

1985-1986 Art rug
Q32-35 Black Dancer White Dancers

4/11/1985
Riverside Studios

Q30 CRR Dance - Talwa Theatre

Q29 Black Dance Series
- The Little Clay Court Dec 1986

P17 Erol Lloyd leaving NARS
- Member of ALC Ethnic Arts Sub-Committee

ARTRAGE

the Critical Arts Magazine

Caribbean Focus

FROM THE INTUITIVE EYE ► AND AN
EAR FOR SPANISH ► TO A HEAD FULL
OF POETRY, POLITICS AND PHILOSOPHY
WHICH CLR JAMES CALLS CRICKET

► plus news, views and reviews

Artrageous!

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LAUNCH OF ARTRAGE 12

IPSWICH

I. TUESDAY MARCH 18TH
ROBERT CROSS HALL (evening)
(Art Exhibition by Ray Povey)

LONDON

II. TUESDAY MARCH 25TH
THE POETRY SOCIETY (6.30pm)
(21 EARLS COURT SQUARE SW5)
with Roy Heath, Merle Collins,
Fred D'Aguiar and Karin Woodley
Art Exhibition by Denzil Forrester

III. THURSDAY MARCH 27TH
THE COMMONWEALTH
INSTITUTE
(THE JEANCHUR ROOM - 2.30pm) 1986

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random thoughts

This Caribbean focus of *Artrage 12* is based, loosely, on the following assumptions: that we should try to reflect something happening in the arts in the Caribbean (rather than in the Caribbean diaspora; that we wouldn't penalize artists whose names were well-known but would nevertheless try to introduce work from unfamiliar sources, and that without being boringly representative we would seek to present contributions from various parts of the region (i.e. we should be interestingly representative).

It was pleasing to find something of a new lease of life given to the 'little magazines' in the Eastern Caribbean. We knew of the more established bookprinting activities in Jamaica with the Heinemann Educational Books' regional office there, and also of the active role played by the Jamaican Publishing House, Kingston Publishers and Savacou Publications. But it is extremely welcome news that in Barbados *Bim* has resurfaced; that the Trinidad and Tobago Writers' Union continue to provide, in *Voices*, a publishing outlet, and that after a hiatus of nearly twenty-five years, *Kyk-over-all* has reappeared in Guyana — again with A.J. Seymour as one of its editors. (There is also sporadic publishing from some of the university extra-mural centres throughout the region. Playscripts from Trinidad under the general editorship of Esmond Ramesar have been appearing since 1966. The Montserrat centre, under Howard Fergus publishes poetry and history; and other remarkable resident tutors — Con Richardson in St Kitts, Edres Bird in Antigua — are striving to promote and keep some record of artistic activity.)

Like *Bim* (and *Focus* in Jamaica in the 40s and 50s) *Kyk-over-all* has proved an outlet for major talents (Wilson Harris' early essays and poems appeared there) but the continued importance of the 'little mag' is to enable the artist to find an audience (or an audience to find its artist) within the community that sustains them both.

This issue of *Artrage* comes out before the FIFTH INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR OF RADICAL BLACK AND THIRD WORLD BOOKS (this year held, in the main, at Camden Centre) and at the start of the nine-month focus (coordinated by the Commonwealth Institute) on Caribbean culture. As both organizations plan to bring artists from the Caribbean over to Britain to perform, display, lecture etc., it's possibly the wrong end of the process to attempt here an assessment or analysis of current creative vitality in the region. After we've experienced, say, Barbara Gloudon's brand of *Pantomime*; the *Sistren Theatre Collective*; the clutch of theatre directors from Henk Tjon (Surinam) to Dennis Scott (Jamaica) working on the *Caribbean Theatre Project...* and after we've seen (in October) the *Intuitives* and the *Caribbean Eye* permanent exhibition, both at the Commonwealth Institute — and more — only then might we have a clear idea of how to respond to the artistic message from the Caribbean.

Then there is the cricket — by common consent the most strikingly successful popularly-supported 'federal institution' in the 'West Indies'. The style and temper of the games — and of course the *result* of the current Test series, might be a factor in any comprehensive arts review.

So what we offer here now is the *flavour* of something Caribbean, something contemporary.

*

For all the usual boring reasons our emphasis has been on the anglophone Caribbean. This would be the case even if we had included a poem in French from Guadeloupe or a Dutch story from Curaçao. So one has to take it on trust here that the region's linguistic diversity is richer than the familiar stock of varieties of English. We are fortunate to be able to present the work of Nancy Morejón — a fine Cuban poet who will be reading at the Book Fair — for, among other things, this might nudge us into reflecting that political fantasies apart, the language spoken by most Caribbean peoples is Spanish.

*

Artrage has been promising its contributors some sort of forum or regular workshop where we might meet and consider, among other things, aspects of the language we are conditioned to use; to clarify concepts which are so often locked in inelegant and misleading phrases, eg: how best to discourage the notion that someone involved in the arts of the minorities (as defined by politicians) is not necessarily or primarily concerned with 'minority art'? As it is, many phrases continue to come in search of a forum — *self-indulgent individualism*, for instance. Certainly no one has problems consigning *self-indulgent* to the dust-heap of community (or any other sensible form of) living. And as for individualism — isn't this some sort of four-letter word out of control? In fact, isn't the whole thing maddeningly tortologous?

But then again, to play, as they say, the devil's advocate: some could conceive of *individualism* expressing to a supreme degree the aspirations, indeed, the *essence* of the clan: (with his shuffle — and a good result — it was Muhammad Ali, perhaps, and not his then President who displayed grace under pressure. Viv Richards' characteristic first scoring stroke — a four on the *on-side* — is something now *willed* by his fans, and not indulgent if it upsets the rhythm of the bowler, if Richards goes on to make runs, or to help

GLC
continued on page 2
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LETTERS

Dear Artrage,

I feel that I must write to you on several counts; partly to explain my view lest there are any rumours flying around, and partly to find out what happened where, and with whom.

I was very pleased indeed to see Suta-pa Biswas' painting on the front cover of your magazine representing the exhibition The Thin Black Line, but absolutely horrified to see that not only was it out of focus, but had been taken by Steve White, a white man from the I.C.A. I have excellent colour slides and b & w prints of the WHOLE exhibition taken by Anne Cardale, who was approved by all the women in the exhibition and known to them. Obviously there is nothing that can be done now and what should have



been a fabulous record of a great event is now seriously marred. One of the most awful aspects of this fiasco is that no-one asked me for photos and no-one asked me whether Steve White's could be used. He loathed us and our exhibition and your front cover shows this clearly.

I expect this is not the last we shall all hear on the subject and this makes me very sad because at the conference in Birmingham* I made it very clear that documentation is one of the most important considerations when putting together an exhibition and racism creeps in where you least expect it. Please, please in future be careful who WHO provides you with photos of black events — it matters.

Yours
Lubaina Himid

* MAAS Visual Arts Conference last November.

Dear Editor,

I note with extreme concern the statement made by NiiOsam Sackey, which you printed in the first issue of your Editor-ship (No. 11)

The definition of Black Art as "arts of people of African descent" is a preposterous reversal to a racist definition of our Arts. "Black" in the context of Britain is a reflection of political reality (born of a history of alliances in the anti-colonialist struggles, and struggles waged against the institutions of racism in this country), or it is meaningless. By defining myself as Black I recognise that, as an Asian, I share certain experiences — and inherit the tradition of such experiences — in common with Africans, West Indians, Indians, Pakistanis, Bangladeshis, and Sri Lankans: historical experiences that have made us part of the British nexus (Colonialism) and led us to inhabit and flourish in this land (post-Colonial racism).

By NiiOsam Sackey's preposterous definition I, as an Asian born in Africa, can properly call myself "Black". Where does that get us? I would suggest that before NiiOsam Sackey indulges in xenophobic definitions, he consider the politics of our Arts in Britain today.

Yours sincerely,
Jatinder Verma
TARA ARTS GROUP

Dear Editor
Arts Council Exhibition Subsidy Scheme

I would like to draw your attention to a scheme for exhibition subsidy operated by the Arts Council.

One of the areas singled out for support relates to projects which provide opportunities for artists from the world's majorities or which increase the accessibility of exhibitions to wide audiences, especially those from the world's majorities.

Sarah Wason
Art Officer

continued from page 1

to win or save the match. When it ceases to do these things and he persists, then his individualism will be self-indulgent. A Mike Holding run-up, however long, is not indulgent if it strikes apprehension in the batsman enough to induce a wicket, or to slow the scoring etc. even if the benefits accrue to other bowlers, i.e. to the team. We won't hammer the thing to death with reference to Louise Bennett, Linton Kwesi Johnson, Wilson Harris etc. where individual artistry and group consciousness come together in winning combinations.

Other phrases in this issue of *Artrage* would be teased out in our forum: is it the 'class' tag on the albeit ironic phrase *Asian shopkeeper class* which perturbs? And when a visitor to Barbados observes that a Barbadian has a strong Bajan accent, is he saying more than, in another context, that a London-born person has a London accent? — etc.

*

And now for something depressingly the same. We are assured by officials (see *National Campaign for the Arts*) that 'women, ethnic minorities and people with disabilities should be at the centre and not on the fringe of the arts industry'. Naturally, we support humane moves that this or any other society makes to accommodate those of its citizens who are described as having disabilities. Though we might offer assistance with the definitions. What we find strange — and replication doesn't make it less strange — is the curious process whereby black people and women of all colours are consigned (confined?) to the category of those with disabilities. And this, in a country which, we're told, has had something of a tradition of intellectual curiosity. *Man, dis not just stupidness, you know: is something else!* ●

Dear Artrage

I'm just an ignorant woman and I haven't been to your schools and universities, so I don't expect you will take any notice of what I have to say; but I'm going to say it nevertheless.

It's just something that has come to my attention, from the television. I can't help noticing with all these burnings and things, these families having accidents in their homes, that it's the man who always seems to get away.

There were two cases last year, where the woman and her young daughters got burnt in the house while the man jumped to safety. Then take this tragic case last week where the woman and her children were again burnt to death and the man ran out of the front door, *in shock*; and is now in hospital recovering from shock.

What I want to ask is this: when the fire comes, why is it the man always heads for the window or the front door, and not back to where the woman and girls are sleeping? Where do these men sleep anyway, that it's always so easy for them to escape into shock, while the woman and girls get burnt up?

It don't make sense to me.

Maureen

APPEAL

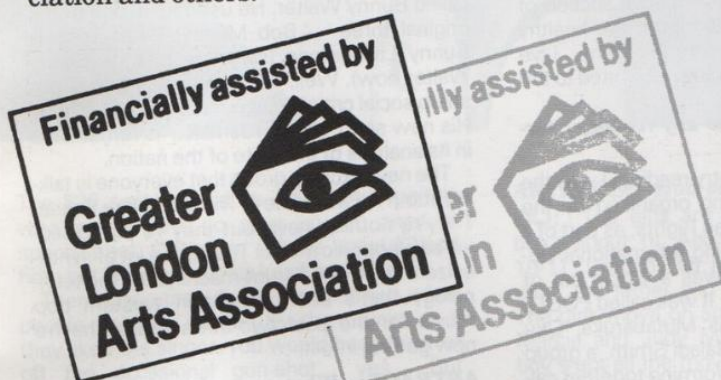
Artrage would like to appeal to painters, illustrators and photographers to donate slides, plates, prints, copies of their work to our photographic library. This would help us in bringing this resource up to date, and give us a wider range of options from which to illustrate work for the magazine.

We are also always on the lookout for art-work to mount with our launches.

National Campaign for the Arts

The National Campaign for the Arts now enters its most crucial phase with the abolition of the GLC and the Metropolitan County Councils looming on the horizon.

The Campaign was formed a little over a year ago by individual artists, administrators, employers' organisations and trade unions who came together in response to what was considered the most serious threat this century to the arts posed by government policies for the arts. From the outset the Campaign sought to be as truly representative as possible of all the arts throughout the United Kingdom and to avoid the pitfalls of mounting a campaign based on a narrow elitist platform. Consequently representation has been drawn on the Interim Executive Committee of representatives from the regions as well as London and representatives of black and community arts as well. Backing for the Campaign comes from a wide range of individual members and initial financial support has come from the Association of British Orchestras, The Broadcasting and Entertainment Trades Alliance, Equity, the Musicians Union, the Society of West End Theatre and Theatrical Management Association and others.



The basic premise of the Campaign is that art is an essential part of a civilised society and touches on many aspects of our daily lives. Damage to the Arts will therefore damage the country culturally, socially and economically. Apart from highlighting the obvious threat to the arts from the abolition of the GLC and the Metropolitan Councils, the Campaign has spelled out the likely damage that rate-capping will do and the extent to which the £34m the Government has earmarked to compensate for the abolition of the GLC and the MCC will fall short of the level of funding necessary to sustain the same level of arts subsidy before abolition.

The Campaign has consistently spelled out in its regular bulletin the likely effect of the estimated £21m shortfall after abolition that it will invariably hit community and minority groups hardest. Recently the Campaign has published its first major publication 'A Growing Concern — A Programme for the Arts' which argues the case for a more enlightened approach to arts funding. The ten-point programme drawn up by the Campaign is as follows:

Prime responsibility for the health of the arts to rest with the Government.

A fair share of public authority support for the arts, with a statutory duty helped by a government grant.

Business and trade union sponsorship encouraged, with tax incentives to individual supporters.

VAT zero-rating on all the arts.

Women, ethnic minorities and people with disabilities should be at the centre and not on the fringe of the arts industry.

Better pay and status for arts workers.

A major review of the structure, function and accountability of the Arts Council, the BFI, the Crafts Council and the Museums and Galleries Commission.

The Creation of a new Ministry for the Arts, headed by a Minister of Cabinet rank.

Membership of the National Campaign for the Arts is open to all individuals interested in the arts and to arts organisations. Individual membership is £12 per annum (£6.00 unwaged). There is a sliding scale for membership of the arts organisations ranging from a percentage of annual turnover for certain types of 'practicing' arts organisations (an orchestra for example) to £25.00 for umbrella organisations and as little as £12.00 for small impecunious organisations. The Director of the campaign is Simon Crine who has extensive experience of working in campaigning organisations; and the current chairperson is Melvyn Bragg.

The time is right for black/minority artists and organisations to make their voice heard nationally on



issues affecting the development of the arts. It is therefore important that as many individuals and groups as possible join the National Campaign for the arts. Membership entitles you to a regular bulletin on the arts and politics, society and education, periodical reports and briefings on issues of current concern, contact with members from joint campaigns and importantly, the right to stand for election and to vote for members of the Council of the Campaign.

For further information and for literature on the Campaign contact: National Campaign for the Arts, Francis House, Francis Street, London SW1P 1DE. Tel: 01-828 4448. ●

Errol Lloyd



Just Talking

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON

As a lead into our focus on the Caribbean, *Artrage* hopes that sharing the impressions of a leading Caribbean-born artist, just back from Jamaica, would give us something of a feel of the artistic environment in at least one part of the Caribbean. E.A. Markham was talking to Linton Kwesi Johnson.

ARTRAGE: So Linton, you've just got back from Jamaica. What's happening in the Arts over there? What have you come across that excites you?

LKJ: Most of my time was spent visiting family, Archie; so I didn't have a chance really to check out all that was happening. What I did find, though, was that the theatre scene was very active. Yes, much of it, you know, is the sort of West End-type farce based around local theatre themes. There's a play called *Politrax*, for instance, about a young fellow — some artist or other — who gets involved in politics. There was a play called *Undercover Lover*, that people were talking about. And, of course, there's the *Pantomime*. You know every year we have the *Pantomime* in Jamaica, it's now become an institution; and Barbara Gloudon had written a new pantomime called *Trash*, which everybody was very excited about.

ARTRAGE: It's called *Trash*!

LKJ: Now *Trash* doesn't mean what it sounds like, it doesn't mean rubbish. You know the saying to *trash a corn*. Well, when you do that, it's nice and clean. So when a woman is well-dressed in Jamaica, and looks nice and crisp, they say: *She's trash. Trash & ready*. That seemed very popular. But there's a lot of other theatre, small theatres, you know — the Barn, the Little Theatre, the Green Gables etc. Lots of activity. Art exhibitions too. There was an Aubrey Willaims exhibition — the one that he had had at the Commonwealth Institute (the Olmec-Maya one). It was the main thing been talked about in Art circles. Then again, there was the Harmony Hall Exhibition of local painters. And lots more.

ARTRAGE: Good. Good. What about music? Popular music. Anything interesting?

LKJ: There was a tremendous amount of live music. You know that had largely gone by the wayside at the height of the political warfare down there. But nowadays throughout Kingston and the north coast... and even in country parts... it's on again. The shows. A mixture of big names and others. Big names like Third World, Marcia Griffiths, Judy Mowatt, the Sagittarius Band and people like that who would tour all round the country. And there's a *Patty* company, called *Tasties*... For the last two-three years they've been sponsoring competitions and a lot of DJs — young and up-and-coming DJs and singers — have emerged out of these *Tastie Patty* competitions. I think Yellow Man, in fact, was one of them who came through. And a fellow called Charlie Chaplin...

ARTRAGE: I mean, what are they? Mainly political, these shows?

LKJ: No, they're mainly billed as entertainment. But maybe two or three years ago you couldn't see an artist getting up on the stage and expressing anti-government statements. But it's happening now, increasingly. Particularly among the DJs. Although people might not make overt statements, you know they'll say certain things which everybody knows are aimed at the government. The whole political climate of tribalism and warfare has cooled down considerably. I don't know if it's because of the Eradication Squad (a special section of the Police). But there seems a more healthy atmosphere now for entertainment. Live musical entertainment — and not limited to the hotel and tourist circuits.

ARTRAGE: Did you do any readings, performances?

LKJ: I took part in a poetry reading. I was the special guest at a reading organised by the Jamaica Council for Human Rights, as part of a week of activity celebrating International Human Rights Day. There was a whole set of poets, mostly DUB poets. It was called POETS FOR RIGHTS. There was Mutabaruka, Oku Onuora, a fellow called Maladi Smith, a group of poets who've been performing together called POETS IN UNITY, and Mervyn Morris, who read marvellously.

Now the whole DUB poetry movement has been officially sponsored by the Government — the Jamaican Cultural Development Commission. They have these competitions every year, Literary Art, Speech & Drama and so on — now they've included DUB poetry as a category. Ninety percent of it is rubbish. Really bad.

ARTRAGE: I was going to ask about that. That must pose problems.

LKJ: Tremendous problems. Because they don't seem to be able to distinguish between whether they're DJs talking over a rhythm or whether they're poets. And some of them simply believe that all they have to do is to string a few words together in a rhythm — whatever sing-song rhythm that rhymes — say something or other about black people and slavery and all that, and its poetry. And I find a lot of it very bad. I mean, when it's good, it's very good. One of the more interesting fellows doing this is called Shaka Brian. (Who appeared on a compilation album that Mutabaruka did: WORLD SOUND HAVE POWER).

What I've noticed, too, is that during the Manley period the most pronounced force within the music came from Rastafari. It provided the music with its *ethos*; it provided the

language of protest and all that. Since Seaga took over it's all folk (you know Manly was Joshua with the rod of Jericho and all that, went to Ethiopia and Selassie gave him the rod. Well, Mr Seaga is a Pocomania man. He's supposed to be the expert on Pocomania).

Mr Seaga is very much into the Jamaican folk music and that sort of thing. So now you're getting the old folk, the old *mento* nuances coming back into the music again. And a lack of the protest sort of song which dominated the 70s. The only person who stands out — really, he's like an oasis in the desert — is a fellow called Bunny Walter. He used to be one of the original three — Bob Marley, Peter Tosh & Bunny Livingstone (same man, he's Bunny Walter now). Well, he consistently brings out sharp social criticism about the state of affairs. His new song 'Here in Jamaica' is remarkable in its analysis of the state of the nation.

The new exciting group that everyone is talking about is Paul Blake & The Blood Fire Posse. They're nothing new, but they've just discovered electronic music. They use a lot of synthesizers and even a drum-machine. All the technology that's been around in western pop music for the past two-three years, they're now getting into it.

ARTRAGE: What sorts of crowds do they draw?

LKJ: Large crowds. There was a show in New Kingston. There were the old-timers like Delroy Wilson, who was very popular in the 60s, and the newcomers like Charlie Chaplin, Michigan & Smiley. These are the DJs. In fact the DJs are still dominating the whole business over there. And 5,000 people, 6,000 people come to the shows!

ARTRAGE: Where are they held? Where do they take place?

LKJ: They have these open-air theatres. Like drive-in cinemas. Or the National Arena. Or they have them in the squares. Town squares. They usually have one backing band which backs all the various artists. They're usually very badly organised. Run late... sometimes the sound is awful and all that. But it's like people are dying for some form of recreation because they haven't been having much recently.

ARTRAGE: What cross-section of the Jamaican people do they attract?

LKJ: A wide cross-section. Very wide. You go to a place like the National Arena and you find that the ticket prices are something like \$20 and \$40. The front seats are the \$40 seats. You find the sort of up-town middle-class crowd in that section of the audience.

SON'S



The \$20 seats would be down-town people who would have to save up for them. A special treat. \$20 might only be about £2-odd here but in Jamaica it's a lot of money.

There was a time during these shows when people became excited by the music, or if they liked the singer, you would hear them let off the occasional gun-shot... yes... But nowadays, with the Eradication Squad and whatnot — nowadays they're using firecrackers. Firecrackers had been banned in Jamaica for years. And still are.

I went to a show on New Years' Day at the National Arena. It was Third World and one of the special guests from London was Dennis Brown. The backing group was a band called 809 led by a saxophone player who did a remarkable take-off of Stevie Wonder. There was a fellow called Half-Pint whom the audience loved. A young fellow of about 19-20. He comes out of the Sing-Jay school of Reggae.

ARTRAGE: *What's that?*

LKJ: Sing-Jay: A lot of youngsters over the last seven or eight years have learnt their craft by going to a dance-hall and when the instrumental side of a record is being played, they ask the sound-system operator to let them have the mike and then they sing over — half-sing, half-chant using their own lyrics which they either improvise or have prepared before hand. And people like Half-Pint have emerged as singers in this way. He did a song called Winsome, about a girl who had too many boyfriends. I believe the Rolling Stones are going to do a cover version of it. The Marley kids also came on stage. You know, Bob Marley's children — their group is called Melody Makers. The lead singer is Bob's son...

ARTRAGE: *How old are they now?*

LKJ: The girls are about 15 and 16. One boy's about 14. And another little one about 10-11. I mean, it's just basically a mimic of what the father and the I-Trees used to do. The girls move on stage exactly like Rita and Marcia and Judy Mowatt used to do. The boy's got all the movements, the gestures of his father. And the voice quality of the father is remarkable.

ARTRAGE: *Does it work?*

LKJ: Even, you know, Bob used to do this movement with his hand. The same. Jumps up in the air. The whole thing. Extraordinary. But I think sooner or later people are going to get bored with that, and they're going to have to develop their own stage-craft, and their own style and all that. But it was nice.

ARTRAGE: *Well, Linton, seeing that at your tender age you've become the Edler Statesman of music-poetry... do you feel, when you go back to Jamaica that there's pressure, if you like, to tell people how it's done?*

LKJ: No, not that kind of pressure. The pressure I'm faced with is that everywhere I go there, everybody believes I'm the impresario of Dub poetry — that I have the key to open all the doors of success. Because they know of my connection with Micky & Oku and Jean Breeze and Lorna Goodison and whatnot. So I'm constantly harrassed. I'm bombarded by people who are saying: can't I get a record out for them; can't I help them to get to England; can't I get their poems published etc. And I just have to tell them. "I'm not what you think I am. I'm just a struggling artist myself"

ARTRAGE: *I like it. But performing in Jamaica again. Do you actually find that performing in Jamaica is special in any way?*

LKJ: Very special... Of course you know, in Jamaica if you've been away for a year, you're a foreigner. So I make a point of telling them that I'm a black Englishman... But it's special. It's a challenge because I'm writing in the spoken language and it's always a challenge to see if I can have an impact over there. Luckily it always seems to go down well. It's always a boost to my ego to do a reading in Jamaica and to be well received. I have a little cult following down there.

ARTRAGE: *You've got a cult following everywhere.*

LKJ: ... and they think of me as somebody special. They treat me with respect... And I enjoy it.

ARTRAGE: *Other people performing your poems. What do you feel when you hear that?*

LKJ: I've never heard anybody, you know, performing my poems. The only place I heard people do my things — the poems with the music — was in Sweden. There's a reggae band — you can't imagine the number of white reggae bands there are in Europe! It's a myth put out by the record companies that reggae is dead. The places I visit with my band — we play to 5,000, 10,000 people in Paris. Reggae. Every country you go you discover white, young Europeans playing reggae. A couple of years ago in Stockholm, a coachload of youngsters came in from some remote place to hear us perform, they'd driven over 200km. Then some of them came back-stage and gave me a cassette. And on this cassette they'd done my poem about George Lindo; they'd done Sonny's Letta and a couple of others. They got a couple of the words wrong, but it was amusing.

ARTRAGE: *There's some debate about white bands doing reggae...*

LKJ: Look, we did a show in Tokyo last year; and there was a Japanese band — trombone, trumpet, drummer, guitarist and a bass. They were good. If you couldn't see them play, you would have thought you were listening to a Jamaican reggae band. They sounded a lot like Rico, when Rico was at his height.

