

Supplement to Now 4/5

**REVIEW SUPPLEMENT**

ON THIS PAGE SHOULD BE A CONCRETE POEM, TEXTO VI BY CLEMENTE  
PADIN, BUT BECAUSE FOR THE LAST MONTH IT HAS BEEN IMPOSSIBLE TO  
GET A SCANERTONE STENCIL OFF THE DOCKS IN KINGSTON, IT ISN'T!!!

The Best of the Magazines to reach us since NOW 3.

EIM no:57. Ferney, Atlantic Shores, Christ Church, Barbados.

The usual BIM standard and mixture, includes two fine short stories from Callender and Warner, poems by Hendriks/Collymore/Forde/Questal and others, and the first instalment of Frank Collymore's reminiscences. 77 pages for \$1.25 Barb. has to be a deal.

OUTPOSTS no:100. Howard Sergeant. 72 Burwood Rd, Walton on Thames, Surrey KT12 4AL. England.

The centenary number of Britains oldest and most respected poetry magazine, and a fine issue it is too. Poems from some of the many,many poets that Mr Sergeant has encouraged and supported in the last 30 years (among them several West Indian writers). Poems from Ted Hughs/Enright/Sillitoe/Amis/Jennings/Porter/Lerner/MacBeath/Brownjohn/our own A.L. Hendriks and many others. 72 pages for 50 cents.....!

THE NEW VOICES no:4. Address as in review of no:3.

The best issue to date. The new neater format is complimented by poems from Rawl Gibbons/Questal/Jackman and others, and by an interesting article on West Indian writing by the editor. Also a story and reviews. 52 pages for 50 cents T&T.

PHOENIX no:11/12. Harry Chambers. 8 Cavendish Rd, Heaton Mersey, Stockport, Cheshire. England.

Philip Larkin issue, comprising poems by and articles about Larkin who is argueably the most important living British poet. A really solid read, dealing with all aspects of the man's work and on the way taking a quiet swipe at American critics, Little Englander's and Larkin himself as anthologist. 190 pages for \$1.20 Ja. has to be the bargain of the page...

WORKSHOP NEW POETRY no:23 Norman Hidden. 2 Culham Court, Granville Rd, London N4 4JB. England.

One of the leading UK poetry magazines, WORKSHOP has always been willing to encourage the new writer by putting his work alongside that of more established poets. This makes for a fresh and interesting variety of styles that keeps the reader on his toes, (an uncomfortable position in which to read poetry, but no doubt good for the soul!) Poems by Hendriks/Kristel and Czerkawska star for me in this issue. 40 pages at 70cents. THE WORKSHOP PRESS also publish a series of poetry books, the latest being A.L. Hendriks Madonna of the Unknown Nation.

## REVIEW SUPPLEMENT

PETER R. VIRGADAMO

New Writing from Trinidad.

"Rather Curious"

THE NEW VOICES 3.	Ed. Anson Gonzalez.	\$.50T&T
SELF DISCOVERY THROUGH LITERATURE	Anson Gonzalez	Priceless!
THE LOVE SONG OF BOYSIE B. AND OTHER POEMS	Anson Gonzalez	"
KAIRI	Christopher Laird	\$.75Ja.

Of these four publications from Trinidad and Tobago, three owe their genesis to the efforts of Anson Gonzalez. He is the editor of the literary journal New Voices, author of the survey entitled Self-Discovery Through Literature, and the poet in The Love Song of Boysie B. Much of his work is commendable and hopefully there are peers in his country equally industrious.

New Voices offers variety both in expression and quality - poems, a short story, and an essay on the steel band. Included among the verse is a poem by the winner of the T&T Literary Contest for 1973. Victor D. Questal's "Words and Gestures" is a collage of anger within a West Indian pulse. His imagery readily evokes portraits of frustration contained inside an angry young man. When Mr. Questal injects moments of different mood, the contrast is not abrasive but natural in his art. Perhaps this is well illustrated in these two passages:

as I ride the rage  
of your tide  
each night of your harvest  
moon,  
reaping with laughter

.....  
The stickman's sojourn on the hill  
and  
the snail's lonely journey  
must both be mine

The dissonance in mood and the freedom in style are a pleasing mixture of talent devoted to this solemn carnival of T&T life.

