UNIVERSITY OF THE WEST INDIES
TRADE UNION EDUCATION INSTITUTE

CABLE AND TELEGRAPH
UNIVERSITY
PHONE 927-6661 EXT. 211
937-9870

MONA, KINGSTON 7.
JAMAICA

YOUR REFERENCE

October 31, 1978.

My Dear Vic —

How can I thank you for giving me the opportunity to read the manuscript of your excellent work on Norman Manley? It is so carefully researched, sensitively analysed and beautifully written! Added to all this is that rare and precious gift of understanding which only those who bear witness to events of moments can bring to the writing of history. The sanity, urbanity and elan (Edna would settle for "passion") - they are all there.

Your "Leopard" had the same effect on me way back when: I had all my friends of anglican mind at Oxford to read about other ancestral homes and got myself worked up into plans for a full-blown choreography of the work. I never did but have long translated those passages you described in the forest hunt into a dance sequence which now forms part of the training of all who pass through the process of creating a Caribbean dance-art form among us. There is a sensibility that is the progeny of that survival of us crossed the Atlantic at tropical and sub-tropical latitudes.

It is this particular sensibility that continues to elude some of our younger contemporary leaders of thought. You skillfully convince that that sensibility was at the heart of Manley's own political dynamic - this psychic inheritance of a denigrated ancestry. How splendidly clear you make rhyme and reason of his dilemmas, contradictions, fixity of purpose, achievements, failures and enigma! A finely textured tapestry! It is a wonderful book - a beautiful piece of work. I now understand why when officialdom offered John Hearne as author NW responded with a defiant negative and resolutely insisted on one V.S. Reid. We are yet again richer for his wisdom - and no less for yours! For it is a wise book.

He did not merely go to meet the horses of the morning. He himself became one brave (dark) horse of the morning. Perhaps the horse of the morning as Edna would probably say with pardonable

2/.....

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bias and as you have undoubtedly made him. The work has great compassion and not a drop of over-indulgence. Good taste, so free at hand and yet so hard to come by, is there in abundance.

Thanks, Vic. I feel humble in the presence of such creative output. You can see that I am enthusiastic. It was all worth waiting for. What title do you plan to give it?

You take care, until.....

As ever,

Ken

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Michael Manley

2 Washington Close,
Kingston 10,
Jamaica, W.I.

August 10, 1985

Dear Vic,

I am distressed how I cannot attend your Golden Wedding Anniversary because I would have left for Burnham's funeral.

Please accept my warmest good wishes to you and Monica on this splendid day. How marvellous it must be to have reached this point together!

God bless you both.

Sincerely,

Michael

Mr & Mrs Victor Reid
1 Norbrook Road
Kingston 8

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JAMAICA HOUSE
KINGSTON, JAMAICA

PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL

28th July, 1980.

Dear Vic,

I am very happy indeed to inform you that, acting on my advice, His Excellency, the Governor-General has approved of your appointment to the Order of Jamaica in recognition of your great contribution to the Literary Movement in Jamaica and to Jamaica's cultural development.

Your appointment will be announced with others on Saturday, 2nd August, 1980. Until the first public announcement, you will, of course, understand that this information is to be regarded as confidential.

I know how gratifying this recognition of your work will be to your family friends and well-wishers and I should like to add my own warm, personal congratulations.

Yours sincerely,

Michael Manley,
Prime Minister.

Mr. Victor S. Reid,
1 Norbrook Road,
Kingston 8.

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Send brave men to meet
Specially gifted men to greet
the noises of the morning & on the nations dawning

Tony Flo Williams

AN ERA PASSES ON. NOT CAUSE FOR MOURNING, BUT CELEBRATION

THAT WE SAW IT. PRIVILEGE.

Z. MUNROE SCARLETT, born April 14, 1902, son Richard Elias Scarlett a bookseller. Mother, Maroon of Scots Hall.
bookseller & Maroon,
With a combination as this, no wonder Z. Munroe became a name of consequence in his land.
SCOTS HALL BEING a place of great oral history and African retentions.
COMBINE this with access to books such as those on Africa by famous J A Rogers. By time he was in teens, Z. Munroe was being equipped for his journey into history.

ADD TO that, his father's bookshop in Port Maria often had visits from a young man interested in black history and who was born in nearby St Ann's Bay and whose name was - Marcus Garvey.

WHEN Z. Munroe turned twenty-one, it was absolutely natural that he would celebrate his Majority by joining the nine-year-old UNIA. And he has never left. He has served for 73 years.
of the last of those
HE IS ONE OF THE LEGENDARY MEN WHO KNEW AND STOOD WITH MARCUS GARVEY.
Z. Munroe was sent to school in Kingston, attending that fine old elementary school in West Street, St Mark's, and later, to the equally notable Kingston Technical in Hanover Street.
an exceptional
EARLY READING and a passion to know, made him a good scholar. His main discipline was Communication and he developed a skill and power that, to the generation of my youth, made his name famous to us.

THIS was the first of the "legendarias."

With his powerful physique and an intellect to match, he was memorable on any platform.

BUT ALWAYS, HIS MAIN PURPOSE WAS TO BRING TO US A KNOWLEDGE OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS AND THE HISTORIC GREATNESS OF AFRICA.

Nevertheless, he fulfilled his second "legendary" by being one of that handful of men who was at and in the founding of the BITU and the PNP. As had his friend and colleague, the great St William Grant.
For one of his great strengths was that he had the gift of sacrifice.
Munroe Scarlett WAS A CHILD OF SACRIFICE.

NOTHING HE DID WAS EVER DONE FOR MONETARY PROFIT. He counted his profits in spiritual satisfaction. He counted his gains in what he could communicate.

I have seen a hurt on his face, a shadow of bewilderment, when it was borne to him that a post, or a position, was being taken for profit.

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BUT I HAVE NEVER KNOWN HIM BETTER WHEN, with the late Dr Leslie of St Catherine, I accompanied the first Mission to Africxa in the early Sixties.

My most moving experience was observing Munroe Scarlett on this journey through the homeland, from east to west.

The look on his face when we made our first step to the AFRICA, EARTH. The glow on his face after his baptism in Addis Ababa. She contain logic in. In country after country, the poetry and emotion of his presentation to heads of state left me feeling very humble, and very glad to have had that experience.

for whom above? absolutely this man great to All

WHEN RETURNED to Jamaica and told my wife of it, she insisted that I take her to meet Z. Munroe. We went to his home at Francis Street on two occasions. And I had my own hurt and bewilderment that men like Munroe Scarlett were to remain unsung by the powers who publish - the songs.

And as we remember the many organisations, the many channels of communications he founded, ~~OR HELPED found~~, or shared in founding

THE AFRO WEST INDIAN WELFARE LEAGUE

THE PEOPLES POLITICAL PARTY

the newspaper 'negro voice'

THE services of the African Orthodox Church he conducted at his home,

The vigorous tenor he contributed to the choir of another great, the musician Granville Campbell,

THE STAND HE TOOK along with another handful of people in fighting for the opening of jobs to black women in the banks and offices this city,

The very strength of his presence, in his time and place, to strengthen our dignity, purpose, and good citizenship, I will use the famous words of another partiot in another country who probably would never have dreamt that his lines would be so dignfied, I speak this recessional of Zephenlah Munroe Scarlett, NOT ONLY FOR that Child Of Sacrifice, but also for us. For us.

THE SHOUTING AND THE TUMULT DIES/THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS DEPART/STILL STAND THEIR ANCIENT SACRIFICE/A BROKEN AND A CONTRITE HEART/LORD GOD OF HOST BE WITH US YET/LEST WE forget - LEST ... WE... FORGET...

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has
Some grace/led me to the good luck of celebrating with Cecil Baugh a book on his work since that afternoon in 1950 when [redacted] Cleaner [redacted] a handful of [redacted] at the East Street Junior Centre saw the first showing of his pottery. The promise was there. The creativity, beauty and power has long since been acclaimed. But now comes this book to at last place into permanent record the contribution to our culture from [redacted] a gifted, dedicated man. [redacted] be widely owned.

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Written by me

Bright Spot Of

ROY de COVERLEY.

THE DAILY GLEANER, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1950.

VIEWING THE BAUGH EXHIBITION OF POTTERY at the Junior Centre art gallery yesterday with the potter, Mr. Cecil Baugh, second from right. Others in the picture are Miss Peggy O'Grady, of the British Council, Mr. Jerry Isaacs of Mico College and Miss Doris Campbell.

POTTERY SHOW AT THE JUNIOR CENTRE

CECIL BAUGH'S EXHIBITION of pottery opened yesterday forenoon in the art gallery upstairs the Junior Centre, East Street, with over two score utility and art pieces on show.

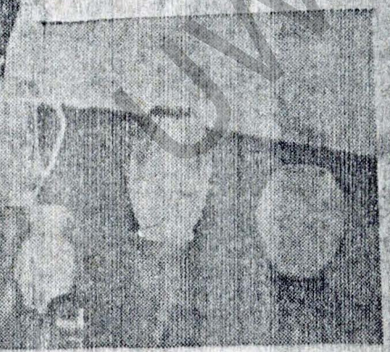
Mr. Baugh will be remembered as the Jamaican who studied in England under Bernard Leach on a British Council scholarship. This is his first one-man exhibition since his return, and the quality of his work shews the fine craftsmanship which he has added to his innate artistry.

He employs red and white clay, flint, bone, china and ball clay in his works. A stoneware pot which he made while at St. Ives, England, drew particular attention; covered with iron pigment, biscuited and glazed, then fired again, it has an unusual grey tone that is decidedly attractive.

A fireproof casserole in glossy brown is a high spot of the group, but the vases and water jars of clay are pieces in which the artist-craftsman has successfully blended his skills.

His use of difficult yellow tones in his colourings shows the self confidence with which Mr. Baugh approaches his work, and he is well rewarded with combinations that are as well conceived as they are eye catching.

A bird bath of red clay is exceptionally well done, and deserves a place in any fine exhibition of pottery. Smaller pieces include bowls, plates, cups and saucers. There is also a beautiful lamp base that should open a lucrative field for Mr. Baugh's



School Drawings On Show At

Dag blang to nyam age, (egg) him nebba lib (leave) off :—It is impossible for the [illegible] to give up their *vice*.

Half-a-foot da ebery wha :—The faults of people are to be found wherever you go.

Belly full mek peteta hab kin :—Those who are pinched by a good appetite will not regard dainty food. They are glad to get whatever is ready at hand.

Cry cry pickny nebba hab right :—Those who are fond of complaining are seldom listened to.

Ebery day bucket go a well, one day him bottom wi' come out :—Those who practise evil secretly will be found out some day.

Cus cus na go bore hole in a naga kin :—Regard not the evil opinion of the world if you are in the way of duty : it will not hurt you

Saila draw rope and so 'kip what you got' :—Be careful to save all you can, do not spend unnecessarily what you have saved.

Duppy know who him frighten :—There are people who will only injure those who they know cannot retaliate.

Bush hab yaye :—Be careful how you speak of thing privately, when you least expect it, there may be some one overhearing.

Night no hab gubna :—means the same as the foregoing.

Wild hog sa', talk some, lef some :—Observe some reserve, don't talk all you think and all you know to every one.

Pig ask him mumma sa, wha mek him mout long so ? Him sa, ah, no mine, my pickny, da someting mek fe my long so he wi mek fe you long so too :—Children and young people are apt to be astonished at the defects and deformities of old age but by and by brought to experience them themselves.

Cunny cow nyam peas lef leaf :—When you have a choice of two things, always take that which is most to your advantage. The cow ate the peas because they were more substantial and nutritious, and also to conceal the damage, she left the leaves. Hence her cunningness.

Barra wata nebba bwoil pot :—He that depends upon accomplishing his ends by the help of others, will fail. The English maxim, He that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing, is a good explanation.

Farra pass mek ockro pwoil :—From the difficulty of access to some things, however valuable, they are allowed to remain without being used, and spoil.

Greedy choke puppy :—Some people are so avaricious that they actually injure themselves by their eagerness to acquire too much.

Jan[illegible]ben wa go a leeward befo, wa you ting hurricane go

Tom drunk but Tom no fool
No TURN you back in a bull pen.

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blow:--When people wish to do anything, they will not be long in want of motives to induce them:--They will embrace every favourable opportunity to forward their ends; as the crow took advantage of the hurricane to get to leeward.

Fowl nyam done, rub mout a grung:- Ungrateful people never remember benefits conferred on them after having enjoyed them.

Hansam woman, hansom rogue:- A woman's beauty is not gnenally an index of her virtue, but often the contrary. Do not be deceived by it.

Trouble da a bush, Anancy bring it da house.-- Some people run fully into misfortune which they might avoid:-- They actually bring troubles upon themselves through their imprudence.

You get ina dag corn piece:--You have got into trouble you will not easily get out of.

You wash me, no wash my back:-Do not tell me about the backbitings of others they are to be expected.

Good fren betta an pocket money:- When your money may not be sufficient to get you out of a scrape, your true friend may by his influence.

You kill me, bury me too:- You must do me the whole favour, not a half only.

Walk an nyam:- One who goes about sponging on his neighbours, and will not work for his own support.

Money Cuffie:- A fellow who can afford it, and rather makes a boast of his means

Strong physic:- A hard headed and self-willed person.

Cra, cra:- Harum, scarum:- Mad-headed, too hasty and quick at anything.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

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Good belly mek nanny goat ——— da out a do.—Many persons have turned themselves out of house and home through kindness to others.

Pannya (Spanish) machate cut two side:—There are people who through deceit never give a fair and decided opinion on any subject, but will tell one thing to one and another thing to another when consulted.

Cow dead him lef trouble gi' cowkin:—(This refers to the dogs and crows fighting to eat the skin and can't well manage it, being so tough when dry):—People who do not set their affairs in order before death, are apt to give a great deal of trouble to those who are left behind.

Me no call you, no come:—Mind and don't intrude uninvited where your company may not be wanted.

You po' fe meat, you nyam jungo, (mushroom):—From want you may have to put up with what you would not otherwise relish.

Hansom face and good luck no all a one:—A woman with far less beauty may be better settled in marriage than one much more handsome, according to luck, 'though it is not those who merit good in life, often get it.

Two bit nebba braggin, as one fipenny:—People who have no claims to show off, are often the very ones who attempt to do so.

You tek time you fine hanch gut:—If you search quietly, and patiently into any secret matters, you will find it out.

One finga nebba ketch louse (lice): No man can get on well without some help.

Teda fe me tomarra fe you:—Troubles are not for one person, you need not rejoice at my misfortune when it is not unlikely yours may come upon you in a short time.

You know whicha wata walk go ina pumkin belle?—Do not meddle with things mysterious, as they may tend to your hurt: keep away from that which may injure you, and yet you may not be able to find out in what manner it has done so.