ARTRAGE: *So it can be done?*

LKJ: It can be done. I've heard very good reggae bands in Scandinavia. There's one called I-Scream — very good. They're into the real roots thing, so they listen to all the old Jamaican records from the '60s and they play them exactly with even all the mistakes, all the bad notes and everything. There's a good one in America called Blue Rhythm Band: it was invited to play at the Reggae Sunsplash Festival in Jamaica last year, and I heard that was one of the highlights of the Festival.

Then again the Japanese. The Japanese are something else. Anything that we have in the West, they can do it too.

1981-1986

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25, GARDEN REACH, CALCUTTA, the 16th Sept.

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Malin
Depôt SURGEON.

CARIBE

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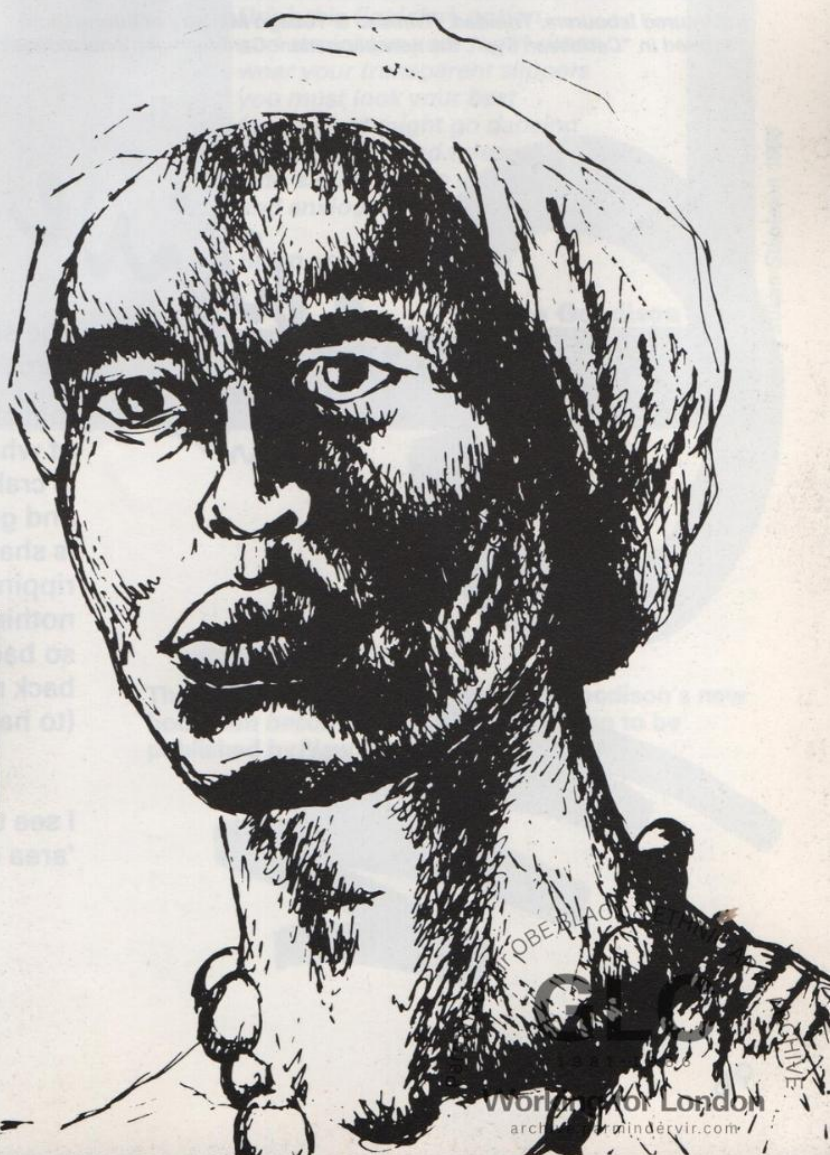


A permanent Art Exhibition *The Caribbean Eye* will open on March 5th at the Commonwealth Institute (top floor).

The exhibition will form an introduction to the national displays of the Commonwealth Caribbean with an overview of the region past and present. From the societies and cultures of the first Americans to images and issues of the region today, it will reflect the making of the modern Caribbean, often in words and images of those who played key roles in contemporary events.

THE CARIBBEAN EYE

A PERMANENT ART EXHIBITION



*Man's indenture certificate. (Trinidad & Tobago Ministry of Information).
Demarara shutters, Georgetown, Guyana. (Copyright: Steve Brownlow).
NANNY, a slave-resistance leader C18 Jamaica. Photo. WENTY BOWEN*

World of London
architectural environment.com



Indentured labourers, Trinidad. (Trinidad & Tobago Ministry of Information).

Featured in "Caribbean Eye", the new permanent Caribbean regional exhibition opening at the Commonwealth Institute in March 1986.

Creative writing

From
the Caribbean

The shark, racing the shadow of the shark
across clear coral rocks, does make them dark –

that is my premonition of the scene
of what passing over this Caribbean.
Is crab climbing crab-back, in a crab-quarrel,
and going round and round in the same barrel,
is sharks with shirt-jacs, sharks with well-pressed fins,
ripping we small fry off with razor grins;
nothing ain't change but color and attire,
so back me up, Old Brigade of Satire,
back me up, Martial, Juvenal, and Pope
(to hang theirself I giving plenty rope),

I see these islands and I feel to bawl,
'area of darkness' with V.S. Nightfall.

Derek Walcott
(FROM *The Spoiler's Return*)

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1981-1986

Working for London

archive.parmindervir.com

BEDSPREAD

Sometimes in the still
unchanging afternoons
when the memories crowded
hot and hopeless against
her brow

she would seek its cool colours
and signal him to lie down
in his cell.

It is three in the afternoon Nelson
let us rest here together
upon this bank draped in freedom
colour.

It was woven by women with slender
capable hands
accustomed to binding wounds
hands that closed the eyes of
dead children,
that fought for the rights to
speak in their own tongues
in their own land
in their schools.

They wove the bedspread
and knotted notes of hope
in each strand
and selvaged the edges with
ancient blessings

older than any white man's coming.
So in the afternoons lying on this
bright bank of blessing
Nelson my husband I meet you in
dreams

my beloved much of the world too is
asleep blind to the tyranny and evil
devouring our people.

But, Mandela, you are rock on this
sand

harder than any metal
mined in the bowels of this land
you are purer than any
gold tempered by fire
shall we lie here wrapped
in the colours of our free Azania?

They arrested the bedspread.

They and their friends are working
to arrest the dreams in our heads
and the women, accustomed to closing
the eyes of the dead
are weaving cloths still brighter
to drape us in glory in a Free
Azania.

Lorna Goodison
(Jamaica)

Lorna Goodison

LULLABY FOR JEAN RHYS SLEEP IT OFF LADY

*the night nurse is here
dressed in rain forest colours
used stars in her hair.
Drink this final dark potion
and straighten your night-dress
wear your transparent slippers
you must look your best
for you just might go dancing
atop hard-headed trees
with a man who is virile
and anxious to please.*

Sleep now Miss Rhys.

Lorna Goodison

These poems are taken from Lorna Goodison's new
book *I am becoming my mother* — soon to be
published by New Beacon Books

Photo by Julian Stapleton 1985

Morning of Uncertainties



by Fenwick J. Francis

The two females stood in the shade of the street-corner café. The older of the two edged closer to the road, her sharp angular face pointing hopefully into the blinding morning sun. She squinted, long and hard, down the silent, hot stretch of road until her gaze rested on other figures carefully turning the distant bend. The woman grimaced.

Yes, she concluded, it was going to be another one of those days.

At seven-thirty in the morning the main-road looked deserted, but occasionally a car sped past.

Beside, or rather around her, a tireless little girl played. Two thick plaits of hair bounced about her head as she skipped and jumped over her lunch-kit anchored on the side-walk. She did a Red Indian-type dance while shrieking peals of 'little-girl' laughter; and playfully tugged at the older woman's hand, urging her to play in a game she did not want to.

A car approached and instinctively the woman extended her hand, gesticulating it to stop.

It did.

"Come on!" she cried to the girl, who abruptly stopped her dancing, grabbed the lunch-kit and climbed into the car. "Mammy, it's that man again," the little girl sang out loudly as she got in.

The woman blushed. "So we meet again."

"Yes. Come in." The driver seemed enthusiastic, "Let the little girl come in the middle. Is ages I haven't seen you. How's everything?"

"O.K. I so glad I see you this morning. This transportation thing would send people mad just now!.... You know how long I and this little girl waiting on a car?"

The driver said nothing.

She scanned his face, a wry smile at the corner of her thin lips. "How come you're picking and choosing passengers with so much people waiting for transportation? You making style with your taxi or what?...."

"Not me!" The driver laughed when he said this. Then glanced guilty backwards at the preoccupied passengers in the rear.

The taxi slowed down to a halt, just ahead of an unconcerned man. The driver stuck his hand out the window and beckoned to the man.

"Leh mih pick up this fellah.... It have room for one more and he does travel with mi regular."

"You know how people is these days. You must have a little understanding." The woman defended her fellow commuters.

The door closed violently behind the new passenger and the taxi roared off.

"You see that girl there!" the driver pointed across the road as he changed to a higher gear.

"Where?"

A massive trailer roared past, revealing a smartly-dressed young woman standing on the other side of the road. She had just turned her head to avoid the dust-storm raised by the trailer's giant wheels when the woman saw her.

"I admire that girl. Come rain, sun, thunder or lightening she waits right there for a special car! She ain't stopping no other car!"

"I really can't blame her, a lot of drivers does make style."

The woman reflected on what she had said for a while. "Anyway isn't it time you buy a new car!"

He parried this, "You can't buy a motor-car here these days. you have to wait two years to order it. Two more years to get it and then it breaks down in two years!.... After you have spent all your money to buy it. Better you take that same money and buy a house... and even that you can't get!" he roared with laughter.

She glanced sideways at him then stared straight ahead.

She felt him getting on her nerves.

* * *

The taxi hauled itself along its journey; around winding turns, uphill, downhill, straight ahead, alongside drought-dried, grassy hillsides with patches of burnt-out sites, and still – the people waiting.

"I have three cars now..." the woman said "Yes... three cars... but they are in England... You remember Betty?... my sister. Well she died and left three cars for me. A Mercedes Benz, a Jaguar and the other... the other is a... a... I can't remember the name. A sports car! What is the name of the other car, Joanne?... Joanne! Stop scratching the lunch-kit!"

"A Rolls-Royce." The older woman sighed, wearily, as if to reassure herself in this morning of uncertainties. "Two estates in England. One in Warwickshire, the other in Coventry".

The little girl looked from the driver to her mother – seeking permission to join the conversation, and disappointed, moodily sank into her seat.

"When we get to England we would be living on both of them according... according to the seasons," the older woman continued.

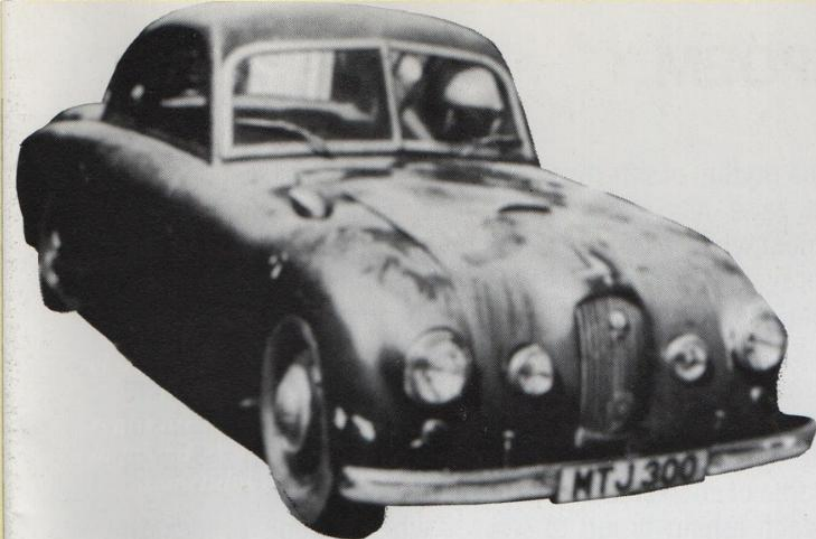
The driver nudged the restive Puck with an elbow and winked at her. "Joanne, let mammy send down a helicopter for me so that I can come and spend a day with you."

Seizing the opportunity the girl suddenly spun around towards the driver. "We would land... wooshhh... and pick you up!" her cherub face flushed with excitement. "Right, Mother?"

"Joanne! sit still!" her mother was not game.

"I'm getting the sports car!" the girl cried obdurately, jumping about in her seat.

Pushing his sun-glasses up on his nose-bridge to counter the glare of the wind-screen, the driver grinned, and stole a quick



glance at his youngest passenger. "You can't drive it as yet. .. you're too young."

He pulled away as a sleek sports-car, breaking the line of traffic, rushed past and he swore inaudibly under his breath. Then: "How old are you? Eight?... nine?"

"Eight!" The child confided hopefully.

"Well you still have to wait, lemme see... eight more years. Yes, when you reach sixteen... then you can drive your sports car. You can come and pick me up when I come to visit you. O.K.?"

The child looked to the older woman. The woman's thin, veined hand reached across and ruffled the girl's head in reassurance. "Yes... not till you reach sixteen."

The driver started humming an old ballad, stopped, then started whistling the tune instead. The little girl fidgeted with her lunch-kit and the older woman stared stonily ahead, a faint, mysterious smile on her lips.

The driver tried cheering up the girl. "You know it's easier to get you a licence over there than here..."

"Yes they tell me so," her mother smiling dreamily, nodded in agreement.

The little girl suddenly swung around in her seat from mother to driver, startling him. "My brother wants a yacht!"

Behind his sun-glasses the driver's eyes, unseen, rested momentarily on the daughter, then on the mother. "Buy him one." He spoke calmly.

"Yes I will buy one for him!" The woman squinted, suppressing tears of joy. "Oh! Joanne would be going to a boarding school over there. We would be living in Warwickshire, spending our weekends and Joanne's holidays in Coventry."

"Betty left all that for you?" he queried, shaking his head. "Lucky you!"

"Yes. After her husband died he left everything for her, and when she died she left everything for me. You knew she had no children?"

Her sun-reddened face smiled heaven-wards, her bosom heaved in a great thankful sigh. "Ahhh... Crazy Betty!"



"Betty. It's hard to think of her as dead now. I remember, when she used to dance. Dance with... who it was now...? The Arawak Dance Troup! Right?" He looked across expectantly.

"Ha ha ha... haha" The woman was excited "You remember! People used to say she was wild and... and how Miss McCuffie daughter is the little whore down the street who does be doing the vulgar dances in town. Mammy did not like that but Betty had her own way from the day she born..."

"Yeah... I can tell you that too. But how come she was in England?" he sounded perplexed. "When she left here it wasn't it one of those French islands she went to?"

"Yes, Joanne behave! Martinique... of all places! She always said the French had culture. Anyway, if she had stayed here she would not have got rich and famous... because it was only a year after she went to Paris that she became a star and met Hans. She married him. Hans was a millionaire and Betty had her money. Hans had his business in England so they settled there instead... He died four years ago... Betty soon afterwards"

The driver teased the woman, "So how does it feel to be a rich woman? To have all that money?"

"I haven't changed, have I?" she laughed modestly.

"No. Not as yet."

"Well I am not going to, so don't tease me We reach! It was nice meeting you again... Here's your fare... You going down to Independence Square?"

"Independence Square? I ent going down there in that traffic at all"

"O.K., Take care."

The driver collected the fares of the other passengers, and winced as the doors were slammed. Now, he eased back off his steering wheel, and through the mass of people scurrying about, his eyes followed a tall, pathetic woman and happily skipping little girl crossing the busy, congested street. The little girl was smiling questioningly into the older woman's face, soliciting answers. Then the woman said something which seemed to satisfy her temporarily.

The driver shook his head vigorously as if breaking out of a trance. And the little girl and her mother turned a corner, out of sight.

"Mad-ass!" he muttered, then swung his car into the taxi-stand. ●

Fenwick J. Francis
Trinidad



A day in the village: A PROSEPOEM

At six discordant bells disturb the quiet journeying old women cross themselves, brims reciting *the angel of the lord declared*.... meanwhile the village yawns in harmoniums to the solitude of sleep cocks, dogs, donkeys crow, bark and bray,.... cows moo frustrations of inflated mammaries, goats and sheep leaning on creaking gates dash into sandy streets crackling dried breadfruit leaves and twigs then head to open fields to graze chased by brats who laugh when young rams butt old men who swear having spilled bottled water or women screaming obscenities as goats tip garbage from old cardboard boxes awaiting pickup by the sanitary men in donkey carts and young girls skipping puffs of dust through the streets to oven yards for hot double-nippled bread the milk women sing to sell from aluminium buckets to brat-feeding mothers and the aroma of cocoa tea and canel leaves fill the air.

Conch shells verberate sounding hills summon each fishing group to sea when schools of jackfish sighted moving south off the point north of the village explode countryside to life.

And that was the village at six every day from '44 till '63

At seven rosary beads are popping in the streets when shrimplets and old maids wander to the village church, to mass the village day, as irish nuns and french priests drag their habits through sandy streets forming brown rings around the hem and pigeons, doves, blackbirds and egrets take to fields just ploughed, while seagulls dip a thieving beak in fish-nets, ducking pebbles, leaving one jackfish less; and strong arms splash images of water-spray, making thundered sounds to keep the fish at net; and life at seven till eight is centred by the bay. the girls into public showers raising hell boys into the sea.

It is nine when stragglers drag their feet through the dusty school yards grinning at those puckering irish nuns raybanning the tropical light, as if defying sun to burn their white freckled face; and all the streets are bare, till donkeys bray the midday angelus, disturbing contemplative thoughts 'neath zamaan trees, wandering with each passing boat, now to the horizon then to the shore, as the day of tomorrow passed, and every day is now for now.

And through the miraging heat at three, first signs of life appear the Dauphin Road it seems a walking tree, a cow, a cart, three men; as two old women wobble down, the village breathes and life renews acquaintance with the streets till eight — the shops, the roros and the kids. In quick short blasts all gather around the calvary steps, to hear world news, and dates are kept; boys hide and seek; and politics abound; and time, apathetic to all that, inches to another uneventful, peaceful day in the village.

Philip Jules
(St Lucia)

EMPIRE DAY

24th of May (they fooled us)
was the king's birthday
we rose before the sun
started past house holes at our
privacy
no holiday from wood and water
don't be late
absentee monarch to look after
royal stripes our fate.

Long miles of dusty road
Long Ground to st. George's
green cedars flanked the way
a guard of shady honour
troubled our tread penance to pay
at the hand of burning shoes
sacred to Sunday and empire day.

"Children of the empire
you are brothers all"
listening weary to the yearly message
dehydrated pilgrims fainted
brothers broke their fall
the loud speaker whistled in the wind
across Hyde Park. No one in London
heard the call
to unity. No one in Pretoria.

"Children of the empire
your fathers fought and died"
planter power to secure
swell British barns with pride
that your children may have roses
to punctuate their thorns
not pass a bleeding heritage
to "generations yet unborn".

The treat, a royal handshake
fistfuls of British aid
one big King George penny bun
muscovado lemonade.

Games (not quite bun and circus)
empire children must be strong
to hipthrow Kaiser William
and dynamite Japan
"it doesn't matter if you lose
but how you play the game"
victors enjoyed accolades
victi ludorum blame.

Sweat-stained tiros strike the field
stoned on loyalty
aching feet small price to pay
great strides for majesty.

Richard Trajo Su Flauta

III

*el día que las dos viejas disecaron dos pájaros
en algún sitio de un museo
regresamos vacíos deseosos de escuchar la música del siglo
la felicidad consistía en todo aquel placer de escuchar
sometidos a la hegemonía de una magia*

*para mí era primera vez
primera vez
primera que reconocía un clarinete tan feroz
tan ahumado
caliente
gracias a abuelo Egües aquella era la llegada de una era*

*para nosotros la infancia revivida
comenzada tan sólo*

*sólo aquel clarinete como un puente
(y la mirada cobriza de Gladys con unas cuantas libras más)*

*teníamos necesidad de escuchar cada soplo
el trac de la aguja embadurnada de viejo polvo*

*Mozart y Europa reían muy lejos
pero también nosotros bailábamos desesperadamente
al escuchar un timbal un bajo una trompeta un guiro una flauta*

*reunidos en campaña
o al escuchar los golpes de los parches nacidos de mismísimo fuego*

*era la primera vez la gran primera vez
y todo el silencio se reducía a escuchar
a escuchar*

IV

estamos todos juntos

suenan la música

felicidades Gladys

Gladys

pero Gladys no baila

no

eso jamás

Nancy Morejón

Where the Island Sleeps Like A Wing
Translator, Kathleen Weaver

Richard Brought His Flute

III

The day the two old women were dissecting two birds
in the back-room of some museum
we came home drained
wanting only to hear some jazz
happiness was all in the pleasure of listening
held in the sway of magic

for me it was the first time
the first time
the first I ever heard a clarinet so fierce
so smoky
so heated
thanks to Grandfather Egües an era had begun for us
childhood revived
and begun again

only that clarinet like a bridge
and the coppery glance of Gladys
a few pounds heavier
we hung on every breath
the dust-caked needle tracking

Mozart and Europe laughed in the far distance
while we were desperately dancing
to a kettledrum bass a trumpet
flute percussion gourd
all playing together
the drumbeats leaping out of the same fire

it was the first time the great first time
and all silence was reduced to listening

IV

we're all here

the music's playing

congratulations Gladys

Gladys

but Gladys doesn't dance

no never that

Nancy Morejón

1985 Black Scholar Press

Amor, Ciudad Atribuída

al lector, compañero

*aquí vuelvo a decir: el corazón de la ciudad no ha muerto
todavía
no ha de morir jamás para nosotros*

*ay sueño, han vuelto las mamparas
y los cabellos de los carpinteros revoloteando en la
mañana
amigándose ahora con todo lo que dejo a mi paso*

ahora mi corazón se hospeda en la ciudad y su aventura

*la poesía viene sola con todo lo que dejo a mi paso: flor
o demonio,
la poesía viene sola como un pájaro
(le doy un árbol rojo)
y se posa muy fiera sobre mi cabeza, y come mi
esclerótica;
pero ahora no es el alba tan sólo, no es tan sólo el
cantar de los pájaros
no es sólo la ciudad.*

*aquí diré las olas de la costa y la Revolución
aquí la poesía llega con una lanza hermosa para
sangrarme el pecho*

quién soy

*quién oye el sueño de mi boca maldita
para quién hablo, qué oído dirá sí a mis palabras
la boca del poeta está llena de hormigas cada vez que
amanece*

quién soy

*el guerrillero, la loca que deambula, la medusa, la flauta
china,
el sillón cálido, las algas, el cañón guardacosta, la
angustia,
la sangre de los mártires, el óvulo de ochún sobre esta
tierra*

quién soy

*que voy de nuevo entre las calles, entre orichas,
entre el calor oscuro y corpulento,*

*entre los colegiales que declaman Martí,
entre los automóviles, entre los nichos, entre mamparas,
entre la Plaza del pueblo, entre los negros, entre
guardacantones,
entre los parques, entre la ciudad vieja, entre el viejo
viejo Cerro,
entre mi Catedral, entre mi puerto*

aquí vuelvo a decir: amor, ciudad atribuída

Nancy Morejón

Love, Attributed City

for the reader, compañero

here I say again: the heart of the city has not yet died
for us need never die
oh dream, the summer screens return
and the carpenters' hair blowing in the morning
merging now with all I leave in the wake of my steps

my heart is lodged in the city and its adventure

freely with all I leave in my wake poetry comes:
flower or demon
poetry comes freely like a bird

(I offer it a red tree)
and it alights fiercely on my head and eats
what is sclerotic in me;
but now it's not just the dawn, not just the
singing of birds
not just the city

here I'll tell of coastal waves and the Revolution
here poetry comes with a beautiful sword to make my
breast bleed

who am I

who hears the dream of my cursed mouth
for whom do I speak, what ear will say yes to my words
the mouth of the poet fills with ants each time it dawns

who am I

the guerrilla, the roving madwoman, the Medusa, a
Chinese flute,
a warm chair, seaweed, the coast guard's cannon,
anguish,
the blood of the martyrs, the ovum of *ochún* on this earth

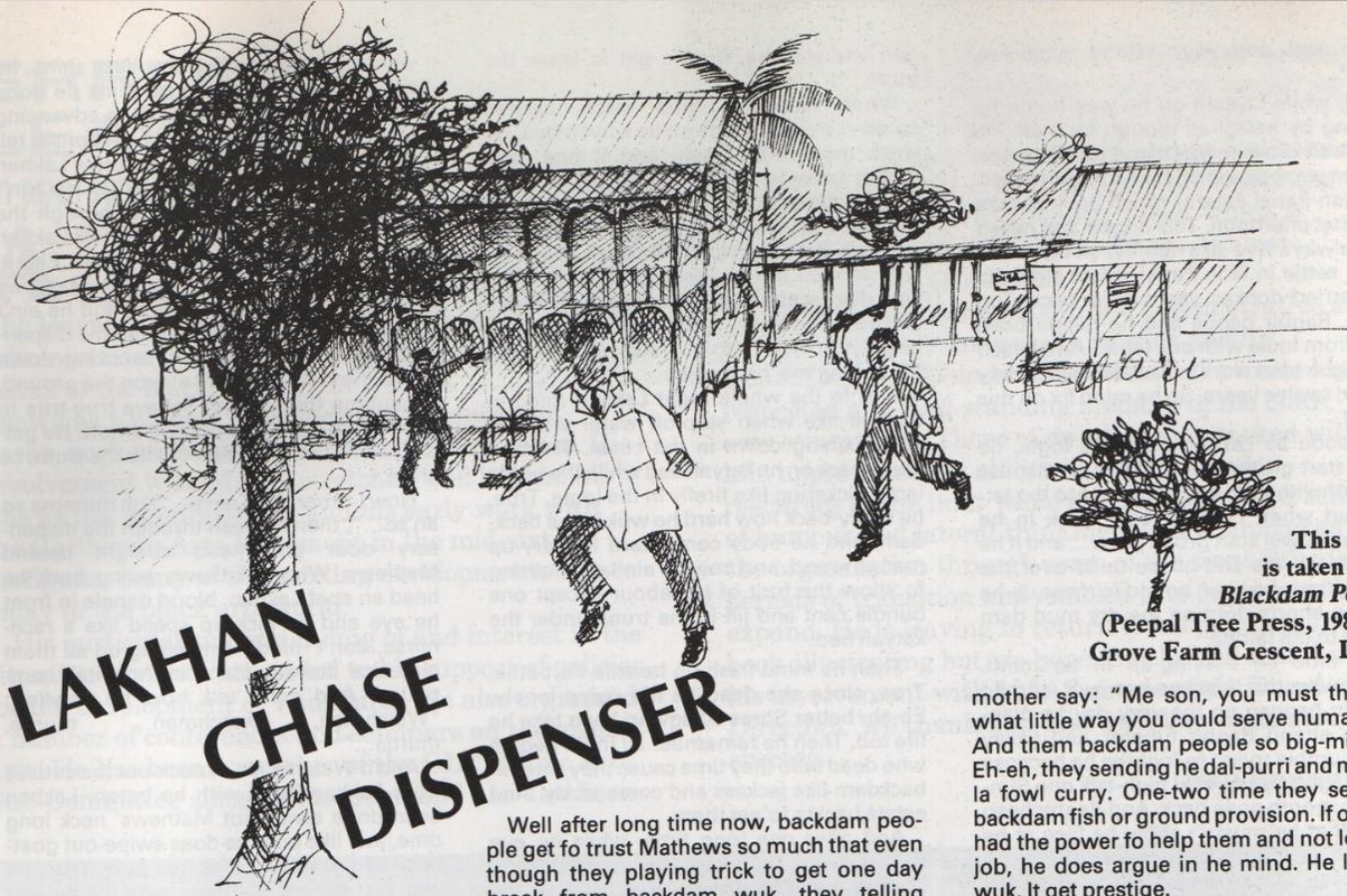
who am I

that I go again through the streets, among *orichas*,
through the dark and corpulent heat,

among school children reciting Martí,
among the cars, the hidden niches of the streets,
the summer screens, into the Plaza of the people
among the blacks, the *guardacantones*,
through the parks, the old city,
the old, old neighborhood of Cerro,
and my cathedral and my port

here I say again: love, attributed city

Nancy Morejón



LAKHAN CHASE DISPENSER

This story
is taken from
Blackdam People
(Peepal Tree Press, 1985 53,
Grove Farm Crescent, Leeds

Since Mathews from Georgetown replace the drunken Sun-Sun in Lusignan Estate Dispensary as second dispenser, straight-way backdam people like Mathews' spirit and start praise he like one Gaad. "Prappa good man this Mathews is, eh?" them people does say.