Stewart Brown's "Blues" is apart from the other poems in that it does not pertain to the West Indies. His verse dissects the mythology of New Orleans and Bourbon Street jazz. Gone is the blackness of the music for even the 'clarinetist is blond,' and thus only the drummer is Black - he "has to be black by law." Gone is the spontaneity and beauty once inherent in the blues institution. The poet properly, savagely dismembers the sickness evident in efforts to perpetuate an extinct art for the tourist dollar.

Rhetoric is the unfortunate chief ingredient for the remainder of the journal's poetry. Perhaps the emotions shouted in "Silence" (David Jackman), "Trial" (G.K. Sammy) and "Beach Boys" (Lloyd King) might have been more effectively communicated if written for a polemic essay. In their verse form the sentiments are not sufficiently articulated, and the poets might look at "Uncle Sammy" by Oris Caesar. Herein are similar laments but Mr. Caesar is not constricted by manifesto style jargon. He expresses the same protests in simplicity through the dialect of his land. And the result is a refreshing strength of honesty in his short poem.

One more aspect of New Voices deserves mention. The journal records cultural events, offers a speaker service and behaves as a bulletin board for the arts in the community. Might other journals also offer these benefits to their community?

Mr. Gonzalez's essay on the history of creative writing in T&T is an informative albeit frustrating endeavour. As an introduction, Self-Discovery Through Literature tantalizes the reader with a flurry of names, titles and concepts. Rather than concentrate on famous writers such as V.S. Naipaul, he admirably chooses to explore the efforts of less eminent people. The novel, poetry and drama are revealed to exist in surprising amounts for such a youthful nation.

But in the uneven and disjointed narrative, Mr. Gonzalez creates an injurious tease to those interested

in the literature of T&T. The sources of the essays were scripts from radio programs, and thus the problem. Perhaps confined by limits in time and audience appeal, the author catered to listeners but failed to edit the work for his readers. Certainly there is a wealth of information evident in his research and personal knowledge. The fragments of excellence, sprinkled throughout, are obscured in the miasma of a poorly structured work. Moreover, there is the lamentable absence of a bibliography of works mentioned in the text, which would have been useful for future reference by the reader. With just a bit more effort, this booklet could have been a significant contribution. Certainly one should be thankful for its publication yet one can also sigh...

The Love Song of Boysie B. is a collection of sixty-one poems from the pen of Mr. Gonzalez. Is his verse guided by the creed stated in his first poem?

Write  
though the words  
filtering through  
your brain  
in the darkness  
are meaningless  
to anyone else

Such an introduction, and the subsequent group of poems, might vex the reader. However, persistence (and an abundance of that quality), will reward the reader since cliches are constant companions to his originality. Poetry, children, nature, and love are the predictable frameworks with unpredictable moments of freshness. Certainly the frustrations of creating art such as poetry are well documented and one such effort is tedious reading until this excerpt:

gestation  
of thoughts and ideas  
as cool bodies  
heat  
each other

and the world  
is forgotten  
on another flood  
before  
the rebirth

Repeatedly there emerges this pattern: familiar phrases and a sudden injection of creativity. In "Pupil", Mr. Gonzalez writes these passages:

As I stretch my hand to help you,  
.....  
to place your life in these hands  
.....  
or is the blind leading the blind?

Amidst the cliches is this vision:

... eyes, so soul searching;  
searching to find in you the meaning  
of my own life. Are you the teacher?

Is his poetry West Indian? Perhaps. Universal sentiments are strong and the uniqueness of West Indian literature is elusive among these verses. Neither the experience of blackness, nor the conflict of life in the Caribbean, nor Nature under the sun of the Trade Winds are major threads of his poetry. West Indian elements are evident in several poems such as "The Struggle" and "From Dark into Black":

the great grandad  
of an African king  
today is fettered  
by chains  
of white ideology

.....  
Come, identify me,  
Brother.  
Pull me into the light  
of the Black dawn  
into a world  
where I belong.