You wait 'pon gennman, you wha blue coat:—If you serve people who are grateful, you will be certain of a reward; and a good one too.

You wa good, you nose mus' run:—Nothing of value comes without much labour: Don't expect to get anything in life without some trouble!

You tek shame, you shake cocaba man han'! (Man with the king's evil) Through compliment, and too much deference for some persons you may be led to do what you do not approve of.

Bad name nebba kill dag:—Never mind the scandal of the world.—It is what you are to expect.

OFFICE OF THE PRIME MINISTER
24 EAST RACE COURSE
P.O. BOX 638
KINGSTON, JAMAICA

12th January, 1973

Dear Vic,

In furtherance of our discussion on African affairs, I am writing to enlist your further aid as you know the Prime Minister has put me in charge of this section and I am committed entirely to it under him.

I have been giving this matter very much thought and have come up with a working paper. The working paper on which I have collaborated with others of different views directs me towards an immediate start in the founding of the Afro/Caribbean Institute of Jamaica (ACIJ). This matter has been on boil for much too long.

I am inviting you to become a member of an Interim Council to lay the foundation for this institute. I cannot discuss it in this letter except to say that it will be recognised by our Government as the authority for research and relations on matters of African culture. You have been chosen because it is my personal opinion that you are the type of person whose interest and intellect in Afro/Caribbean affairs are vital to the success of this new venture into the future. This is a matter very close to the heart of our Prime Minister and will receive his blessing.

The members whom I am inviting in addition to yourself are as follows:

Mr. Peter Abrahams - Chairman
Mr. Neville A. Dawes - Executive Secretary
Mr. Rex Nettleford
Senator Paul Miller
Dr. Errol Miller
Miss Elaine Melbourne

As you all are very busy people, I am asking the Chairman to arrange for you all to attend at this office at 4.30p.m. in the afternoon of one of the following days: January 16, 18, 23, 25.

I do hope you can attend, and your earliest response will enable me to fix a firm date to invite the Prime Minister.

Yours sincerely,

Dudley

(Dudley Thompson)
Minister of State
Office of the Prime Minister

Mr. Vic Reid,
2a, Norwood Avenue,
Kingston 5.

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Cap;eton, A. W. St. Mary

Vic,

Please remember
1. Ruel Cook's Article on Youth.
2. ~~Rudixxx~~ Space to be left for Profile on L. Watson- Photograph enclosed.
3. N.W.U. Photograph to appear in next issue.
4. Unused / unsuitable articles, photographs etc to be returned.

Dear Vic,

Further to our conversation. I have spoken to Ken Chin Onn and had discussion with various members of our Cttee and it has been agreed that:

1. For the next THREE MONTHS .e.g. until Septamber the paper will be published ONCE PER FORTNIGHT.
2. It will consist of EIGHT PAGES, FOUR PAGES TO BE ADVERTISEMENTS.
3. All articles to be sent to this office(25, South Camp Road) and sent on by our messenger to you.
4. The censorship Committee which is still in existence - will be used by me, so that all articles sent to you will already be censored .
5. Schedule
   All articles to be at United Printers one week before delivery date which will be every other WEDNESDAY.
   Late ads. etc. by Friday the latest.
6. Editorial Committee meeting following issue of paper- Mondays at 4.30.p.m. (Once per fortnight)
7. Printing - 15,000 to 20,000 copies.

I realise that you have done an enermous amount of work on this issue, and I personally congratulate you. It is a lovely paper. Unfortunately our finances will not allow us to pay your secretarial staff. We already have to pay secretarial staff in this office, so if it will not be too inconvenient for you, you could send the materail down by our bearer and it will be typed and returned to you.

As far as you are concerned, no matter how I carve and cut, I see no way of offering you more than $100.00(One hendred dollars) to edit each issue. This is small as I fully realise, but at the end of the THREE months trial period (which I now have in order to make or break the paper) the situation will again be reviewed and I can assure you that all benefits will come to you.

Of course, you may not accept this, then I would not know what to do, but you are just the person for this job and it would break my heart to

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see you give it up now when you have put it on such a strong footing. I am positive that with your help the paper will soon be much larger. As you realise, the Party does not expect me to make money, all they are asking is that I pay my way. This I am sure we can do between us.

Sorry this is a little late.

See you at Waterloo Rd. Monday 4.30.p.m.

Love,

Sylvia

Sylvia

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February 14 75

Dear Prime Minister

Herewith my proposals for the new seats on the Commission:

Rev C S Reid (Baptist)
Rev Ernle P Gordon (Anglican)
Mr John Maxwell (Journalist)
Mr Frank Gordon (Social worker)

These would bring to seven your appointments to the Commission. You now appoint three (3). Your present appointees are:

Mr Victor Stafford Reid, Chairman
Mr Fred Wilmot
Mr Maurice Stoppi

The Commissioner of Lands and the Government Town Planner are ex-officio members. Two members come from the Jamaica Historical Society, one each from the Institute of Jamaica and the University of the West Indies. A total, at present, of nine (9).

Yours faithfully

V S Reid

Hon Prime Minister
Prime Minister's Office
1 Devon Road
Ki ngston 10

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INSCRIPTION FOR PAUL BOGLE MONUMENT IN MORANT BAY

IN REMEMBRANCE OFPAUL BOGLE, GEORGE WILLIAM GORDON AND THE ~~500~~ 437 JAMAICAN/MARTYRS OF OCTOBER, 1865

WHO FELL BECAUSE THEY LOVED FREEDOM

In gratitude, from the generations
who now witness that they did not die
in vain. October, 1965

Vic Reid.

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INSCRIPTION FOR PAUL BOGLE MONUMENT

IN MORANT BAY

IN REMEMBRANCE OF PAUL BOGLE, GEORGE WILLIAM GORDON AND THE ~~500~~ 437 JAMAICAN MARTYRS OF OCTOBER, 1865 WHO FELL BECAUSE THEY LOVED FREEDOM.

In gratitude, from the generations who now witness that they did not die in vain. October, 1965

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OFFICE OF THE PRIME MINISTER

~~24 EAST RACE COURSE~~

P.O. BOX 638

KINGSTON, JAMAICA

24th January, 1973.

Sir,

I have been directed by the Prime Minister to inform you that, on the understanding that you are willing to serve, he has appointed you Chairman of the Jamaica National Trust Commission for the period 24th January, 1973 to 9th April, 1975.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,

Jean Smith (Mrs.)
for Permanent Secretary

Mr. Vic Reid,
2a Norwood Avenue,
KINGSTON 5.

Received Jan 31, 73

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OFFICE OF THE PRIME MINISTER

~~24 EAST RACE COURSE~~

P.O. BOX ~~638~~ 272, Kingston 6

KINGSTON, JAMAICA

25th May, 19 73

Dear Mr. Reid,

Thank you for your letter of May 18th, with the excellent suggestion about the Eternal Flame.

I will place this before the Executive of Central Kingston Constituency at its next meeting.

Yours sincerely,

Michael Manley

V.S. Reid, Esq.,
Chairman,
Jamaica National Trust Commission,
72 Hope Road,
Kingston 6

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JAMAICA NATIONAL TRUST COMMISSION
27 MAR 1973
I 54/73

OFFICE OF THE PRIME MINISTER
24 EAST RACE COURSE,
P.O. BOX 638,
KINGSTON, JAMAICA

23rd March, 1973.

Dear Vic,

I have a very strong recommendation from the Executive of Central Kingston Constituency that an Eternal Flame be arranged at the grave of N.W. They feel that they would like to present this as a mark of respect and since his Shrine is actually in the Constituency.

Could you please let me have a reaction?

Yours sincerely,

Michael Manley.

Vic Reid, Esq.,
Chairman,
Jamaica National Trust Commission,
72 Hope Road,
Kingston 6.

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JAMAICA NATIONAL TRUST COMMISSION
2 APR 1973
I 563/73

OFFICE OF THE PRIME MINISTER
24 EAST RACE COURSE,
P.O. BOX 638,
KINGSTON, JAMAICA

26th March, 1973

Dear Vic,

Thank you very much for your extremely helpful recommendations in connection with the National Anthem. I think it is a very thorough and workmanlike analysis of the situation, and I have passed your recommendations on for implementation as quickly as possible.

Yours sincerely,

Michael Manley

Vic Reid, Esq.,
Chairman,
Jamaica National Trust Commission
72 Hope Road,
Kingston 6

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Lord Buckhurst
Sir Alfred Rennie

BROADCASTING HOUSE
P.O. BOX 23, KINGSTON 5
JAMAICA.

Our Ref.

Cables:
Broadco-Jamaica
Telephones:
68151 & 69261
Registered Office:
32 Lyndhurst Road
Cross Roads

27th April 1965

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

Mr. Vic Reid,
Lonsdale Hands Jamaica Limited,
32½ Duke Street,
Kingston.

Dear Vic:

SPECIAL OBITUARY PROGRAMME

This is to confirm my conversation with you this morning, giving you and Mr. Frank Hill the go ahead for the programme which we discussed at our meeting on Friday, April 23rd, on the following basis.

1. It is agreed that you and Mr. Frank Hill will research all the necessary material for the programme, particularly the period following 1938.

2. You and Mr. Hill will be co-authors of the complete script for the programme, making use of whatever tape excerpts are to be found in R.J.R's archives or obtained from J.I.S. The duration of the programme will be one hour.

3. The completed script will be presented to R.J.R. for approval and acceptance within four weeks of the date of this letter.

4. The agreed total fee of £105 will cover the work of both yourself and Mr. Hill. The fee will be payable on our acceptance of the Programme. 100 Guineas.

5. It is also understood and agreed that both you and Mr. Hill will give your advice during the production of the programme, without additional charge, provided production is completed in one session.

More...

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6. It is also agreed that the programme is for exclusive broadcast on R.J.R. - with provision for a repeat broadcast if warranted.

I wish to thank you for agreeing to work with us on this important project, and I am confident it will be a success.

Yours sincerely,

J. C. Proute
News Editor

JCP/yp

cc: G.M.
P.D.

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OFFICE OF THE PRIME MINISTER

P.O. BOX 638,

KINGSTON, JAMAICA

10th April 19 72

Mr. Vic Reid,

Sir,

I have been directed by the Prime Minister to inform you that, on the understanding that you are willing to serve, he has appointed you a member of the Jamaica National Trust Commission for the period 10th April 1972 to 9th April 1975.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Mrs.) Jean Smith

for Permanent Secretary.

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"Bellencita"
Irish Town,
P.O. Box 219,
Kingston 6.

April 13, 1982.

Hon. V. S. Reid, O.J.,
Valley Hill Farm,
P. O. Box 129,
KINGSTON 10.

Dear Vic

It was very thoughtful of you to take time out to write such a lovely letter, congratulating me on the Award conferred on me. I do appreciate it.

It is also gratifying to know that what we did during the colonial years - even though not aware that - we were creating history, has been recognized during our life time.

Thanks again. Kind regards.

Yours sincerely,

Bustamante

:em. LADY BUSTAMANTE.

P.S. I am no-more the pretty little girl! (Smile)

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March 7 1982

The Hon Lady Bustamante, O.J.
IRISH TOWN

Dear Lady B

My warmest congratulations on the Award which has at last come to you.

For us. who have known you for so long, you were always what you are, a great lady. But for the generations of younger people who know so little of our fighting, sacrificing, never-letting-go past, it will create a fitting moment of recall as to just how we all created the foundations for a nation. And what has been the fulcrum upon which we depended for that great day in 1962 when each could say with pride, without being ridiculous, "I am a Jamaican"? It was the trade union movement. The movement that showed to us the first signs of hope that one day we could be a nation and people of this great little land.

You were always there, at the core of it all. First as the pretty girl we all admired, and as you grew into the gracious lady you are.

My love to you.

UWI Libraries

November 2nd, 1965

Mr. Victor S. Reid
P. O. Box 129
KINGSTON 10

Dear Mr. Reid:

Your recommendation for the appointment of Mr. George McCaffrie as a Justice of the Peace for St. Andrew is being processed, and you should be hearing from me further in this matter at an early date.

Sincerely,

A. RUSSELL GRAHAM

CUSTOS - ST. ANDREW

UWI Libraries

Victor Reid

"Pump Farm"
Rock Hall P A
St Andrew
June 24, 1969

The Editor
Daily Gleaner
Dear Sir,

In the absence of ~~absolute~~ proof of the Arawak "Xaymaca" being the origin of "Jamaica," could it not be that the murdering but devout Dons named the island for the Holy Land village already being called "Jamaica" 1,500 years before Columbus ~~came~~ was born?

Vic Reid
24.6.69

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Regardless,
Washington Drive,
Kingston 10.

Jamaica,
West Indies.

Edna Manley

Dear Vic Jam having a little party for Rachel whose second book of poems is just out. Would we so happy if you & your wife would come on Sunday April 2 between 6-9 p.m.

With love

Edna

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You might think that, after such a pro- of time, this woman has, like Guinevere, "passed to where, beyond these voices there is peace". But no Vic, dear Vic, not so. With the book beside me, I did not miss the broadcast. Marvellous. How many memories it stirred. You inscribed "To Monkey, who quietly works towards the 'New Day'! March '49." But that was March '49. And we both know the rest! (Forgive faltering hand-writing!). Poor little Jamaica has been through the fire since then and it might be that any small contribution I tried to make has been swept away and forgotten many moons ago. I do not forget. - the true romantic! I look back on the days when there was, for how short a time? a meeting of minds - I think of dear Pat Guilbride & our foursome - Kitty K, you, Pat & me. Of all the very dear friends I made through your insistance that I go to Knox! How many are still with us? Now - in my 78th year, and living a quiet, uneventful life I have come to think, and being a very political animal, to follow world events with a hope, faint, intelligent interest. Tragic isn't it that money speaks - may shouts more loudly than all the virtues put together? Look at France today - two short days after the new Premier — out goes the money, anywhere, everywhere but France - Look at the destabilisation of your Island by America - Have we to face the unacceptable fact that idealism will never prevail?