And too beside, this Mathews always spick-an-span in he white overall, and sometime he English far better than backra one in this estate. And he always bowing and saying how do you do to anybody, even if you cleaning mule-stable self, like Black-an-Shine and Rat. And the minute Mathews hear you unwell, or you complaining about belly-pain or head-pain, eh-eh, is quick time he handing you medicine in one white bottle or couple pill and he saying, "don't worry, you'll be okay. Have faith." Then he giving you one pat on you back as though you and he been come from one mumma belly.

And not one day self, backdam people could say they see this Mathews get passion or tipsy. Me tell you, when them people happen for see Mathews in the estate hospital ambulance, when long-crotch Kiswah done drive he to he home in Georgetown when dispensary close up at five o'clock, they waving to he as though he is one manager.

And like this Mathews had been bless fo cure people. True, most people who does receive medicine or advice from Mathews does feel better and believe Gaad self been touch Mathews' hand. But as to dispensa Sun-Sun, eh-eh, he did hand you any kiss-me-ass medicine and say: "Don't forget, yuh owe me a drink," while he eye blood-shat and he breath stinking with rum. Them boys been say that one morning, Sun-Sun been so drunk that he mistake medicine fo rum and he drink one bottle. And don't talk how he been fraff and vomiting while doctor pumping out the medicine. Since then he lose the wuk. Big dispensa say Sun-Sun could kill people in he damn drunkenness.

Well after long time now, backdam people get fo trust Mathews so much that even though they playing trick to get one day break from backdam wuk, they telling Mathews first, then they saying: "Ow, dispensa, give ahwe pill and record ahwe name in dispensary so Big Manja gon know ahwe sick when he enquire..."

But Mathews damn well know he can't encourage too much absenteeism or sickness in estate. You see, since he start wuk the first morning, he been get order from Big Manager and Big Dispensa to tell estate people they ain't as sick as they suppose, and whenever minor sickness turn up in dispensary, he should see to it that these bloody people start work the next day. It was the war days, manager been tell him, sugar been needed bad-bad in Europe and other war-torn country, and if backdam people keep complaining about sickness and belly-ache, the estate can't produce the maximum amount of sugar. True-true, them backra in estate gone get prappa blows-up from them bigger backra in Georgetown who running the sugar industry, and them backra in Georgetown gon get blows from them bigger backra in Inglan if them prafit not raise.

So estate backra like Big Manager and Second Manager does always discourage absenteeism and sickness in estate unless is emergency case. And too beside they won't allow them backdam people to have more than one-two hour off to attend funeral, and next morning, bright and early, you gat put back the two hour wuk. And them coolie driver make sure backdam people ain't get sick and run to dispensary, else who can't hear gon suffer suspension from backdam wuk or deduction in wages.

And this Mathews been study the situation well an proper. He know he can't come too thick with backdam people else he job in stake. On the other hand he sorry fo them people. The wuk been hard, from six to six, and them people is not engine, they need rest. And if they want fo attend one relative funeral in a next estate, they couldn't go unless they play sick and go to the dispensary. And even then, they gat to hide-hide like theif-man and meet home same evening. And he does remember how he grand-

mother say: "Me son, you must think in what little way you could serve humanity." And them backdam people so big-minded. Eh-eh, they sending he dal-purri and massala fowl curry. One-two time they sending backdam fish or ground provision. If only he had the power fo help them and not lose he job, he does argue in he mind. He like he wuk. It get prestige.

"Dat chap is a dispensa," he does hear people say. He know too that he friends and neighbours envy he wuk, and he study damn hard night-night for it, while in day he been sweating in Samuel doctor shop fo three years, till Samuel talk to one estate doctor who get Mathews he present dispensa job. Now, whenever he attend fete or dance in the city, them girls does flock to he cause they know he is one estate dispensa and soon time he gon turn docta. Meanwhile this sick-trick business just fo attend funeral, or drink soup and rest whole day in yuh logie, come too well known in the estate. And dispensa Mathews worrying he self day and night how he could curb the situation. He know self that most of the sickness case is trick, but he 'fraid fo tell Big Dispensa or Manager. They might take drastic action and some workers gon suffer, and as me tell you, Mathews get fo like backdam people. He ain't want create bad ting with them, but he wuk in hot-water if manager know the truth.

So now Mathews wuk one plan. In order to camouflage Big Manager and Big Dispensa, and at the same time enable backdam people to get a rest-day when they want, he start give them Epsom salt, which he assure them is good medicine. And the trick start to work. True-true, estate people really believe to Gaad they sick and this Mathews' medicine giving them clean-out. Next day they body feel light and strong fo brace estate wuk. And too beside, they getting bigger appetite and food like dal and rice an bhoo-njal shrimp get lost-way in they belly as though is elephant belly they get.

But one Monday morning, one fifty-six year old forkman name Lakhan walk in dispensary, hold his belly and say: "Ow, dispensa, me sick like daag... if yuh nah tend me, me na live fo see afternoon, ow dispensa." This time don't talk how Lakhan blowing and sweating as though he get short wind. Eh-eh, though he more dramatic and sudden, Mathews been suspect that this Lakhan must be playing sick-trick, so in a jiffy he administer Lakhan one tall dose

Epsom salt and say: "Good medicine, sahib."

Well, while Lakhan on he way home he laughing by heself as though he mad. He damn well know he fool dispensa Mathews. He been want attend he friend Ragbir funeral in Non Pariel Estate, which book to take place that afternoon. This Ragbir and heself been always live like family, never mind Ragbir settle in Non Pariel estate since he get married donkey years gone back. Too beside, Ragbir pappa and he pappa been come from India with one jehaji. And heself and Ragbir start work in backdam since they jump-in twelve years. So he mind fix on this funeral.

But soon as Lakhan reach he logie, he bowel start groan gr r r.... But he dismiss that forthwith with one quick trot to the latrine. But when Lakhan reach back in he logie, he bowel start groan grrrr.... and if he didn't reach the shit-house build over the canal in time, he been bound fo mess up he floumbag shorts right on the dry mud dam leading to the latrine.

This time he cussing-up in he mind, saying why this kiss-me-ass luck should chose fo happen on the very day he planning fo attend Ragbir funeral, and tikkay Ragbir jumbie trying fo frighten he because he an Ragbir been get lil high-talk one Sunday two month gone back. And Ragbir been tell he that he mustn't show he face at he funeral if he, Ragbir, dead before he.

Anyhow, he cool down soon as he bowel start settle down. Then he start sing Hindi bhajan sweet like sugar while he bathing, clad in one cotton longoti on the ghat by the black water canal where them lil boys does catch silverbait and patwau. Soon after, he pray to Shree Ram Bhagwan and do he puja by one corner in he logie. While he changing he clothes, he imagining how religious and solemn he gon look at Ragbir funeral place in he white dhoti and kurta. At the same time he thinking how he gon buss one prappa big cry soon as he see Ragbir in he coffin, saying: "Ow me brother Ragbir, yuh gone and leff me... ow me brotha..."

Grrrr... eh-eh, soon as Lakhan done dress up, he bowel start. And don't matter how much he trying, he can't control it. With one big cuss he dash out the logie and head straight to the latrine. And while he shitting and he belly griping as though he drink juta-water or salt and senna, all the mumma cuss coming out he mouth just like when water does gush from stand-pipe.

This time he mind wondering fo know if Mathews been give he wrong medicine. And if is true, he gon choke this Mathews neck till he bawl murda murda. But this Mathews is a good man he tell heself, and nuff-nuff people he helping out. Eh-eh; this Mathews can't give he wrong medicine, he tell he mind.

But in confusion he remember Chooto who nearly shit out he guts. Was about two years ago, and this Sun-sun was stale-booze when he give Chooto this white medicine. If Chooto didn't drink young sapodilla juice fo stop the shitting, he woulda dead. And don't matter how them boys question Sun-Sun about it, Sun-Sun insisting he give Chooto the right medicine.

And by midday Lakhan sure that Mathews make one mistake. He nearly shit out he guts. He come weak like trash, he could barely walk. Is seven bowel motion he done get, and he know one next one might send he to the grave. By this time he done decide fo know the truth, even if it mean he gat fo choke Mathews till he tongue come out like salinpenter. He know estate people

gon vex with he, but he gat fo know the truth.

When afternoon time reach, Lakhan couldn't even move from he katyah bed. He weak more than trash, and if one hard breeze blow he might fall down. And too beside, time done pass fo attend Ragir funeral, and he wondering what Ragbir wife gon say. Both man and wife been attend he wife funeral seven years gone back, so it very disgraceful not to show he face. Eh-eh, all this kiss-me-ass belly-wuk come cause he playing trick, he think. Tikkay Ragbir jumbie spiting me, he wonder.

And fo the whole night Lakhan mind in turmoil like when stop-off water whirling and gushing down in the canal. Then he study back on he katyah bed while the bottle lamp flickering like firefly in the logie. True, he study-back how hard he wuk in the backdam, and he body come hard like dry-up mango wood, and now he ain't get nothing fo show the fruit of he labour except one bundle cent and jill in the trunk under the katyah bed.

Then he mind flash on he wife Parbattie. True, since she dead he life come lonely. Eh-eh, better Shree Bhagwan been take he life too. Then he remember all them people who dead befo they time cause they slave in backdam like jackass and come sickly. And estate backra fo'get them.

And after one long time, while he eye coming heavy with sleep, he mind flash pon Mathews and he decide he must know the truth. But he gat fo act wrong-an-strong cause he can't understand this Mathews, cause up-to-now this Mathews is a good man. So long he ain't get fo know the truch, he nuh go be in peace. It might be this Ragbir jumbie haunt he, he arguing in he mind.



Early next morning now Lakhan sharpen he cutlass. Then he tuck it inside he long baggy pants and head straight fo dispensary. Soon as Mathews see Lakhan he ask, face smiling big-big: "Eh-eh, old by, like medicine ain't work on you?"

Eh-eh, Lakhan think. How Mathews can talk so he ask heself. Could be Mathews make mistake, me gat fo know the truth. Tikkay Mathews and Big Dispensa been plan fo kill me? Then he turn to Mathews. "Medicine? Medicine?..." Lakhan snap, passion boiling in he vein. Then he pull out the cutlass and brandish it just fo frighten Mathews. Then he rush at Mathews like one Arab warrior.

When Mathews see the cutlass shine, he head skip two beat and he think he done dead. And when he see Lakhan advancing at he, saying "Tell um trute, dispensa, tell um trute", eye red like fire, he know Lakhan mean murda. And because he couldn't understand Lakhan language through the frightenness which grip he, he think Lakhan saying one prayer befo he murder. Eh-eh, explanation is out the question, Mathews tell heself. This is mrderation, and he ain't dilly-dally, he just scale through the dispensary window like one cat, knocking down medicine bottle and pill all pon the ground. Meantime this Lakhan believe true-true to Gawd that Mathews playing smart. He getting away, he ain't want tell he the truth, he think.

Now Lakhan start curse, "Yuh mumma so an so...", then he dash through the dispensary door and head straight behind Mathews. When Mathews swing back he head an spot Lakhan, blood dangle in front he eye and he pick up speed like a race-horse, don't mind he mashing up all them nice-nice flower plant in hospital compound. And don't talk how he bawling: "Watchman, watchman... murda, murda..."

And if Watchie din't knock-out the cutlass from Lakhan hand with he baton, Lakhan been done swipe-out Mathews' neck long time, just like pujaree does swipe-out goat-neck with one swipe at Kali puja. True, he was just behind Mathews with the cutlass aim straight at he neck. And he still be talking: "Tell um trute, dispensa, tell um trute..." And while Watchie hide Mathews behind he back, Lakhan cursing and insisting fo know what kind of medicine Mathews been give he. And don't talk how Mathews sweating as though he get cold-fever, and thanking Gaad at the sametime that Lakhan didn't swipe out he neck.

Then suddenly Lakhan attempt one grab at Mathews, but Mathews just duck and he miss. God, this coollieman mean trouble, Mathews think, while he trembling like a leaf. And he decide that if he ain't disclose the type of medicine he been give Lakhan, Lakhan wouldn't feel satisfy, and sometime later Lakhan might get even with he. And Mathews know he too young fo dead; and too beside what gon happen to he girl Joan?

"Is Epsom salt, is Epsom salt. Big Manager order it, Big Manager order it," Mathews stuttering, while he whole skin done drench with sweat, and he bowel moving grrrr... "Is Epsom salt, Epsom salt..."

When Lakhan grasp the word, he steady heself, then he smack he tongue, schuuu schuuu, as though he pity Mathews.

"Me see um now, me understand," Lakhan say, and shake he head as he walk out the hospital compound. When he pass through the big white gate he turn to Barnwell and talk: "Yuh know, me pappa been say never trust one backra. They snake and they mek-king other people come like snake." And as he crossing the high bridge, he smack he tongue again as though he sorry fo Mathews. ●

Rooplall Monar

BACKDAM = Country ● BACKRA = White man ● JEHAJI = Ship-mates from the immigrant ships ● LANGOTI = Loin cloth ● GHAT = Little wooden jetty over a river used for washing clothes ● PATWALL = A small fresh-water fish ● BHAGWAN = Gōd ● PUJA = Hindu prayer service ● DHOTI = Man's skirt-like garment ● KURTA = A male pyjama-like top garment ● SALINPENTER = Small, fast-moving lizard ● KATYAH = A bed made of hempen string ● JILL = A small coin

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ERROL LLOYD LEAVES MAAS:

an appreciation

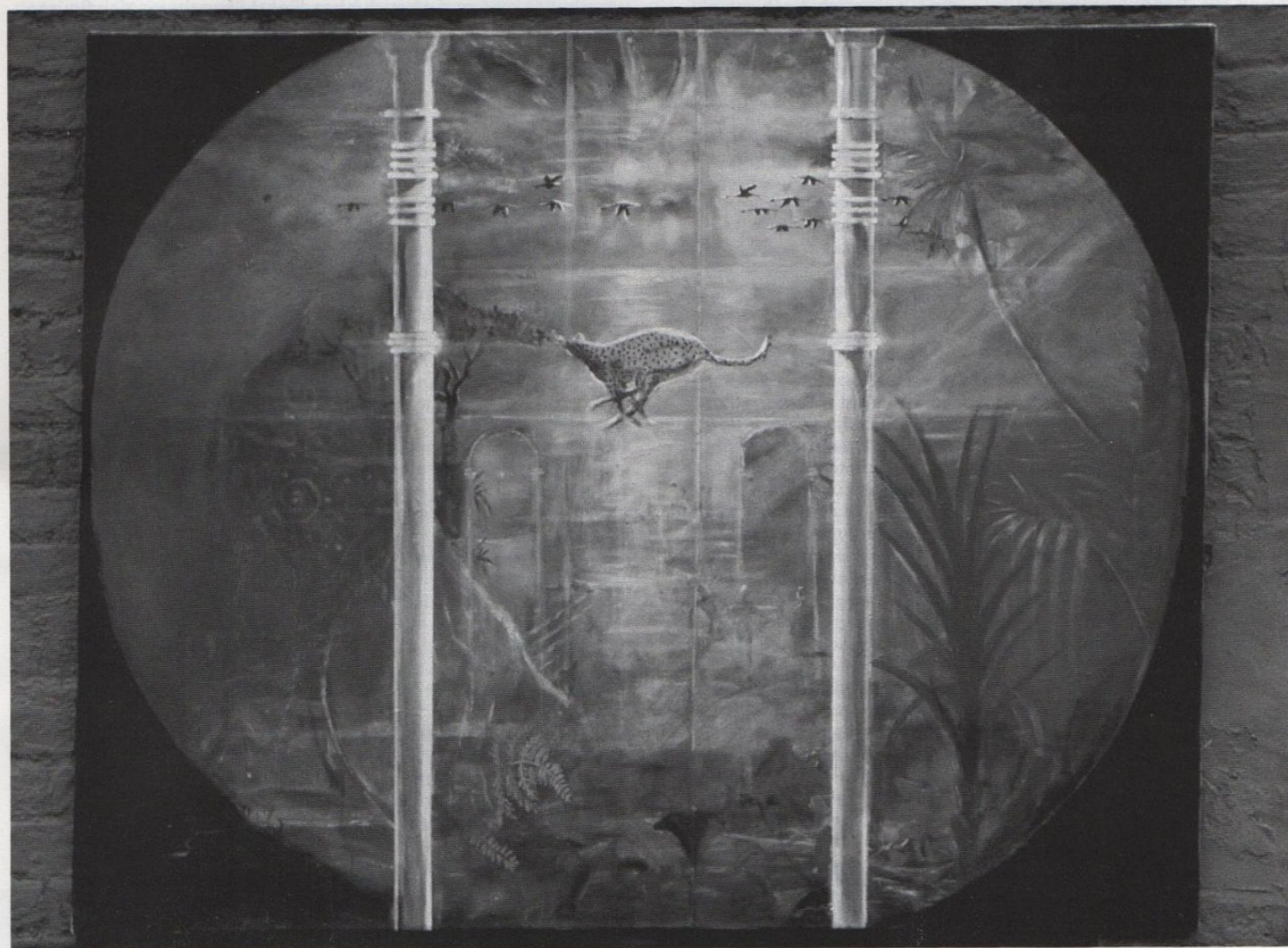
Artrage, the staff and directors of MAAS, as well as friends and associates of the organization would like to thank Errol Lloyd, who leaves MAAS after five years as its Administrator, for all his hard work within and on behalf of the black arts sector. Errol is perhaps better known as a painter and illustrator of childrens' books, such as the popular *Sean* and *Nini* series. His involvement with MAAS stretched well beyond his role as the Administrator and his early work with the Caribbean Arts Movement in the mid-sixties prefigures many of the exciting developments we see today in the black arts world.

His particular understanding of and interest in the situation of visual artists led to his support of policies for the development of visual arts. He also organised a number of conferences and seminars on the visual arts. He has been a member of the GLC Ethnic Arts Sub-Committee since its inception and has also been

a representative of the National Campaign for the Arts, a member of the Gallery Panels of the Africa Centre and the Bownagree Gallery at the Commonwealth Institute. In addition he has been on the Editorial Board of *Artrage* from the beginning and has contributed to *Dragons Teeth*, which is published by the National Committee Against Racism in Children's Books.

His work has spanned both the administrative and creative aspects of arts organizations and his personal integrity and commitment have made him a respected and long-standing member of the black arts community. Those of us who have worked with him appreciated his ability to stretch slender resources to the limit while still maintaining a sense of humour and lateral thinking. He has supported the organization through some of the most difficult periods of transition and enabled it to survive and expand. He is leaving to return to his painting and book-illustrating but we hope that he will maintain his involvement with MAAS as one of the Board of Directors. We thank him and wish him continued success.

Fay Rodrigues



ERROL LLOYD WRITES: This work started out as a painting of Bob Marley playing the guitar but took an unexpected change of direction. If you look closely you can still see traces of a hand plucking guitar strings, and hints of his face and locks. This change of direction coincided with my returning to Jamaica in 1976 and perhaps taking a fresh look at things. When I got back to England and resumed the painting it began to take on the aspect of a tropical landscape.

I can't be sure why I felt compelled to introduce the two parallel pillars but to me they represented something to do with time — or perhaps timelessness. The immobility of these two pillars, in contrast to the speeding central figure of the Cheetah, provides the tension which I felt to be necessary.

The Cheetah is heading in the same direction as the homeward-bound birds in the distance (where are they going with such urgency?). The translucent quality of the painting came from building up thin layers of paint. The egg-like shape of the composition was intended to accentuate the primordial forces that I was trying to acknowledge. Yet, whenever I look at it I still see Bob Marley.

CHEETAH, 1976, by Errol Lloyd

The Caribbean thro



A Caribbean Journey...

James Baldwin in a short poem entitled 'Imagination' once wrote: Imagination/creates the situation/and, then, the situation/creates imagination/It may, of course,/be the other way around/Columbus was discovered/by what he found.

If one were to take a grand view of the word imagination, it could of course mean discovery in the sense of restating old certainties, making the familiar unfamiliar by seeing it through fresh eyes. Poets understand this sense of the word and so too do travel writers. This is what is meant by the discovery of travel, the broadening of horizons; the way, if one has not been to a particular place but just imagined it in the fertile sense, one is transformed and propelled towards new certainties when the physical reality of the place is experienced.

My Caribbean Airways DC10 descended steeply, sweeping in from the sea towards the runway of Grantley Adams international Airport. It was darkening so I couldn't see the black land-mass below me. Instead I fidgeted and listened to the Ghanaian captain of the 'plane thank the passengers, wish us a pleasant holiday in Barbados before handing over to the chief air stewardess who briefed us on landing procedures as the plane began its final descent.

The landing was sure and without incident, and beyond the open doors of the plane lay another country; a giant leap forward for me to see what had happened during the past 400 years to other Africans such as myself. This hadn't been my intention when I first set out from England. Then it had been a simple holiday, an opportunity to recharge my batteries. The decision to make Barbados my eventual destination had been likewise, uncluttered, and uncalculating. I had friends there and I had a free ticket. The combination of these two factors selected the island for me. Nothing more, except perhaps for the insatiable curiosity which formed my most bulky and awkward piece of luggage; a burden which meant for me the difficulty of trying to make sense of my relation to any place in the world where through accident or calculation I might find myself marooned. In the case of the Caribbean, this appetite had been fed a little by the novels of Naipaul, Lamming, Lovelace, Heath, Selvon and a host of other writers.

But works of fiction are necessarily distorting. A sentence sometimes leaves out as much as it 'explains'. My vision of the Caribbean, despite (and even because of) the West Indians I had lived with in London for the last 15 years, was still largely of a sun-kissed island, sandy grain-fine beaches and a marooned poetic voice like Derek Walcott's wailing from the beach, a siren song directed at passing ships on their way to England, Africa, and these days America, with their human cargo of those who could no longer stand being at the edge of the world and now sought to capture whatever it was the centre wanted to keep from them. When this image collapsed, as it invariably did, it was replaced by one of tragi-comic figures as found in the early Naipaul novels. I had accepted the bare facts of the West Indies intellectually — different islands, different peoples — but not it seems emotionally. Emotionally, as far as I was concerned, everybody could have co-existed so easily on one large island. (My imagination united them.) Nowhere was there any understanding of how I stood in relation to the Caribbean. Nowhere was there a meditation on what the last 400 years had really meant — how people had been transformed by the situations and cultures of those like the Arawaks, Caribs, Spanish, French, English, etc, whom they encountered.

