

e-gallery, number 3

february 24 2003

CONTENTS

Nigeria Sketches (and words)

Anne's Website Finalized

Upcoming Show



The last e-gallery had me on the way out the door to Nigeria. I'm back now, to tame California—though not altogether unchanged. Funny, there hasn't been a power outage since I've returned. And I've adapted to flushing again, and real showers—not just scooping from a sun-warmed bucket. I haven't concerned myself about the drinking water. I can get good coffee; and I recognize the food. I haven't heard any calls to prayer at various times of day. The nights aren't a full symphony of barnyard sounds with a hundred dogs all barking at once. The roads are paved, drivers stay on their side, and I don't even think about bandit stretches at night. I've not seen one truck loaded with people hanging all over the top. Gas stations are more than a

little roadside table with a plastic bottle and a funnel—and you don't have to haggle over the price. I've not seen any political posters plastered on everything from walls to the aging hulk of a wrecked truck overturned on the side of the road. The markets are indoors, every day, and I'm not gawked at as the only white person in sight.

(Nor have I stuck my camera in the face of one stranger since I've been back.)

On the other hand, no stranger has effusively greeted me just for being present. I've not been bowed to at every encounter just for being male, or educated, older, or a guest. Nobody has called me "Master," or "Daddy," or "Our father." I don't even know of a king in this town, much less being invited into his palace with my sandals at the door. I've not seen whole groups of people walking along having a good time. Nor have I seen stars every night like a cloud to the horizon. And I don't know any neighborhood where everybody knows the name of every child.

There's more I could say—and did, in a number of articles on the noble work of a dozen Nigerians doing Bible translation and literacy work simultaneously in three (of the over 400) Nigerian languages. But this is an art gallery. It's too early for paintings that might come from the photos, but the sketchbook has some interest, even if it doesn't do justice to the beauty of these people. To view some drawings, done in furtive moments, scroll through the pages below.

Anne's site

At last writing Anne's site wasn't quite complete. It is now, along with purchasing options built in. To check it out, type in www.AnneMoorePrints.com.

Show coming up

The show at the Mission at San Juan Capistrano is scheduled for March 28—May 28.

Next Issue

Next e-gallery will feature some work for the community—centered around “Swallows Day.”

If you have a friend who may be interested in these e-galleries, invite them in.