The conclusion of his work, "The Love Song of Boysie B.", reveals the best of his poet's imagination. Perhaps the proper description of this work would be the judgement of each reader - certainly there is the portrait of one man's odyssey in life; a testament of despair and frustration. Boysie's quest draws Anson Gonzalez into realms of literature for which one must say that he emerges as a poet of gentle stature.

Rather curious is the publication entitled "KAIRI", whose format and editor are as nebulous as the title's definition. Fortunately Victor Questal is the major contributor with a short story and a long book review. "On Mourning Ground" is beautifully lean. His sparseness of dialogue and activity understates the pathos within this West Indian family. Pearl and her husband conflict over his endeavours to satisfy emotions raw from the demands of poverty. "But I ain't complaining, my mother did always say de longest rope have an end, and I seeing de end of dis one," laments Pearl - her strength so unique to West Indian women is exquisite in a story of such shortness that the reader beckons the author for greater length. Perhaps Mr. Questal will enlarge such creativity into a novel.

Hopefully he will channel his work away from book reviews! Not that his analysis of Harold Ladoo's No Pain Like This Body is devoid of merit. But the contrast between the review and his fiction suggests that his talents are better employed in the latter. Structure inhibits his art - and what can such excursions do for the development of his work? Nonetheless, Ladoo's book must be intriguing if the reviewer accords it the same stature as Orlando Patterson's fiction.

Eight poems from various pens complete the pages of KAIRI - wish that I were not such a traditionalist!

ANSON GONZALEZ. 1 SAPHIRE DRIVE. DIEGO MARTIN. TRINIDAD.  
CHRISTOPHER LAIRD. 22 FITT STREET. WOODBROOK. P.O.S. TRINIDAD.

STEWART BROWN

New Writing in Jamaica.

Clap a little,

Mervyn Morris THE POND (New Beacon Books) \$2 paperback  
Allan Mutabaruka OUTCRY (Swing Publishers), \$1 "  
Dennis Scott UNCLE TIME(Univ. Pittsburg) \$2.50 "

Of a sudden the younger Jamaican poets are finding publishers for their individual collections. Tony McNiell's book last year, now these three, and Micky Hendriks new Madonna of the Unknown Nation due in June - it's something of a miracle when you consider that only five years ago hardly any West Indian poetry was being published by recognised publishers. Perhaps the quality and success of the books by Walcott, Brathwaite and more recently Wayne Brown, have shown that there is a "Caribbean Culture" and at last people are taking notice. It's none too soon but let's be grateful these books are here now.

Both Scott and Morris have been pillars of the W.I. poetry scene for many years and have established considerable reputations abroad, whereas Mutabaruka is a newcomer. Three very different poets, stylistically and temperamentally: Mervyn Morris's controlled anger contrasting Mutabaruka's bombastic declamations, and Scott's surreal imagery.

Allan Mutabaruka's poetry found most of its audience, before the publication of this booklet, in the 'pop' paper SWING. His work is a mixture of the brash black-militant poetry of the US and the more gentle, topical creations of England's 'pop poets.' His audience are mostly young non-academics who identify with and understand the content of his poems without caring about their style or any of the other pretensions of colonial English Lit. This is understandable and in many ways is a healthy thing. If young people are reading Muta's poetry now there is a fair chance that they will develop an interest in poetry generally and perhaps become readers of the other two books in this review, and even this magazine!

Mutabaruka writes in the ordinary language of the slick Jamaican 'yout'; it is direct and explicit. His

concerns are very broad and rather general and his voice is loud. He shows youth's refusal to compromise its ideals, and is very aware of the problems facing his country, of his blackness and his history. We quote one poem in full, "Look Again." (Two other poems from this booklet appeared in NOW 1.)