This led me to my first mistake, and the process of education, on the night I arrived.

My host had picked me up at the airport, driving back through the black tropical night with crickets chirping, the smell of humid decaying vegetation blowing in through the open window, and the car swaying from side to side as we dodged suicidal fireflies. I felt comfortable, experiencing no feelings of alienation. The roads were better kept, and when our headlights lit up the waving figures and smiling faces of pedestrians along the roadside, it really could have been a scene from my home, Nigeria — apart from the absence of traditional costumes and snatches of overheard conversations which brought home clearly the strong Bajan accent.

We drove past the recently erected monument to slavery. My host commented on it, saying that it had provoked a great controversial stink between those who wanted it as something to remember the past, and the remainder made up mainly of the white planter-class who wanted to forget. The 'realists' had won over the 'fantasizers', who had they had their way, would have succeeded in creating a pre-slavery vacuum in the history of this island. All this I was to discover later. But for the moment the statue and its significance provided only a momentary diversion as we soldiered on through the night, avoiding the bright lights of the capital, Bridgetown.

The dark night and narrow roads eventually gave way to a wide yard lit up by the lights on the veranda of the house where I was to stay. It was a bungalow rented by students from the University of West Indies Cave Hill Campus, less than a mile away. It had recently housed people from another island thereby acquiring the name Jamaica House.

Jamaica House contained no Jamaicans when I arrived apart from a law student who was acting as caretaker until the rest returned from their summer vacations. Despite the absence of the owners, the house was crowded with other students. I was introduced to them, a friendly enquiring bunch all roughly in my age group. We talked about universities and touched on the familiar range of topics to do with college life. Then we found ourselves talking about wider issues, like history. One young Bajan man, a linguist who spoke French and Spanish, seemed to have the most detailed grasp of the history of this island.

He told me how the island's name originated from the Portuguese, who christened it Los Barbados after the bearded-like fig trees which grew there at the time; how in 1625 the British had landed on the west coast and claimed it in the name of King James. Since then, unlike other islands in the region, it had never changed hands. It had remained British until 1966 (November 30th) when it had won its independence. He attributed the unique calmness and stability of the Bajan character to this long uninterrupted reign and to the almost non-existent influence of outsiders — namely the Spanish, French, Indians, Chinese and Portuguese so readily found on the other islands. He admitted to being half-Guyanese and said when he referred to Bajans as being calm and ordered compared to other islanders, he did not mean it in a parochial or pejorative sense, it was simply a statement of fact.

The conversation turned to slavery and I asked whether it was possible for him to know which African tribe he or most Bajans had descended from.

"The slave owners destroyed all the records," he said quietly. "But I have heard that most of the people from Barbados were in fact descended from the Ibo people of Nigeria," I prompted. When I

ough African eyes

continued I spoke casually. "I was convinced that as a result of all the recent interest in Africa shown by people like rastafarians, somebody might have done some work in order to answer these questions."

My friend seemed almost hurt though his facial expression did not change. It was in his voice, and the way he tried to assure me of something I had already taken for granted, that hinted at his plight.

"I am interested in Africa. I'll tell you what I know. Barbados is the island closest to Africa and sometimes the wind which blows through the Sahara desert carries specks of sand across the Atlantic and deposits them all over the island. Did you know that?"

I shook my head.

"I have wanted to go there and see for myself", he said, "But it's too expensive. We have to fly through Europe even though we are nearer Senegal than to London. If I find enough students willing to go, I want to arrange a trip there. What will the people make of us?"

"If you come to lecture or work, nothing... But if you came as tourists, then most Nigerians would view you with mild curiosity. Nigeria does not really cater for tourists."

The half answer did not betray what I really thought. Perhaps I had deliberately painted a less than attractive picture of Nigeria because I did not want him and his friends to go and be disappointed. I knew there would be no warm prodigal embrace awaiting them. Too often in the past I had heard stories of Nigerians' cynical treatment of wide-eyed American returnees to feel completely at ease in recommending my country to him. Especially as he seemed somewhat romantic and unaware of the limits of brotherly solidarity. And what were these limits? Well, the conversation that followed, when he questioned me about my village, exposed some of them.

"So you are Ibo and come from a village. How do you know this?", he asked.

The question took me by surprise. Not because of its innocence but because it revealed that he had no conception of what a tribe was. How could I make my detribalised friend see this? My response was to tell him the story which I had carried about with me for most of my life.

I knew I came from a village because there are stories about my village. According to the history or the legend, it was founded by five brothers. Which is why we are not allowed to intermarry. We are all cousins. So the village began with those five brothers and has grown ever since.

When I told him this he wanted to know when the brothers started the village.

"I don't know. It could have been only 100 years ago or it could have been 500 years. Nobody knows. The story is passed on by word of mouth and there is no alternative history to contradict it. So it stands."

Of course, the story seemed thin and a little absurd then, putting it into words like that there that night. But I couldn't dislodge the power it held over me. Everything I was was contained in that simple story. It absorbed and transcended the British conquest of my country. Its power lay in the fact that it could not be contradicted. It may have been a myth, a fairy-tale even but no number of tome-wielding Professors could have reduced my belief in it because nowhere in the story was there mention of a prior stake to the land. But out here, staring into the vast Caribbean night, there were a million and one ghosts hovering in the air. Some belonged to the tragic and still misunderstood Arawaks, and others to numerous other ancestors who remained largely unacknowledged.

It was then that I truly began to appreciate something I had

previously been a little contemptuous of — the significance that Rastafarians attached to the fairy-tale of Haile Selassie being God. Here was an imaginative attempt, as much perhaps as my village story was, to return to the purity of a Garden of Eden; to forge an unbroken link with the past. The reality of the Caribbean, or the situation, as Baldwin might have put it, had impelled the imaginative leap necessary for the acceptance by Rastas of such a fairy-tale. Perhaps in such leaps of faith a little madness is required.

However, that night the thoughts were clear in my head. I knew then that no matter how much I might want intellectually to embrace my friend or the other millions from the Caribbean, there was still a wide emotional gulf which history had created. There was anger at first, then sadness that so few of our leaders (apart perhaps from Garvey and Nkrumah) had done anything positive to bridge this gap. Still no direct flight from any Caribbean country to an African one. Perhaps the experience of this exile needed a biblical interpretation to help us make sense of such mutual neglect. And here one thinks of the story of Joseph and his coat of many colours, and how his brothers who sold him into slavery needed to journey to the land of Pharaoh before the emotional reconciliation between the two sides took place. But where for us is the land of Pharaoh?

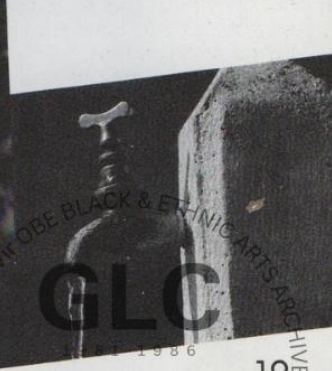
I woke, my first morning to discover that as far as Bajans were concerned, it was America. Her influence was everywhere. On the television, on the beaches where rows of pale bodies lay in the midday sun, and even in the dreams people had when the dreamt of migrating in search of a better future. The idea of America infects the whites of Barbados as much as the blacks. As one local journalist told me they no longer journeyed to England to marry 'pure' whites in order to keep their colour. More often than not they headed for the US or Canada. The central hold Britain had maintained on the lives of these who lived on this island was dissolving. America was now the journey's end.

I never managed during the remainder of my stay in Barbados to recapture the emotions I experience on my first night. I visited all the places I needed to visit, and enjoyed the company of the few middle class Bajans I did meet. I never ventured out onto the street to talk to 'ordinary' Bajans, thus saving us both the confusions of such encounters. I did, however, venture to the University Library where the local slave records were kept on Micro-film, only to discover that my friend of the first night was right. Those slaves who were not born on the island were referred to simply as 'African'.

I was to take that very vague and general 'Africanness' of Bajans back to London with me. It was a new understanding which allowed me to converse freely on the 'plane with a Bajan who was on his first trip to England. He was to stay with relatives on his short holiday. He was excited and I was delighted to find such an eager listener, so we talked and talked until England came into sight. As our plane landed, we retreated into our shells. England was still a cold experience. It wasn't until I had searched his face for some of the new answers and new certainties which I thought I understood on the plane — it wasn't until then that I realised that he was no longer interested in my company. He wanted to experience England. It was then, standing facing him across the revolving conveyor belt which carried our luggage, that I again saw the gulf of the last 400 years re-open.

England was, of course, a new situation. We were both now in the house of Pharaoh. We had not yet developed a language to enable us sufficiently to communicate what we felt. England would demand from us new imaginations such as these. ●

Onye Wambu



(Photos by Barbados Board of Tourism)

Parliament of the Black & Ethnic Arts Archive
 1986
 Working for London
 archive.parlindervir.com



NOTTING HILL

Parliamentary Office for Race Equality
GLC
1981-1986

Working for London
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NOTTING HILL CARNIVAL:
'De Road is De Stage
De Stage is De Road'
 — Extract from forthcoming
 book,
'The Struggle for Black Arts
in Britain' (Comedia)

When we turned into Powis Square it was halfway down the road and the spectacle was brilliant. The part we saw had transformed the grey street into a colourful undersea kingdom ruled by ordinary men, women and children. They were dressed in outsize oyster shells, scarlet lobsters, jelly-fish and crabs. The teeming crowd cheered to the calypso of the steel pan and danced. Arms were in the air, feet stamped and trampled the rhythm underneath. Some of the costumes dazzled in silver and purple shrouds, delicate bead appliqué work and embroidery and underneath, hidden from the eye, intricate wire and cane bending firmly, holding infrastructures that extended twenty feet across the street. They played in it, running, flying, dancing with an effortless agility that hinted at kinetic innovation. They faded down the street as quickly as they appeared, another moment, a beautiful moment, in the cyclic dance of time.'

The rest of the street stood and stared, including the concrete buildings of the urban landscape; not built for the sun, the red turtles or the chanting breeze. The people were out all the same. A red, gold and green flag was out of a third-floor window. It flapped in the wind, occasionally concealing the face of a little girl looking down from the arms of her mother. In front of each house stood a monumental sound system: great big boxes from the best tropical wood, a record spinner and microphone and wires connecting all the possible points of a dismembered African tale. Each vied with the other for the power of reggae decibels. Bass lines and drum rhythms gushed forth in fury. Old and young rastafari stood in stoic dignity, occasionally making

measured movements when the rhythm called. The Dee Jay speaks. He spoke like an old mandingo griot would, touching the heart and head like U Roy, I Roy, Big Youth and Prince Far I. These were poets, the flowers emerging from the cement cracks of the Babylonian landscape.

We approached the Westway, our feet making music with beer cans and bottles. Some food-sellers sang like back home. There were patties, fish cakes, salt-fish, rum, fruits and sweets — and policemen. We joined some masqueraders down a side street, memories going back to the kundum festival in Ghana. My first kundum was as a boy of five. The masqueraders danced on poles about twenty feet high and we were told the first masquerader was high enough to touch the sun. Before dusk he took the sun out of its socket like a bulb and welcomed the stars. There were more than forty bands parading the streets. Our favourite was one called Piki. The members combined music with dramatised pole-dancing, with acrobatics as a side attraction. The band had the biggest crowd of supporters and collected a lot of money for its upkeep.

At the junction of Acklam Road and Portobello Road, new and established bands played from a big stage to a cheering crowd. This was the focal point for revellers. No bands passed through. Someone

said the police had decided this. Coming up Portobello Road, I saw many of them, more than I would have wished to see on such an occasion. At kundum I remember about seven on our particular march. En route five of them joined the band, playing side drums and bugle. They must have come from the Police Band. Here they multiplied in hundreds as dusk set in. There were those who paraded the streets, those who moved with the floats and bands, those who directed the traffic on bordering streets and many more waiting in green and blue buses. Waiting for what, a woman pondered.

Apparently they had organised the routes and divided the whole carnival into six sectors. No movement between sectors. Up the Westway there were more ominous signs: telescopic lenses, cameras and other sophisticated surveillance hardware pointed down at the revellers. On Acklam Road, in a top flat window, we spotted more Scotland Yard officers analysing, conferring. A police helicopter hovered above occasionally blocking out the rays of the sun. Looking at the faces and expressions of some revellers who perhaps knew more than the others we could see all was clearly not well. Spontaneous jollification gradually receded and in its place, the dance of confrontation. The police had raided the symbolic Mangrove Restaurant, a black club, the previous day and people had been taken to the Station. The sound systems stayed on solid bass and drum decibels, each shank movement a moment, a countdown ritual. ●



Photos: Newton Brown

CARNIVAL

THE WINDOW

Last summer's lovers have now become ghosts:
the tall body with one naked leg against glass,
braced with his crab figure, breathless, notionless,
made the ultimate leaves of trees move without wind.

An infinity of poses, night after day and night
against the violent blue of the sky. Their bodies
melting to astonish those who saw. The magpie
told the woodpecker, and a storm of starlings
broke the glass. Now, in winter, a well-fed robin
tries to tease the reluctant ghosts with a tiny beak.

Taner Baybars

A SINKING FEELING

I cover up the jeans in cold water, to rinse
the suds, and the dream from the denim's seams.
A bubble from the left leg bursts, yet another
holds up the crotch: I squeeze it deep down.

The commotion goes on stitch by stitch until
no bubble is left to explode and hurt the peace.

She comes back in the last bubble as if to stop
the water to drain. I bend over, press and kiss,
flatten my legs against the rim of the cold sink.
They remain stiff but dewed with her breathing.

Taner Baybars

FREE, FREE NELSON MANDELA

Death does not frighten him;
he accepts death as an eagle accepts
its wings, or a bud its budding.
It is the thought of pain. Keeping
his body alive against its will.
Pain kills the soul, distances
the mind from God, from Freedom.
At least there's joy in Death's Unity.

Taner Baybars
Cyprus

Poems Cyprus

Both Taner Baybars

from and Chile

Roberto Rivera-Reyes live in London

PRIMER NACIMIENTO

Tu infancia cabalga por los rieles del gran tren lastrero
Que viajaba al corazon de la tierra de la Frontera
Donde los vientos entre pinos y colihues
Traen a la memoria escenas de combates terribles
Entre mapuches y espanoles

Eran perdices Lloicas Mirlos y torcazas
Por no decir todas las aves de tu bosque natal
Iban a guardar sus secretos
En los nidos de tu infancia

Tambien eran escarabajos Grillos y mariposas
Por no decir todos los insectos y coleopteros
De tu foresta ecologica
Iban a enseñarte su metamorfosis
Y sus secretos mitolgicos

Iban a librar sus nacimientos en tus manos
A identificarse en tu efusion verbal
En la palabra no escrita de tu imaginacion
Pan y palabra fue la gracia generosa
Que nutrio la passion de tu infancia
Ofrenda de la tierra del primer nacimiento

Alla creciste con noblenza del paisaje
Y con vigor de su clima
Alla tus manos se volaron con las aves libertarias
Y tus cabellos verdes
Se trenzaron con el oscuro follaje
De los bosques desafiantes al sol

Alla con alas huracanadas
De viento y lluvia
Germinaron los poemas
Del primer nacimiento

Roberto Rivera-Reyes
(Chile)

ORIGINS

Your childhood galloped along the rails of the great ballast train
Which travelled into the heart of La Frontera country
Where the winds among the pines and the bamboos
Bring back to the memory scenes of dreadful battles
Between the Mapuche and the Spanish

There were partridges thrushes, blackbirds and wild
pigeons
Not to mention all the birds of your native woods
They were going to store their secrets
In the nests of your childhood

There were also beetles crickets and butterflies
Not to mention all the insects and coleoptera
In your ecological forest
They were going to teach you their changes
And their secret mythologies

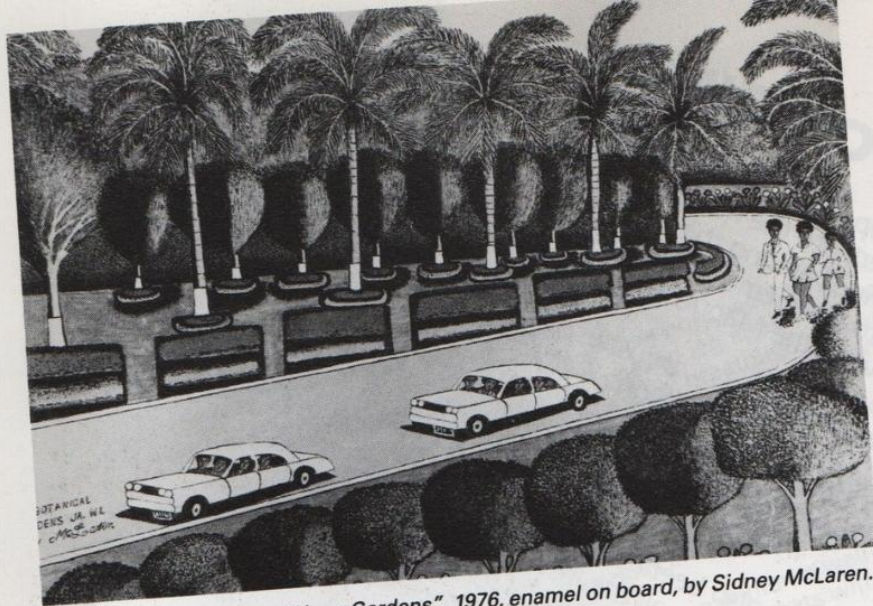
They were going to deliver their births in your hands
To come to know themselves shaped in your language
In the unwritten word of your imagination
Bread and the word were the generous grace
That nourished your passionate childhood
An offering from the land of your origins

You grew there with the nobility of the countryside
Hardy like its climate
Your hands flew with the birds discovering freedom
And your green hair
Was braided up with dark leaves
In wood that challenge the sun

There with hurricane wings
With wind and rain
Were seeded the poems
Of your origins

Roberto Rivera-Reyes

Translated by Mike Baynham
November 1984



"Hope Gardens", 1976, enamel on board, by Sidney McLaren.

JAMAICAN

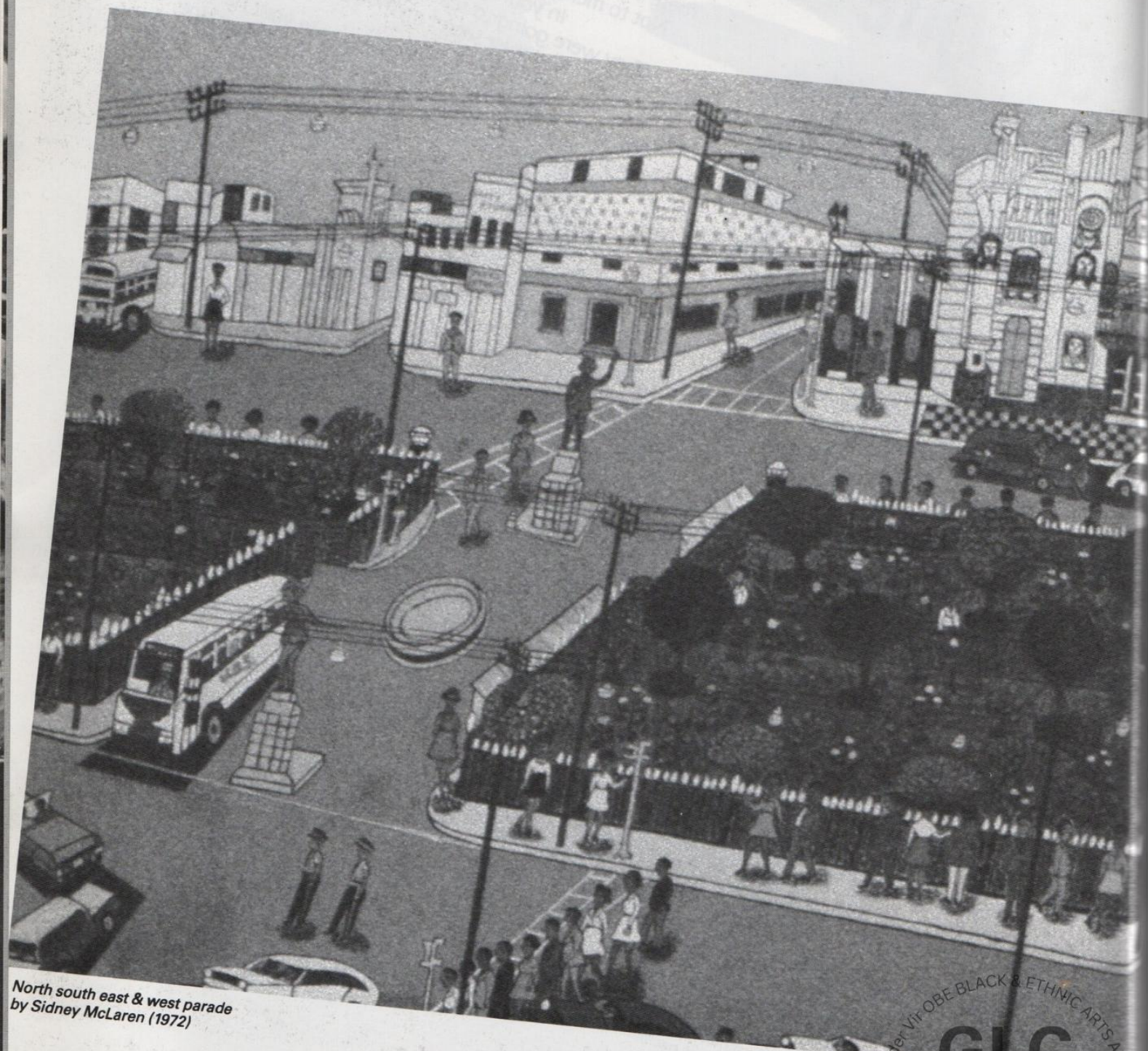
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The Jamaica 'a source of fascination in the art with that of Rastafarian

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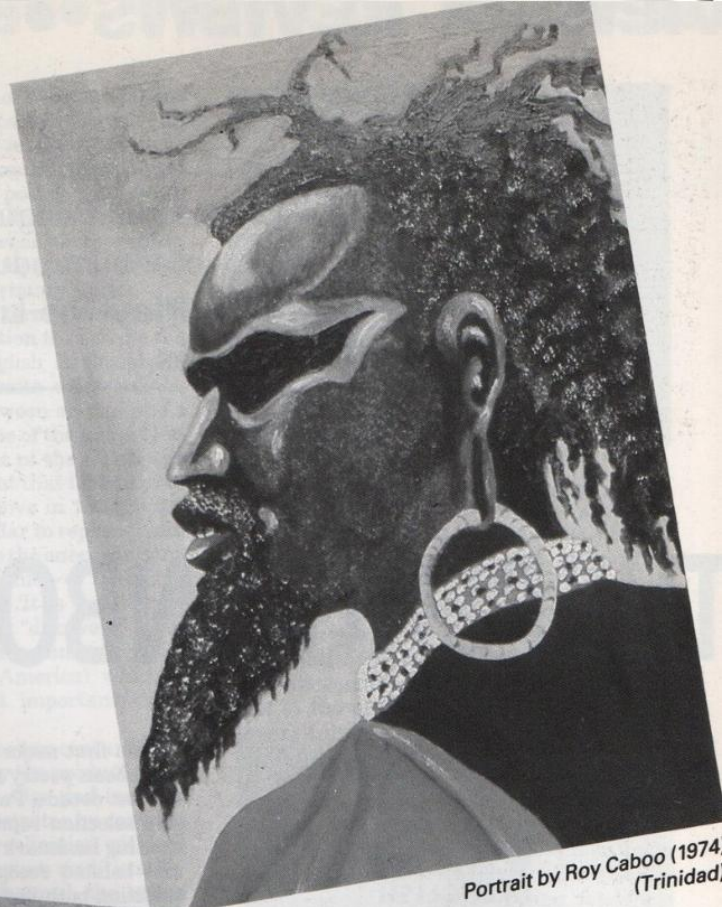
hope 'The Intuitive Eye' exhibition a



North south east & west parade
by Sidney McLaren (1972)

I V E S

'itives' (what some used to call primitives) have long been
 world. What really links the work of, say, SIDNEY MCLAREN
 poet and painter SAM BROWN? And is FEEA, DAUGHTER
 OF ZION, carrying out her instructions from 'The Masters',
 uneasy in this predominantly male company?
 key figures — EVERALD BROWN, MALLICA REYNOLDS
 (KAPO, the best known, internationally)
 (edged master) — have they, in fact, established anything
 resembling a 'school?' We
 the Commonwealth Institute will help us to review this most
 exciting portrait of the Caribbean.



Portrait by Roy Caboo (1974)
 (Trinidad)



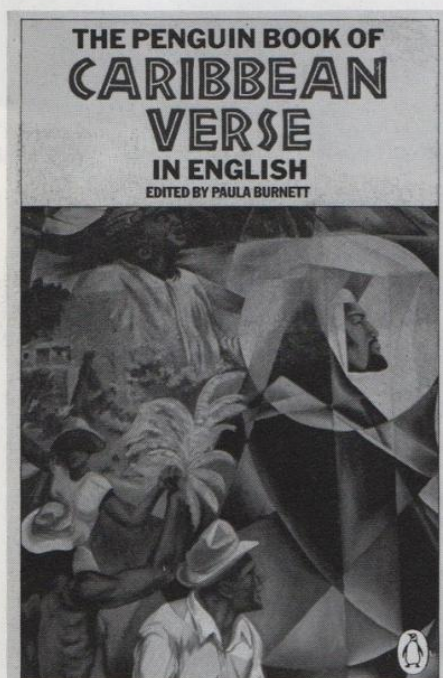
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■ **Books** The Penguin Book of Caribbean Verse, Review of the introduction. Introduction to a new press ■ **Play** The Little Clay Cart ■ **Profile** on CLR James.