On the personal front. I came home in '54 and stayed with Renee Shann for a while (remember her?) then in '56 had an operation for a growth on the Thyroid gland which anchored me in Bristol with my parents until they died in '66 at the age of 90! But I had an interesting artistic life - a few morning stories for BBC & a one-man exhib. of my collage pictures. Member of the Writers & Poetry Societies (Twice silver cup winner in Bristol Poets!! — Swank!!) In '59 I edited, with a very good poet, 'Unicorn' a book of Bristol Poets - launched at the University. At this time I met a man* in Court work who, as I, was attending a "Creative Centre" run by our leading mystic, Wm. Arkle. His* marriage had just ended, and I seemed to be able to help him in his thinking about some of the deeper strands - my aim was to fit him to go off and marry again but he grew more & more attached to me, dropping two or three other women friends. I would never have considered re-marriage, especially to this John as he is 16 years younger! So, after 4 years of close companionship we decided to set up a home together and here we are, living in a flat in a 25-room mansion! with the Arkles where we first met - when they lived in Clifton. We have now been here in Backwell 8 years. and previously had a flat in Bristol. We are 500 feet above sea level and from the Terrace look out across Somerset to the Channel & Cardiff. John is a wood-turner & an artist & does the scenery for the local theatre. I am content with a certain amount of immobility. I had a slight heart attack a year ago but am told that I am ageless, so am content again to leave

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everything to my letters. [illegible] message [illegible] word regards to the experience of life in the spirit world and realise that all my life, without knowing it, the words from the old hymn apply to me. "I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home". If you feel moved to write, tell me anything I'd like to hear. How is your family. I've hesitated to ask after so long a break, but— Gai Eaton came up again last week, in our 'Light-of experience' programme on Television. He has aged too. John Taped it for me. Egm. now in his 80th! lives somewhere, (with her family, I think) in N. Wales. Did not ask for a divorce until 5yrs ago!! Did they ever return? I wonder. What a crowd of English undesirables poor Jamaica had to put up with!! why did you do it? The Colonial Office certainly got some stick from me on my return!! Hail & farewell. Hope you can read this. My love to anyone who would like it. Abiding love Pat

DR. STAMM & Jessie Irwin (Mrs. S). Spent the day with us in Sept.

360 W 22 St Apt 5S
New York NY 10011
6 August 81

Dear Mr Reid: Congratulations!
Rex N sent me the citation + yr spirited, elegant reply for the Mantey award.

As I work on yr novels for my thesis my appreciation for your achievement continues to grow. In fact, yr work has affected me considerably, enhanced me.

The thesis will soon be finished and I will be in Jamaica before year end. I will come to tell you how your work has catalysed both redemption

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Cable Address: UNIVERSITY

Our Ref.

August 7, 1981

Mr. Vic Reid,
1 Norbrook Road
KINGSTON 8.

Dear Vic :

Accept my heartfelt congratulation for being selected as the recipient of the Norman Manley Award for Excellence in the Field of Literature. As you are aware, I have always held you in the highest regard as a friend of the family and as a writer. For a long time as a youngster you were the only real person I knew who wrote books. The Award is well deserved.

With warm regards.

Yours sincerely,

Errol Miller.

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samuel & samuel
Attorneys-at-law
Donald S. A. FitzRitson, O.B.E.

31 Duke Street, P.O. Box 30,
Kingston, Jamaica
Cable Address: Liovin Jamaica
Telephone: 92-23858

Your Reference .

Our Reference DFR/jc

10th August, 1981

Mr. Victor S. Reid,
1 Norbrook Road,
Kingston 8.

Dear Vic

I join with all others in rejoicing in the Norman Manley Award of Excellence to you.

This is so well merited and deserved and appropriate.

We continue to be grateful for your distinguished contribution and citizenship.

With best wishes.

Very truly yours

DONALD S.A. FITZRITSON

UWI Libraries

EMBASSY OF JAMAICA
1850 K STREET, N.W.
SUITE 355
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20006

TELEPHONE: (202) 452-0660

REF. NO.

August 4, 1981.

Dear Vic

Greetings. Just a belated note to say congratulations for being the recipient of this year's Norman Manley Award. Your contributions to the field of literature have certainly helped to enhance the Jamaican image at home and abroad.

The Award is in the "hot fist" of a worthy receiver. God bless and regards to your family.

Yours sincerely,

Lancelot Evans
Director of Information.

Mr. Vic Reid
Rock Hall Post Office
St. Andrew
Jamaica
W. Indies.

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JAMAICA PUBLISHING HOUSE LTD
97 CHURCH STREET, KINGSTON, JAMAICA, PHONE: 0922-2038 CABLE: JAPUB
JPH

July 9, 1981.

Hon. Vic Reid O.J.
1 Norbrook Road
KINGSTON 8.

Dear Mr. Reid:

The Board of Directors of the Jamaica Publishing House and its staff warmly and sincerely congratulate you on the honour recently paid you by the Norman Washington Manley Foundation for your contribution to the literature of our country.

We are proud to be publishers of one of your titles and, on a personal note, let me say that I regret that I was unable to be present at the function since I was off the island at that time.

May we hope that all continues to go well with you and yours now and in the future.

Yours sincerely,
JAMAICA PUBLISHING HOUSE LTD.

Thelma Pyne.

THELMA E. L. PYNE (Mrs.)
Manager.

TELP/es

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THE HON VIC REID BRAEMERAPARTMENTS APTNO5 1 NORBROOKRD
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WARMEST CONGRATULATIONS ON 1981 NORMAN MANLEY AWARD IN THE FIELD OF LITERATURE (STOP) WE SHARE YOUR JOY (STOP) BEST WISHES CONTINUED SUCCESS IN THE LITERARY FIELD

LESLIE AND JOYCE ROBINSON

COL 5 1 8

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JAMAL FOUNDATION

47b South Camp Road
P.O. Box 60
Kingston 4
Jamaica W.I.
Phone: 92-84832 - 4

Chairman: Mr. Wesley A. Wainwright, B.A. *Executive Director:* Mrs. Joyce L. Robinson, C.D., M.B.E., F.L.A., LL.D (hon)

our ref: DO 8/3 your ref: date: July 21, 1981

The Hon. Victor Reid, O.J.,
National Trust Commission,
Hope Gardens,
P.O. Box 473,
Kingston 6.

Dear Mr. Reid,

On behalf of the Board, Staff and Students of the JAMAL Foundation, I extend heartiest congratulations to you for having received the 1981 Norman Manley Award for Excellence in the field of Literature.

We at JAMAL are proud that you have been nationally and internationally acclaimed as the author of such novels as New Day, The Jamaicans, Peter of Mt. Ephraim, and Sixty Five. These stories are in fact expressions of thoughts and sentiments which are relevant to Jamaica's history, and culture. Your interesting short stories will be of lasting interest and value as records of much of our cultural heritage.

We take this opportunity of congratulating you, and of expressing our wish for further success as you continue to contribute to the growth of all Jamaicans through your literary works.

Yours sincerely,

EMBrown

Eric M. Brown,
Acting Director.

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Churches Of Christ Jamaica Inc.

7 OXFORD ROAD
KINGSTON 5

14th July, 1981

Honourable Victor S. Reid, O.J.
c/o The Jamaica Christian Boys' Home
7 Oxford Road
Kingston 5

Dear Bro. Reid,

I write once again on behalf of the Executive Committee of the Churches of Christ Jamaica Inc. to extend to you our heartiest congratulations on being awarded the Norman Manley Award in the field of Literature.

You have done it again and we are proud!

We consider it a blessing to have you so close to us and to be able to draw on your expertise from time to time as we seek to work in the vineyard of the Lord.

May you go from strength to strength and may the Lord bless you and your family in a very special way.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Gladys M. Russell (Miss)
Secretary
Executive Committee

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MR VIC REID ONE NORBROOKRD
KGN8
[redacted]

THE JAMAICA LIBRARY BOARD THE DIRECTOR AND STAFF JAMAICA LIBRARY SERVICE EXTENDED HEARTIEST CONGRATULATONS TO YOU ON RECEIPT OF NORMAN MANLEY AAWARD FOR EXCELLENCE IN THE FIELD OF LITERATURE
JA LIBRARY BOARD DIRECTOR AND STAFF JA LIBRARY SERVICE

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VIC REID
ONE NORBROOKRD
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PLEASE ACCEPT MY WARM AND HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR BEING CHOSEN AS THE RECIPIENT OF THE 1981 NORMAN MANLEY AWARD IN THE FIELD OF LITERATURE

ABE ISSA

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Hartley Neita

7th July, 1981.

Hon. Vic Reid O.J.,
1, Norbrook Road,
KINGSTON 8.

Dear Vic,

Congratulations on your latest achievement - the receipt of the Norman Manley Award in the field of Literature.

This has influenced a decision I have been pondering for a long time - to resume writing, and for this I will always recall your encouragement and advice and your insistence on perfection.

Yours truly,

Hartley Neita.

HN/do.

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1230

ZCZC KNCGONE
KINGSTON 17 15 925 AM

VIC REID 1 BORBROOK RD KN8

BEEN TRYING TO GET YOU ON TELEPHONE TO SAY HEARTIEST
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JAMAICA NATIONAL TRUST COMMISSION
The past enriches the future

Ref. No: 283/81

July 14, 1981

The Hon. V. S. Reid, O.J.
The Historic Foundation Research Centre
7 Oxford Road
Kingston 5

Dear Mr. Reid:

It is my pleasure to convey to you the sincere congratulations of the Trust Commissioners on the recent conference on you of the Norman Manley Foundation Award of Excellence, of which the Commissioners are certain you were most deserving.

With every good wish,

Sincerely yours,

D. Walters (Miss)
Executive Officer
Jamaica National Trust Commission

DW/ch

UWI Libraries

P.O. Box 473, Liguanea, Kingston 6, Jamaica
Telephone: 92-77817, 92-77132

UWL Libraries

Wishing you all the happiness
and luck
a nice person like you
should have – always !

Lyne Walker
Cecile Henderson
Hazelwood
Adelle Davis
Gwen Dawson
Georgie
Davis

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Dancia Bay Williams

with every good wish - Pat.
R Lynch
P. McFarland

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13. Norbrook Drive
Kingston 8
July 9th 1981.

My Dear Vic.

Heartiest congratulations on Winning the Normah Manley award for Literature. I know how proud you and your family must feel and I'd like you to know that my family and I are very proud of you too.

Keep up the good work and God Bless.

Sincerely,
Mavis Sutherland

UWI Libraries

Congratulations !

Sincere Congratulations

Intended to express

A wish for

your continued luck,

Success

and happiness!

From Sissy

To Mr & Mrs Vic Reid

UW Libraries

From Sybil Edwards

My Farewell Gift

Kingston 8

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GEORGE WASHINGTON SLIPPED HERE

(An Antonio and Morales Story)

ABOUT THIS TIME George Washington was being greatly heartened by the support of the Jamaicans for his Revolution.

"I am greatly heartened by the support of the Jamaican planters for my Revolution, Martha," he said, pulling his sleeping shirt over his head, the evening after he Crossed The Delaware.

He was feeling fettle at having once again beaten the poxy British. Oh, they would like to hang him. They chopped off the heads of revolutionaries with the same enthusiasm they beheaded kings. And though they knew he was partial to the Old Country, they were saying he was seeking to overthrow the Realm and set up his own Kingdom.

Martha snapped the buttons on her shift before she untied the tent laces to look at the fires burning in Trenton, N.J. With all these womanless soldier-boys about, panting like hound-dogs on a lickity-hot-day, it was a hard row of stumps indorsing her privacy for a proper showing of affection to George for having Crossed The Delaware.

Whatever in heaven's name that meant!

Everyone was talking about it as if George could have got to Trenton, N.J. without first Crossing The Delaware.

Victor Stafford Reid

Men are altogether a pain in the you-know-what giggled Martha.

"Did you hear me, Martha, dear?"

"You were telling me about the Jamaicans, dear."

"Do you know they are considering joining the French in support of us? They want to send us some of their blacks for assistance in the field. Very good trackers and ambushers, they say. We could use them against the Indians in the wild country west of the Alleghenies; They have joined the Redcoats against us."

Martha put her head through the tent flaps. How the fires burnt in Trenton, N.J.! She shook her head sadly. Many ladies would have lost their homes. It was a realization that made her speak sharply over her shoulder to George.

"I wish they would send us carpenters, instead! And bricklayers! Yes! And send us their blacks to help us recapture our slaves the English stole from Mount Vernon! I tell you, George Washington, this war will lose us our fortunes if not our heads!"

The General kept his cool. He was already famous for keeping his cool. Next year at Valley Forge he would keep so cool that lots of his men would freeze to death.

"We need allies, Martha," he said mildly.

"We have the French!"

Martha had not meant to snap at dear George. But the truth was, she wished he had used the expense account to

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bring some of his Franchise gallants to Mount Vernon for Christmas. (George was unsalaried, but had a fine, well-provided-for expense account.)

Lawks, but the Franchise would be happier dancing with the ladies than with cannon-balls!

"We need Indian fighters, Martha," he said gently. "More people who fight like the Indians. The Franchise cannot. The Jamaicans have trackers and ambushers. They speak of a particular two, name of Antonio and Morales. Famous scouts. It would be good to have them."

Martha turned back to him. He looked so forlorn. She adored that long nose. He had been a fine Indian fighter himself. Everybody said he had been good at Monogahela.

"Can we not woo back the Indians?"

He shook his head sadly. "They do not trust us anymore. We speak with forked tongues. We took their land. The Indians enjoy that our English cousins are shoving it up us with the tea-tax."

"Neither will they forgive you all for lying about them. Dressing up in Indian costumes and dumping all that tea in Boston Harbour."

Martha hadn't liked it. She liked tea.

George shook his head ruefully.

"And I am the boy who never told a lie. That Boston Tea Party will surely blot my history book."

Martha giggled. There falls the goddam cherry-tree! She

VICTOV

loved Second Husband. But those bloody legends!

Guiltily, she tied the tent laces and began undoing her buttons.

And George had this stirring. He could never get over his good fortune in winning this lovely young widow. And wealthy too! He was glad she had this thing of battlefield-visits each year he went into winter quarters.

She looked roguishly at him.

"Enough of that, George Washington. Tomorrow you will be marching on Princeton to fight Charlie Cornwallis. Blow out the light."

She giggled in the dark. He felt so well fed. She wondered what the Continental Congress would say about the expense account run up by the unpaid General.

They had never understood that wages was not acceptable since George was really Royalty. They were mostly modest enough fellows. Scarcely a high-roller among them. Except perhaps Bob Morris, or Jim Wilson, and both would be jailed in a few years anyway. Or that Ben Rush who disliked George. And of course, that Tom Jefferson who had built his Monticello to rival Mount Vernon. Simple Simons, the lot of them. They never saw the bottom line. All they saw was what was up front.

Martha giggled again. She liked that. My contribution to the New Information Order our new Republic must bring to the musty Old World.

Bottom line. Up front.

Lawks, but am I salacious!

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Sweet, fumbling George. You have wed a salacious hussy. You are a fine Indian fighter yourself. Better than any blacks from Jamaica. You were very gallant at Monogahela. One of these days, if we win the war, we will put up a monument to you. Something powerful. Phallic. She giggled. We will call it the Washington Monument.