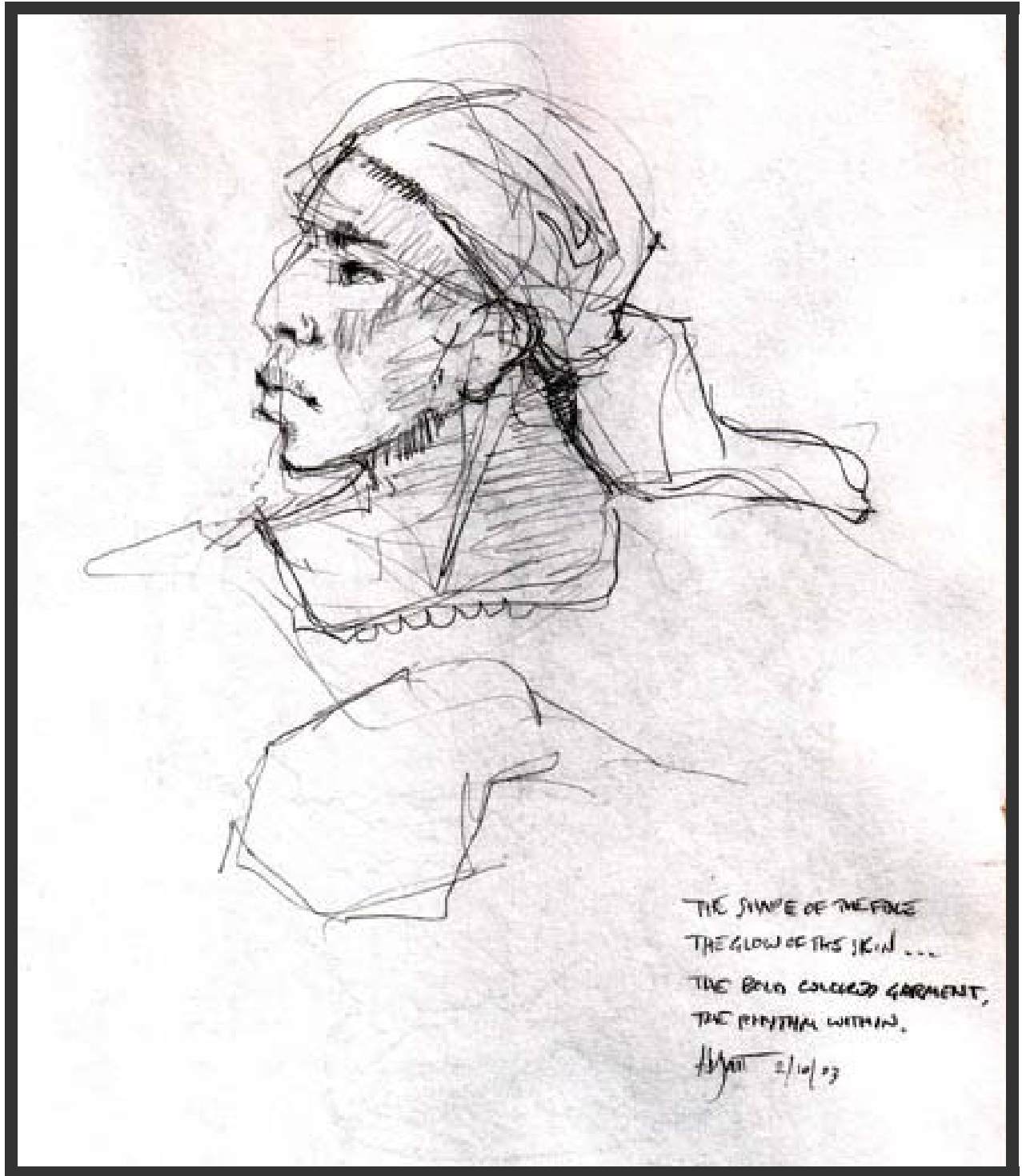
Enjoy the sketches.



Isaac Shesken stirring coffee, and hand studies.



Church Drummer Between Sets, Women's Choir.
The only accompaniment was hand drums and rhythm instruments.
That, and voice, were all that's needed for lifting spirits high.



THE SHINE OF THE FACE
THE GLOW OF THE SKIN ...
THE BOLD COLOURED GARMENT,
THE RHYTHM WITHIN.
H/M 2/10/03

Noble profile—looking over her shoulder.
The hand just begun, then she moved it.
(Always happens.)



BEATING 4 RHYTHMS
Hoyas 2/9/03

Beating millet, rapid action
(No still life here)



Church Drummer, one in a row of several, great music, hands all a blur . . .



Kambari Elder

“Kambari,” outsiders’ name for the three-language cluster of 150,000 speakers each. In Africa, the older the man, the greater the honor.

This one sat quietly, along with other old men, in the front row of a church.

As I think of it now, his was the prime seat . . . and he was likely the oldest.

I was glad when, though he moved his hand away, in the end he moved it back and held it still.