THE PENGUIN BOOK OF CARIBBEAN



The Penguin Book of Caribbean Verse in English. Ed. Paula Burnett (Penguin, Harmondsworth 1986). £4.95. pb.

As the first major anthology of anglophone Caribbean poetry to have been published in the last decade, Paula Burnett's comprehensive selection represents an important and exciting landmark in the growing reputation and belated recognition of the Caribbean tradition both in Great Britain and abroad. Whilst several collections of Caribbean verse have appeared over the years — such as John Figueroa's seminal *Caribbean Voices* (1966) or *Caribbean Verse* (1967) ed. O.R. Dathorne, *West Indian Poetry* (1971) ed. Kenneth Ramchand and C. Gray or Mervyn Morris's revival volume of *Focus* (1983) — no other anthology achieves the range or depth of this new Penguin volume. Even very recent publications (with an eye on the 'Black-British' market or with different objectives in mind), like James Berry's *News For Babylon* (1984) and Stewart Brown's selection of contemporary Caribbean verse *Caribbean Poetry Now* (1985), lack the breadth of perspective afforded by the impressive contents of the Penguin book.

These might appear to be sweeping statements particularly as the editor of the Penguin volume, unlike several of the previous editors of Caribbean anthologies, is not a poet, nor is she of West Indian origin. Though the intentions outlined in the Introduction to this new collection are certainly large, the book does indeed provide the first historical survey of the complexity of cultural and linguistic forces informing the development of a Caribbean poetic tradition from its beginnings in the eighteenth century to the present day. Moreover, (and here the book fulfils a much-needed and more difficult task), the parallel presentation of the *oral tradition* — born originally from the African rhythms and chants of the plantation Slave songs before Emancipation and its many transformations into the satiric wit of 'picong' irony in the calypso or the newspaper poets and the politically and socially committed performance poetry of today — is given thorough representation for the first time.

For the sake of convenience the anthology is divided into two main sections: the 'oral' and the 'literary'. In addition we are given extended biographical details and cultural contexts for the majority of the poets included as well as a useful glossary of certain unfamiliar terms of speech. The method of presentation is essentially chronological and the main criteria for inclusion is the 'simple

one of whether a significant contribution' has been made to 'Caribbean culture'. The question as to what exactly constitutes a significant contribution, or how one defines 'Caribbean culture' is left open and unresolved.

Narrow considerations such as place of birth or present place of residence are found to be limiting especially since the effects of the Diaspora have been widespread. In terms of race, for instance, early portrayals of Caribbean society developed mainly from European-born immigrants (Nathaniel Weekes's *Barbados* (1764), James Grainger's *The Sugar-Cane* (1764) or Robert Dunbar's *The Caraguin* (1837) are mentioned in this context) whereas many contemporary poets at the other end of the time-scale covered by the book were born or live in Europe and North America. Poets as diverse as Wilson Harris, E.A. Markham, Faustin Charles, Grace Nichols, Valerie Bloom, Fred D'Aguir and many others fall into this category. The 'Caribbean' therefore includes all those originally from the English-speaking islands and the mainland territories of Belize and Guyana as well as those who live on the other side of the Atlantic. Whether the poets are islanders, exiles, expatriates or internationalists their work is seen as part of the same root and tradition. The epigraph to the collection, taken from one of Grace Nichols's recent poems is particularly pertinent to the eclecticism of the historical, cultural and linguistic forces that have been the basis of the genesis of the Caribbean poetic tradition:

I have crossed an ocean
I have lost my tongue
from the root of the old one
a new one has sprung

(Grace Nichols)

The collection is refreshing and enlightening in the sense that the basis for selection allows an open response to the *totality* of the Caribbean experience. It also challenges certain commonly-held notions, such as the one expressed by Hena Maes-Jelinek in *West Indian Literature* (1979) ed. Bruce King, that 'the Caribbean people lived destitute and inarticulate in a political, social and cultural void' for several centuries. The editor is not bound by reductive racial or literary arguments or a need for 'trendy jargon' definitions.

In the oral section, which contains several

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anonymous work-songs dating back to the period before the Emancipation, we also have the work of contemporary performers such as Lord Kitchener, Peter Tosh, Bob Marley, Linton Kwesi Johnson and Michael Smith. The material can be evaluated side by side with the poems of more scribal culture and considered from a variety of perspectives whether cultural, musical or literary. And it is pointed out that the Oral/Literary division in the collection is not a rigid one: 'Many of the poets in the oral section... make use of the printed word as well as live or recorded performance, while many of the poets in the remainder... have written 'oral' poems.

Simplistic divisions and oppositions such as the oral tradition is *black* while the written tradition is *white*, or the oral poets use the

VERSE

vernacular while the written poetry is in Standard English, or the first is popular whilst the other is elitist verse, will not stand even basic scrutiny. Some distinctions may be valid but they are also in many respects untrue. The only logical criterion for the oral/literary divide appears to be a 'rule of thumb' decision based on the 'medium characteristically used by the poet'. In fact, by the 1980's almost all Caribbean poets, whether 'oral' or 'literary' are exploring ways of capturing the vitality of the spoken word on the page and use the 'vernacular' or what E.K. Braithwaite has recently termed 'nation-language' as one of their voices. The 'Banana-man' poems by Evan Jones, James Berry's 'Lucy Poems', 'Lambchops' by E.A. Markham and 'Mama Dot' by Fred D'Aguiar are all examples of the cross-fertilization of the oral and literary modes.

Ironically, in the last fifteen years, the oral tradition has returned to one of its most ancient roots — music. Due partially to the advent of modern technology, the old association of the vernacular with comedy or pathos has been broken and political musical forms such as reggae, calypso and 'dub' poetry have gained prominence. The popularity and accessibility of song as a medium of expression was not uncommon in the early nineteenth century where evidence is provided of the handing-down of popular songs which are still known today. Boney-M's hit parade version of 'There's a Brown Girl in the Ring' stems for instance from the Jamaican folk-song 'There's a Black Boy in a Ring' recorded by Walter Jekyll in 1907.

The historic and textual juxtapositioning of these different influences is central to one of the anthology's major strengths; the material also provides illuminating evidence for those concerned with the ongoing debates regarding 'establishment' responses to the oral tradition. Although the historic background to and literary antecedents of the written forms of Caribbean verse have been well documented elsewhere — Lloyd W. Brown's *West Indian Poetry* (1978) for instance charted the development of the poetry from its origins in 1760 to the present day in the light of an emerging nationalism and Caribbean consciousness — and although E.K. Braithwaite in *History of the Voice: The Development of Nation Language in Anglophone Caribbean Poetry* (1984) reveals the creative potential of the oral and musical

influences in the survival of those languages which were not part of the language of colonialism — the accepted mode — and provides an excellent primary bibliography of oral and performance poetry, Burnett's anthology is able to crystallize and highlight the crucial interplay between these various forces by its presentation for the first time of a substantial number of primary works.

Paula Burnett uses the term 'the vernacular' throughout the collection to describe the use of non-Standard English in Caribbean verse. Like E.K. Brathwaite who sees the constant interchange between an oral and a scribal culture as being one of the unique but also universal dimensions of the Caribbean experience — a process not that far removed from Dante Alighieri's move in 1304 to use his own Tuscany vernacular to replace Latin — Paula Burnett points to the energizing and revitalizing elements of much of twentieth century Caribbean verse: 'It is the literary traditions relatively recent "discovery" of the oral tradition (in the same sense in which Columbus "discovered" America) which is perhaps the single most important poetic event of this century'.

Burnett observes that for two centuries the *written culture* was mainly the product of the white ruling classes; she cites and includes several examples and illustrates by contrast the effects of a literary creolization within a Caribbean landscape of certain traditionally-familiar modes such as pastoral, the ballad and narrative verse. A nineteenth century epic poem by Horatio Nelson Huggins for instance, which deals with the deportation of the Caribs by the British in 1797, is seen as prophetic of the ultimate collapse of the British Empire. Links are also drawn between early twentieth century pioneers in black verse such as Claude McKay and Una Marson in terms of their experimentations with the vernacular and the written word, experimentation which became the focus of later critical debates on the poetry of well-known and established poets such as Derek Walcott and E.K. Brathwaite, Martin Carter and Mervyn Morris. The tension in the relationship between an old oral and a scribal culture is however also presented as an age-old process; as in the case of Latin and Greek, the languages of imperialism often outlast the Empires:

It's good that everything is gone,
except their language
which is everything.

(Derek Walcott 'North and South')

It is surprising perhaps that given the nature and the range of the contents of the anthology that Paula Burnett does not incorporate or allow a third major section; a section in which the reader could assess the *new directions* and *forms* which have come about as a result of the interweaving of the various voices of the Caribbean language continuum. Many contemporary poets easily embrace several linguistic worlds and are capable of inhabiting many poetic voices and modes. A section focussing perhaps on the new language codes developing from the 'Black-British' experience or on the work of Martin Carter, Le Roy Clarke and Kendel Hippolyte would have been welcome. Whilst almost all of these poets are mentioned as innovators, little analysis is given to their achievements or the striking range of linguistic registers employed.

There is a similar omission in the discussion of women poets in the Introduction to the anthology. Una Marson is appropriately cited as the first major female voice and not



Miss Lou at Carifesta: Errol Lloyd

ably she captured in her verse the individual and distinctive flavour of the blues (a pattern normally seen to be derived from the North American experience). Louise Bennett or Miss Lou is also given her rightful place as the most important folk-poet that the Caribbean has produced and one who only gained real recognition during the 1960's. Valerie Bloom's work is accurately linked in tone and root to the method of Miss Lou yet no real prominence or context is given to the voices of other female writers. The names of Pamela Mordecai, Marlene Philip, Lorna Goddison, Grace Nichols and Dionne Brand are certainly mentioned and represented in the selection but whilst we are told that women have been the most exploited sector of the Caribbean's people, the fact that their voices are now being heard is surprisingly underplayed by the editor who says that 'we should not be surprised that their voices are authoritative'. Interestingly, on the more positive side, the anthology does include some little-known and extremely revealing poetry by the novelists Jean Rhys and Phyllis Allfrey.

The poets of the Caribbean have been dealing with the disorientating effects of a history of oppression, a divided language and an imposed existentialism for over three hundred years. The predominant concerns of this poetry reflect the need for a 'creative cohabitation' of cultures and its major themes are finally universal. The need for survival and social justice in a society wounded by a history of colonialism, the relationship between island and metropolis, the search for roots and a celebration of an inheritance of place or the discovery of identity, the vision of a Paradise Lost but not Regained, the creolization of Christian and African philosophies reflect 'in an extreme form' the dilemma of late twentieth century society.

The sense of living without certainty, without a stable racial background or a language that mirrors firm cultural foundations is almost prophetic in its crystal-like vision and in its revelation of a need for new correlatives or frames for experience in a world where the tension between the 'old and the new may prove to be a test to destruction'. Empires may rise and fall but as Derek Walcott's lines suggest the language and the Art remains. The Penguin anthology is testimony to the fact that the nightmarish and negative encounters of slavery and colonialism on the human psyche have borne creative fruits. The following lines from James Berry's poem 'Bush Cousin' pose perhaps the question still facing all Caribbean writers;

In what dimension, into what mould
shall I pour the shapes of these strange
forms
that haunt me?

(James Berry 'Bush Cousin')

Susheila Nastor

1981-1986

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Another look at the Introduction to the Penguin Book

The long introduction to what is the best anthology of Caribbean verse in English discusses the oral and literary traditions of Caribbean poetry with learning, perceptiveness and intelligence.

In her preface to the volume, Paula Burnett surmounts the first major hurdle in such a collection thus: 'The criterion used to assess whether a poet qualified for inclusion in this volume was the simple one of whether a significant contribution had been made to Caribbean culture'. Some such rule had to be developed since in previous centuries, streams of immigrants make place of birth problematical as a criterion, and in recent years a number of writers have grown up or been born in metropolitan countries.

The problem with the rule here can be stated simply: were many or indeed any of the earlier poems in the literary tradition especially significant contributions to Commonwealth Caribbean culture? Someone interested in the cultural history of the Caribbean rather than in demonstrating the lineage of modern Caribbean poetry will probably reply: No. In fact the anthologist recognises that problem and few a pages later points out that the earlier pieces are chosen to illustrate 'the creolization of a European literary tradition through the portrayal of a uniquely Caribbean landscape, society or experience, which is the first stage in the establishment of a distinct Caribbean literature.' It is then that we understand that the earlier statement, though linked in the text to modern and eighteenth century authors, was intended to explain the selection of mainly twentieth century poets who were indisputably Caribbean. Elsewhere another reviewer looks at those choices; here we merely note the ambivalence caused by the problem of making such judgements about earlier times in the absence of major cultural histories of the Commonwealth Caribbean.

The introduction (and the collection) will contribute greatly to the task of writing cultural history. After a brief but good discussion of the language continuum between standard English and creoles in the Caribbean, the introduction first treats the oral and then the literary traditions. Ms Burnett points to the partial success of previous attempts to characterise these traditions either by origin in Africa or Europe; or by use of creole or standard English; or as popular or elitist; or in political terms. In the end these are 'partly valid... also, in some sense, downright untrue' and she uses 'a rule of thumb as to the medium characteristically used by the poet'. Though she includes some newspaper poets using the vernacular (her preference to creole) on the eccentric grounds that they belong there because Louise Bennet 'has made parallel use of newspaper publication and performance': how this converts these earlier poets into oral poets must remain a mystery. What appears to have happened is that she has switched criteria once more: these are included because they wrote in the vernacular. Members of elites use the vernacular in literary works for two purposes. Either their intention is to satirise the masses or they are finding a national language to assert cultural distinctiveness. The editor herself points out how limited in rhythm the vernacular poets are — many in the literary tradition tried harder to capture the rhythms of popular speech before they dared to use vernacular in their poems. So use of the vernacular cannot be the basis of choice. Writers like McTurk were mainly satirising vernacular users for an audience that looked down on the use of vernacular and were closer to the English tradition of mocking working-class speech in print. McTurk lived in Guyana at the same time when there was at least one satirical magazine and examples of prose-writing with similar intentions. If these are genuine fore-runners of Louise Bennet they are fore-runners by virtue of their contrary objectives. Sticking to what most would dub the oral tradition Burnett writes clearly of its development and central role of Louise Bennet in its development (a wider cultural look would have taken in the contemporaneous influence on dance of Beryl McBurnie in Trinidad). She ends this section by discussing the joining of the two traditions in the 1970s and 80s and the powerful influence of music on performance by those operating mainly within this tradition.

In treating the literary tradition there exists a different problem. Francis Williams has to be included even if only his Latin poems survive; but do most of the others until the early twentieth century deserve to be included? The test of this is, of course, the anthology: the introduction itself does not convince. There are examples in prose from the late eighteenth century onwards of writers of European origin who had in part adopted a Caribbean perspective, however limited that might have been by their social and economic interests. Edward Long, best known outside the Caribbean for his contribution to the development of 'scientific' racism was a historian of Jamaica who adopted a colonial not an imperial perspective, and the line never died but broadened its sympathies with time. It is not wholly convincing, for instance, to argue that Moreton's empathy — though with frivolous intentions — with a slave woman's experience, earns him a place in the anthology, unless the decisive consideration is his 'earliest use of the vernacular in the literary tradition, antedating its first concerted use as a language for written poetry by more than a century'.

The problem begins to solve itself in the late nineteenth century and is no longer a problem with the appearance of McKay (1889 – 1948). The rest of the introduction succinctly treats the post-McKay growth of Caribbean poetry (rather than verse). What the issue of Moreton does raise is the validity of the division into the two traditions. The division within the anthology allows us to see what the editor wants us to see: the richness and distinctiveness of the oral tradition. In the introduction, that division causes great problems in writing of the last two decades or so (as she is aware and slightly uneasy about). But it also causes problems in dealing with the effect of that tradition in its wider meaning, the folk culture, and the history of the relationship of that culture to the literary one. The effort was probably too much to expect given the enormous amount of work involved in compiling the anthology and the absence of cultural history indicated. But in the end the book will be valuable because of the poems and the introduction assists in the appreciation of those poems. ●

Peter Fraser

The vigour, excitement and vitality of the Caribbean experience, as lived on both sides of the Atlantic

THE PENGUIN BOOK OF CARIBBEAN VERSE in English



Selected and edited by Paula Burnett

From roots to reggae — the first substantial anthology to be published for over a decade.

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BOOK

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The Little Clay Cart

Adapted from 8th Century classic

मीटी की गाड़ी मीटी की गाड़ी
 भाटी की गाड़ी भाटी की गाड़ी
 मिटी की गाड़ी मिटी की गाड़ी



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The little Clay Cart

"Spectacular action-packed drama for all the family" reads the blurb on Tara Arts Group's latest production, 'The Little Clay Cart'... the kind of over-used showbiz expletives which seem more appropriate to Spielberg Space Extravaganzas than to a play written and set in 8th century India. But then again, they would aptly describe an Asterix and Obelix comic-book, which, let's face it, is set in 7th century Gaul.

For action and spectacle in the play (as in the comic-book) one need not look beyond the terrestrial – there is drama enough in the loves, wars and intrigues of human life in any era or area – and in 'The Little Clay Cart' they are strikingly evoked through rapid costume-changes and dialogue, clever lighting and Bharata Natyam-style postures and steps, music, song, discourse, slapstick...

The play recalls Asterix in the self-consciously 'clever' humour in dialogues and monologues which are stylised to the extent that you can almost see the 'think-bubbles' and 'speech-bubbles'; the characters themselves are almost caricatures, in size and shape as well as in personality, from the marvellous, wry-faced, dry-humoured little servant, Maitreya (the undoubted star

of the show), and his lugubriously pompous good-guy master Charudatta (Ayub Khan Din) – to Sansthanaka (Yogesh Bhatt), skinny and golden-faced, with a maliciously mischievous grin and eyebrows of unbelievable mobility barely filling out his ludicrously voluminous finery.

There are strong political overtones in the play – in true Asterix tradition, of course – anti-oppression and pro-proletariat, worked through an element of satirical farce coupled with a superimposed discourse on the morality of the protagonists, which contemporarises the play. This aspect is somewhat marred by the too-overtly political statement at the end of the play which is first spoken, then sung, and finally hammered home with the visual device of a sudden change of wallpaper – 'Spectacular', but not very subtle. In the present political climate, as we witness the demise of the GLC and the beggaring of the arts in general, a play about political oppression (a play, moreover, launching the GLC's Black Theatre Season) has obvious implications. The message is clear enough by the time it is spelled out for us.

I couldn't help wishing that the Asterix vein had prevailed and that they had all sat down to a great feast around a vast bonfire instead. They would not have even had to go to the trouble to tie up the bard, as Baluji Srivastav's music provided a consistently pleasant accompaniment to the action.

This and a couple of other drawbacks (school-assembly songs, acting that occasionally slipped from the stylised into the stilted...) opens the production up to a charge of amateurishness. Though that would be to undervalue the charm, ingenuity and versatility of the performers (notably Nizwar Karang and Sudha Buchar as a massage-woman-cum-gambler-cum Buddhist Monk) the infectious humour of the dialogue, and the extra touch of class added by Shobana Jeyasingh's choreography combined with sympathetically dramatic and poised lighting. The steps and postures which Ms Jeyasingh has woven seamlessly into the narrative are neither so ambitious that they seem laboured in their execution, nor so simplistic that they lose their impact". ●

INTRODUCING A NEW PRESS

The text of *The Little Clay Cart* has been adapted by Jatinder Verma and will be published by LOKAMAYA PRESS. This book will no doubt prove very useful in schools and drama groups where there is a dearth of material from the Indian sub-continent available in translation.

Also published by LOKAMAYA PRESS is *Shadows of my Making*, a first collection by a young poet, Mehendra Solanki. It is a subtle selec-

tion of poems which give some insight into the complex betrayals and loyalties which occur within families. The poems strike an intensely personal note but are stripped and bare in construction.

Lokamaya Press has been set up by Bahaudeen Latif and is concentrating on making literature from the Indian sub-continent, Africa and the Caribbean available here; as well as publishing exciting new writers in Britain. Further information from

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Sabita Banerji

THE LITTLE CLAY CART
 Tara Arts Group – Arts Centre, Gt
 Newport St
 9 Jan-1st Feb

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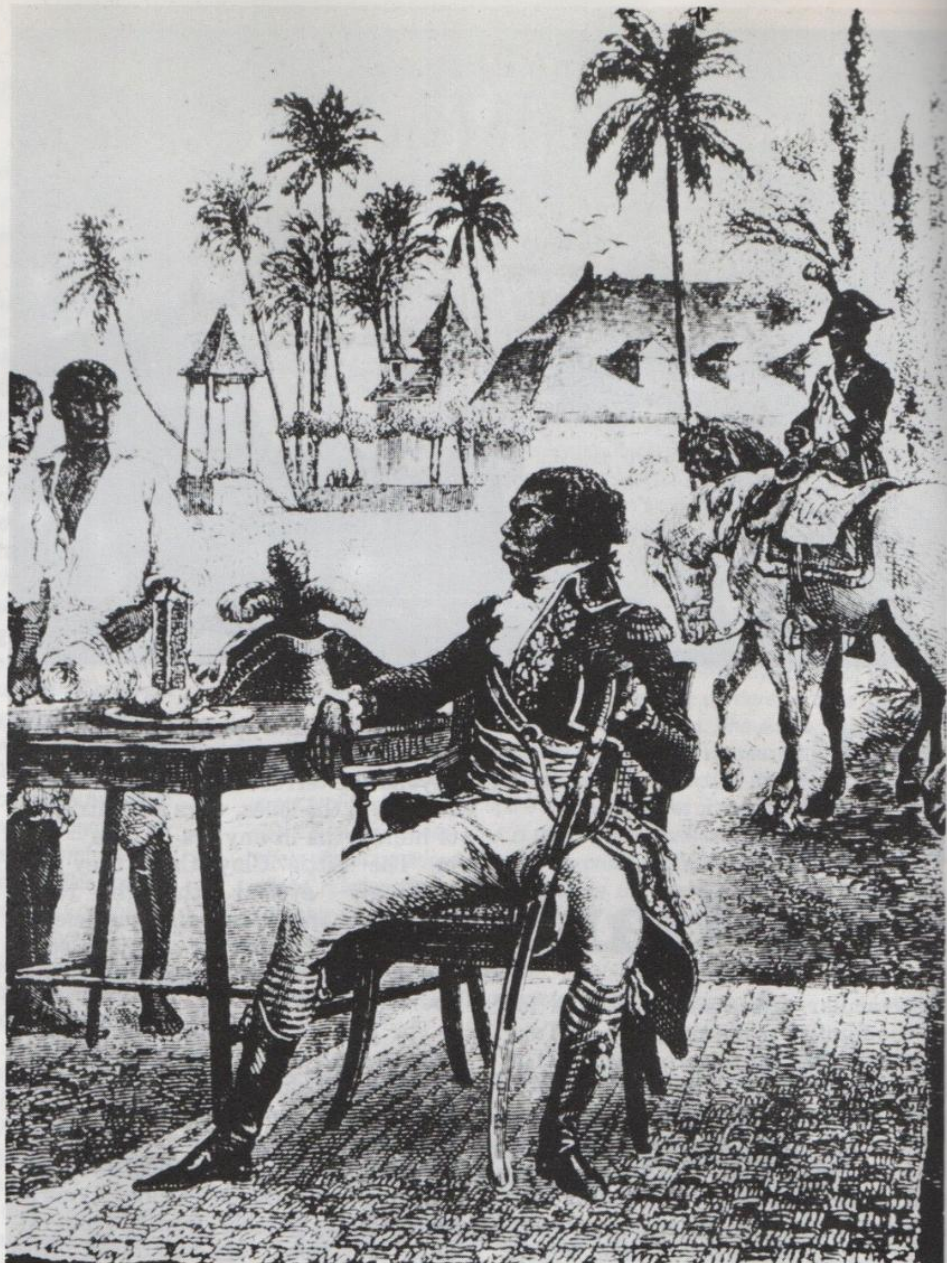
Yvonne Brewster

on CLR JAMES

Talawa Theatre Company was originally formed by Yvonne Brewster, she will admit, 'out of sheer necessity.' Wanting to revive CLR James's historical play 'The Black Jacobins' had long been a Brewster dream and her success last year in directing the Black Theatre Cooperative's production of 'A Raisin In the Sun' was a final spur to approaching the GLC with her idea. 'The Black Jacobins' had been performed once only in Britain, in 1936, with Paul Robeson playing the part of Toussaint L'Ouverture. For Brewster 'a play of such historical authority and proven distinction' deserved to be seen; and the GLC Race Equality Unit agreed. All Brewster had to do was to form a company...

Talawa: Jamaican. Arawak origin. Strong but powerful as in 'she likkle but she talawa' — always used in the feminine form

The company is 'sponsored' by Yvonne Brewster, Carmen Munro, Mona Hammond, Inigo Espejel and Lubaina Humid. Its directors are Michael Abbensetts, Errol Lloyd, and Margaret Busby.