"Look Again"

Brought from the west coast of Africa  
Brought to the kingdom called Jamaica  
they baptized us, called us negro  
I suppose the people from China are amarillo  
Put us in chains all the day  
makin us work little food, no pay  
we continued like this along long time  
pushed around and treated like swine  
Sometimes we were lashed in the streets  
left us there too dead meat  
figuring how to get away  
we ran to the hills and there did stay  
sometimes we came down to fight  
they could not stand it they had a right  
Freeman was near so we thought  
until some of our brainwashed brothers got caught  
they led men against us  
that is why we always fuss.  
Black people in the west  
put your brains to the test  
get together and start again  
oneness black people is the aim  
Freeman this time is near at hand  
unite black people all make one  
look to the east just once this time  
Africa once more for peace of mind.

Both Uncle Time and The Pond are books that demand careful and repeated reading. These two are not 'easy' poets; very different in style and tone, they share a common compassion and concern for honesty. Both have studied and lived abroad - Scott was recently

on a Playwriting Fellowship in Georgia, USA, while Morris was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, and more recently spent a year teaching at the University of Kent. Both seem to have been influenced stylistically by the poetry of the countries in which they lived, Morris more than Scott perhaps.

Mervyn Morris's verse is quiet, spare, playing a lot on subtlety and understatement - he echoes the Movement poets in some ways. His forms are conventional and he isn't afraid to use rhyme if it fits his purpose. He is essentially a craftsman. He is, however, very much a West Indian poet in his concerns and attitudes. The problems of race, the subtler struggles for individual freedom, the hypocrisies and frustrations of his people are all topics that find a place in his poetry. Quietly stated these poems are powerful in their impact.

We note his understanding of the frustrations of people who find themselves in situations they cannot control in several poems, notably 'Case History Jamaica'

In 19-something X was born  
In Jubilee Hospital, howling, black.

and later

Up at the university he didn't find himself;  
and, months before he finally dropped out,  
would ramble round the campus late at night  
and daub his blackness on the walls.

In the now famous poem "To an Expatriate Friend"  
we see his awareness of a different aspect of the  
colour problem,

Colour meant nothing. Anyone  
who wanted help, had humour or was kind  
was brother to you; categories of skin  
were foreign; you were colour-blind.

And then the revolution. Black  
and loud the horns of anger blew

and later

The future darkening, you thought it time  
to say goodbye. It may be you were right.  
It hurt to see you go; but, more,  
it hurt to see you slowly going white.

In these poems he reminds me to Tony McNiell,  
though his voice is softer, except perhaps in one  
poem "I Am The Man", which is an angry statement for  
the Kingston 'Sufferer' - the people of the jungles  
and shanty towns.....

I am the man that build his house on shit  
I am the man that watch you bulldoze it.  
I am the man of no-fixed address  
Follow me now.

and later

I am the man that files the knife  
I am the man that make the bomb  
I am the man that grab the gun  
Study me now.

The more personal poems in THE POND are perhaps  
the most difficult to understand. The sparse language  
almost leads into silence, sometimes there seems  
to be too much between the lines. Most of the poems  
come clear, however, if you 'take time and read.'  
There is a lyric quality to many of these poems and  
we are aware always of a sharp intelligence and an  
equally sharp eye. He is not easy on himself either  
as man or poet, and the fruits of his struggles are  
some fine poems that have relevance for many of us -

But you may not observe  
(it is a private sanctuary)  
the steady glowing power  
that makes a man feel loved,  
feel needed, all of time;

yet frees him, king of her  
emotions, jockey of her  
flesh, to cherish  
his own corner  
of the cage

(from FAMILY PICTURES)

Dennis Scott, (as Mervyn Morris points out in his excellent introduction to UNCLE TIME) is a man of many faces: actor, director, teacher, dancer and critic, to mention a few, as well as being an accomplished poet. This diversity of interest and talent is an important facet of his poetry and has to be kept in mind when reading this book.

What strikes me most about Scott's poetry is the element of the surreal, something entirely unique in Caribbean writing as far as I know. His concerns are wide but one dominant theme is creativity, the spark behind the action, the difference between gesture and reality. He is a perfectionist who has trouble reconciling his various roles, is very aware of the difference between poet-performer and 'mere' man. As with other surrealists the borders between the artificial and the real are uncertain, he works on the edge of dream.