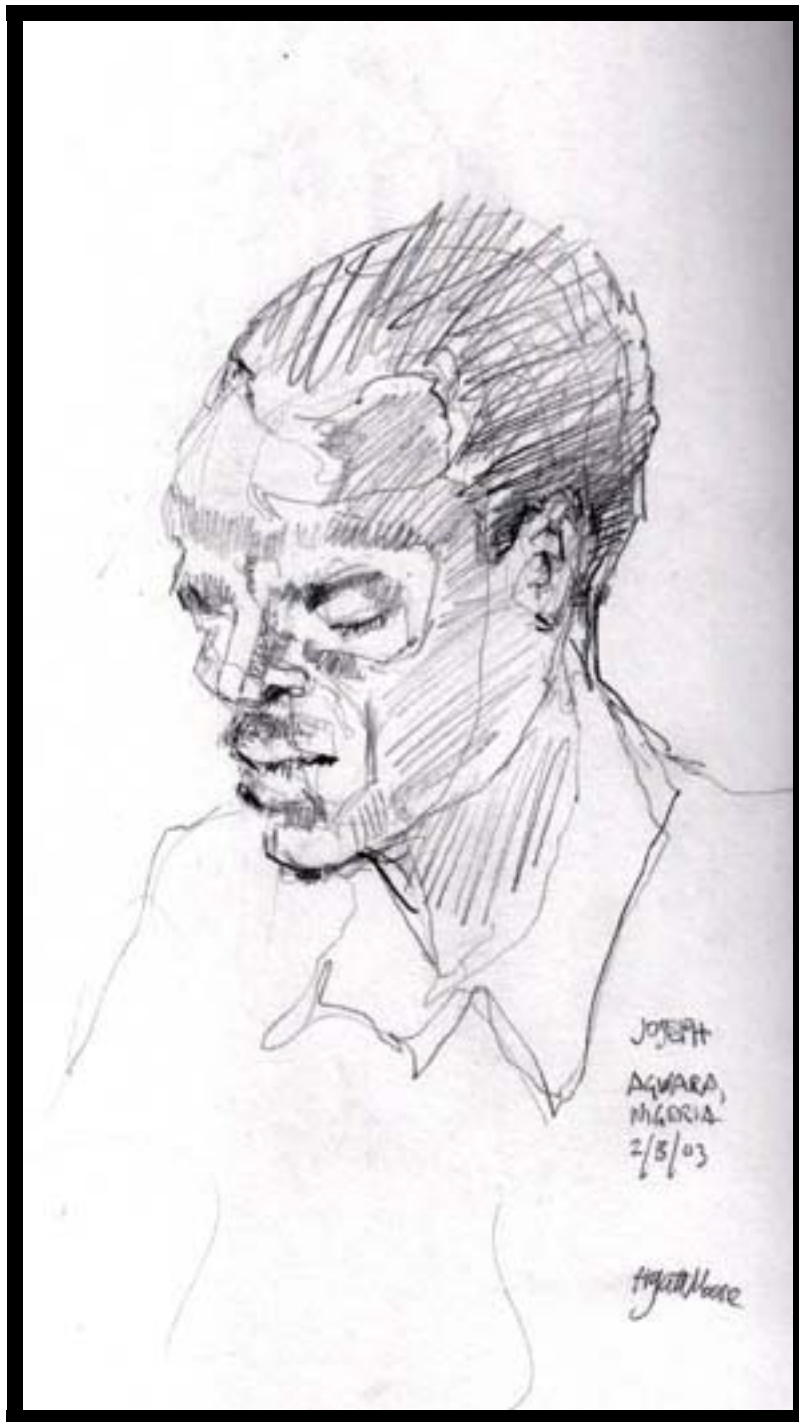


Literacy Class . . .

**for young women and men, out under the trees,
concentrating on a propped-up blackboard, keeping baby quiet—
serious about learning to read their own language, recently reduced to writing.**



Same girl as above, unconscious of her own serene beauty, intent on learning



Joseph, Literacy Coordinator for the Kambari project.

As gentle as they come, and as genuine. As a child, he was whipped to welts every Sunday by his Muslim family for his Christian decision until, years later, they gave up, and he didn't. He continues to live in stark minority in a mostly Muslim community, suffering some, loving much. Nigeria is a place where there's no neutrality of spirit; all know the stand of each. There are dangers, but there is also hope. In meekness, and winning ways, Joseph lets his be known.