Engraving of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Talawa sees itself 'using ancient mythologies, classic African and Caribbean works to form a cultural backcloth for modern black British theatre — to inform, enrich and further enlighten.' What Carmen Munro calls 'ethnic roots information'. For Munro the numerological omens were too auspicious to ignore. 'It's been twenty-five years since I've been in the business. Black Jacobins will open fifty years to the day it was first performed. I'm actually 'sitting' in this time as trainee/assistant director. I felt it was time for me to enlarge my horizons. For me there's no return, no going back. And to be honest I was tired, tired of 'being discovered' every part I played, so I'm taking time out to learn something new.'

It had been hoped to tour Haiti with the play; and with revolutionary developments there, the position has to be clarified. Neverthe-

less in rehearsals the production exudes vitality and zest. Brewster again: 'I want Talawa Theatre Company to follow the innovative work being done in Jamaica, for example, with classic works like 'Equus'. In this production alone, we have over one hundred years of experience in this country... Mona Hammond, Norman Beaton. People have turned down lucrative film work to do this play — that's just one indication of the level of commitment!

The production of 'The Black Jacobins' is part of Riverside Studios' focus on **CLR James: Man of the People** — a major exhibition of his works, with discussion forums and films organised by **Creation For Liberation**. Talawa has CLR James's support on one condition, says Brewster: 'We must entertain'.

GLC
Jan McKenley

1981-1986

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Chances of West Indies in First Test (Port of Spain Gazette, 15 June 1933)



C.L.R. JAMES Photo by DAVID BAILEY

last day at Lord's vs MCC when the West Indies realized that they had a chance to force a victory, it was splendid to see how they went at it. He had never noticed that in the 1928 team. Why the Board did not officially appoint the only choice of vice-captain I do not know. At any rate that and a lot of other things will come some day and quicker than they think. Then and only then will the West Indies take its rightful place in the scheme of things. For let every good West Indian know that, after watching cricket here and carefully weighing my words, I have no hesitation in saying that in cricket, as in many other things, West Indians are among the most highly gifted people one can find anywhere. The English have money, thirty times our population, vast organization, every conceivable advantage. Yet with all that, we could hold our own. Our trouble is that we have not yet learned to subordinate everything to

I could not go to the Oval on either Saturday or on Monday. On Monday night I was talking to the best cricket correspondent in England. We discussed the chances of the West Indies pretty thoroughly. Air mail is expensive and I cannot go into too much detail but he said that A.C. McLaren, who saw the West Indies at Lord's, thinks that given a fast wicket and Constantine to help, anything may happen in the first Test. That also was his own opinion. The English batsmen were childishly helpless against the fast bowling. And it was not body-line because there was only one man forward short leg on the on side. The change bowling, however, was weak. Whether Grant will allow himself to be frightened by the English critics is an important question. If he breaks the morale of his fast bowlers by expressing doubts as to whether the tactics of Constantine and Martindale are fair, the West Indies should flay him alive. The English had no mercy on the Australians. Now that the tour is over and the Ashes won, nearly every English writer and cricketer with the most bare-faced effrontery condemns body-line bowling, but when the Australians protested they shrieked to high heaven that there was nothing in it and the Australians were merely squealing. This is our chance and if weakness and lack of a sense of realism in the high command makes us lose it, then our blood be upon our own head.

The spirit of the team is pretty good. Jack Grant is doing very well. If there is any trouble it is likely to come over the question of the vice-captaincy. The Board knew, I suppose, why it did not appoint one. If anything happens to Grant and there is any monkeying about, there are the prospects of a fine row. It would be a pity, because the correspondent whom I spoke to told me that on the

black Jacobins? 1986

- 1: D.L. Haynes
- 2: C.G. Greenidge
- 3: I.V.A. Richards
- 4: H.A. Gomes
- 5: R.B. Richardson/A.L. Logie/C. Best
- 6: P.J.L. Dujon
- 7: R.A. Harper
- 8: M.D. Marshall
- 9: M.A. Holding
- 10: J. Garner
- 11: C.A. Walsh/W.W. Davis/P Patterson

Ed

winning. Under modern conditions to win you have got to make up your mind to win. The day West Indians White, Brown and Black learn to be West Indians, to see nothing in front, to right or left but West Indian success and the means to it, that day they begin to be grown up. Along with that it will be necessary to cultivate any number of fine speeches, noble sentiments and unimpeachable principles. But these you must indulge in before the struggle, cricket or whatever it may be, and also after the struggle is over. Anyway,

more of this later. Let me describe as accurately as I can the day's cricket, and the boys as I saw them.

CLR James

England won well in 1933. And there is still, in some quarters, an effort off the field, to break the morale of West Indies fast bowlers. But West Indies Cricket 'grew up' along the lines anticipated by C.L.R. James — solving the old captaincy dilemma on its way to becoming a winning force.

The old principle of defining yourself by doing rather than by talking, still works — something the rest of us might learn from our cricketers.

Ed

Test No. 227/8

ENGLAND v WEST INDIES 1933 (1st Test)

Played at Lord's, London, on 24, 26, 27 June.

Toss: England. Result: ENGLAND won by an innings and 27 runs.

Debuts: England — C.F. Walters; West Indies — E.A. Martindale, C.A. Merry.

The Nelson Club refused to release Constantine for this match. Francis, currently professional to Radcliffe in the Bolton League was brought in to strengthen the bowling. Rain allowed only 45 minutes' play in two instalments on the first day. Roach was out to the first ball of the second innings.

ENGLAND		
C.F. Walters	c Barrow b Martindale	51
H. Sutcliffe	c Grant b Martindale	21
W.R. Hammond	c Headley b Griffith	29
M. Leyland	c Barrow b Griffith	1
D.R. Jardine*	c Da Costa b Achong	21
M.J.L. Turnbull	c Barrow b Achong	28
L.E.G. Ames†	not out	83
G.O.B. Allen	run out	16
R.W.V. Robins	b Martindale	8
H. Verity	c Achong b Griffith	21
G.G. Macaulay	lbw b Martindale	9
Extras	(B 3, LB 5)	8
Total		296

WEST INDIES		
C.A. Roach	b Allen	0
I. Barrow†	c and b Verity	7
G.A. Headley	lbw b Allen	13
E.L.G. Hoad	lbw b Robins	6
G.C. Grant*	hit wkt b Robins	26
O.C. Da Costa	b Robins	6
C.A. Merry	lbw b Macaulay	9
E.E. Achong	b Robins	15
G.N. Francis	b Robins	4 (10) not out
E.A. Martindale	b Robins	4 (9) b Macaulay
H.C. Griffith	not out	1
Extras	(B 3, LB 1, NB 2)	6
Total		97

c Sutcliffe b Macaulay	0
lbw b Robins	12
b Allen	50
c and b Verity	36
lbw b Macaulay	28
lbw b Verity	1
b Macaulay	1
c Hammond b Verity	10
(10) not out	11
(9) b Macaulay	4
b Verity	18
(B 1)	1

172

WEST INDIES					O	M	R	W
Martindale	24	3	85	4				
Francis	18	3	52	0				
Griffith	20	7	48	3				
Achong	35	9	88	2				
Da Costa	4	0	15	0				
ENGLAND								
Macaulay	18	7	25	1	20	6	57	4
Allen	13	6	13	2	11	2	33	1
Verity	16	8	21	1	18.1	4	45	4
Robins	11.5	1	32	6	12	2	36	1

Umpires: F. Chester and A. Dolphin.

FALL OF WICKETS			
Wkt	E	WI	WI
1st	49	1	0
2nd	103	17	56
3rd	105	27	64
4th	106	31	116
5th	154	40	119
6th	155	51	120
7th	194	87	133
8th	217	92	138
9th	265	96	146
10th	296	97	172

BLACK ARTISTS WHITE INSTITUTIONS

Black and white, are not natural colours. In fact they exist only in relation to each other.

What's on the agenda of a conference in which Black artists confront white institutions? There are, of course, the obvious points of negotiation — (i) that there should be greater access for the work of Black artists to be on public display and on the major stages, (ii) that there should be more Black artists working in the major companies, and as directors and planners in the executive of major art bodies, (iii) that there should be properly funded opportunities for apprentices and raw talent out of our communities, (iv) that there should be funding support for 'independent' Black arts. And the conference will doubtless discuss ways of establishing networks to press on and to monitor on all these fronts.

But I want to suggest that if Black artists are not to be easily compromised in all these negotiations, they must clarify the basis on which they will negotiate. What 'line' will Black artists take, if they are not to be compromised by the culture of 'equal opportunities' masquerading as the answer to Black demands? I want to talk then about something that artists are notoriously loathe to discuss — although less so people who call themselves Black artists. I want to talk about the political perspective that sets one of the tones of the Black artists' confrontation with white institutions.

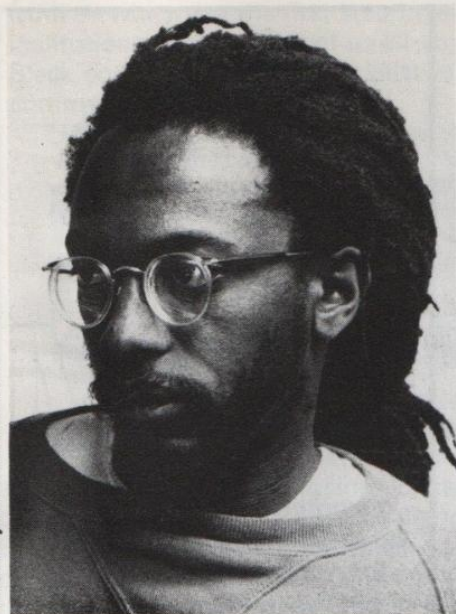
BLACK AND WHITE

In order to do this we must remind ourselves of some basics. The first is, that Black and white, as they are used in the title of this conference, are not natural colours. In fact they exist only in relation to each other. And I want to talk about this, to see what it implies for this conference.

By Black I think we must mean to refer to Black and Third World people. And by Black I think we must mean to refer to a political colour, and not a skin colour. Black, then, is the colour of an historical experience — of racist oppression and exploitation, and of resistance and survival. (Just so white is evidently not a skin colour, but the colour of an institutionalised racism, and of those who work for it and benefit from it.) So I want to argue that the Black artist cannot be an artist who just happens to be Black-skinned — but someone whose artistic expression or imagination is delivered out of Blackness, out of the Black experience. The black artist is, in this sense, a commissioned artist! And I want to argue further that the Black artist in Britain today has a very specific commission — kind of an imperative.

In our time the grand project to which Black artists in Britain must make a specific contribution might be called a cultural awakening 'out of the ghettos'. And I want to suggest that *all* activists and organizations for Black liberation in Britain must face up to this challenging, difficult and new imperative of Black struggle in the 1980s.

The history that brings us to this moment is well known. From the colonies in Asia and the Caribbean, out of populations that were even then, in the 1950s and 1960s, struggling for 'independence', came hundreds of thousands of ambitious Black workers. Ambitious, not for themselves directly, more so for their children. By the 1970s the children had begun to become young adults, and it was this 'Black youth' which first led the call 'out of the ghettos'. And Black youth have been making that call, non-stop, (to put dates to it) from 1975 to the present, 1985. (British politicians, recently, have been crying shame and condemning Botha's TV and press bans on news of Black uprisings in Azania — yet the British state has organised, and succeeded in large part, since 1981 (indeed since 1975) in doing exactly this with regard to the 10-year long rebellion of Black youth and their communities in Britain).



Colin Prescod

This was the keynote address given at the GLC-sponsored Black Artists, White Institutions Conference. Riverside Studios 4/11/85.

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Black Arts in London is published fortnightly by Arts Media Group and MAAS.

THE YOUTH

The youth could see, and were saying, from the 1970s, that state schools were failing to serve them properly, and that the jobs they were being offered were fewer and fewer, impossibly low-paid, and came with intolerable conditions. They were saying that their lives on the streets and in their clubs, and more and more even in their homes were lives of terror (harassed by the police, hounded into courts, criminalised when they defended themselves against racist attacks). They could see that they had precious little cover or immediate hope coming to them from their elders (their beleaguered parents; the struggling existing community organizations; the authorities; the big politicians). And most of all they were the first, 'the youth', to point out that in as much as all this was happening to them it was happening to us all — and that sooner or later we'd all see the direct truth of this.

And because no-one outside of the ghetto would understand or listen, while no-one inside the ghetto could suggest real hope — they screamed their protest, they rioted. They wanted 'out of the ghettos'.

The ghetto, is not merely an urban-geographical location. It is an economic, political, legal and ideological domain.

THE GHETTO

The ghetto, then is not merely an urban-geographical location. It is an economic, political, legal and ideological domain. In the ghetto, economically, we are considered to be the workers who work less and less, in poorly paid jobs; who suffer the most massive unemployment, some say never-employment, and we suffer, therefore, poverty and corruptibility in a wage-money economy. In the ghetto, politically, we are restricted, by a numbers-game, to powerlessness in the legitimised power games. In the ghetto, juridically, we are restricted from appeal and justice in a legal system that defines us as people with suspicious rights to citizenship, and as people with doubtful rights to protection under the law; and as people against whom the agents of the law must be given a free hand, since, *by our very presence*, we can constitute a threat to law and order. In the ghetto, ideologically, we are the people who make it necessary for Britain to become more and more a police-state — because we *will* insist on rejecting the rôles and the statuses given to us. We will insist on striking back when we are struck. (Some sociologists might say — in the "ghetto" we are "organised".) And here's the twist — the white institutions have a confusing and tricky way of restricting the ghetto. They can be downright repressive, or they can be liberally tolerant — and from where we stand, those positions work hand in glove.

authoritarian racists say that we have a tendency to be criminals and possibly should be arrested before we commit the crimes rather than after.

So, in the economic institutions, the genetic racists say that we are more unemployed because we are culturally 'unemployable'. (We lack discipline, brains, morality and responsibility.) The liberal racists on the other hand, offer us job-training schemes to nowhere, and ghetto leisure centres, and a few 'equal opportunities' jobs in the existing unequal scheme of things, hoping that this will compromise and so quieten the rest. And, maybe more of us could come to be like the Black Asian shopkeeper class. In the political institutions, the white supremacists say that we are a minority, and that it's not our country anyway, so we'd better accept the will and dictate of the majority. While the social democrats say that we may have a cause, but we are too

impatient for political change, and must work more slowly through the well-tried, existing political set-up — through the parties, colourlessly if possible!

In the law and order institutions, the authoritarian racists say that we have a tendency to be criminals and possibly should be arrested before we commit the crimes rather than after. While the liberal racists acknowledge our complaints against the courts and police (there *are* records after all), *but* as principled supporters of the rule of law, they will denounce our acts of challenge and resistance to unjust courts and illegal policing as *criminal*!

In the ideological institutions, the social scientific racists say that we come from uncivilised cultures and so lack proper respect for authority and civilised traditions — and possibly need short, sharp shocks to humble us to reality. While the liberal racists sympathise with our predicament as culturally destabilised, ex-colonised, ex-slaves and coolies, new arrivants making difficult adjustments — with perhaps a little too much suspicion and paranoia though — and they push varieties of multi-cultural programmes for the dissolution of our 'differences'. We must beware the liberals.

IMAGINATION

The first act 'out of the ghettos' must be an "act of the imagination" then. It must be to turn the understanding or the meaning of *how* and *why* we are restricted to the ghetto. In this turning over of our experience — from the economic ghetto, we've come to see that full-employment since the "technological revolution" is in fact a thing of the past, for all workers, Black and white — and this is a startling new feature of society. From the political ghetto, we've come to realise that when we are co-opted, through 'equal opportunities' for Blacks, women and working class people, into the existing institutions — this is in large part opportunity to become part of the problem and not of the solution. From the ghetto of injustice, we've come to see that the law we live under (the Police Powers Act, the Nationality Act, the Industrial Relations legislation, the proposed Public Order legislation, for instance) is increasingly law against the people, all the people. From the ideological ghetto where the white institutions define what we are — we've come to know that although we do indeed have specific cultural practices, we are not a people apart from the white imperialist centres, since we've participated directly in the last 400 years or more of making the rich but very unequal contemporary world system. And we know that merely acknowledging the existence of many cultures without combatting the sophisticated barbarity of the dominant culture will change nothing fundamentally.

These are the plain truths of Black resistance culture — and they are not destructive but creative truths. They reach out to touch all the people.

Now it is from this creative, resistance culture that the Black artists in Britain get their imperative — their commission. These acts of the imagination — of



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BLACK & WHITE TELEVISION

Caryl Phillips

It is exactly six years since I wrote an article for *The Listener* entitled, if I remember rightly, *Racial Images on the Screen*. 1979 had been an interesting year with regard to the way in which black people were portrayed on British television. London Weekend Television's *Skin* programme had re-

placed the pioneering *Babylon*, and more significantly the year had produced the first attempt to go beyond the situation comedy of *Love thy Neighbour*, *The Fosters* and *Mixed Blessings*, with the appearance of Michael Abbensett's BBC series, *Empire Road*. Much has happened since then to give further exposure to black people on British T.V., primarily through the introduction of a Fourth Channel in 1982. However, the appearance of a BBC documentary (under the banner of the flagship *Horizon*) *Are You A Racist?* (Jan. 7th. 1986) led me to wonder (if we accept Channel Four's appearance as progress — another avenue to be explored), in which direction mainstream British television had moved.

On the surface the boom has been spectacular. The six year expansion has

brought us a wide range of magazine programmes that aim to deal specifically with the black community; *Ebony* from the BBC, *Black on Black* and *The Bandung File* from Channel Four. Situation comedy such as *No Problem* and *The Front Line* have carried where *Mixed Blessings* left off, and single documentaries, be they about Bob Marley's life, or "Inner City Rhythms" have become more commonplace. And towards the end of 1985 we even saw an eight-part BBC drama series, *Black Silk*, boasting not only a black lawyer at its centre, but having been written (at least in part), and conceived by black writers. But surfaces can deceive, being turning to the 'Horizon' documentary wish to look at just two of the above programmes.

Black on Black (Channel Four)

1981-1986

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truth — which are the first step in escaping or turning the trick on the white institutions, make artists of us all. And these acts of imagination connect the Black community to its specialist artists, and connect Black artists to their communities.

"The artist, like any other individual, intellectual or otherwise, belongs to the community, not the community to the artist. And what the artist conveys is not so much of her or his personal experience of truth as the collective vision of a society of which the artist is part, expressed not in terms private to the artist and her or his peers, but in familiar language — or in symbols, the common language of truth"
A. Sivanandan, 'The Liberation of the Black Intellectual'†

M THE "COMMISSION"

My point is then, that if the Black artist is to deliver on his commission, the artist's mass community requires (a) that the Black artist must avoid the diversions of self-indulgent individualism; (b) that the basis on which the Black artist challenges the status quo is the authority of the Black experience; (c) that the Black artist's expressions of the imagination are necessarily and powerfully constrained historically and contemporarily by this experience (unless that artist pretends to colourlessness); (d) that the Black artist must avoid being co-opted by the white institutions in the comfortable 'folk art' or the colourful 'ghetto art', or the exotic 'ethnic art' bags. And this is the challenge that Black artists bring to the white institutions (and not just to the white art institutions). And this is the position from which they negotiate.

Those who call themselves Black artists have recruited themselves to be specialist workers or activists on the cultural terrain — where Black culture and its imaginative expression meets white culture. Here cultural actions, if they are Black, are acts of record, of resistance, and of vision, all at once. As matters of record, they are acts in and of the whole history of the Black and Third World experience. As resistance, they are acts against the arrogance, elitism, and exploitation of racism and Imperialism, in art as elsewhere. And as acts of vision they are acts of imagination for the liberation of all — Black and white — from the domination of white institutions. Acts out of Blackness, out of the bantustans, out of the colonies — acts out of the ghettos.

And so, if the title 'Black artists' is to mean anything in this conference, it cannot be crudely separatist and narrowly culturalist. It should be used to signify an intention to let loose Blackness out of the ghettos — to turn on Blackness in the Black and the white masses. To work from this perspective, far from being a limitation for the Black artists, is to be given licence to practice truly radical and creative arts.

† From A. Sivanandan 'A Different Hunger' Pub. Pluto Press, 1982

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85) grew from the ashes of London Weekend Television Ethnic Minorities Unit. Its brief was to provide, in one hour every other week (it alternated with 'Eastern Eye', its Asian counterpart) news, sport, entertainment, arts, and features relevant to the black community. In short, to achieve the impossible. But it went much further towards achieving its goals than many gave it credit for. Albeit superficially, **Black on Black** did give us news, information and items relevant to the black community, and although the quality of its programmes did vary enormously from fortnight to fortnight, there was — to coin a phrase — something for everybody.

Black Silk (BBC 2 1985) set sail without the burden of having to be all things to everybody. It was a drama series, in

the mould of a **Rumpole of the Bailey** working within the well-defined traditions of 50s studio-based drama, with a few minutes of outside broadcast time available to each episode. Initially the idea had been to 'introduce a range of black writing talent to British television by giving each writer an episode to write, as well as dealing in a responsible manner with the life and times of a lawyer who happened to be black. But from the first episode, which concerned a young black Chelsea football fan wrongly arrested for stabbing an opposing fan, the series stumbled along from clichéd social situations, to steamy and emotional domestic scenes, as the lawyer hero became increasingly embroiled in the *ménage à trois* with his estranged wife, and his white mistress. A clue as to why it became so disturbing-

ly unwatchable might be found in the credit list for each programme, which not only revealed white writers as solely responsible for single episodes, but credited them as having co-written some episodes with black writers. Now, of course, there is nothing wrong with a white writer having wholly or partly written any episode — what causes one to question this accreditation is that this was clearly not the original intention of the series. Apparently something had gone wrong in the cooking of this series, and it showed. In production the actors fought valiantly with clumsy scripts, and in the face of a production budget that, given the visual tarnish (I won't say gloss) of the finished product, was clearly inadequate. Was this progress?

In both **Black on Black** and **Black Silk** black people were present on the

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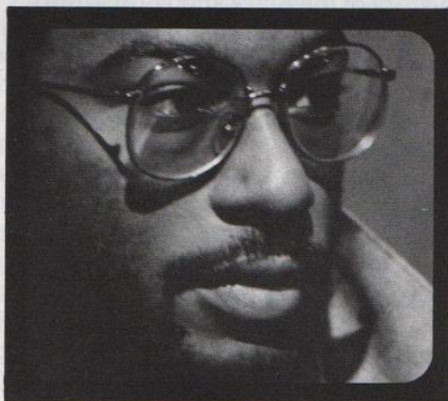
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screen — they were visible and, in the main, purporting to be serious. But whereas the former programme was striving to break new ground and could therefore be forgiven whatever the shortcomings it might have revealed from time to time, **Black Silk**, begging easy comparison with other drama series, was a disappointment. It is possible that the presence of Britain's first black television producer at the helm of **Black on Black** made some difference, if not THE difference, for if black people actively involved, and with a desire to further a career in television have learned anything in the last six years, it is that the only way to change the negative images of themselves that they are continually being presented with, is to take some say in the power-making structure. In the mainstream companies this is crucial, for it appears the companies are interested in more images, but not in the quality of those images.

At Channel Four Sue Woodford was the first commissioning editor for multicultural programmes. After two years she was succeeded by Farrukh Dhondy, who has stepped up the policy of trying to commission independent black companies like Bandung, and Anancy, and Kuumba. For the first time it is possible for a black film-maker to work independently with a black writer and/or group of actors and approach a black person with the power to give the go-ahead for their project to reach the British viewing audience. I would like to suggest that in the future this avenue will produce by far the best programmes to serve the black community.

The BBC and ITV continue to produce programmes (representing the black community) with white producers and directors at the helm, that are underfunded, badly-executed, or simply ill-conceived. All that has happened in the last six years is that there have been many more of them. However, not a single one of them can hold a light to Horace Ove's recent 'independent' films on the **Dabbawallahs** of Bombay, and his study of **Bhopal**. But high standards are not necessarily what the mainstream are striving for when they deal with the black community. The issue — the fact that the programme is seen to be addressing race at all — is enough to make it special, and usually revive the career of some ailing BBC hack. If they can get a few black people working with them, all the better. As this process escalates, most of the established and burgeoning black talent in the field of direction, production and writing is being increasingly accommodated in the Channel Four sector. Perhaps, ironically enough, this leaves the government-sponsored BBC, and the advertisement-dependant ITV companies even freer to peddle the incompetence (in this area) that has always been their trademark. And boy, did they begin 1986 with a bang.

Even **Horizon**, the Science programme on BBC 2 has managed to get itself embroiled in the **race** business. They decided to kick off their new series with a nice little number entitled, **Are You A Racist?** At the head of the film the narrator announced to us that, 'This film is an exploration of racism'. In other words, there was nothing scientific, analytical, or even anything measurable that could be discerned from it. The appalling blandness of the final two lines of voice over, 'We must recognise the pain and the isolation that racism inflicts upon black people. We must find a way to change racist views.' left one wondering why the film had been made in the first place. The film brought together four black people with four self-confessed white racists into an artificial setting. They spent five days together which resulted in one black woman breaking down in tears, one black man shouting and admitting he was arrogant, and a white woman putting on a sari. It was an entertainment with which black people made a public effort to persuade white people that black people were really 'okay'. Not for one moment do I believe that a black producer, director, or editor would have had anything to do with such a patronising and insidious idea for a programme.



CARYL PHILLIPS: Playwright and Novelist.
Latest book *A State of Independence*: Faber & Faber.