His concern with creativity is perhaps most evident in "Bird of Passage" (see page 41 in this issue), a poem which echoes Andri Voznesensky's "I Am Goya" both in style and concern; in fact, echoes of that amazing Russian poet kept drifting into mind as I read this book, and that, I think, is high praise. We see various portraits of the artist as....., and many one feels are self portraits of one of the various Scotts.

A pale boy soft as young thorns  
and in his hands a mirror  
("Portrait of the Artist as Magician")

and in "Majesty" where we find a man occupied by a muse figure.

The golden brute  
walks into my blood  
like an aristocrat. He scratches the mask,  
the fool whimpers

That most mysterious of animals, the cat, is the tool of the most blatantly surreal poem in this collection, "Because of the Cats." A fine poem, that again shows us 'a' Scott occupied?

Because of the cats, no dreams  
because I know how the moon  
strikes fire on their flint eyes  
how their rank smells excite them  
because I remember challenge and the low crawl  
and coil and creep of thin sinew.

If Morris occasionally has a tendency to use too few words, Scott equally occasionally uses too many. A few are ornamental, perhaps an unconscious influence of American poetry.

As a lover Scott is existential. There are several harsh love poems in this set that again display his surrealist bent and fine imagery. In "The Compleat Anglers" he says

The starfish of our hearts  
become dry and sharp  
when we take off our bodies, sometimes  
going into the sea.

and in "The Separation" we find his voice in anguish

hanging my cries like animals  
among the metal tree's, their  
bark rusts at her name.

until, in "The Reunion" he assesses his new situation

.....moving from the pain  
of bright remembrance to the tender, blind  
treacheries of being together again.

Another aspect of Scott's poetry is his concern  
with Jamaican history in poems like "Uncle Time" and  
"Pages from a Journal 1834". Here his anger is most  
in evidence, is closest to the surface. In "Epitaph",  
he smoulders

What can we recall of a dead slave or two  
except that when we punctuate our island tale  
they swing like sighs across the brutal  
sentences and angry pauses  
until they pass away.

We are constantly made aware of Scott the actor-  
director as poet; his characters all speak through  
the voice of this composite 'artist' and several  
poems delve into the soul of this Scott multi-creature.  
We are back again to his concern with the source  
of creativity. The composite Scott tends to judge  
events and situations in relation to himself(!).  
For example, we note his affinity with and awareness  
of the problems of the 'sufferers' through his own  
struggles with his souls...

No sufferer,

but in  
the sweating gutter of bone  
Zion seems far  
also. I have my version -  
the blood's drum is  
insistent, comforting.  
Keeps me alive. Like you.  
And there are kinds of poverty we share,  
when the self eats up love  
and the heart smokes

like the fires behind your fences, when my wit  
ratchets, roaming the hungry streets  
of this small flesh, my city.

*include these papers*  
A picture emerges of a multi-talented individual  
for whom poetry is a very personal means of setting  
things straight, but one who realizes that the finished,  
published poem must be more than just a 'confession-  
al' if it is to be of value as 'art.' These finely  
worked poems are Icons. 'Clap a little.'

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#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Philip Sherlock's poem 'Middle Passage' appeared in  
SAVACOU 7/8.  
Anson Gonzalez's article (You Think it Easy...) was  
first broadcast ver Trinidad Radio.  
Patti Hinds poem 'The Moment' appeared in the  
CARIFESTA MAGAZINE FOR POETRY FROM GRENADA and  
won the National Poetry Award in 1973.  
Miles Buxton's story 'Son of Man' appeared in STILLBORN ?  
Dennis Scott's poems 'Solution' and 'Bird of Passage'  
appear in UNCLE TIME.  
A version of Stewart Brown's poem 'Cricket' appeared  
in the Sunday Gleaner.