"Monumental, George," she murmurred from time to time.

"BLESS MY SOUL," Antonio murmurred in English.

Morales did not look up at the bastard with his English. His compadre liked to show off.

"'Pon my word," Antonio mumurred again at at his look-out post atop the rock. "Another? Dos?"

Stoically, Morales continued to polish the blade of the bayonet he had taken off a Redcoat a week ago, east of Ocho Rios. He had decided not to heed that cock-a-doodle-doo on his roost on the rock above.

Antonio spoke again.

"For goodness sake," he murmurred. "Another! Tres!"

Morales muttered to himself. It was funny about his friend, Antonio. After all, they had spent an equal number of days on the mountains, listening to the English from covert, occasionally taken out a Redcoat to keep the others a-homing at their camp-fires and not go prowling afield to disturb the brothers and sisters at their saintly tasks of making the land hostile to the English settlers by burning their plantations and driving off their cattle.

He had an equal number of days on the mountain with Antonio, by the Virgin! Then how was it that he, Morales, did not parade his great learning as Antonio was doing on top of the rock?

"Heaven's above!" ejaculated Antonio on his look-out post. "Still another! Quatro!"

That did it.

With an imprecation, Morales flicked his wrist and sent the bayonet twisting in the sunlight to earth point foremost close to Antonio's ear.

The master spy did not move a muscle.

Instead, he spoke in a voice charged with emotion.

"Four at once, hombre! She has taken into the bush, uno, dos, tres, quatro Englishmen at once!"

"So. Some day they will build a Couples Hotel on the spot to commemorate the great event," Morales said disgustedly.

"A greater monument than that, amigo! Pisa! Like the Leaning Tower of Pisa descending into the Pillars of Hercules!"

Morales sighed. Such a show-off. Clearly his compadre had turned loco. What was there of surprise that four underfed and frightened Englishmen were not enough for a redhead Irish boatwoman? Had not he, only this morning, observed to Antonio that the Irish campanera accompanying the baggage of the English platoon, would be a capable combatant for a week during the rainy season?* She was a

*JAMAICA JOURNAL, June, 1968: Antonio and Morales, How A Thousand Irish Lassies Obfuscate Today's Census Takers.

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hard working campanera, so beautifully burdened with passion. Antonio should not have been surprised for they had picked up the patrol two days ago and observed all their doings.

They had found the patrol in the forest south of Port Maria, where Noel Coward would one day build a house.

"Hey, amigo," joked Antonio on the day, "what are these common soldiers doing trespassing on Noel Coward's property?"

Antonio liked to show-off his knowledge. But Morales too had knowledge.

"And the writer of James Bond, the big fake, will also build his house close to here. As will our brother, Alex Haley, when he comes to writing Roots. As will the fine whorer, Errol Flynn, a little further east," said Morales, pointing east to Port Antonio.

Antonio had grunted his respect for Morales.

The patrol consisted of ten men, a sergeant, the Irish puta, and one whom they reasoned was not of their country..

A tall, long-nosed stranger, of solemn strength and stealthy countenance, narrow chested, big-hipped, brooding as he surveyed the land.

"But he walks lightly," Morales said. "He is used to wilderness."

And now, on this afternoon of [illegible]cond day, Antonio was saying as he slid backward from his roost.

"It is a very strange patrol."

And naturally Morales assumed his amigo spoke of the matter on which he had recently commented.

"A dozen soldados. Ordinarily, one would expect such a patrol would require at least two senoritas."

"I do not speak of the puta!" Antonio said sharply.

"But she is clearly very strong. Very passionate. She shall cope well," Morales continued, wholly absorbed.

Antonio passed his hand before the face of Morales. "Comprehend, cabron?" he barked. "A very strange patrol!"

Morales pulled himself together. He had not intended to be a pussy fanatic, but the foreign lady was showing such courage! Why, even that show-off, Antonio, had been impressed. Counting his uno, dos, tres, quatro in unbelieving voice.

Yet.....

"It is a strange patrol, amigo. Wandering about, this way and that. As if led by a crab in command. Laboriously tracking the sand, leaving messages written on bark and thorned to the trunks of trees."

"Like some crazy courier gone loco from smoking mountain cabbage."

"Si," said Morales. "Messages that we, the two greatest scouts on the mountain, have thought it our duty to retrieve for further study by the Authority of Languages at Resistance Headquarters."

"Si," said Antonio. "For only a dumb son of a bitch would not recognize his own name even when written in the

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heretic tongue on a mahoe bark."

"Shall we take three days off for wining and wenching while the Authority of Language try to read this shit?" asked Morales, taking a piece of mahoe bark from inside his pigskin shirt.

Antonio thought about it.

"It could be impolite. It could spoil the reputation of our mountain. It could be very bad for tourism."

Morales thought about it.

"Seguro. If we discourage tourism, they will not build Shaw Park Hotel on that rock in two hundred years time," he said.

"Good thinking, amigo. Let us go up."

They climbed together to the look-out post. Morales, against his will, found his eyes wandering to the little forest into which the puta had led her quatro. He sighed as he saw how the saplings shook. An agitated little forest; for it contained the courage of the redhead muchacha. A fine soldado doing her duty. Morales was deeply moved.

he

Their eyes picked up the rest of the platoon, seated in the shade of a tamarind. The long-nosed stranger sat apart, writing in a small book.

"Bueno. Let us speak of the strange platoon," Antonio said. "They have not, like the other English platoon, found a safe place to sit out the three days of patrol, then return to their commandant with false tales of having searched for the great scouts, Antonio and Morales. They have just wandered

about, while the stranger puts up his notes of bark."

"And, if you please, describe this stranger."

"Who is well fed, wears good linen, and has an air of command."

Flat on their bellies on the rock, the two great scouts turned their heads and their faces were inches apart. Lazily, a cat-grin crept into their eyes. The grin stretched and purred and licked its fur.

"Such a stranger must be of great prize," Antonio said. "A hostage worth a barrelful of doubloons."

Morales purred.

"I shall need a count to a hundred before I am in place," Antonio said.

"I shall have the diversion," Morales said simply.

Antonio did not ask what Morales had in mind. He knew it would work. They were like hand and glove. The response would be adequate for his amigo was a master of deceit. He had been very deceitful on the day they took the English Puritan, Fallon, to the cornfield.*

So Morales commenced the count while he made his preparations. He was ready on a hundred but he gave his compadre an additional ten for a contingency; and then lit the wad of dry straw he had tied to the head of the arrow, and sent the fireball arching towards the small earthquake the fine Irish puta was causing among the mahoes.

*JAMAICA JOURNAL, December, 1969: Antonio and Morales: The Cornfield Caper.

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The howls of alarm and anguish that rose from the clump, drew the rest of the patrol in a rush for the love nest. And Antonio took out his quarry.

*

THEY HAD THE stranger a mile away before you could whistle Yankee Doodle. He gave his name and rank.

"Jorge Washington. Che!" Morales said.

"George Washington," George said firmly.

"A very big commandant. Your fame has reached us," said Antonio.

The General nodded genially. These were the little things which assured him that the Republic would succeed. Already their American know-how, their get-up-and-go had entered their communication system. He had a dream that one day the Republic would invent something they would probably call a telephone; and then the radio. And then, the Big One, television. In colour. Tommy Jefferson, that old show-off of Monticello, was already on the way with several inventions. Plainly this was Manifest Destiny.

"It is our Manifest Destiny," he said, "to be famous. To be the envy of mankind. But I too have heard of you."

"Naturally," said Morales. "We are known and feared all over the mountain. We are the two most famous scouts in the world."

The conversation was halting but trackable. Antonio and Morales had the English they had picked up from their victims. George had the Spanish he had picked up from his brother Lawrence who had fought for the British at Cartagena and whom he idolized.

"My borther Lawrence, whom I idolize, slept here on his way to Cartagena; he tells me the Jamaicans fought well at Cartagena."

"Naturally," said Antonio. "What the shit did you expect?"

Morales plucked a low hung neseberry, broke it and sucked its succulence. He handed a half to their hostage. Well fed he would fetch more. They both sat facing the prisoner whom they had placed with his back to a rock, in a clear patch with a view to the very blue Caribbean Sea.

"It is very lovely here," George said, looking at the very blue Caribbean Sea.

"In years to come this is where they will build the Sheratio-Ocho Rios," Morales said.

George nodded. "Joint ventures by both our great countries. Even now we are fighting the British. But not jointly."

"That is life," said Morales.

"And so I have come to offer you a place in our great revolution."

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"We have our own revolution, Jorge," Antonio said.

George winced at the Jorge. But he would show that old Philadelphian roue, Ben Franklin, somewhere in France showing off before the Court, that he was the better diplomat.

"We will be fighting one revolution since we are both against the King of England," George said.

Antonio said to himself, Che, the hombre is good.

Antonio said, "We see the names of the two famous scouts on your notes. We cannot read the rest of your heretic tongue. What does it say?"

"It says Your Country Needs You," George said like Uncle Sam.

"What kind of shit is that? Do you think we do not know that? Why do you think we are fighting on the mountain?"

George took a deep breath. This was where it could hit the fan. This was where the nitty could get gritty.

"Son," he said, looking at each of the famous scouts in turn, "we are going to be big. We are destined to be big. One of these days we will even take over all these little islands and make you the envy of the world. You will be.....Americans."

He said the word hushedly, reverently.

"Why?"

"We have got to get to you before the Reds do."

"But it is the English you are fighting. Why do you call

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them Reds?"

"Anybody who opposes us are Reds, son. It is easier that way. Then we do not have this hang up about most people not liking us. Our way, we have just one enemy. The goddam Red."

Morales had a respect for this clear thinking.

"We have been fighting the Englishmen for a hundred years and have not defeated them. Why do you think you will, Jorge, amigo?"

George winced at the familiarity. Ah, well. America first.

"You cannot defeat them with a few men, bow and arrows, and a few puny muskets. We have great numbers of men, cannons, and a fine machine called the Kentucky Rifle."

Morales went to the ear of Antonio.

"So why do you need us?" Antonio asked.

George sat forward, away from the fall-out of the fan. "Ah. We wish you to join us for the invasion of Indian territory."

"Why do you wish to invade?"

George looked outraged. "They hold hostages!"

"Who are these hostages?"

George sat further forward. The stuff could come down now.

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"Not whom, son. What. The Indians hold some of the most delectable parts of our great land, hostage."

Morales was agitated. He spoke sharply at the ear of Antonio. Antonio nodded. He spoke to George.

"But weren't these Indians in the land before you? How then can they hold their own land hostage?"

And then the General got this look of purity on his face. Strong, clear, proud.

"It is our Manifest Destiny which these savages fool with, son."

Morales said softly, "You are no better then the Spaniards. They used us to invade the Indians on this land, and to destroy them."

George shook his head spiritedly. His face took on the stubborn look it would take on when the U.S. mint got around to putting it on the quarter.

"It's not the same at all! We are bringing freedom to the Indians!"

Morales leaned forward. He said softly, "Hey, big hombre, weren't they free before?"

George gulped. He was a boy again. Confronted by that goddam cherry tree again. The one that the poxy historians fooled with to make their point that he couldn't tell a lie.

"But there is a difference, now," George said stubbornly. "Now I am a Ruler, and Rulers, don't lie. They only, well, withhold the facts, er, momentarily."

(Ah, here. He had coined a new American word. Momentarily. A new language was as important to a new nation as a new flag or anthem.)

George took it as a sign. He withheld the facts. Momentarily.

"They had Indian freedom, son. Not American freedom. We invade them to make them equal to us."

He watched the effect on the two savages. Far away he heard the halloos of the platoon searching for him. He looked at Morales. Morales showed him the machete.

The bloody bastard is ready to put me to sleep! George thought.

George ignored the halloos. To hell wirh history! This

George ignored the halloos. To hell with history! This is one place the historians will not be allowed to truthfully write that "George Washington slept here."

Morals went again to the ear of Antonio; and his compadre asked the question. "My friend and I are dumb assholes. We did not think to travel with a Language Authority. Tell us more about the Equality you speak of."

"My Republic, that's what we will be called, a Republic; my Republic will make all men equal. Blacks, Redskins, Whites. A rainbow of coalition. We have written it all down Whites. A rainbow of coalition. We have written it all down....." he pushed a hand inside his shirt and brought out the crumpled document. He spread the document on his knees and read aloud. " 'We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that

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among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.'"

It was very moving and when George ended, he was flushed. The noble words always left him flushed.

He breathed strongly through his nostrils. He wiped his eyes and smiled tremulously at the savages. Tenderly, he returned the document to his bosom.

"We call it the Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America."

"Trece. A number of ill-luck," muttered Morales.

Antonio said, "Give us this Declaration so we may take it back to our Language Authority. They will make a copy of it, for use in our revolution."

George was shocked. He shook his head violently. Then he remembered that his mission was about diplomacy. He smiled apologetically.

"We seldom allow this document outside our borders."

Then he remembered the cherry tree. Oh, hell.

"We never allow it outside our border," he said truthfully, "for there is no telling who may use it."

Morales became agitated. Antonio said, to ease his partner's agitation, "Clearly it is neccessary to copulate the one you seek to love, amigo. He copulates us."

"It is possible he wears a mask," snarled Morales. "it is possible he is a spy for the king of England!"

"I am related to the king of England," acknowledged the hostage truthfully. "I was named for the family. George."

Antonio had a respect for the stranger who was too brave to lie.

"You are a brave hombre to acknowledge kinship to an asshole," he said approvingly. "We shall ask that you be called Jorge the Brave."

"It is the desire of many of my countrymen that I be called George the Fourth," he said shyly.

"They sound like assholes also," Morales said.

George looked stirringly at him.

"All great nations must pass through assholes to better times, boy. In our own history, as time passes, we shall have our Honest Abes and our Tricky Dicks. We shall have our Gentleman Coolidge and our 'Knuckles' Reagan. We will sell our wheat to Russia but not a peck to Cuba. We will two-face you black people on South Africa, as we send our white sons and daughters to march and sometimes die in Montgommery, Alabama. You mark my words, famous scouts. We will have our greenback days and our green stamp days. But in the sum, we will be a great nation. We will offer you a green card to liberty, freternity and equality. There shall be no Privileged Few in our Free America. As it says in our Declaration, All men are created equal. No more kings. No more titles."

Except for his Farewell to the troops at Fraunces Tavern which he planned to make as soon as the war over, at the corner of Broad and Pearl in New York City, he had never been in better eloquence. He had even got to that cutlass bastard, the one named Morales. At least, he thought so. The fellow was agitated.

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Morales rocked on his heels and came forward to the ear of Antonio.

Antonio collected the whisper.

Holy shit! This Morales! A fine scout! He misses nothing!