Pre-Channel Four, such a programme would have merely signalled another nail being driven into the coffin of positive black self-projection in the media. In the light of what is emerging at Channel four it can be seen in the true context of institutionalised racism. This is not to suggest that Channel Four does not have its faults in the area of black programming for it does — the choice of Basil Davidson for the **Africa** series left many disappointed. However, its independence, relative to the other companies, and the presence within the company of a black person with real authority has placed it years ahead of anything else that black people in the media have ever experienced. If **Horizon's Are You A Racist?** is indicative of what we can expect in the next six years, then we should all be grateful for the Channel Four alternative, however inadequate some might feel it to be. ●

NEW ENGLISH WRITING

A HOME IN THE INSTITUTION

AFRICAN AND CARIBBEAN STUDIES AT KENT

■ It is not unusual for a student to find a text by one of his teachers listed as recommended for a course; it is rather less common, however, for a student to find his own publications are on the syllabus.

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BLACK ARTISTS • WHITE INSTITUTIONS

Nevertheless, this will be third year student, Fred D'Aguiar's experience in the course on Caribbean Poetry which he is taking this year. One of the required texts is a new anthology of "British Westindian" poetry, *News For Babylon*, edited by James Berry and published by Chatto and Windus in 1984, and including five of Fred D'Aguiar's poems. Those poems caught the eye of Chatto and Windus poetry editor, Andrew Motion, who asked Fred to put together his own volume, titled, *Mama Dot*. Published in August, 1985, *Mama Dot* has earned a Poetry Society recommendation, a Literature award from the GLC, and a collection of very favourable reviews. This comment from Books & Bookmen is representative: "Fred D'Aguiar arrives on the scene fully fledged, his voice effortlessly his own, his territory mapped out and already yielding a rich harvest. In common with the best Irish poets of recent years, he succeeds in cross fertilising the diction of English poetry with the dialect and idiom of his own background, to produce a powerful new strain... It is a very impressive collection."

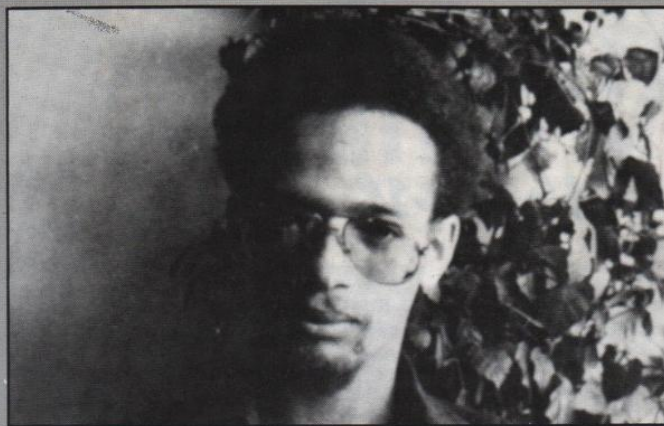
In fact, Fred D'Aguiar is the latest in a line of students from the University of Kent whose work may be found in *News For Babylon*. In all, five Kent graduates are included, and of those five, four have degrees in African and Caribbean Studies-English. And all four have recently published volumes of poetry. Fred D'Aguiar's volume was published just six weeks after one by Amryl Johnson (1985), whose collection, *Long Road to Nowhere* (Virago) has resulted in encouraging reviews.

One year previously, Valerie Bloom had achieved the double distinction of a First Class Honours Degree in African and Caribbean Studies with English and the publication of her first volume of poetry, *Touch Mi, Tell Mi* (Bogle L'Overture). Valerie is an impressive performer of her poetic monologues, mostly written in Jamaican dialect. She has recently completed two more volumes of poetry, one for children and one for adults.

The most prolific writer of all, however, is one of the first graduates in the African and Caribbean-English degree programme, Faustin Charles, who had already published two volumes of poetry in Trinidad before coming to Kent, and has gone on to publish a novel, *Signposts of the Jumbie* (Bogle L'Overture) and in 1985, two books for older children, *The Black Magic Man of Brixton* and *Tales* both published by Karnak.

Students such as these have been attracted to Kent by what has been a unique degree in Great Britain, for this university is the only one that offers an undergraduate degree emphasising the literature of Africa and the Caribbean, literature written in English or French and often combining European literary forms and styles with traditional African or Caribbean oral poetry, drama and storytelling forms and concerns to create new and exciting literary possibilities. The authors studied include such internationally known figures as Chinua Achebe from Nigeria, Kenyan novelist and dramatist Ngugi wa Thiong'o, Barbadian poet Edward Braithwaite, and from Trinidad, novelist and journalist, V.S. Naipaul.

The degree courses in African and Caribbean Studies with English or French were launched in 1976 by a number of lecturers and professors who had themselves lived and taught in Africa and the West Indies, including Molly Mahood, Mark Kinkead-Weekes and Louis James from the English Board, Clive Wake from French, Roger Anstey, Antony Copley and David Turley from History. (Following Roger Anstey's death in 1980, the Historians were joined by Professor David Birmingham, internationally known for his publications on Central and Southern Africa). It was a time when the cultural impact of immigration from the Caribbean had begun to make itself felt in Britain as writers such as George Lamming, Sam Selvon, V.S. Naipaul and James Berry gained recognition. In the late Sixties, the University of Kent had hosted the first two conferences for the Caribbean



Frederick D'Aguiar

Artists' Movement (CAM) and the CAM Newsletter was published from the University. A decade later, in 1978, the university helped launch another organisation, the Association for the Teaching of Caribbean and African Literature (ATCAL) at a conference of school teachers, librarians, publishers and academics, held in Rutherford College and addressed by Chinua Achebe, South African poet Dennis Brutus, and Dipak Nandy.

For its first four years, the degree course attracted small numbers, although there has always been a healthy enrolment for the individual courses, but applications since 1980 have increased. The students come from a variety of backgrounds, English and Scots, German and American, as well as African and "Black British"; a variety which contributes to lively seminar discussions. Their courses include a mixture of history and literature, including an interdisciplinary topic in the final term of their first year on themes such as "Culture in Conflict", "The Idea of Africa", and "African Liberation", and in their third year, a Bridge course on the history and literature of the Caribbean since 1930, or comparing the recent histories and literatures of Ghana and Kenya. In addition, students take one or more courses on the history of Africa and the Caribbean, at least two literature courses, including a survey of African and Caribbean Literature in English and a course in "mainstream" English or American writing (e.g. Shakespeare or Nineteenth Century Fiction). They may also choose to take as special subjects South African Literature, or Caribbean Poetry, a relevant anthropology or sociology course, or detailed study of one or two particular authors.

Pressures from within and without have led to changes since the mid-seventies. Sadly, the early retirement of Clive Wake in 1984 resulted in the cessation of the French African and Caribbean degree. On the more positive side, the African and Caribbean Studies Panel hopes to respond to the changing character of Britain's cultural mix by introducing courses in Black British culture and Literature, and comparative studies with Afro-American History and Literature. These changes, as well as the continuation of the existing course, are being encouraged by the present generation of students who articulate creatively and powerfully the richness and complexity of their own cultural background and who thus stimulate in their contemporaries the desire to understand better the interrelationships between Europeans, Africans and Indians throughout the world. They are also encouraged by teachers, journalists, business-people and others who are beginning to feel in various ways the importance of understanding the cultures and perspectives whose literary expression may well prove one of the unintended but richer consequences of the British Empire.

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After the Placebos

a response

The funding practices of 'white' institutions over the last ten years as regards Black Arts have encouraged artists to see the development of Black Arts in terms of the success of individual projects. As a result the 'Black Arts Sector' is made-up of a tiny number of well-resourced groups and a phenomenal number of under-resourced, all working, for the most part, in isolation.

A feature of 1985 was the inauguration of a number of Forums bringing Black Artists and groups together to facilitate real development. The main Forums include: the Black Women in the Arts Association; the Association of Black Workshops (film and video); the Black Dance Forum; the Black Theatre Forum; the Association of London Black Artists; the Black Music Association (U.K.); and the Black Independent Record Labels Association. All the Forums intend to challenge imperialism, racism and sexism and ensure that Black Artists work together to establish infrastructures for growth.

Four major concerns have acted as catalysts: the myopic attitudes of the present Government towards the Black Community and the arts; the superficial effects of 'ethnic arts' policies; the development of critical perspectives and Black Aesthetics; and the need to establish a more secure base for Black Arts.

The combined effects of a number of Government policies, namely the abolition of the GLC and Metropolitan County Councils, cuts in arts spending and rate-capping legislation threaten Black Arts more than any other arts constituency. Because it has been local and regional councils that have been the most supportive, and Black Arts is still low on the agenda of the main arts funding agencies. As Black Artists working in isolation face little or no chance of successfully challenging these policies, the rationale behind the Forums is that united action strengthens protest.

The second issue of concern is institutional racism. Fay Rodrigues accurately pinpointed, in her 'Watershed Report', that "all institutional roads lead back to... *The Arts Britain Ignores*". This document, written by Naseem Khan in 1975, failed to identify institutional racism as the major reason for the traditional lack of support of 'ethnic arts' and provided a series of recommendations, of the information and advice variety, that became the liberal

platform for the 'ethnic arts industry'. A feature of 'ethnic arts' policies has been the occasional token appointment of Ethnic Arts and Equal Opportunities Officers by some institutions and local authorities, and the recruitment of 'Black Specialists' on to funding and advisory panels. In all cases these posts have been structurally powerless and unsupported, acting, as Dianne Abbott, Equal Opportunities Officer of the ACTT, pointed out at the GLC Race Equality Unit Conference — *Black Artists: White Institutions* — as 'gatekeepers' for the institutions. Little attempt has been made to establish infrastructures for Black representation, whether in the form of employment on all staff and management levels, or in advisory capacities. In addition, it has been virtually impossible to ensure that those 'Black Specialists' chosen by the institutions are properly mandated by the community they represent. The Forums intend to campaign on these employment and representation issues and ensure that representatives have effective networks through which to report.

The Forums also hope to provide opportunities for Black artists to develop critical perspectives and the concepts of Black Aesthetics. Criticism and assessment criteria of Black Arts have predominantly been 'white controlled'. It is of paramount importance in the development of Black Aesthetics that the Black community establishes its own criteria for assessment and has opportunities to critically examine work produced. The major issue here is the fight for self-definition. Despite the fact that the Black community have continually fought 'ethnic minority' labels, the majority of institutions still have problems relating to black Arts, choosing instead to muddle the differences between Britain's various communities and assume that as long as people are not white British/European their problems are the same. Black Arts as defined by the Forums relates to the arts of people of African and Asian Descent; arts which challenge imperialism, racism and sexism.

The ability of the Black community to establish a sound economic base for Black Arts Development is of crucial importance. In addition to lobbying for more equitable distribution of grant aid, the Forums intend to examine opportunities for financing the arts internally. Ideas include the setting up of



trusts and co-operatives and assessing the profit-making potential of Black Arts — profits that themselves can be channeled back into the arts.

The fact that 1985 saw such an increase in organised and united activity amongst Black artists in London is testimony to the failure of ten years of 'ethnic arts' policies. Black Arts have received more attention from the mainstream, and attracted greater levels of funding. However, very few awards have been made for buildings, capital equipment and core revenue costs. An infrastructure for real growth has not been established because Black distribution, marketing, publicity and touring networks have not been funded. The GLC's Ethnic Arts Subcommittee has supported some important areas of growth within the Black Arts Sector. Unfortunately its policies have not yet been taken-up effectively by any other funding body and post-abolition, Black Artists in London will find themselves no better off than in 1980.

The last ten years since publication of the *Arts Britain Ignores* can be seen to have been a 'liberal' diversion. The GLC may have developed some sound policies as regards Black Arts, however, these have been unrepresentative of the rest of the arts world who have stuck firmly to their 'ethnic arts' guns, and continued to treat Black Arts as fringe exotica. The most important aspect of the inauguration of these Forums is that it indicates an increasing awareness of the need for united action. Hopefully, they will facilitate strong, clearly-directed campaigns and provide opportunities to establish infrastructures for Black Arts development.

Karin Woodley

For more information about the Forums mentioned above, contact MAAS.

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OLD & NEW CARIBBEAN ARTIFACTS



Coal-pot
(charcoal stove),
St. Lucia;



Housed at the Commonwealth
Institute Educational Department:
a teaching resource.



Batik cloth
depicting flying
fish, Barbados.



L: Maroon drum,
Jamaica; R: pair
of coconut
maracas,
Trinidad and
Tobago: gourd
maraca, Jamaica.

Truck
made by a child,
Des Barras village
community, St. Lucia.
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PERFORMING ARTS

Tara Arts Centre present a number of dance events this spring. **ASIA WEEK**, the GLC's festival of popular Asian culture comes to the Centre on Friday March 7th and Saturday March 8th, and includes several performances, workshops and displays of different kinds. **BLACK DANCE CIRCUIT** present two days of performances and workshops at Tara on March 14th and 15th at 8pm. **DANCE, DANCE, DANCE** on March 21st at 7.30pm. A special evening of dance by several young performers who are just embarking on professional careers in dance. The programme will feature solos and group dances as well as focusing on choreography by the dancers themselves. **CWMNI'R FRAN WEN with SHOBANA JEYASINGH** on March 22nd at 7.30pm. A particularly fascinating evening of traditional Indian dance and contemporary movement theatre. Shobana's repertoire of specially choreographed classical dances together with the movement-based theatre pieces of Cwmni'r Fran Wen, whose work (influenced by Welsh traditions) develops characters through stylised movement. Shobana has devised choreography for the company and the results of their unique collaboration will be presented in this performance. Tara Arts Centre, 356 Garratt Lane, London SW18 Info: (01) 871 1458/59/50

DANCE CO 7 present **HERITAGE (A Cultural Experience)** on Sat 29th March at 8pm. One of Southwark's most popular dance groups, Dance Co 7 will be presenting their new production for the first time in Southwark. It traces the traditional artforms of Africa and their development and influence on contemporary Black arts. The performance will be presented to live music. Tickets: £3/£1.50 (concessions). At North Peckham Civic Centre, Old Kent Road/Peckham Park Road, SE16. Box Office: (01) 703 2917.

The 1986 **CAMDEN FESTIVAL** takes place from 1st - 22nd March. A season of international music and dance at the Shaw Theatre, 100 Euston Rd, NW1 includes: **SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK** on 3,4,5th March at 7.30pm. "An orchestra of voices" is probably the best way to describe their singing. Gospel, jazz, blues, Rhythm and Blues, African roots songs and field hollers and the genres explored by the group. Their themes — lynchings, false imprisonment, political unrest, and discrimination. Their name comes from an old spiritual about a land so sweet that honey flowed from the rocks. Tickets: £6/£4.

LEFKOSIATIKI KOMPANIA on 6,7th March at 7.30pm. The name means group from Nicosia. For its debut at the Festival, this six-strong group will perform songs and other compositions by Cypriot composers including Marios Tokas and Nasos Panayiotu, as well as works by Greek composers and Cypriot folk songs. Tickets: £5/£3.

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LI WEN, LU ZHAOLI and MOON GODDESS on 9th March at 6pm is a celebration of Chinese songs and dance from two visiting solo artists together with a young company from London. Li Wen's expressive bass-baritone voice will sing traditional Chinese songs; Lu Zhaoli's highly-skilled dancing will mirror aspects of everyday life in China. The Moon Goddess Dance Company will perform their repertoire of dances which they present in a traditional way.

LOS AWATINAS on 10,11th March at 7.30pm. Accompanied by a group of dancers, the group will play percussion and wind instruments that date back to Inca times. The music has a captivating and bewitching quality. They consider themselves "guardians of Bolivian culture and folklore", singing in Quechua and Aymara languages as well as Spanish and the work being pro-Amrindian in approach and content. Tickets: £6/£4



LES QUATRE ETOILES (the Four Star) on 12,13 March at 7.30pm. They are household names on the African continent, their music having its roots in the new wave music that hit Zaire in the late sixties. The music is basically rumba, occasionally drifting into a stronger rhythm known as rumba-saccade. There's also a hint of reggae in their sound. The four stars are Nyboma Mwan Dido, Wuta-May, Syrum M'Benza and Bopol, plus other musicians. Tickets: £6/£4

SURNAI, The Rajasthani Folk Theatre on 15th March at 7.30pm. formed in 1981 to popularise the folk arts of Rajasthan. The group capture the haunting melodies of the ordinary people of the area which has a special significance in the world of folk music. The musical tradition of Rajasthan folk drama lends a feel of total theatre. Tickets: £5/£3. To book tickets for any of these events call (01) 388 1394

Also as part of the Festival, Camden are holding a **JAZZ WEEK** from 17th - 22nd March at the Shaw Theatre, 100 Euston Road, London, NW1. Programme includes **COURTNEY PINE QUINTET** on 17th March at 7.30pm (with LOOSE TUBES). Tickets: £5/£3; **MELBA LISTON** on 19th March at 7.30pm (with GALE FORCE 17) Tickets: £6/£4; **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** on 21st, 22nd March at 7.30pm (with IDF/THE JAZZ DEFEKTORS/JAZZ FIVE). Tickets: £7/£5. For these concerts Blakey & Co are joined by the best of Britain's Black jazz dancers who'll sweep the stage with their innovative moves and their fast and furious footwork. Box Office: (01) 388 1394.

LITERATURE

The Afro-Caribbean Education Resource Centre (ACER) is running its eighth **BLACK YOUNG WRITERS COMPETITION**. Candidates may submit up to two entries of at least 500 words length on a range of designated subjects. There are two categories for entries: Group A entries (essays) and Group B entries (creative - short stories, poetry, plays). Material will be judged within age categories, ranging from 10 years to 20 and over. All entries to be in by June 30th and sent to ACER, Wyvil School, Wyvil Road, London SW8 2TJ. Tle: (01) 627 2662. Contact them now for list of entry subjects.

Karia Press

KARIA PRESS will be publishing six new titles this March. Amongst them are Elan Thomas' **WORD-RHYTHMS FROM THE LIFE OF A WOMAN**, a collection of poetry and prose written from the perspective of a

Black Caribbean woman activist. Her writing draws on her experiences as part of the women's movement in Jamaica and the Caribbean, and as part of the global struggle against poverty and oppression. Available in hardback (£8.95) and paperback (£3.95). Elean Thomas will be in England from March 4th to 20th and will do a number of readings, Workshops, talks; also Jacob Ross' **SONG FOR SIMONE: AND OTHER STORIES**, a collection of short stories by a Grenadian writer and activist who has been intimately involved in the liberation struggles of the Grenadian people: thirdly Earnest Marke's **IN TROUBLED WATERS: Memoirs of the Longest Surviving Black Person in Britain**. Born in 1902 in Freetown, Sierra Leoné, Marke came to England in 1917. His autobiographical book gives a vivid account of his experiences during the many years he has spent in Britain, and offers a glimpse of the broader social and racial circumstances within which his experiences are located. Available in hardback and paperback. For further information on these and other Karia titles, contact them on (01) 249 4446.



See Jazz Week

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FIFTH INTERNATIONAL BOOKFAIR OF RADICAL, BLACK AND THIRD WORLD BOOKS will take place at the Camden Centre, Bidborough Street, Kings Cross, London WC1, from Thursday March 6th to Saturday March 8th. The accompanying International Book Fair Festival will be held in London from Sunday March 2nd to Sunday March 9th, and at centres in Manchester and Bradford before and after these dates. The Festival will include concerts, readings, exhibitions, films, forums and panels. Contact New Beacon Books on (01) 737 2268 for further info.

VISUAL ARTS

The Black Art Gallery are having a multimedia group exhibition by Black women making images of Black women. The exhibition is on view until Saturday, 15th March and is entitled **SOME OF US ARE BRAVE, ALL OF US ARE STRONG**. Artists JO ADDO, BRENDA AGARD, SIMONE ALEXANDER, IBISHOMI FESHITA, LUBAINA HIMID, AMANDA HOKIDAY, CLARE JOSEPH, MOWBRAY ODONKOR, MARLENE SMITH, MAUD SULTER AND AUDREY WEST show examples of their work. Black Art Gallery, 225 Seven Sisters Road, London N4. Tel (01) 263 1918. Many of the artists involved in this exhibition are part of **THE BLACK ART STUDENTS GROUP**, set up last September to bring to the attention of the schools and colleges of art their failure to involve Black artists in the subjects they teach. The group will be holding meetings to discuss ways forward. For further info contact Amanda Holiday on (01) 761 3427, or Mowbray Odonkor on (01) 771 5992.



Asian artist **SAID ADRUS** will be exhibiting his work at the Castle Museum, Nottingham from 15th March - 27th April. This one man show effects an exciting autobiographical journey, the directness of his oil and pastel paintings conveying vivid, imaginative experiences and emotions. His early mixed-media works examine the themes of identity and nationality crisis, exploring the difficulties faced by Asian settlers in an alien culture. His recent works define identity in a more playful manner, representing the games and adventures of childhood and using the kite as a key image. Words and symbols intermingle in Adrus's work to striking effect. (The works will be on exhibition in Switzerland from August 13th - September 13th in a one man show at the Galerie Loeb, Berne.) Contact CHROMA (Chronicle of Minority Arts) on (0602) 473 868 for details.

THE THIN BLACK LINE, an exhibition of the work of Black women artists, continues at the Institute of Contemporary Arts (ICA). MARLENE SMITH, SUTAPA BISWAS, CLAUDETTE JOHNSON, LUBAINA HIMID, and CHILA BURMAN address issues of race, gender and culture, using a variety of methods which (in the words of Lubaina Himid, who selected the exhibition) "vary from satire to storytelling, from timely vengeance to careful analysis, from the call to arms to the smashing of stereotypes." On the Staircase until June 1st. ICA, The Mall, London SW1. Box Office: (01) 930 0493.

Also at the Black Art Gallery, an exhibition of the work of renowned Nigerian artist Emmanuel Jegede entitled **THE KING'S MIRROR**, from 20th March - 19th April. This exhibition offers a view of the horrors and tragedy of a rapidly changing society, expressed through sculpture, painting and drawing. Black Art Gallery, 225 Seven Sisters Road, London N4. Tel: (01) 263 1918.

Iranian artist **DOULAT ETEMADZADEH** will be exhibiting his batik work at the Barbican, Foyer Level 3 from March 25th - April 20th. The exhibition will include wall-hangings and scarves. Admission free. Barbican, Silk Street, London EC2Y 8DS. Info: (01) 638 8891/628 8795.



The OBAALA Arts Collective's exhibition **FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION** is set to tour the country. The exhibition takes the form of an installation which addresses the theme of the relationship between two generations of Black people in Britain, demonstrating how the essence of a whole generation of people can be conveyed by a reconstruction of a typical living-room. Two rooms have been constructed and dressed, the first to represent a typicalised living-room area of the mid-sixties; the other to represent a room in the mid-eighties. What changes have occurred in the intervening twenty years? The exhibition will go to Birmingham, then on to other metropolitan venues in the north. Contact OBAALA on (01) 263 1918 for info.

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Tuesday 4 March

NUMAISH Exhibition by Asian Women Artists at the Peoples Gallery, 73, Prince of Wales Road, London NW5 3LT. Tel: 01-267 0433. Tues. 4th March – Sat. 22nd March

Thursday 6 March

BATIK WORKSHOP: 9am – 4.30pm at Villiers High School, Boyd Ave, Southall, Middlesex. Tel: 01-843 9381

Friday 7 March

DISHARI SHILPI GHOSTI at Tara Arts Centre, 356, Garratt Lane, London SW18 4ES. Tel: 01-871 1458/9/0

Saturday 8 March

FILM, THEATRE AND DANCE: Workshops and Performances at Tara Arts Centre 356, Garratt Lane, London SW18 4ES. Tel: 01-871 1458/9/0

Friday 7 March

BATIK WORKSHOP: 1.30 – 4.30pm at Fetherstone High School, Western Road, Southall, Middlesex. Tel: 01-843 9381

Saturday 8 March

HARROW DISCO DANDIA 6-11pm at Harrow Leisure Centre, Christchurch Ave, Harrow, Middlesex. Tel: 01-848 9348 featuring Mommahmed Kassam and Gujarat Arts

Sunday 9 March

SOUTHALL MELA, Lancaster Hall, Lancaster Road, Southall, Middlesex. Punjab Dancers, Awaara, Hounslow Arts Co-op & Hansraj Hans. Exhibitions by Southall Arts and Southall Black Sisters. Tel: 01-848 9348

MUKSHAIRA 5-9 Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Indian YMCA, Fitzroy Square London W1.

Monday 10 March

CHINGARI CONCERT 8pm Brent Town Hall, Forty Lane, Wembley, Middlesex.

ASIAN THEATRE at Croydon Warehouse Theatre.

THE FOOL by Khalid Tyabji and **SALT OF THE EARTH** by Tara Arts Group (to be confirmed)

BATIK WORKSHOP: Elderly Day Centre, 20, Western Road, Southall, Middlesex. Tel: 01-843 9348

Tuesday 11 March

PRINT MAKING WORKSHOP 9am – 4.30pm. Villiers High School, Boyd Ave, Southall Middlesex. Tel: 01-843 9381

Wednesday 12 March

PRINT MAKING WORKSHOP 1.30 – 4.30pm Fetherstone High School, Western Road, Southall, Middlesex. Tel 01-843 9348

Thursday 13 March

HOUNSLOW CHINGARI CONCERT Hounslow Civic Centre (to be confirmed)

HARROW CHINGARI CONCERT Hounslow Leisure Centre (to be confirmed)

EELAM: THE TAMIL NATION Exhibition opens at the Institute of Education

FIGHTS FOR SURVIVAL 6pm Bedford Way, London WC1. Tel: 01-769 5340

PRINT MAKING WORKSHOP, Elderly Day Centre, 20, Western Road, Southall, Middlesex. Tel: 01-843 9348

Friday 14 March

CHINGARI CONCERT at Ealing Town Hall, (to be confirmed)

GUJARATI MUSICAL EVENING, 7 – 9pm.