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#### STOP PRESS

Arrived from no-where today, WAR UPON I BLACK SKIN OYE!!  
by Norma Hamilton. No price or address but I would  
think that you could find a copy at the Rastafari  
Movement Association. Mimeoed, it is worth digging  
out as several of the poems are very fine, especially  
Who Troubled Treva? and To the West Indian Critic  
which runs: - Tight-assed/you sit/in judgement/over I  
works/letting your quirks/run free/disguised/as impar-  
tiality/Critic/my fate/rests/with your hate/of anything  
new/black/free.

A refinement (sic) of Scott's "new rhetoric." Dig.

YORRICK

And Sailing Across the seas from England --

George Cairncross      The Pineapple in the Fruit  
Machine. Fiasco Publ. Free.  
Tony Curtis            Home Movies. Platform/Green  
Horse Publ.  
Mirko Lauer            Common Grave      "      "  
(trans: David Tipton)  
Alexandros Baros      The Hydra of Birds      "      "  
Andreas Embirico  
Nikos Egonopoulos  
(trans: Yannis Goumas)

Anyone (there must be someone) who regularly reads the reviews in NOW will know that I am something of a fan of George Cairncross, the man. In a world concerned primarily with making money, developing its own ego and applauding what it is told is good without question, he is an admirable exception. One need not share his philosophy of anti-art (or at least anti-the-pretentiousness of much art) to enjoy the quiet humour of his poetry:

Having met you  
the North Sea has turned  
into a large expanse  
of Chanel No. 5.

Having met you  
Christmas comes  
more than once a year

Having met you  
the first cuckoo in Spring  
can be heard in November.  
("Having Met You")

These are light, easy poems, without any claims to 'depth', but they are fun to read, which is enough for George! His poems echo the sentiments and styles of Brian Patton and Adrian Henry, two of Britain's leading 'pop' poets, but George adds his own brand of Yorkshire madness. He is the joker in the six pack...

When will the angels sing  
I ask myself  
walking street signs  
of the unknown city.  
Market traders sing  
vegetables.  
You are the pineapple in the fruit machine.

PLATFORM is a neat, eclectic poetry magazine edited by Andrew Cousins, which in its short life of six issues has grown from a small scruffy mimeo to become a bright attractive looking lithoed magazine publishing a wide selection of poets. (The current issue, no. 6, is worth buying just for A.L. Hendriks' excellent poem dedicated to Alexander Solzhenitsyn "To Make Ornaments, Garlands, and Flails.") The editors have branched out now into the field of booklets, producing these three small paper covered editions hand printed by Duncan Tweedale's Green Horse Press.

Actually the hand printed tag is something of a dubious asset, the print being rather uneven. That aside, however, the booklets are good value at 10 pence each plus postage.

Tony Curtis's set is as tight and controlled as usual, but all in all I've seen much better work from his pen. These poems were all written during, or about, a time spent in the USA in '72. The most successful poem in the set for me is "Inside Liberty's Head" which begins --

Inside Liberty's head

we sweat.

Such a cramping on the tight  
metal platform,  
canned in the statue  
whilst beneath, the distant percussion  
of the spiral steps...

David Tipton's translation of the Peruvian poet  
Mirko Lauer make interesting reading, worth the  
effort if you are concerned as to what is being  
written not so far across the water in South  
America...I quote one poem in full:

#### WAR HERO

They're one, machine and horse. The mystery  
is only one.  
The same with tanks & noble brutes. I say  
misery  
the same for kings'  
& soldiers fighting with uta\* blisters  
on the big knee of their skins. In the  
picture the pain is only one,  
only the blood that pretends to overflow the  
frame, the single scream  
& there's victory,  
only the dead & warriors on the point of dying.  
They're no leaders.  
No heroes.  
Only the living and the dead  
on the summit of the hill  
like blackbirds stained with colour  
& the ice of winter saddens them, because it puts  
the rivers to sleep,  
attracts them  
and converts them into a large clumsy map over  
which the troops slide.

\*A skin disease that causes blisters on the face, and  
was contracted by the conquistadors when they first  
crossed the Sierra's in the sixteenth century.