For the shouts from the search party had come in on the wind and Morales had caught the words.

Antonio asked the question Morales had left with him.

"Hey, Jorge, they are calling you General. Isn't that a title hombre?"

Just for an instant, George was nonplussed. Then he thought: To hell with the cherry-tree. He withheld the facts momentarily.

"Plain George is how I am known to the folks back home, son."

And at that, Morales, that son of a bitch, moved in for the kill.

"When we get to America, my compadre and me, shall we call you Plain George? "

I suppose it was the strain. For at that, George broke. He forgot all about the challenge he had laid down to Philadelphia Ben and diplomacy.

" "WHAT'S WITH YOUR FRIEND? " he shouted at Antonio. "Is he some kind of crazy Communist?" He levelled a finger at Morales. "Listen, you! You are all the same to both of us, Reds or Feds! You have got to come to one

or the other of us! One of us gets you in the end! "

The celebrated scouts were taken aback. For the first time in their illustrious career, they were in a non-win situation. But when George spoke again, his voice had gentled, for he was a kindly man and understood these people.

"Listen, son," he said to Morales, "sometimes black folks don't understand we are addressing them when we say the land of the free is the home of the brave. They gotta be brave to live in America.

"In America, you will call me Massa George."

*

You may look it up in the National Archives at Spanish Town. (Archivist Clinton Balck is the highly motivated and talented head.) Antonio and Morales did not go to America. They also gave up the idea of holding Jorge hostage; for with so many tough hombres, cannons and Kentucky Rifles in America ready to rescue American hostages, the next thing you know, our two doughty scouts could be looking down barrel of a Kentucky Rifle instead of a barrelful of doub the barrel of a Kentucky Rifle instead of a barrelful of doubloons. They released him near to Spanish Town.

They watched George walk across the flat expanse of land towards Port Henderson where his ship lay. He disappeared inside the Caymanas mist.

Morales sighed.

"Our nice, fat ransom disappearing into the mist. Gone like the smoke of a thousand dreams, amigo."

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Antonio looked around him. His friend, Morales needed good words.

"One day, amigo, they will put up the Carreras cigarette factory here as a memorial to our great fortune disappearing in smoke. Forsooth!"

Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Morales sighed. What a ham was this Antonio!

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THE NAKED BUCK

(Condensed from the opening chapters of the novel.)

The author writes:

"One of the working titles of the novel (there were several) was A Fantasy of Newts. *The book is a satirical taw rolled into the ring among the bigshot* cunny *people and the* allibutton *people in the fun-house we call Politics. It is a rictal laugh from the sent-up* kuffies *hanging on the rickety rungs which have been jerried together by our political architects. Who, however, get their* **comeuppance**, *when, sooner or later, wishing to admire the* rungus, *they forget and climb their own scaffolding.*

"Two Anansi Elders (Professor Brook and the President of the U.S.), a rack of earnest young Rastas determined on a spiritual emancipation (Hashishi, Watusi, the buba kin et al*), a hardworking ginal named 'Gu, and the evolutionary Charlie TW, are protagonists on an expedition to skin the naked buck."*

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BROOK

Brook had this foreboding there was trouble afoot. But the 'Nansi Master knew better than try to work out the reasons for his unease. He knew no reasons would be found. Those Light Children upon whom at borning-time the 'Nansi Discipline is laid know what's what from early days: that to obey is better than sacrificing your ass.

Indeed, like all True Masters, the Infant Brook, to the delight of his mother, had obeyed by borning himself.

The Infant Brook had come in a silent, watchful scowl around the room, a silence unbroken except for the obligatory slap to his backside, applied with enthusiasm by the midwife, a tall, gaunt woman with a bony hustle to her shoulders.

The slap brought no yelp of pain or indignation. The scowl of the Infant deepened and the scowl blackened.

But outside the mountain cabin where he was being delivered, those of the hill-folk who had the Gift, heard the stars howl. And such a clashing of trees in the windless night.

Frowning up at the slowness of the goggle-eyed delivery team from the village, the Infant Brook, with a determined push, entered his world.

*

And now, tonight, although an aging Custodian, he stood on strongly settled legs on the roof of the Residence, halfway inside the cupola. He was on a 'Nansi Prowl. The Full Master he had become, it was within his competence to be on a 'Nansi Prowl. Brook, on this quest through the 'Nansi flues in his head, was not so much searching for information as direction. He knew what was what from early days. He knew the virtue of patience. It kept you in good health.

All day long he had heard the Immanence moving about in the flues. Not, he was certain, set on an Awakening, not yet, but sort of testing doors and clearing corridors. From this he knew there was something afoot and he had gone into an Anansi Preparation.

A shrinking last quarter moon shed a ghostly light on the housetop. Some fat white clouds floated motionless in the sky. Below the clouds an American Airlines Boeing 727 silently appeared at the end of the New York-Miami-Rock Island run. Brook watched the landing lights wink lewdly for a last time as the plane turned into the wind and heard

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the sudden slam from the jets. The descent was too hasty. There would be some gut-jump intakes of breath and a *bombo clit* obscenity from a homecoming Rock Islander when his jejunum gave way.

Brook sighed and rubbed the back of his neck. He could never hear aircraft engines without remembering the war-time college years in Britain when more often than not, the rumble of engines was followed by the whang-boom of falling bombs. His student air-warden status had laid him open as any combatant to being blown to bits.

Pray God this beloved land will never hear the sound of falling bombs!

And on the thought he twisted his head to the north where the Florida peninsula shook a warning finger at the restive Caribbean. The Anvil in the north on which good men in good causes had been hammered before for holding notions of individuality. Brook, in the grip of his Preparation, faced strongly to cite his case that a linkage of time, place and luck could put good men in the dock. Purposefully facing the powerful, unpredictable often good neighbour in the north from whose homicidal angers friends had been known to seek refuge among foes. And then slowly, deliberately, did Brook turn a little east, towards the lovely blue-water Guantanamo hammer, the Enforcer which could be being readied for the bloody foo-fool Rock Island. On account of Cuba. For the storm still grumbled.

There was a jolt in the flues.

"Stow your bloody body bags at home!" Brook snarled with utmost force toward Guantanamo.

His heavy shoulders lifted irresolutely at the foolishness. For what he had felt in the 'Nansi flues was only the slightest of jars and not a true jolt at all. Certainly nowhere near an Awakening.

"Bloody old fool to be feeding on poverty grass," he chided.

He turned his big old head for a sweep of the area

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encompassed by the ring of hills and seashore marking the limits of his campus. Automatically he sought to identify the lights, those of the Registry, the halls of residence, the great faculty blocks of the sciences and humanities, the square squat of the teaching hospital, the domino pile of the extra-mural shirt-sleeved lecture theatres, the compromising tower of the Anglican church, round and truncated and of no avail, the modern low profiled Roman Catholic one, and the streamlined pentecostal with a pump-handle belfry used by the various campus groups, the shining aluminium tower of the new carillon at the Under-graduates' Club donated to the memory of a famous Rock Island reggae star and programmed for the four opening bars of any of half a dozen solid gold hits. Brook had acquiesced against his better judgement but he rather liked the goddam reggae too.

His eyes found the octagonal roof of the Arawak Club of the junior staff and lingered speculatively. He turned his head away and some element took hold and turned it back again. Because he had been listening so hard interiorily, picking up every little flutter, he was not certain if what he had felt in the flues was the tapping of small hooves. But an element had turned his head back towards the Arawak. He was certain of it. *The bloody Arawak!*

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All day he had been experiencing this extraordinary sense of being on the verge of something big; bigger than he had ever encountered since he became a Custodian. He had gone to the mats to search his flues, seated for hours on the banana-trash pads in the semi-darkened Preparation Room hidden away in the Residence. Awaiting an Awakening. But nothing had really formed in the flues. An indistinct murmur. A sensation of some small dangers obstinately gathering into the big one in spite of all he could do. A sense of brewing catastrophe; but where the hell was it brewing? Would it brew heavily enough to occasion him making a Crossing?

Brook shook himself. He hoped there would not be a Crossing. The Guantanamo hammer? Not likely. Recent

history suggested that danger was passed. A visit from the Langley Collection? He shook his head. Negative. Not this administration. Washington had washed its face.

"There are three hundred and sixty-five negative laws in the Christian bible, one for each day of the year," Brook said, tossing it in just to see how it bounced. *But what the hell happens in a leap year?*

And such is the power of the 'Nansi Foretell, that as Brook had the thought, as he walked in the flues, he almost came face to face with that hell of a nutcase CIA operative, Quincy Colt. So much grief would have been spared had he then and there four-eyed that unlikely spy and agent provocateur, Quincy Colt. But it was not to be.

Brook shook himself. The night must be turning chilly. He took one last look around.

Again his eyes lingered on the Arawak.

It had been named for the aboriginal Arawak Indians. The Arawak constructed octagonal houses to baffle the hurricane winds. He hoped to God and all out there that there would be a baffle. Because somewhere, there could be some fool mind planning a *Wipe.*

The Wipe was the name given by the Rock Islanders to the brain-drain by which they maimed some big-seed foreigner. Once back ago, it had been purely a domestic weapon, used only inside their coasts. But of late, daring sheg-heads of today's generation had taken to look at it in the light of the new ballistics: as an international ass-kicker. And this was bloody dangerous, Brook said.

The first successful international Wipe had been the aluminium revolution, originating on the Rock. It had raised the price of aluminium all over the world, to the chagrin of the first-world users. But revolutions, to be great, must be patiently pursued. The American and Russian revolutions had taken years to validate. Only a generation after wringing the British seeds, the Americans were into a killing civil conflict. The Soviets were even worse. *They* were still kill-

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ing the odd dissident *two* generations later. The Americans send around the IRS.

Brook saw the danger to Rock Island that lay in an idiot descent into ginalry. (Ginalry, in *Fiwee* the secret Rock Island language, is a lesser *Wipe.* It has none of the spiritual strength of 'Nansi; the *Wipe* has a bit, not altogether, but quite a bit. Elsewhere in the world *ginalry* is better known as a *con.*)

For the last time before he left the roof, Brook swept the horizon. The continent ended at Key West, just over the edge of that sea-field. The USA. Uncle Stone Ass. *That* had come out of the Arawak, where nightly the idiot revolutionaires dug their block-holes from which to charge a current windmill. Recently they nearly had their heads torn off for becoming too friendly with Cuba.

"The bloody point is, has a lesson been learnt? Do these pig's balls know that school's out?"

Brook caught a breath. He was almost certain then that he had felt the patter of tiny hooves gallop along the flues. *My God, is something afoot?*

He would check with the Dean. There was one particular bastard who would bear watching. He mopped his suddenly damp brow.

He shook a fist at Ol' Nutcracker in the North.

"You bloody problem!" the Chancellor, Dr Woodroot Brook, shouted up the ocean like a bloody neophyte and not like a long established Anansi Custodian at all.

They had a way of doing this to you. They were so — *unexpected.* Older than any other republic, richer, and so bloody scared.

*

Brook said he would talk to the Dean. An Anansi Principle was that objects must be pushed to be put. There would be people to be put. The name of the young bastard who would bear watching? *Got 'im.* Charlie TW.

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CHARLIE TW

Charlie TW strode Chapel Walk pondering on the *Wipe* he would shoot. Large head strained forward, neat-shod feet strutting, small fat hands clasped on his bobbing behind. Thinking furiously on the *Wipe* he foresaw.

The Wipe would cause hackles, okay, but surely, in the long run, shake things loose. It was a necessary *rungus.* For his beloved Rock Island had lost all its crushers since the Yankee cowboys blew the Cuban connection to hell and gone a few years back.

God clean the stables — if only he had not then been so pikni young!

Back then he could have told the bungo Rock Island government that one should never confront Uncle Sam on one's own territory. No, ayah. Not in these blue seas of Yankee grief. Move the rungus elsewhere. But back then he had been too pikni young. Old enough to chuck coco-cola molotovs but not fossil enough to stick politics to the big-seed *eng-ka* bastards who dominated the Party.

Charlie TW stopped and planted his feet. He faced a tall eucapyptus gum-tree. Smooth, ivory-gray bole save where the getting woodpeckers had put their stretch-marks.

"Nevertheless, in spite of such discouragement," he said to the gum-tree, "so loyal was I, I even gave thought to bushing-up for full-time guerilla activities, had not college intervened and then the years of right wing shit."

The eucalyptus feathered a frond sixty feet above the floor. Charlie TW who was a nature lover accepted the nod.

"Onward, bredda tree. And then followed the years of eating the Yankee doodle which Washington ladles to us Friendlies."

Eye-levelling the bole, he heaved his chest and sighed.

"An island such as ours, afloat in a Yankee ocean, should learn to ground-feed and not flip a fass tail, or the Big Bamboo will sashay south and shove you under. Come

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rawssin down from the Florida installation, down into the Caribbean. *Their* ocean. Flying over our cloud-capped mountains to land marines and tanks. Sending their jets screaming up your hyup ideals, up your national revolutions, up your principled involvement, cleaning out what they see as Commie *caca!'*

He swung to a great clump of red and white hibiscus. Furiously Charlie TW descanted before the bell-shaped blooms.

"The bungo government of the day had forgotten that not in distant memory the big bamboo had been slipped to such of our neighbours as Haiti and Santo Domingo, Cuba and Guatemale. To Nicaragua, Columbia, to Panama and El Salvador! Gootoo all over the Caribbean! Subjugated and installed meek as shithouse saints under fascist gunner-governments!"

In stomping wrath he recalled how the haffoo heads, not one of them with a working 'Nansi flue, had failed to see that the way to scorch the old gent's beard was to do it inside the giant matchbox he had built in his own front yard. On United Nations Plaza. New York 10017. The Third World Nutcracker Suite for cracking Yankee nuts. Or Russkie nuts. Or the nuts of any big bamboo. But never seek to crack a foreign nut on your own vulnerable birdshit island. *Ah-oah!*

He gave the Rock Island twin growl of dire warning unaware of his own fast-closing encounter with the Yankee warlocks. He was planting his foot in oofa to the ankle. Following a bungo thinking, and not the 'Nansi way at all. The 'Nansi way was not the way of confrontation. The Master, Brook, would have told him that.

Go the way of the 'Nansi Yield, moko-head, Brook would have ordered, his big head steady as a rock, glaring harshly at the idiot who would handle the 'Nansi Gift like a gun and not for what it was, an African boomerang. Smite the enemy and back to hand. Weaponry of a quashie one-son angled for an illusion.