Tooting Ethnic Minority Library

ASIAN THEATRE EVENING Jacksons Lane, Archway, London

HARROW WOMENS MUSHAIRA

BHOPAL CONCERT Lancaster Church, Lancaster Road, Southall, Middlesex.

Bhopal Victim Support Committee. Tel:

INSTITUTE OF THIR WORLD ART AND

LITERATURE READING at the Lecture Hall SOAS, Gower Street, London W1.

Saturday 15 March

KHALID TYABJI THE FOOL 6pm at Jacksons Lane, Archway, London

BALUJI SRIVASTAV QUINTET 8PM Jacksons Lane, Archway, London

9 March 1986

INTERNATIONAL GOAN CULTURAL

EXTRAVAGANZA 2pm – 10pm

GOEMCARAMCHEM VODLEM FUNÇÃO.

AT HARROW LEISURE CENTRE,

CHIRSTCHURCH AVENUE, HARROW, MIDDLESEX.

The event will also utilise local talents with a 'Theatr' performed by a Goan group, traditional Konkanim songs, kunbi dance, local Goan bands, konkanim films including 'Amchem Noshib' and exhibitions and displays by local artistes.



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PHOTOGRAPHY

DARSHAN: An Exhibition by Asian Photographers. Tuesday 28th March – Saturday 19th April 1986 (Tue-Sat 11-8pm) at CAMERAWORK, 121 Rednal Green, London E2 0QN. Tel: 01-980 6256. PHOTOGRAPHERS PARTICIPATING ARE: ZARINA BHIMJI, PRODEEPTA DAS, ASHWIN GATHA, SUNIL GUPTA, SUNIL JANAH, MUMTAZ KARIMJEE, ABIDA KHAN, SAMINA KHANOUR, SARITA SHARMA AND PADMA SHRESHTHA.

The exhibition has been programmed and organised by Prodeepta Das.

This exhibition presents work by ten/twelve Asian photographers whose roots can be traced back to the Indian sub-continent. The work on view encompasses a wide spectrum of photography: from photo-journalism through conceptual photography to advertising. Both colour and black and white work are represented. This exhibition is the first of its kind and reflects the breadth of vision and creativity of a group of prominent Asian photographers. It brings home to the viewer a wide range of experience. From historic vignettes of life in India to the everyday lives of Asians in Britain today.

● **Sunil Janah's** long and distinguished career spans a period of over forty years from 1942 to the present. He records India's passage through the final stage of British rule to the Independence movement and beyond. His photographs of historic personalities such as Gandhi and Jinnah mingle with the faces of industrial workers and peasants. Images of protest and resistance mingle with the face of human suffering, the urban landscape with the rural landscape.

● **Sunil Gupta's** aim is to challenge the way that India is perceived by the West by careful but true photographic representation of the country, and to focus on the importance of the male in Indian society and question popular assumptions about their sexuality.

● **Mumtaz Karimjee** juxtaposes poetry by contemporary Chinese poets alongside her photographs of Chinese life. Her recent work concerns life in her own village in India as well as focusing on images of the black communities in Britain and Palestine.

● **Prodeepta Das** focuses on the experiences of the British black communities and covers historic centres of settlement such as Manchester, Bradford and the East End of London. He also teaches photography and works with publishing houses providing photographs for books. He is currently engaged in a project to photograph major tribes in Eastern India.

● **Padma Shreshtha's** photographs depict various aspects of life in Nepal and his portraits of working people as well as the rulers throw light on facets of Nepalese life that are generally inaccessible to outsiders.

● **Sarita Sharma** is a photojournalist who was one of the photographers who took part in *A Day in the Life of London* project. Her photographs convey interesting insight into life in Britain, the Sudan and India.

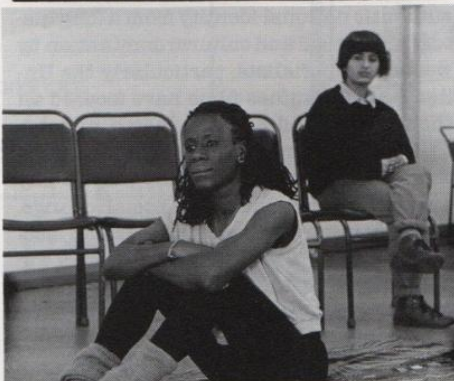
● **Ashwin Gatha** has photographed for major advertising agencies and magazines including *Life* and *Geo*. He photographs exclusively in colour, using 35mm cameras. In his work he is influenced by childhood memories of vibrant colours in India and colour in his photographs serve an important role in initiating certain moods in the viewer.

● **Samina Khanour** photographs faces, her portraits feature Asian men and women of all ages and classes, and several aspects of disability.

● **Abida Khan's** photographs are mainly of Liverpool and Toxteth. One of the photographs featured in this exhibition led to the creation of a sculpture...

● **Zarina Bhimji** questions popular conception of photography and feels that photography can initiate new ways of seeing as well as alter the way in which photographs themselves are viewed.

THEATRE



Theatre of Black Women present their fourth production, **CHIAROSCURO**, written by Jackie Kay and directed by Joan-Ann Maynard. The play centres on the lives of four Black women — Aisha, Opal, Beth and Yomi — each of whom has a different, though not unrelated, understanding of what it means to be a Black woman in Britain today. The play uses flashback, music and dance to explore the ways in which racism, sexism and homophobia affect their lives, and traces the forging of a positive, collective unity and self-understanding. Contact: Theatre of Black Women, Box 6, 136 Kingsland High Street, London E8 2NS. Tel: (01) 249 1660. The play will be touring inside and outside of London. The company are willing to consider offers of additional bookings.

TOUR SCHEDULE

4-5 March, 7.30	Knighton Drama Centre, Leicester	(0533) 700850
6 March, 7.30	St. Martins College, Lancashire	(0524) 63446
9 March, 3.30	Lambeth Arts, London	01-622 6655x359
12 March	Hackney Womens' unit London	



photos by Suzanne Roden

13-15 March, 7.30	Cockpit Theatre, London	(01) 262 7907
17 March	Leadmill, Sheffield	(0742) 754500
18 March, 7.30	Lancashire Poly Arts, Lancs.	(0772) 262040
19 March, 7.30	Thameside College of Technology, Thameside	(061) 330 6911
20 March, 7.30	Hyde Youth & Community Centre, Cheshire.	(061) 386 6372
21 March	Abraham Moss Centre Theatre, Manchester 8	(061) 740 1491
26-27 March, 8.00	Battersea Arts Centre, London	(01) 223 6557
12 April	Chats Palace, London	(01) 986 6714
2-3 May	Pegasus Youth Theatre, Oxford	(0865) 722851/243878
7-11 May	Oval House Theatre Upstairs, London	(01) 735 2786 582 7680

Talawa Theatre Company presents CLR James's famous historical play, **THE BLACK JACOBINS** until March 15th at Riverside Studios, Crisp Road, Hammersmith, London W6. Tel: (01) 748 3354. The Black Jacobins portrays the uprising inspired by Toussaint L'Ouverture and the vicious revolution in Haiti which was triggered off by the French Revolution. A cast of over twenty is headed by Mona Hammond, Trevor Laird, Brian Bovell and Norman Beaton (as L'Ouverture). The play has been performed only once in Britain, 50 years ago, although it has been successfully produced in Africa, the Caribbean and America. It is presented as part of the Focus on CLR James Festival **MAN OF THE PEOPLE**, a major exhibition to be held concurrently at Riverside on the life and works of this writer, philosopher, Marxist Historian, Pan-Africanist and cricket commentator, now in his 85th year (see Visual Arts listings). Tickets £5.50 – £2.50 (concessions).

Zuriya (African) Theatre Company presents **THE BAPTISM & THE TOILET (AND COLLECTED POEMS)** on Friday 14th March at North Peckham Civic Centre, Old Kent Road/Peckham Park Road, London SE15 at 8pm. This production written by Leroy Jones, takes a penetrating look at the lives of Black people in the USA and makes comparisons with present day social inequalities in Africa. As a company, Zuriya endeavours to perform an African form of theatre as distinct from the European mode. The production, is accompanied by the "authentic and exhilarating" talents of **DADE KRAMA**, a group of African musicians playing **ANCESTRAL MUSIC OF AFRICA**. Audiences have been stunned by their rousing and compelling musical energy. Tickets: £2.50/£1.25 (concessions). Box Office: Southwark Entertainments, 28 Peckham Road, SE5 8PY. Tel: (01) 703 2917.

MOON ON A RAINBOW SHAWL, Errol John's award-winning play, runs at the Theatre Royal, Stratford East from March 15th - 19th April. This play has not been seen in Britain for nigh on thirty years. It has established itself as a Caribbean classic; a heart-warming story of backstreet life in Port of Spain, Trinidad, where hope and humour triumph over poverty and despair. Half price tickets first week only. Theatre Royal, Gerry Raffles Square, London E15 1BN. Box Office: 534 0310. Tickets: £6, £4, £2 (concessions).

Temba Theatre Company
presents
THE PIRATE PRINCESS



by Barbara Glouden at the Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, London WC2 from 5th-29th March. This is the third and final production in this year's Black Theatre Season, funded by the GLC. The play is a Jamaican Pantomime, a colourful musical extravaganza which will offer British-based audiences an opportunity to enjoy a traditional Jamaican art form which has achieved the distinction of unifying all stratas of Jamaican society. The Pirate Princess brings together a cast of professional and non-professional performers drawn from London's Black community. Tickets: £4, £3, £2 (concessions). Box Office: (01) 836 2132.

In 1986 Theatre-in-Education celebrates its 21st year. **NEWHAM INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF THEATRE-IN-EDUCATION**, March 2nd-8th 1986, brings together companies from the USA, Jamaica, Holland, and throughout the UK to affirm the belief that theatre can be a positive force for learning and change in the lives of young people. The festival is an opportunity to see and discuss a wide variety of work taking place in local schools and in the Theatre Royal. The programme includes: school performances by TIE companies from England and abroad; lectures/demonstrations; discussion forums; evening performances by young people's theatre groups from Newham and the USA. Tickets (daily or all week) and further info from: NIFTIE 5, Monega Art and Drama Centre, Monega Road, London E12 6TT.

FILM

The National Film Theatre's March programme will include the following seasons:

HEINOSUKE GOSHO - A PATTERN OF LIVING 4th-31st March

This 23-film series will be the biggest Gosho retrospective held yet in Europe. Only a third of the 100 films Gosho made survive, enough to confirm his reputation as one of Japan's greatest directors, whose idiosyncratic mixture of everyday realism with the laughter and pain of family life spawned the term 'Gosho-ism'. His work displays wit, irony, fastidiousness and intelligence. Films include **WOMAN OF THE MIST** (1936), **AN INN AT SOAKA** (1954) and **GROWING UP** (1955).

FILM AND STRUGGLE: 1 JORGE SANJINES AND GRUPO UKAMAU 3rd-27th March

The films of these two directors are presented as part of an occasional series. Despite the political repression that has sought to silence progressive Latin American film-makers over the past twenty years, Sanjines and Ukamau remain among the leading production groups of the New Latin American Cinema. They have worked to create a 'cinema of decolonisation', a cinema striving to reclaim an authentic national identity from a long history of political and cultural domination by western imperialists, particularly the United States. Sanjines films have focused on the Quechua and Aymara Indian nations, their long history of resistance to exploitation, and the crucial rôle they play in any strategy for revolutionary social change. Jorge Sanjines will give a Guardian Lecture on March 27th at 8.30pm. In May the NFT will hold a **RABINDRANATH TAGORE FESTIVAL** to celebrate the 125th anniversary of the esteemed Indian philosopher, poet, musician and artist. Ten films by Indian directors based on Tagore's work will be shown, including several by Satyajit Ray. Films include Ray's documentary on Tagore, **THE GODDESS**, **CHARULATA**, **THE HUNGARY STONES** and **ATITHI**.

Also in May at the NFT **IMAGES OF EMPIRE PART I**. This is the first of a two-part season of films based on the BFI summer school on imperialism. Part 1 will feature India and the Caribbean including **THE FOUR FEATHERS**, **THE DRUM**, **THE RIVER**, **RUE CASE NEGRES** and **A HIGH**

WIND IN JAMAICA. Part 2 will feature Africa and Ireland. Contact the NFI, South Bank, London SE1 8XT for details of all these seasons. Tel: (01) 928 4114 or (01) 437 4355.

The Association of Black Film Workshops are preparing a series of screenings on the subject of **STRUGGLES FOR BLACK COMMUNITY**. Contact David Lawson on (01) 254 9536 for details. The screenings will take place in March as part of The Black Experience Arts Programme. Black Audio Film Collective are organising a project on **RACE AND LABOUR HISTORY**. Contact them on (01) 254 9527 for info.

SAMTING NATING

UNDERGROUND POETS?

Grace Nichols and James Berry are among the first clutch of poets to be represented on London's Underground. The poems will be displayed on selected trains for two months; then give way for a new lot.

A.L. Hendricks' book *The Islanders* has been one of five shortlisted for the Southern Arts 1985 Literature Prize. For this year, the £1000 award is for the best book of poetry, by an author from the region, published during the past three years.

Acknowledgements to Allison & Busby, who will shortly publish CLR James' Collection of Cricket pieces.

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☐ £10.00 (four issues overseas)
☐ £1.00 + 50p. p+p each for back issues

Please complete this form and send cheques/PO (Payable to MAAS) to:

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TEMBA THEATRE COMPANY Presents

THE PIRATE PRINCESS

By Barbara Gloudon
- the popular Jamaican pantomime -
Final play in the GLC Black Theatre Season

THE ARTS THEATRE
Great Newport Street
London, WC2

Box Office: 836 2132
5th - 29th March



GLORY

(a new musical play)

by Felix Cross
at

THE PALACE THEATRE
17 Dukes Road
London, WC1

Box Office: 387 0031
Tues-Sat 2nd-21st June



Mailing List

If you would like to receive regular information on Temba Theatre Company, Join the Temba Mailing List. Please complete this form and return it to the address below.

Name _____

Organisation _____

Address _____

_____ Date _____

Temba Publicity Department,
c/o Marketing Arts, Unit 220, Highbury Workshops
22, Highbury Grove, London N5 2EE.

THEATRE ROYAL STRATFORD EAST

PREVIEWS FROM 15TH MARCH
OPENS MONDAY 24TH MARCH

MOON ON A RAINBOW SHAWL

Errol John's Caribbean classic, set in the slums of Port-of-Spain Trinidad, where hope and humour triumph over poverty and despair.



HALF PRICE
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FIRST
WEEK ONLY.



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Box Office Tel: 01-534 0310

A GLC FAREWELL FESTIVAL EVENT.

OBAALA Poetry Theatre

A new venue for
Black Oral Arts Expression

Presents



BLACK WOMEN'S THEATRE
ON

Sat 8th MARCH

AT

8.00 PM

OBAALA POETRY THEATRE

Admission: 1.00 Members & Unwaged
1.50 Non-Members

Membership: 6.00 (6 months/All events)
10.00 (12 months/All events)

Mailing List: 2.00 (12 months/All events)

225 Seven Sisters Road London N4
Tel: 01-263 8016 (Tube: Finsbury Park)

The Black-Art Gallery

225 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD LONDON N4 TEL: 01-263 1918
(Finsbury Park Station, Opposite Rainbow Theatre)

THURS 13th FEB
SAT 15th MAR 1986

'SOME OF US ARE BRAVE,
ALL OF US ARE STRONG'

A MULTI-MEDIA GROUP EXHIBITION BY
BLACK WOMEN MAKING IMAGES OF
BLACK WOMEN

The artists taking part are;

Jo Addo
Brenda Agard
Simone Alexander
Sonia Boyce
Lubaina Himid
Amanda Holiday

Clare Joseph
Mowbray Odonkor
Marlene Smith
Maud Sulter
Audrey West

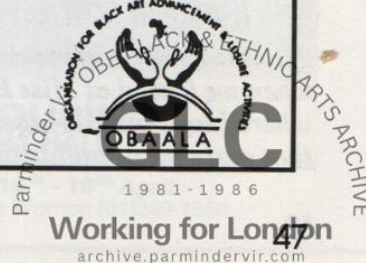
CONTACT JIDE ODUSINA OR MARLENE SMITH AT
THE BLACK-ART GALLERY ON 263 1918

THURS 20th MAR
SAT 19th APR 1986

'THE KING'S MIRROR'

A VIEW OF THE HORRORS
AND TRAGEDY OF A
RAPIDLY CHANGING
SOCIETY THROUGH
SCULPTURES, PAINTINGS
AND DRAWINGS

BY
EMMANUEL JEGEDE
OF NIGERIA



Britain's black arts, and the arts in general, have lost two substantial people in the last few months.

SHANTI DUTTA, who lived in Huddersfield, was primarily a painter. He trained in fine arts in India and worked at a village level, in a pioneering scheme that would nowadays be classified as Community arts. Although he came to Europe initially to undertake a training course in ceramics, it is as a painter and muralist that he was better known in Britain. Working in oils, he produced large expressive canvases that drew richly on Hindu religious themes. A respecter of tradition, though by no means bound by it, Shanti Dutta had collected hundreds of examples of sub-continental art that covered the walls of his Fartown house. These formed the substance of a useful exhibition and a local resource.

Dutta had been an active member, at one time, of ethnic arts groupings in Yorkshire, and had been invited to serve on Yorkshire Arts Association Arts Panel shortly before his death. A man of commitment, passion and knowledge, he will be a loss to the north.

Harold Elvin will be as much a loss to the south. Also a painter (having developed a particular technique of painting on steel), Elvin added many other skills to that. A writer too, and traveller, and organist, he was also the organising force behind the India Performing Arts, whose central artiste was his beloved wife Surya Kumari. The distinction of the group's recitals — and in particular their visual richness — was in no little way due to Elvin's 'eye'.

He was a man of varied achievements, from cycling through many countries (from Lapland to Cambodia) to spending the war years as nightwatchman to the British Embassy in Moscow and producing three prize-winning books about them. His most recent book, 'Once Upon a Time in Siberia' (published posthumously by Blond) he described, humourously, as an attempt to write an 'eastern' rather than a 'western'. A rumbustious, cheerful, sexy book, it combines gusto with a very real feeling for the spare economic harshness of the Siberian landscape and the epic nature of the human struggle.

Harold Elvin is no stranger to MAAS, whose work in its early years he unfailingly supported, with generosity and unobtrusiveness typical of the man. ●

Naseem Khan

Many readers of *Artrage* will be saddened to learn of Stephen Brooke's death last November. Stephen went to work in the GLC's Ethnic Minorities Unit at the end of 1984 as a Grants Officer, but may best be remembered for his earlier career as an art lecturer at Goldsmith College in South East London, and later in Jamaica, as well as for his work as a poet and critic.

Stephen established an immediate rapport with his colleagues and with the voluntary organizations he worked with at the GLC. He will be missed for his subtle sense of humour, his quick and ready wit and for his helpfulness and kindness to other people.

Stephen's creative writing, particularly his poetry, was enjoyed by many and it is to be hoped that an anthology of his poems will be published in the future. His many years of assisting in the development of black Arts, and in the anti-racist struggle, will not be forgotten by those who knew him. ●

Fay Rodrigues

Reports from Jamaica: STEPHEN BROOKE

Tell them

*beyond Tasty Patties and Brumalia Hardware
the night and the high wind provided
a sound system*

*for Mayor Charlton's great House Opening,
the night The Messiah from Central Library
blew as far as Mrs Morris's Common,
making the Home Sweet Home lamp flicker
in the catchwater like gold dissolving;
music for this was a mystic revelation,
the wind moved as if it was a woman,
what the gospel needs is a dub poet,
the house was shaped like a fifty-cent piece.
I picked up my bed and walked.*

★

*I will show you a rose-apple in the hedgerow.
Its flower bursts from the bud like a rasta head
washed clean as a star. Pick it and take it home
past Brenton's window where the candle's burning
to remind him of life,
to put in the vaseline jar into water.
Sister Faith says with Marie I speak patois
and tells me to talk sweet. I will show you
sometime a star-apple tree growing sky high
with flowers as brief as sleep.*

*Climbing the wall, rockstones rattled like bones
when we looked at Miss Betty's piece
where Lloyd put cabbages in, and yam poles
that scare me at nights like soldiers, geeny with vines.*

After the pressure

*Miss Betty now, she suffers from complications.
You know how the marriage bed killed Momma.*

★

*After the District Constable made him eat
a piece of his own hair, for cutting Cecil Baker's off
at the corner rumshop, Samuel Wilson
had his head x-rayed all Christmas night.
This soil is red, man. I feel very happy
talking about the good old Lord.*

★

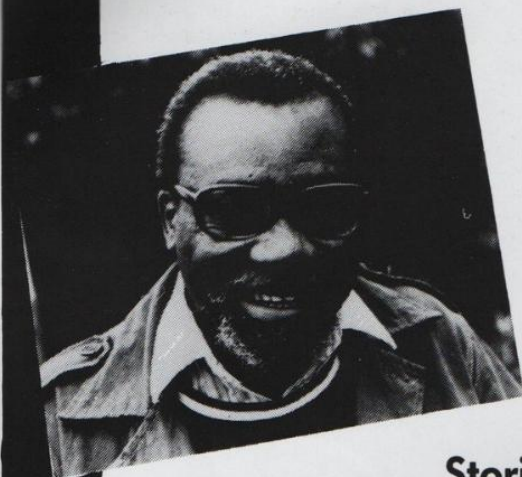
*I passed a shutter one night in your yard
and I think they were reasoning at the amount of
violence.*

*There were several noisy souls in there with the
drink.*

*As I paused I saw the National Hero's photograph
fading above the press. I saw I heard
all that, moving as intimately as a roach,
young men at gunpoint forced to tongue-kiss.
I would never mention Mrs. Euphemia Mills's
one son Bonny who was shot up by the police
below Skyline Drive, and no one ever again
in my hearing referred to him. She moves to this day
in a daze. Her head was a bucket of grief.
My heart thumped then, and my belly threw up.*

SOMETHING UNUSUAL

A
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S



Stories by
E.A. MARKHAM

17 Priory Gardens London N6. Tel: 01-969 2884/340 3566

The Journal of NATESLA

Language Issues

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR TEACHING ENGLISH AS A SECOND LANGUAGE TO ADULTS

There are numerous journals for English Language Teaching (ELT) practitioners which deal with issues of second language learning and use. However, these do not provide a forum for English as a Second Language (ESL) practitioners to share ideas on language teaching and learning specific to their field. Furthermore, none of the existing journals covers the political and social implications raised by second language learning and teaching of adults who may be members of settled ethnic minorities, refugees or migrant workers and their families.

Language Issues, the journal of NATESLA, aims to fill this gap by exploring the 'middle ground' between academic research and ESL classroom practice. For example:

- ★ inter-ethnic communication, bilingualism and discourse studies;
- ★ disseminating good ESL practice in teaching, training and organising;
- ★ keeping practitioners informed of current political and social issues related to the field;
- ★ publishing reviews of books and materials relevant to the field.

Language Issues will be published twice a year (Autumn and Spring).

The first issue of *LANGUAGE STUIDES* will be out in March. Subscription rates (per annum) Individuals £5 (inc p&p, Institutions £9 (inc p&p). Please send cheques — made payable to *Language Issues* — Robin Sinha Roy, 4 Hauteville Court Gardens, Stamford Brook Avenue, London W6. Tel: (01) 748 6663.

THE G.L.C. RACE EQUALITY UNIT
IN CONJUNCTION WITH
THE ASSOCIATION OF
BLACK WORKSHOPS
PRESENTS

STRUGGLES FOR BLACK COMMUNITY

A BLACK FILM PROGRAMME
AT THE METRO CINEMA,
RUPERT ST. W.1

FRIDAY 1ST MARCH
GO TELL IT TO THE
KILLER OF SHE
THE KILLING FLO
MY BROTHERS W

SATURDAY 1ST MARCH
BUSH MAMA
BURNING AN ILLUSION
ANITA
NO VIRGINITY, NO NATIONALITY
CEDDO

SUNDAY 2ND MARCH
BLACK ORPHEUS
SHADOW
A SOLDIER'S STORY

MONDAY 3RD MARCH
TERRITORIES
AROH SATYA
MAJHDAR
HOLI

TUESDAY 4TH MARCH
BOPHAL
SWEET SUGAR RACE
QUEI MADA
HARVEST 9000

WEDNESDAY 5th MARCH
GANGA ZUMBA
COME BACK AFRICA
SOME TIMES I LOOK AT MY LIFE
THE OUTSIDERS

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چنگل ► چینگاری ► جیسمار

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IQBAL BANO
RESHMA

(TO BE CONFIRMED)

BAUL SONGS FROM
B E N G A L
(PURNA CHANDRA DAS BAUL)

ALAAP
(TO BE CONFIRMED)

6TH MARCH 7.30

SHABANA
AZMI

(MS AZMI MAY APPEAR ON THE 5TH FLOOR
PLEASE CHECK HALL FOR DETAILS)

SULTAN KHAN

IG LAYA

PERCUSSION

FROM SOUTH INDIA

ZAKIR
HUSSAIN

ALLAN
FAKIR

MANAGEMENT
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