Oh platoon, we do well  
to devour our captains,  
& finally, for the very curious, the mystery of  
this painting:  
for a just and rational distribution of history  
among us warriors.

The Hydra of Birds is again an interesting set of  
translations, this time from the Greek by Yannis Goumas.  
Some fine surreal touches here - one gets a hint of the  
atmosphere of that dry country. The work of Alexandros  
Baros, the youngest of the three poets included in the  
set, appeals to me the most; this is a section from  
a long poem "Insomnia":

A stairway.  
A large, reverberating wooden stairway  
in the dense nether-darkness of Erebus...  
And I climb it,  
holding a small light in one hand.  
The light is like an insect's eye,  
the yellow eye  
of a poisonous insect.  
(What an absurd and weak phosphorescence!  
Darkness is so thirsty  
that such a droplet of light  
for its burning negroid lips  
seems a mockery!)

Altogether a worthwhile series of booklets that  
deserve support.

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Fiasco Publication, 31 BelleVue Street, Filey, East  
Yorks., U.K.  
Platform/Green Horse Publication, 'Avalon', London Rd,  
Stockbridge, Hants., UK.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS TO NOW 4/5. Spring 1974.

Maria Arrillaga is from Puerto Rico; she teaches Spanish at the University of Puerto Rico and has won several prizes for her poetry. She is still looking for a publisher for a book of her work.

Stewart Brown lives in Jamaica, editor of NOW, his poems have been quite widely published in the UK and the Caribbean. A booklet of his poetry is planned for later in the year in the Outposts series. He also has pretensions to being a painter!

Derrick Buttress is English. Young doom prophet from Nottingham he is currently studying English in Birmingham. His work has been very widely published in the UK and a poem of his was recently broadcast by the BBC.

Miles Buxton is a native of Edge City who is currently weaving a web of confusion and hysteria in the School of Education at Nottingham University. Athlete, misanthrope and cryptic social commentator, his stories and articles have been published in various magazines.

Gloria Escoffery is a Jamaican of whom Andrew Salkey said in a recent letter: "I think the world of that sister. She's been a vanguard figure in our thing at home for years." Well known both as poetess and painter, her poems have been widely published in the Caribbean and anthologised abroad.

Rudyard Fearon is Jamaican. He works for the Jamaica Library Service and is a past student of Grantham College. He has been writing poetry since 1972 and this is his first publication.

Anson Gonzalez is Trinidadian; journalist, poet, broadcaster, playwright and editor of 'The New Voices.' His poetry publications include "SCORE," 'The Love Song of Boysie B.' and a selection of his poetry is included in the anthology 'Caribbean Rhythms' recently published by Pocket Books, USA.

David H.W. Grubb is English. Schoolteacher and poet living in Wiltshire, his last book 'And Suddenly, This' (Driftwood publications, Bootle, Lancashire) is, I believe, still available. Jim Burns said of it in a review in AMBIT: "it is the kind of book that one wants to quote from endlessly."

A.L. Hendriks is from Jamaica but lives in the UK. A highly successful poet, his work is regularly published in all the leading UK and Caribbean journals. His new book due

soon from the Workshop Press promises to be a sellout. Patti Hinds is from Grenada. She describes herself as 'a non-violent revolutionary. Welfare worker. Writer.' She won the National Award for Plays in 1972 and the same award for poetry in 1973. She is a political writer for various organisations in Grenada. Some of her work is due in Caribbean Quarterly soon.

Lois Langenfeld lives in Jamaica. With her related arts background she has been teaching some imaginative social studies to second grade children and is working on a curriculum development project in that field with the Ministry of Education.

Edward Lucie-Smith grew up in the West Indies but has established himself as a leading poet and art/poetry critic in the UK. His poetry publications include 'A Tropical Childhood,' 'Confessions and Histories' and 'Towards Silence' (all OUP) and he has edited several anthologies including the much respected 'British Poetry Since 1945' (Penguin). His poem in this issue is the title poem of a new collection due later this year, 'The Well Wishers.'