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Charlie TW walked again, head thrust forward, fat thighs brushing, searching the flues for devices for the *Wipe*. He was totally into it, unmindful of the warblings from finch and johnny-to-whit, of the fragrance of marias and sagawa blooms massing the paths in orange and blue, engulfing the stone feet of the garden statues to the ancient heroes, Kojo, Tacky, Lubolo. The warrior-queen, Nanny, they had done in pink Rock Island marble. True patriots. Still on watch. Not for the old Redcoats whom they had kicked from their mountains those long centuries ago, but guarding from today's law-prowls the one-pot non-export college-poor wisdom-weed, the only grass in a high-priced market a poverty-level teacher could afford. Planted for the home-smoke kutchie, hidden in the foliage back of the stone heels of the national heroes.

He halted, tilted his head and said aggrievedly upward, into the pink eyes of Lubolo.

"I tell you, bredda 'Bolo, all either of our political parties wants is a Fourth of July brukkins at the American Embassy, or a May Day mashdung at the Soviet Embassy. Chicken patties and bourbon, caviar and vodka, until they shit star-spangled hammers and sickles!"

His tight chest heaved. Between the two-bulls-in-a-pen world leaders, the Rock had nearly shivered. Each wanting to be Number One and not giving a bumbo which small nations were squeezed to a flattened zero in the rush. He absolved the Soviets. They came from far and wore fur hats that could not disguise they were onion heads. But he was shocked at the perfidy of the bastard-quarter-cousins in Washington who shared the same stock from Africa and Europe as any fullblooded Rock Islander. A fuckin' Panyamachette betrayal.

He clenched his hands into fists and shook them at Kojo.

"Great Jah, this god-child needs soldiers!"

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He saw an *Oh Shit!* from the department of English shagging fast through the Walk, the afternoon sun glinting on his beads and buckles. Charlie TW slipped behind a juba bush. An *Oh Shit!* was no good for a rungus, much less a *Wipe.* An *Oh Shit!* was for intellect, poetry and inaction. They ducked the boom-boom to wait in the bambye while working on their notes for the next generation. He would need stronger soldiers for a Yankee Wipe. Breddas who understood a holy war.

The fast-walker caught sight of the fat man back of the juba bush. The chalk-head spoke in hand-english to Charlie TW, the right middle-finger up and wagging.

"This bredda would stop for a talk but the lumpen Chancellor Brook is after my ass," Charlie TW accurately translated the hand-english.

"The clit lumpens of the Third World will have no share in the future," Charlie TW's finger told the chalk-head.

They were both being cautious. One never knew where Big-Head may appear. Chancellor Brook valued his upshot.

"Breeze," said the *Oh Shit!* like one of the elect.

"Cool breeze," Charlie TW responded, coldly formal.

Great Jah, how he needed soldiers! Special breddas of spiritual ideas, warm for a watchnight wo'k-it with a wamperer like Charlie TW. No lone kofis. He needed pack-men. Truth seekers. Kofi believers.

He turned sharply on his Adidas, making for a higher narrower walk of casuarinas, seeking solitude to rove the flues. The path went past the Rotary facility. A lanky, very black lecturer from Economics sauntered along the path. He smoked a large brown Dunhill pipe. He wore a light grey tweed shooting jacket patches at the elbows, darker trousers with cuffs touching the scuffed but shiny Oxfords. He was married to an angular English girl whose susu tongue was the college clapper. She lectured in biochemistry and had broken him to tea and pink gin.

"Charlie Third World," the tweedy bumbo said polite-

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ly as they crossed.

"Tamed," Charlie TW said, "like a yard geld."

"Animal," muttered the pussy-quieted chapunko.

They were the Rock Island problem. Trashed their young roots for a place on the limb of an aged and dying culture.

Charlie TW stopped in his tracks. A thought had blinded him.

"What a claat thought!" he whispered, awed at what he had stumbled upon. You never knew what you would stumble upon when you walked the flues.

"Me min' run on 'Gu!" Charlie TW whispered, staring at the flaring idea.

His eyes gleamed behind his thick spectacles. He slapped his thick thigh and danced a shuffle.

"Me min' run on 'Gu and all his connections! A loyal bredda, ready to piss puissance for his friend and hero, Charlie TW!"

His head thrust farther forward. But poor Charlie TW; he was an infant in the arcane 'Nansi science, so little known in the West few even know it exists in the East. He was riding his unbroken instincts into a first major Wipe with no idea of the terror lurking in the 'Nansi for the unprepared. All he knew was that the time had come to show the idiot Yankee who were their friends, and he was short of tunda-men. Men uninfluenced by the mellifluent shit which passed for stability in the client island. He needed breddas of dissent. Unquerying that a 'Nansi Wipe was the last chance for the Rock to recover its crushers, take back its tallawah, reclaim its goddam codpole.

"Me min' run on 'Gu!" he cried again. And then the light cracked open in the flues and he saw the way. 'Gu was the factor, 'Gu the straddler, 'Gu the dealer, smuggler, helper of his fellowmen. He held a special status among the Brethren on campus. Sometimes he was counted among the Godsons.

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" 'Gu, true 'Gu will bring with him Hashish-head, Watusi, and the buba kin, the nucleus of a third world force."

They had shaken off their plantation names and chosen handles that gave a god-child meaning. St Leger had resolved on Hashishi and so could not escape Hashish-head, Smythe-Smith had taken the home name of Watusi, Trelawny the Mulatto became Ras Thorn and was familiarly the buba kin, and Montague Augustus Frome, the happy hooker had with a grin taken to Ras 'Gu. All strong, unmistakeable hailings to replace the Babylonian defilement the diaspora had inflicted on them.

Charlie TW wiped the sprinkle of sweat from his firm, clean-shaven mouth. They were good, calm men of dissent. Bhanga babies baffling the stress by smoking for grace over law. Rasta-men with god-weed in the kutchie and *will* in their ways.

"I-an'-I will gi'e the breddas an ital supper," Charlie TW said.

A wry crease appeared at his mouth as he heard himself use the ritual I-an'-I of the Rasta People.

"A real irie meal to explain to the breddas the reasons for this Babylonian Wipe," he said.

And quite unknown to him, the chicken-scratch outline of 'Nansi the Spider-Man appeared on his forehead, jigging a weak warning. Brook, wherever he was, felt a strong jolt. But not Charlie TW. He felt no jolt. He began to plan the meal.

THE PRESIDENT

At the meal hosted by the President in the White House that illfated evening, he sat at the head of the table, up from Forsythe, his Chief of Staff. And that was a powerful pity, for they were out of soft earshot. A small grit in the

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political machine it seemed, but a fact that would turn the evening into terror.

The most powerful man on earth was crumbling toast between his fingers. Fun wrinkles crinkled his eyes in a face, according to his political foes, you could not tell from Uncle, nor, in a wimple, from Auntie. He had a way of talk that was drawing-room drawl on top and neighbourly as a picket-fence at bottom. He wore cordiality comfortably. A plain Joe, but you saw whipcrack authority. Forsythe thought he looked like Lucifer in free fall.

Forsythe wrinkled his nose at his cup. The guests were a platoon of congressional Wives, and the full executive from that redoubtable and much feared Washington outfit known as the DAMES. It was a crackling, unstable mix caused by a foul-up in the invitations. Yet the Chief was cheerful as a boll-weevil in a throwed-up cotton patch.

Forsythe grinned at himself, how he was even talking like the Chief. He did it to you. He was a gifted man. That was for sure.

He recalled the colloquy earlier in the day over the foul-up.

"Shit, Dick, why couldn't they hold back those female gophers until Thursday when we are having in the Western Conference fundamentalists? Putting the DAMES in with the Wives is like penning hogs in a potato field. One look at the competition, some of those Wives aint bad, and the old biddies will commence rooting to show how tough and no-nonsense they are. Most of the DAMES have already buried their husbands and don't like much the brood mares swishing their tails in the paddock. The Wives are decent assassins, inarrested only in winning re-election for their husbands. Sure they will go for the jugular to protect their fellas. But that is boot-camp stuff besides them battle-hardened DAMES."

The DAMES were hatchet women from a Washington tong calling itself Daughters of the American Magnum Exit Sorority, a national foundation for watching that former

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heads of state close their days in a dignity befitting the Republic. No hanky panky on the stoop. They were influential, energetic, patient and ruthless.

"They have that lobby going to harden the rules," the Chief said, the famous brow furrowed in up and down lines. "Tinkle out of line and you piss off your pension. I am on their shit list 'cause they can't marry me off again. Why should an old bull follow his pecker when it aint leavin' tracks no mo'?"

Scatalogical old devil, Forsythe said fondly.

The Chief shuffled a cigarette from the pack and Forsythe lit it.

"Got hardly any vices left except this."

Forsythe shuddered at what the DAMES would do if they knew about the Chief's *Secret Vice.*

"Who loused up the invitations anyway?"

"Some cornball in protocol, Chief. I'm checking," Forsythe said, searching his head for the son of a bitch he liked least.

Tonight the Chief had the leader of the posse, Martha Bull, Chairperson, on his right. A large intractable lady with a face of glued granite chips that creaked into posture for talking and eating. The granite face collided with a voluptuous sensuous mouth and a bosom of sheer bracing art. An erotic rebuke on whomever doubted her judgement on Sin and ex-Presidents.

Forsythe steadied his fucked-up ideas. Keep the table easy. He nodded thanks for the envelope an aide handed him. He slipped a fingernail underneath the flap. He took one glance at the contents and went pale.

Where the hell is Rock Island? And what in God's name is an Anansi Raid?

The woman on Forsythe's right was a Mrs Bellini, wife of an elderly Congressman from the east elected late in life. She was nervous but would not reward any goddam

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highchested dame with the news that she felt like an alley cat in Times Square on New Year's Eve. A first time in the White House is like going a block over to visit with the Luigi Giorgione family above the delicatessen? But why the hell should the kid beside her be nervous as she felt? He lived in the place, for God's sake!

"Somebody just slipped you the black spot, kid? You look shaken."

Forsythe's colour was back. He smiled at her.

"Its the Mafia. They're after me."

"My second cousin is Family. I can get you off."

"Not this contract, ma'am. This one was given out to a big fellow named Trouble."

"So shoot him. The newspapers call you a trouble-shooter."

"Never knew a man who could shoot trouble and not get spattered. He's very wide."

He chuckled with Mrs Bellini. He would remember and be grateful to her. For at this time he caught the question from Martha Bull to the President. His ruin had begun.

*

"Did your daughter enjoy her Caribbean cruise?" Martha asked.

The President had been a widower for years. The nation mothered the beautiful White House young lady.

"I will say she did. She visited with our Peace Corps people down there." He chuckled. "Kids are kids everywhere."

"How is that, Mr President?

There was no *jump* to it but she was advancing. Forsythe thought of the envelope in his pocket and his palms dampened on the starch-slick napkin.

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"Funnier than a treeful of kittens." The President beamed down on Chairperson Bull. "She stayed a couple of nights with our Peace Corps girls at the university on one of the islands. Rock Island, she calls it. And call me a nut in a sackful o' beans if the evening didn't turn out pure old-fashioned American."

"Why are you surprised, Mr President? Surely you are aware that our great nation has influenced every corner of the globe?"

"We are everybody's dream, ma'am," the Chief said soberly.

Smart old coot, Forsythe thought glumly. But nothing would save them.

"We have had enough trouble with the presidency in our time," Martha Bull said.

The poor turkey holed up in San Clemente or New York or wherever the hell he was these days. Would they never let him rest? Maybe that was how they would come after the Chief.

"Tell us how American was the evening, Mr President."

He told it. The ladies laughed. All except Martha. A ruin laid waste to her face.

The Chief did not see it. He was talking in that platform way.

"Those islanders. Still a little backward. They call it a Pansy Raid or some such stuff."

'Nansi Raid, Forsythe said automatically as he walked towards the Chair. His head felt shaved. He could clearly see the straps.

The Chief turned off his laughter and sat forward, speaking earnestly.

"But I must tell you ladies in all seriousness, we've got some good fellas working for us in the Agency. You know how they've been taking their lumps. Newspapers.

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Congressional Committees. Books. All the ancient history. Bay of Pigs snafu. Iran hostages. Beirut massacre. Even 'way back to Chile and the Tet offensive. But would you folk believe that although the whole thing was in fun, they had sent us a full report in less than twelve hours?"

At last out of the rockfall, Martha spoke.

"Dis - dis - disgraceful!" she spluttered. "Foreigners! An insult to our nation!"

The Chief was a quick man. An agile politician. His eyes turned dewy on Martha Bull. His lips spread backward in a smile like a hound-dog homing on a scent.

"Foreigners? No, ma'am. You take a look on these names. Go on."

As he spoke he was holding back the lapel of his suit coat, putting in his fore and middle fingers. All this Forsythe saw in agonizing slow motion. The jungly growth on the back of the Chief's hand encroaching up the wood-white cuffs. The hand withdrawn. Paper folded between the fingers. Paper handed over.

Martha took it with an indignant flex of her wrist. She read the note. She turned a face wrestling with pleasure. Forsythe thought pleasure would be better for a rematch.

She laughed a great crooning laugh.

"Oh, Mr President!" she cried, her neck arched like a cart horse, "those naughty English boys!"

Forsythe was dead. He knew he was. He had no reason to live.

Martha turned a simper on her sister DAMES.

"Girls, I am sure you may know some of their families. The Finest Names in England, no doubt sent to the Islands to learn about the natives -- the best English families do. You know, *noblesse oblige* as they say!"

The President beamed, chuckled, gratified.

"Read the names, ma'am," he boomed.

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"Most certainly," she turned on him in emphatic good humour. "Girls, just listen to these, Montagu Frome, Charles Cholmondelay-Ruthven, Reggie Smythe-Smith," she lowered the paper and looked over the edge of the modish half-glass, "the first Smith is spelt with a Y and an E, S-m-y-t-h-e."

They murmured.

Martha read on, "Trelawny, St Leger, I mean, girls," she lowered the paper and removed her glasses, "simply, you know, the very best English families!"

There was a spontaneous patter of applause.

The Chief turned on Forsythe. Forsythe had felt it coming. The turn of the great head. The tufted eyebrows, one rakishly raised. The merry eyes. Booming voice going for the back rows.

"Dick, you got the pictures?"

Forsythe groaned deeper than he had ever done. The Chief was in full plumage. Forsythe shook his head slightly but the Chief was past taking signals. He was winding up for his pitch.

The President of the U.S. snapped his fingers impatiently. What the fuck was wrong with old Dick?

"The pictures, man!"

So Forsythe handed the envelope to the aide who appeared beside him. Saw it walked behind the diners. Saw it handed to the Chief who handed it to Martha with a Southern flourish.

Saw the simper on the face as she raised the flap and took out the glossies. Saw the smiling glance, the *look!*, the *goggle.*

Saw the whiplash and the drain in the face.
Saw the sagging, the hell in her eyes.

