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## GIN ON THE JADE SEA

Barbara Adair

revisits the celebrityfilled heyday of Lake Turkana, Kenya

In Café Loup, New York City, Iman, this supermodel, this African discovery, tells me the story of a lake.

"I remember the days that we spent there, Lake Rudolf as it was then called, the lake of decadence and fragmentation. Peter Beard, the photographer, was there. He loves the myth of Africa, he has no respect for Africans, he takes their photographs with the eyes of a Western man who does not understand their culture, but it's the control of the con

We sidester a storm and fly over the Nairobi suburb of Karen, named for Karen Blixen; then the Ngong Hills, the clouds heavy around the four raised knuckles. Below us is four raised knuckles. Below us is Hog Ranch, the sometimes residence of Beard, its khaki cloth walls hold within them many journeys. I could die in the Ngong Hills, disappear in the indifferent sky — and who would know?



There is a photo of Lauren Hutton with the lake in the background. It is beautiful, so was she

and sapphire, prehistorie, "Buy, buy, some shillings?" A man in uniform pleads, "When you leave, take me with you. I need a ride to Nairobi." In 1888, he lake was named Lake Rudolf, to honour Crown Prince

Rudolf of Austria, by Count Sámuel Teleki de Szék, the first European to stand on its shoreline. It is situated in the Kenyan Rift Valley, with its furthest northern end crossing into Ethiopia; it is the world's largest alkaline permanent desert lake.

I lean down and put the tip of my finger into the cobalt water, salty. The rocks in the surrounding areas are predominantly volcanic; Central Island is an active volcano. It spits and sighs, a murder on the shoreline, figures dancing death. The winds off South Island are hot and strong. As the lake warms and

cools more slowly than the land, sudden violent storms are always a possibility. I hear the linkle of glass and smell the empty bottles, which once contained laughter.

The Oasis Club, our room for the nights to come, lies at the southern tip of Lake Turkana, the closest village being Loyangalani. The lodge smells of decadence, a rotten palimpsest, a forgotten sparkling memory. Only the perfume of the glory days lingers, the nights of legend and revelry.

"Drink?" says Wolfgang Deschler, the German owner of the hotel. He drinks gin with a touch of



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water. "You ask me to tell you stories ... why? What can I say that you cannot imagine?
"Andy Warhol, he painted on the walls of room 16, or was it Francis Bacon? Bianca Jagger, a beauty, her eyes, aah ... the last thing left in nature after we have devastated it is the beauty of a woman."
Deschler lifts the glass. His hands are scarred, his fingernalis black, his face covered in pustules of excess.
"Oh yes the Oasis Club was a famous place to escape. Mick Jagger, he was married to Bianca then. And David Bowie drank double gin with Iman; and Peter Beard, he hung around the pool

Jagger, ne Was married to Bianca then. And David Bowle drank double gin with Innar, and Peter Beard, he hung around the pool calling to my cook, whom he pool to the pool of t

and know now caught in the stars we are.

In my room, the window slats are rusted, the windows open, a green curtain is fluttering in the wind. In the bathroom, there are wall tiles decorated with the words Lake Rudolf; a picture of a jade sea.

"A few years ago," Deschler says,

"an elderly man arrived here. He said his name was Cornwell. He stayed three days and dramk a lev meeting of the said his name was dramk and the said his sa

north will bring more, and a enange to the lives of those who live here, just as Beard's pictures brought "He would take photos of naked Turkana women, and the El Molo," Deschler continues, "the elders of the tribes hated him for this." Deschler, with his staff of 25, is one of the area's biggest employers. Only regular food deliveries by Unicef sustain people in this harsh northern region.

I stand on the verandah where Mick Jagger once stood, pointing to the edge of the lake while Beard points of the dege of the lake while Beard points of the dege of the lake while Beard points of the dege of the lake while beard points of the dege of the lake while beard points of the dege of the lake while beard points of the dege of the lake while beard points of the dege of the lake while beard beard on the lake shore in a hut died, he was the last person to speak the El Molo language. Now long lines form in front of the distribution station in Loyangalani, where tear-proof sacks bearing the blue imprint of Unicef arrive.

As the day comes to an end, the blood-red sun sinks into the lake and the trucks stri up dust.

Deschler raises his glass to to tost the lake and the trucks stri up dust.

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## IF YOU GO ...

WHERE IT IS: The Oasis Lodge is located at the southern tip of Lake Turkana, Kenya. It can be accessed by road from Nairobi via Rumuruti, Marrad, Baragoi, South Horr to Loyangalani; or via Isiolo, Laisamis, South Horr to Loyangalani. Chartered flights from Nairobic and be arranged through the lodge. WHAT IT HAS: The lodge has 16 double suites. Activities include guided drives to six local villages, including the 1 Molo village; boat trips to South Island in Lake Turkana, with a excursion to the volcano; day trips to Mount Kulai Forest; and fishing excursions on the lake.

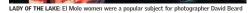
RATES: All-inclusive rates from \$180 for a single, \$240 for a double, per night.

THE FOOD: Mostly Hersh fish from the Lake which is excellent.

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