Anthony McNeill is Jamaican, currently teaching and studying at the University of Massachusetts. He is a widely published poet and his first book 'reel from THE LIFE MOVIE' is already something of a classic. His work is also well represented in various anthologies.

Mervyn Morris is Jamaican. He was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, played tennis for Jamaica and currently teaches English at the UWI, Mona. His poetry has been published in such journals as TLS, London Magazine, Outposts, and all the leading W.I. Magazines. His new book, THE POND, has received almost unanimous critical approval.

Clemente Padin is Uruguayan. A much respected artist and concrete poet. The latest issue of OVUM is given over entirely to his work - an explanation of the construction of one set of his concrete poems (OVUM, Casilla DeCorreo 2454 LaCruz de Corrasco, Montevideo, Uruguay.).

Victor Questal is Trinidadian. He won the poetry section of the National Cultural Council of Trinidad's Literary Contest in '73 with his poem 'Words and Gestures.' His publications include "SCORE" (with Anson Gonzalez) and his work also appears in the anthology 'Caribbean Rhythms.'

Stanley Reid is from St. Lucia, currently studying at UWI, Mona. Former editor of the little magazine LINK, his work has been quite widely published in the magazines of the region, including Caribbean Quarterly and the Jamaica Daily News.

Dennis Scott is Jamaican. Recently returned from a stay in the USA, he was awarded the International Poetry Forum Award 1973 and part of the award was the publication of his first major collection of poems 'Uncle Time.' Of the poems in NOW 4/5, he says..."all fairly new (though 2 are in 'Uncle Time') on a stubbornly recurring 'bird' image." Read them again!

Sir Philip Sherlock is from Jamaica. Historian, scholar, poet, knight, he is a former vice-chancellor of the UWI and is currently Secretary General of the Association of Caribbean Universities and Research Institutes in Kingston. His work will be well known to anyone at all interested in Caribbean writing.

Harold Telemaque is Trinidadian. Highly respected poet, he has been an important voice in Caribbean writing for many years. His work appears in several anthologies and has been much published in the magazine of the region.

Gilbert Tucker is from Jamaica, born in Kingston in '38; he travelled first to the Bahamas and then to the US where he helped launch a literary magazine in the Coconut Grove area of Miami. He returned to Jamaica in '72 and now edits the magazine 'Rasta Voice.'

Duncan Tweedale must have some Scots in him! Presently living in Winchester, England, he was editor of the little magazine 'Black Egg's' (now defunct) and runs Green Horse Publications.

Peter Virgadamo lives in Jamaica, historian and teacher, he is working on a social studies text book for junior secondary school children. Though not a poet himself, he is widely read and is a highly informed critic.

STOP PRESS

JAMAICA by Andrew Salkey. Hutchinson. \$3.37.

In this long, 100-page, poem Andrew Salkey treats his readers to a fine display of rhythmic and linguistic gymnastics. His style and purpose inevitably invite comparison with Edward Brathwaite; but perhaps if, as the cover blurb says, 'JAMAICA has been 20 years in the writing,' it is Brathwaite who should be measured against Salkey. The poem leads us through the history of Jamaica, from the experience of slavery along the slow and painful track to the present. JAMAICA is often moving, always serious, but is never lacking in humour or joy.

The most effective parts, for me, are the opening I into history, now, the concluding Is the lan' I want, and section 2 Slavery to Liberation, with its poems dealing with the occasion of various revolts. In Because of 1796 he deals with the maroon rebellion and brings the enormity, necessity and symbolism of the act into focus in our lives now, as we betray an angry heritage to the hypocrisies of economic expediency.

There are so many,  
so very many remains  
of our great ancestry lying  
next to the soles of our feet  
as we mine bauxite  
or take a tourists arm  
or walk aimlessly  
over the sites of the old plantations  
that the generations  
are easily able to make  
the necessary connection,  
if they're inclined

A superb and truly West Indian book in style, theme and tone. Again Andrew Salkey shows us that he has something to write home about, something important.

SB