"Oh, my God!" Martha whispered. *"Niggers!"*

Forsythe put back his Groton shoulders and braced himself. He was the Cheif's heat shield. He was not about to

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roll over. He would go down with the President. He spoke up the table to Martha Bull.

"But *English* niggers, ma'am."

THE BREDDAS

From his war-room in the back of the old Morris automobile at the edge of the ghetto, Charlie TW sent Hashish-head and 'Gu rolling through the Rim early in the day to catch the constituents before the day's troubles could lose them to Babylon; i.e., get shegged by the law-prowls. 'Gu and the Hash were well known in the Rim, respected as new-breed college Rastas. They parked the car at the edge of the Rim where the streets shrank abruptly upon entering the ghetto, shrinking to narrow, dusty shoulders, no longer a high-profile highway, but going subduedly past the big brawling reggae yards, the balm-yards and drumming-yards, the smoky, savoury ital cook-yards, homes of the brave and free, the valleys of decisions for the godsons.

'Gu and Hashish-head made a holdfast rush like a windy gust through the Rasta brush, picking breddas and dawtas off the wattle-walls. Surging them from domino boards and sensimella factories. The broom-makers and the rug-makers. The cap-knitters and the weavers weaving the soft homespun journey-towels for a money-poor ayah to hang from a hip-pocket like a battle-flag on a spiritual journey to Ethiopia. Through the yards of the peanut bakers and the scholarly philosophers, callaloo growers and jelly-nut sellers of journey-food for a hoping god-child on a spiritual departure from Babylon. Basket-plaiters and river-rush braiders. The holy carvers of ancient heads in mahogany and sacred trays of cedar for the sensimella ash. The self-taught apocalyptic artists crouched over their floor-stretched canvasses recording in intricate symbols the coming doom of the big-seed merchant ginals.

'Gu and Hashish-head in a holdfast rush among the sporting breddas in the clay-yards, engaged in wildly skilled games of cricket; bowling a ball of a young breadfruit, bright green and hard as a rock, the gnarls on the skin providing a

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grip for the googlie-ball bowlers who could tie a batter into knots tighter than the money-fist of a mill-owner when he tried for his stroke, the palm-bough bat fanning foolishly as the bright green fruit spun away on a mocking *sneesh.*

Gathering all the self-reliant Royal children, exiled in Babylon but working at redemption.

And over and underneath it all, in and out of it all, the insistent Rasta-drumming for the reggae-chanters chanting of woes and coming triumphs, drumming the Light Children back across the ocean over which the devil-whites had abducted them.

'Gu and the Hash did their recruiting through their long-time contacts in the Rim, made easier by their college breddas who, at certain Sabbaticals, became fulltime Rastas; and by the unemployed ideologues idled in the multinational embargo on their steam-bent skills. Too conditioned to make the transition, they rode the dream scene, the foal of hope and failure. A tall, tight-bearded civil servant on leave, Ras Taroop Tiwaldi, left his smoking caesura after a short talk with 'Gu to scurry the alleys in a cause that no Elect of Jah could resist; to seethe the governing infidels.

"Great Jah of Sabaoth!" howled Taroop as he galloped on the call, drawing from the smoke such famed gabriels as Ras Kapow, Ras Rest Assured, Ras Mark Half-a-mark and The Coachman. "Sabaoth — *haul rawss for a holy war!*" hollered Taroop running slat-gutted and futtock-legged, neatly hard-muscled as all the homebound sons who eat right foods and smoke the herb, keeping fit for the journey back to Mother Africa.

So Kapow and Rest Assured, Mark and The Coachman closed in out of the smoke and asked the bredda 'Gu in a whisper:

"Who you Wipin', bredda?"

And 'Gu with gales of laughter hidden in the sheep-creases climbing up his forehead, whispered back:

"Americaca."

The godsons had this quickness concerning the inter-

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national stables so that Kapow knew at once where the pile was. Why 'Gu was calling out the shovelmen.

"They still shitting about the aluminium levy?"

"A negative," 'Gu.

Kapow put out again.

"They putting up their wheat price one more time?"

And 'Gu who was procuring bodies for his friend Charlie TW, for Charlie TW's Wipe which he suspected would be one of part 'Nansi and part ginalry and somehow, without real knowledge, feared, gave it to them again without quibble.

"Americaca. That is all I know. 'Gu is truthful."

The Coachman, tall, fineboned, like a swordsman, said, because he knew 'Gu to lie like a sailor praying in a storm,

"I-and-I and the brethren don't caca on America for no good reason. They control the ocean between this pissy little island and Mother Africa and this Light Child would go home in one piece. Americaca gets angry if you turn left to sneeze."

And that fetched good, pure main-vine laughter from the bredda-dem, for they knew the asshole way America got angry over the littlest thing and would send men to Korea and Vietnam for it. Hard places, with battle wit spanning centuries, and a capacity of discouraging invaders. Americaca was not as smart as the English who, in the past forty years, sent only to Anguilla and the Falklands.

And with that they settled in, ready to riot a little, just to shake the shegheads out of the bovinity with which they chawed cud while their masters fed on steak. They proceeded to recruit.

Rest Assured fingered the prayer-lock allowed to stray below the edge of his knit-cap. He shook his head, his eyes twinkling in amused adimiration for 'Gu who had built a small but sound export business in the weed.

"You still rippin' away our birthright to supply alien

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needs? Solomon's weed for the big-seed? You still rejecting I-and-I Roots church for the Pope's multi-national confusion"

'Gu liked Rest Assured, a rangy, raw-chaw black bredda, a scientist in the Ministry of Agriculture who weekended in the Rim. 'Gu chuckled, his eyes long-sided on the bubble-head who would likely cock up some mind rocking truth before they were through the yard.

"Fellow exile," he said to Rest Assured, "you would slander a Messenger of the holy smoke? An Owner's Son chosen to bear the potion that helps me American breddas and dawtas bide the tide?"

Rest Assured flicked holy ash from the spliff into his palm and blew on it in a symbol to send the gospel on the four winds.

"You bicipital bastard. I-and-I was torn from Home and taken to this island by those to whom you now sell the sacred shrub."

'Gu looked fondly back and drove in the wedge.

"The dollar is skin to Babylon, ayah. It hurts when torn away."

Assured issued a raw-chaw guffaw. "Seen, truly. So every time the Babylonian makes a buy, this Landlord's pikni is getting mortgage money for their guilt. The stock belong on the Rock. The smoke is free in Jah's holy see."

From potter's wheel and weaver's stools they gathered sons and daughters for the march on the U.S. Embassy. Pounding on a morning-shut door, ruthless Rest Assured broke up a couple; for love of freedom comes before free love.

"*Nappa* is Swedish for *snatch,* hence caught napping," he explained to 'Gu as he shooed ahead the bare-shouldered King David's Bait to join the other dawtas on the march to the Embassy.

Mark Half a-mark rounded a brick kiln leading a line of

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bright faced, singing kids beautiful in ankle-length flowered lappas and the boy-childs in cult-shirts. Mark Half-a-mark, a rolling-shoulder, tunda-man, bald in front but with spectacular ringlets descending to his shoulders, four-eyed 'Gu as they met around the kiln. He had the long lower jaw and short upper lip said to accommodate debate.

He gestured at the piknis, as they sang at the two elders.

"The Yankee breddas run a democracy. These holy piknis ask I-and-I questions that I-and-I cannot answer. You tell them why should a holy child go to war against a democracy which is about equality, and says *In Jah We Trust."*

Mark Half-a-mark fingered his prayer-lock and waited. He sold coconut-ice-cream from a handcart and was given to long shudders in the morning at his corner place as he watched the cold-eyed Christians swish to work in their automobiles; and thanked Jah he was spared from the daily golgotha.

'Gu appreciated the question. Inside his head he flicked open Charlie TW's war manual.

"I-and-I appreciate the question, Bredda Mark, and I-and-I respond. We go to holy war to remind the Yankee breddas of a god-child's right to elect the friends and enemies of his choice. Only way to restore our crushers though we thank them for their gifts."

Mark Half-a-mark looked long and solemnly at him while the small saints sang *We shall know each other better when the mists have rolled away,* to the beat of a toy goombah.

"There is no such things as free taxes, 'Gu, Rotten 'Gu," he said.

"But too much oxygen kills, holy man," 'Gu protested.

Mark Half-a-mark thought about it as he shushed the children. He stood in a listening attitude, head on one side, and then nodded.

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"I-and-I have just been told that the unanswered question is: which thief was promised Paradise? Some say the thief on the left, others say the thief on the right. But that isn't the point, Rotten 'Gu. The point is that one of those politicians was in ginalry even at the end!"

"Son-of-a-bitch!" ejaculated 'Gu. This was *good* holy oofa.

"Seen!" Mark Half-a-mark gave the long drawn out *Seen!* of the Rastaman which has a purpose akin to the ancient Hebrew *Selah* bobbed about to mystify the infidel.

They ran into Kapow as he hustled a bredda from the back seat of the torn down '62 Buick that was his home on Paradise Isle. But they waited politely while he finished brewing Eden-tea from a sprig of holy grass over a charcoal fire built in a brake drum. They shaved ginger into the brew, took mouthfuls, and looked down at the earthlight from a brief visit on the moon. Then they climbed down and led to the war room for Charlie TW's briefing on the Embassy *Wipe.*

*

And who would have thought that such a microscopic pimple on the rump of matters would one day put the heads of great states in a sweat, force the U.S. President out of his country, send Charlie TW to the Pentagon — and place the world in hock to the 'Nansi Master, Brook? Hilarious when you didn't think of it. A real riot.

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THE PRESIDENT

"There has been a riot," the President of the U.S. said to Forsythe. His head lay high on the backrest of the chair. He tapped the decoded message on the desk.

"Another one? Not Miami again."

The President looked thinly at Forsythe.

"No. The goddam island. They buffaloed us."

"How?"

"Hostages."

"Jesus, Chief."

"There's worse."

Forsythe groaned.

"Hold your water, Dick. I sent a signal."

"Signal?"

Poor old Dick. He was really at the wall.

"To the Queen of England. A very great lady. Read her reply."

The President of the U.S. sent:

The White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Madam,

My lovely daughter Lily-Mae and I are sorry we were not able to visit with you when we went to see You-Know-Who, and you just across the little Channel! You'll understand, he's such a cornball about being the only pebble on the beach, particularly since he's got that little peashooter he calls le Bomb! However, we propose to visit with you later this year. More on this after I've cleared it with my jailers.

The reason for this little missive is to acquaint you with a matter which maybe the fellows in your State department have not made clear to you. It concerns your Little Green Isle in the West and what they have done to us. We of the White House family are still in shock as I am sure is your Royal Family. I hear from Dick Forsythe, my very able and handsome Press Secretary, that the story has been in the English newspapers so you'll have known.

Although your people on Rock Island were wrong as a lame fox in hunting country, you and I know we always give

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a lot of sideroom to these little highsteppers until they settle down and turn into real nations. They take offense so easily.

(The Queen who remembered the lousy buggers the Americans had been in 1776 over a little tax on their cuppa, laughed uproariously.)

That's what bugged me with Vietnam! They were oldies and ought to have settled down by now. By golly, couldn't they have been satisfied to have whupped the pants off the French? Why beat up on us? You know, my old Mammy used to say to me, you allow a 'possum too often to believe that you believe him when he's playing dead, and one day he's gonna nip you on the ankle as you walk by. She was always saying things like that. One wise old lady of the Nigra race.

But to get back to the business on hand. When the troubles began, I thought to keep the island in line with a little nudge. You know. Nothing drastic. In fact, what I figured was to embargo their tourist trade a little. Nothing too rash, you understand. Not like say cutting our AID funds to them, or slapping a lid on our Food for Peace Program whereby we feed the hungry nations of the world. In fact, the truth is I didn't want you to lowrate me for anything I did to your little island. So I had Congress (they've been very good to me this year. I hope things are working out well for you too), pinch down on the tourist thing, but planned that it would only be for a week or two. What I did was to run a block on ships and planes. Rock Island-wise. Just for a day or two. I figured on bringing them into line without hurting them. Well, only a little, anyways. Didn't want to start another Cuba where, as you know, we lost them to the Commies.

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But can you imagine my consternation to learn that these Rock Island fellas have gone ahead and decided in their Congress that if nothing can come in, then nothing will go out!!! Can you beat that? I always said that crazy Khomeini had started something.

Please, dear Madam, do something quickly about it before it turns real mean. I am glad however to say that I learn there has been no rough stuff at all. Our folks are being treated read good. I have a great deal of regard for the English, both black and white, they play the cricket of life.

Fraternally yours

The following was received from Buckingham Palace:

My dear President,

We thought yout letter perfectly lovely. We were certainly looking forward to seeing you when you called on You-Know-Who across the Channel, but we understand the need to be discreet in seeing each other. We are most unhappy at the turn of events in what you so charmingly call our "little green isle in the West."

Regretfully, we must observe that we're no longer in charge. We're merely there, if you understand. Indeed as one Royal wag points out (there's one in every family, is there not?) our Empire is an essay in empiric euthanasia. Rather clever we think, what?

We most terribly hope that everything will turn out right. Do come next year. You must. The forecast is for a summer; probably during the third week in June. The wolds are lovely, then.

It was signed with the Royal Cipher.

Dick pushed the flimsies away. The Chief was looking oddly at him.

"There's worse, Chief," Forsythe said quietly.

The President's face crumpled.

"They burnt it."

Forsythe paled. He said, "Old Glory? The flag?"

The President wearily shook his head. "Worse."

Dick wailed, "Old Baldie! Our eagle!"

Once before some Iranian students during the hostage crisis had burnt a cardboard eagle.

The President shook his head. Dick gulped. What the hell new thing could those kids on a backwater island think up better than anybody else? Old Glory and Old Baldie was all there was.

The President told him what the Rock Islanders had burnt.

Forsythe's knees wobbled. He sought a chair. He could

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not believe it.

"Jesus Christ, Chief!" he gasped. "It means that they are —!"

"Right, Dick. *They are creative!*"

"Jesus, Chief!"

"We may have to go in, Dick."

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THE INSTITUTE OF JAMAICA,

For the Encouragement of Literature
Science and Art.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, W.I.

Ref.No.IJD/238.

22nd December, 1969.

Dear Vic,

Further to my letter of the 20th November, 1969, the Board of Governors agrees to extend the period you require to complete the biography of the late Mr. Norman Manley to two years ending in October, 1971.

Please regard this as an amandment to our contract that remains valid pending the completion of a comprehensive contract between yourself, the Institute and Jonathan Cape.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Frank Hill

Frank Hill,
Chairman.

Mr. Vic Reid,
2a Norwood Avenue,
Kingston 5.

FH/er.

