has fallen upon you?
You'd be better off to tell me how long,
And run away with me, love, without delay."

"Give me your hand, good young man,
I embrace you a hundred times.
Here are the soft tops of my hands for you with love
and with a kiss,
And we will go to the alehouse until daybreak to drink."



Pineapple

"Don't eat the pineapple...until it's ripe and ready... Like our love, it will grow until the end of time..." A universal truth. Everything has its time to be experienced, tasted, and enjoyed. Love, friendship and of course, pineapples... Dawn P.

Connection

When connections are honored, objects and the people to whom they mean so much are complete, in that objects motivate people to recover the stories that return them to their traditions – they're no longer searching.
– Sean Noonan

Scabies

Dear Bug Man:

After hearing your "worst bug story ever" I nearly fainted and would like to tell you mine. We had crawling sensations, very small bites, and these things seemed to get more vivacious in the early morning hours. This all started with a bird mite infestation. We had pigeon and sparrow nests in the eaves of our condo. After the eradication, the mites dropped down into our unit and have been wreaking havoc ever since. We've had exterminators over here with no relief. They suggested we tent, however we have yet to convince our association to undertake the expense. We are renters and our neighbors had the problem, but now they say they don't for fear of us suing (long story) and have been told to keep silent. We were for sure victims of scabies, and have had all the creams with only minor relief. And for the first few months afterward, I actually had nightmares that they were back! The good thing is that it did end, eventually. I'll have to keep my fingers crossed that we will not turn green in 10 years from toxic pesticide poison. Anyway, now I can actually laugh about it, a little bit, somewhat nervously, while slightly trembling. He is our other kitty cat. The photo doesn't do him justice, but it's the only one I had scanned in the 'puter. It will give you an idea of what he looks like. He and Gato are best buddies and I was most sorry for the misery they went through during the bug crisis. We are not suffering from delusional parasitosis, because when we leave this place for a few days they are gone. I am a businessman and my wife is in the movie industry. We take no drugs. Thank you.

Your secret admirer,
Sean

Dr. Sleepytime

As I felt the sun rise through the walls I was able to escape my own unconsciousness. A man appeared in front of me, saving me from my pain and anguish. Dr. Sleepytime was there every time, bringing me back to a world of magical dreams.

— Sean Noonan



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6, 7, 10: Sean Noonan. 1, 4, 5: Sean Noonan and Thierno Camara; lyrics on 5: Thierno Camara and Abdoulaye Diabaté. 2, music and lyrics: Sean Noonan and Abdoulaye Diabaté. 3: Sean Noonan and Susan McKeown; lyrics: traditional gaelic and Abdoulaye Diabaté. 8: Sean Noonan, Thierno Camara and Dawn Padmore; lyrics: Sean Noonan and Dawn Padmore. 9: Sean Noonan and Aram Bajakian. All compositions published by S.P. Noonan Music (ASCAP)

Guitar solos: Marc Ribot: 1, 2, 3, 8, 9, 10 (right channel); Aram Bajakian: 5, 6 (first), 7, 10 (left channel); Jon Madof: 4, 6 (second)

Produced by Sean Noonan and Thierno Camara. Executive Producer: Tony Reif

Recorded by Andy Taub, January 26, March 11, and April 7-8, 2006 at Brooklyn Recording, Brooklyn NY, assisted by Yohei Goto. Edited by Aya Takemura. Mixed by John Raham, August 21-24 at Ogre Studios, Vancouver (stereo) and August 25-26 at Zen Mastering, Vancouver (multi-channel). Mastered by Graemme Brown at Zen Mastering

Photos of Sean Noonan by Dirk Eusterbrock; www.dirkeusterbrock.com Jim Pugliese photo by Barbara Zanon
Jon Madof photo by Dari Carlebach; Pineapple, Sean's place and Mat Maneri photos by James Lukoski

Design by Eli Bornowsky

Info/bookings: seanatthehub@yahoo.com

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Special thanks to Wendy Collins, Philip Blackburn, Aaron Fuchs, Clement Valentine, Ted Weis, THE HUB, and all my friends and fans in Kirbymoorside, Newcastle, Mozg, Katowice, Heilbronn, Hofheim, Bavaria Italy, Antwerpen, and the Crypt

In memory of Makudy Sall

Sean plays Eames and Trojan Drum Shells.

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Sean Noonan kicks my ass. It's amazing seeing how this band has transformed in the five years we've been together. At our first session, Thierno and I almost got in a fist fight because he kept on bumming cigarettes off of me. In New York they're 8 bucks a pack, and I didn't feel like funding two habits. Now the band has mellowed out a bit. Thierno and I hug, and we all drink herbal teas at rehearsal instead of blazing. But ironically the music has gotten more intense and in your face.

The thing I love about playing with Sean is how much he pushes you to feel comfortable about playing like yourself. There have been times where I've asked "Does that sound good?" or "Does this fit?" Sean's response is inevitably "Aram, you're here because I like the way you sound with the music, so stop being so fucking timid."

This album is a perfect amalgamation of that idea. Each musician on it has their own extremely unique voice – there are no phonies or copycats. For those who are willing to give it some time, there's a whole world waiting to be explored.

– Aram Bajakian

Brewed By Noon's Stories To Tell

*Often wandering has its own rewards.
Whether venturing into town or lying on
your back staring at the stars, wandering
creates stories from memories or visions.*

*Sometimes there comes that perfect moment
when you take out a story that was never
forgotten, and tell it in a new situation that
wandering has brought you to.*

*The music that you are listening to was
created through a similar process.*

*Sean Noonan
Brooklyn, NY
August 2006*

SEAN NOONAN BREWED BY NOON...STORIES TO TELL SGL SAI563-2

NOONAN

Sean Noonan _electro-acoustic drums&_ **Thierno Camara** _electric bass, vocals (5), percussion
Marc Ribot, Aram Bajakian, Jon Madof _electric guitar_ **Mat Maneri** _viola
Abdoulaye Diabaté _vocals (2, 3, 5)_ **Susan McKeown** _vocals (3)
Dawn Padmore _vocals (8)_ **Jim Pugliese** _percussion_ **Thiokho Diagne** _djembe

SONGLINES

SGL SAI563-2

Total Time 64:44

1. Massana Cissé 2. Esspi 3. Noonbrews 4. Connection 5. Urban Mbalax
6. No Strings Attached 7. NY 8. Pineapple 9. Scabies 10. Dr. Sleepytime

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