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THE INSTITUTE OF JAMAICA,

For the Encouragement of Literature

Science and Art.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, W.I.

Ref. No. IJD/2371 31st May, 1971

Mr. Victor S. Reid,
2a Norwood Avenue,
KINGSTON 5.

Dear Vic,

Re: The Biography of Norman Manley, Q.C.

At the meeting of my Board which was held on the 19th instant, the question of the stage of finalization of the manuscript was raised bearing in mind that the contract with Jonathan Cape requires that it be "in final form ready for production" by the 30th October, 1971. You will understand, I am sure, that as the biography is Government-sponsored, and my Board is acting on behalf of the Government of Jamaica, it will be necessary to have the manuscript examined by readers and by one or more legal advisors. The panel of readers proposed is Mr. Rex Nettleford, Chairman, Mr. H.P. Jacobs, Mr. J. Carnegie. (Apart from Rex they have not yet been consulted and no legal advisor has been named.)

In the circumstances, I was directed by the Board to write to Jonathan Cape requesting that the date for the submission to them of the finalized manuscript be extended to the 31st March, 1972, in order that the Board may receive the manuscript from you not later than the 30th October to be followed by the necessary examination and final preparation. I hope that you will find the above proposal satisfactory.

With best regards,

Yours sincerely,

C. Bernard Lewis,
Director.

CBL/zp.

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THE INSTITUTE OF JAMAICA,

For the Encouragement of Literature, Science and Art.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, W.I.

Recd 24/11/69

20th November, 1969

Mr. Victor Reid,
2A Norwood Avenue,
KINGSTON 5.

Dear Mr. Reid,

In pursuance of our discussions concerning the production of a biography of the late Mr. Norman Manley, I now confirm the major points of agreement reached by us as follows :-

(1) You undertake to write and grant to the Institute of Jamaica and Jonathan Cape Limited of 30 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1, jointly the exclusive right of printing and publishing an original work provisionally entitled "Life of Norman Manley" in volume form during the legal term of copyright in the English language throughout the world.

(2) The Institute will pay to you as an advance against royalties the sum of Two Thousand and Five Hundred Pounds (£2,500) for this work.

(3) Jonathan Cape Limited will pay to your account on the published price of each copy of the said work sold by them the following royalties except as hereinafter provided:-

Ten per cent (10%) on the first three thousand (3,000)
Twelve and a half per cent (12½%) on the next three thousand (3,000) up to six thousand (6,000) and
fifteen per cent (15%) on copies exceeding six thousand (6,000).

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(4) The royalties stated in three above, however, will be paid to the Institute of Jamaica until they have totalled the sum of £2,500 advanced to you against those royalties, and thereafter the royalties in accordance with the scale mentioned above will be paid directly to you.

(5) You undertake to deliver the work of approximately 60,000 words in length in duplicate typescript or copy in complete and final form ready for production by April 30, 1971.

(6) The Co-Publishers will endeavour to arrange for separate copyright publication of the said work in the United States of America. Should they be successful, such publication shall be the subject of a separate agreement to be made between you and the American Publishers, and the Co-Publishers shall credit your account with 85% of all monies accruing from such an arrangement.

(7) When it becomes necessary for you to have reference to Government papers or Cabinet minutes, on which the 50-year ban on classified material applies, application for such papers should be made to the Director of the Institute of Jamaica as and when they are needed stating the reason for the required use of the specified material. The Government of Jamaica undertakes however to give you its co-operation in making available such material whenever it is considered possible. You undertake to

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keep within the bounds of an official and essentially political biography, and given this undertaking you shall have complete freedom of interpretation and shall not be subject to editorial control by the Government of Jamaica or the Co-Publishers, except as regards those matters of fact and style that fall within the jurisdiction of the Co-Publishers.

A more detailed contract is being prepared by Jonathan Cape Limited and will be submitted to you in due course for signature. In the meantime, however, I would wish you to signify your agreement hereto by signing and returning the enclosed copy of this letter and this will for the time being form a binding contract between the Institute of Jamaica and yourself.

I look forward to our continued cordial relationship in this important national endeavour.

Yours faithfully,

Frank Hill

Frank Hill,
Chairman, Board of Governors.

Signed
25.11.69

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THE INSTITUTE OF JAMAICA,

For the Encouragement of Literature
Science and Art.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, W.I.

Ref. No. IJD/482.

18th February, 1970.

Dear Vic,

I am afraid a good deal of time has elapsed since we commenced trying to finalize a contract with Messrs. Jonathan Cape to cover the two official biographies which are being prepared. I enclose, herewith, the draft which we believe has now reached its final form. Please let me have your comment at your earliest convenience. You may keep this Xerox copy.

Yours sincerely,

C. Bernard Lewis,
Director.

Mr. Vic Reid,
2a Norwood Avenue,
Kingston 5.

CBL/er.

UWI Libraries

Memorandum of Agreement

made and entered into this day of One thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine between

of Mr. Victor S. Reid ~~s Sylvia Wynter~~)
2a Norwood Avenue,
Kingston 5,
Jamaica, West Indies.

~~his~~ his Executors and assigns (hereinafter called the AUTHOR) of the one part and JONATHAN CAPE LIMITED of Thirty Bedford Square, London, W.C.1, their successors and assigns, (hereinafter called the PUBLISHERS) of the other part whereby it is mutually agreed as follows:-

1. The AUTHOR hereby grants to the PUBLISHERS the exclusive right to print and publish an original work, or any part or abridgment thereof, provisionally entitled

LIFE OF SIR ALEXANDER BUSTAMANTE

(hereinafter called the work) in volume form during the legal term of copyright in the English language throughout the world

Nothing in this clause shall entitle the PUBLISHERS to issue any part or abridgment of the said work without the AUTHOR'S consent.

2. The PUBLISHERS shall pay to the AUTHOR on the published price of each copy of the said work sold by them the following royalties except as hereinafter provided:-

Ten per cent (10%) on the first three thousand (3,000)

Twelve and a half per cent (12½%) on the next three thousand (3,000) up to six thousand (6,000) and fifteen per cent (15%) on copies exceeding six thousand (6,000).

3. The royalty payable on small reprints of 1,500 copies or less shall be ten per cent.

4. The royalty payable on copies sold at special terms for export or at a discount of fifty per cent (50%) or more shall be ten per cent of the price received.

5. The AUTHOR hereby warrants to the PUBLISHERS that the said work is an original work, has not been published in volume form within the exclusive territories covered by this agreement and is in no way whatever a violation of any existing copyright, that all necessary permissions for the use of all copyright material included in the said work have been granted and any fees payable to copyright owners have been or will be paid by the AUTHOR, who warrants further that the said work contains nothing obscene, indecent, or libellous, that all statements contained therein purporting to be facts are true, that he has full power to make this agreement and will indemnify the PUBLISHERS against any loss, injury or damage (including any legal costs or expenses and any compensation costs and disbursements paid by the PUBLISHERS on the advice of Counsel to compromise or settle any claim) occasioned to the PUBLISHERS in consequence of any breach of this warranty or arising out of any claim alleging that the said work constitutes an infringement of copyright or contains libellous or defamatory matter.

Institute of Jamaica

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/of ~~approximately~~ not less than 60,000 words in length

6. The AUTHOR has ~~delivered~~/will deliver the typescript or copy, in duplicate, in complete and final form ready for production by ~~30th April 1971~~ 30th October, 1971.

The PUBLISHERS shall publish the said work within ---twelve---- months from the date of ~~signature of this agreement or~~ delivery of the complete typescript or copy in its final form (together with material for any illustrations, appendices or other apparatus), ~~whichever be the later~~, unless they are prevented from so doing by strikes, lock-outs or other circumstances or happenings beyond their control.

7. The PUBLISHERS shall prepare the typescript for the printer in their customary manner and style and shall submit the edited copy to the AUTHOR for his approval before the type is set. If the AUTHOR thereafter requires further alterations from the typescript as approved for setting to be made in the proofs of the said work the cost of making all such alterations shall be borne by the AUTHOR and shall be chargeable against all monies accruing under this agreement.

Alternatively, if the PUBLISHERS produce their edition of the said work from an American edition as supplied to them, they shall be free to substitute English spelling and usage at their discretion. Should the AUTHOR require further alterations of the American text to be included in the British edition the cost of making such alterations shall be chargeable against all monies accruing under this agreement.

8. The PUBLISHERS undertake that the name of the AUTHOR shall appear in its customary form with due prominence on the title-page and on the binding of every copy of the said work issued by the PUBLISHERS or their agents, and shall print on the verso of the title-page the following U.C.C. Copyright Notice: © Victor S. Reid.

9. If in the opinion of the AUTHOR and PUBLISHERS illustrations, maps or diagrams are considered necessary to the said work, material suitable for reproduction shall be supplied by the AUTHOR with the typescript or copy, together with copy for any captions and acknowledgments that may be required. Any fees payable on account of permission to reproduce copyright material shall be paid by the AUTHOR. Should it be necessary for the PUBLISHERS to procure copy prints or to have maps or diagrams redrawn for reproduction all costs so incurred shall be chargeable against all monies accruing under this agreement.

10. If in the opinion of the AUTHOR and PUBLISHERS an Index is considered necessary to the said work, such Index shall be supplied by the AUTHOR or commissioned by the PUBLISHERS from a professional indexer whose charges shall be borne by the AUTHOR.

11. The PUBLISHERS shall have entire control of the publication; and all details of the production including choice of materials, design of jacket, arrangement of illustrations and other embellishments shall be at their sole discretion.

12. If at any time the PUBLISHERS undertake to issue a revised edition of the said work the AUTHOR shall provide any necessary material and carry out all necessary revisions. Should the AUTHOR be unable or unwilling to undertake this task, the PUBLISHERS may in such case themselves secure the services of some competent person and all expenses incurred by them on this account shall be a charge against all monies accruing under this agreement provided always that the choice of such editor and the amount of the expenses shall be approved by the AUTHOR.

13. The first two statements of sales shall be rendered half-yearly up to June the thirtieth and December the thirty-first next following the date of publication and shall be delivered on the following October the first and April

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the first and all balances due shall be paid on November the first and May the first. Thereafter the statements shall be rendered annually up to December the thirty-first and shall be delivered on April the first and all balances due shall be paid on May the first. It is agreed that no monies shall be paid by the PUBLISHERS until such as all monies accruing to the AUTHOR under this agreement have reached the sum ~~$2,500~~ $5000.00 monies shall be paid on dates stipulated in Clause 13 and in the manner stipulated in Clause ~~14~~ 28.

14. No cheaper edition for general sale shall be issued in less than two years from the date of first publication without the AUTHOR'S consent.

15. If an edition of the said work be sold to or licensed for sale by any book club the payment to be made to the AUTHOR on copies so sold or in respect of such licence shall be arranged mutually between the AUTHOR and the PUBLISHERS.

16. Should the PUBLISHERS publish a paperback edition of the said work under their own imprint they shall pay to the AUTHOR on the published price of each copy sold by them a royalty of seven and a half per cent (7½%), except that in the case of copies sold at special terms for export or at a discount of fifty per cent (50%) or more the royalty shall be seven and a half per cent (7½%) of the price received.

17. Should the PUBLISHERS sub-lease the book publication rights to another paperback publisher, the royalties received from the sub-lessee shall be divided as to fifty per cent (50%) to the AUTHOR and fifty per cent (50%) to the PUBLISHERS, provided always that this arrangement shall not apply if the said work be published in paper covers jointly with a sub-lessee or if the PUBLISHERS participate in the profits or net receipts derived from such publication.

18. The AUTHOR shall be entitled to receive six presentation copies of the said work on publication and shall be entitled to purchase further copies for personal use at the usual trade rates.

19. The presentation of free copies to the Press and to other persons with the object of promoting the sale of the said work shall be entirely at the discretion and expense of the PUBLISHERS. No royalty shall be payable on copies so given away, nor on copies destroyed by fire, water, in transit or otherwise.

20. The PUBLISHERS shall endeavour to arrange for separate copyright publication of the said work in the United States of America. Should they be successful such publication shall be the subject of a separate agreement to be made between the AUTHOR and the American publishers, and the PUBLISHERS shall credit the AUTHOR'S account with eighty-five per cent of all monies accruing from such an arrangement.

21. In the event of bound or unbound copies of the English edition being sold to an American publisher for separate publication in the United States in lieu of an edition being specially printed in that country, the PUBLISHERS shall endeavour to arrange for a royalty to be paid on the American published price, but if this is not practicable then they shall credit the AUTHOR'S account with a royalty of -----ten----------per cent of the price received for the copies so sold.

22. Within the exclusive territories covered by this agreement the PUBLISHERS shall act as the AUTHOR'S sole agents for the sale of the first serial rights (i.e. publication of instalments or extracts in several issues of a newspaper, magazine or periodical prior to publication in volume form), right of translation, rights of dramatization or film rights in the said work. If they shall obtain any offer for the sale of such rights they shall forthwith submit the same to the AUTHOR for approval and in the event of the AUTHOR accepting any such offer and entering into an agreement in writing for the sale or licence of any such rights the PUBLISHERS shall be entitled to a commission at the rate of---ten-----per cent on the sums payable under such agreement, except that, in the case of translation rights, the commission shall be at the rate of fifteen per cent.

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23. Within the exclusive territories covered by this agreement, the following shall be controlled by the PUBLISHERS, who shall credit the AUTHOR'S account with the under-mentioned percentages of all monies derived from the sale of any of them:

Publication of extracts in other books, 50%
Rights of serialization and publication of extracts or abridgments in a periodical subsequent to publication in volume form and merchandising rights, 75%
Motion Pictures
Broadcasting and Television, 75%
Strip Cartoon rights (or picturization book rights), 50%
Right to perform the said work or any substantial portion thereof by any gramophone record or similar contrivance, 50%
Microphotographic or Xerographic reproduction rights, 50%

24. The PUBLISHERS shall have power in their discretion in not less than two years from first publication to sell the residue of any edition as a remainder. In that event they shall pay to the AUTHOR a royalty of ten per cent (10%) of the price obtained, unless such price be less than the net cost of manufacture, in which case no royalty shall be payable.

25. If the said work shall become out of print and not be available in any edition the AUTHOR may give six months' notice in writing to the PUBLISHERS to re-issue or reprint the said work. Should the PUBLISHERS fail to comply with such notice all their rights in the said work shall upon expiry of the said notice determine, ~~provided that the AUTHOR refunds any unearned balance of any advance payment provided for in Clause 2 hereof~~. No determination of rights in the said work under the provisions of this clause shall invalidate the option granted to the PUBLISHERS in Clause 27 hereof.

26. Should the PUBLISHERS at any time by themselves or anyone acting on their behalf wilfully fail to fulfil or comply with any of the conditions accepted by them in this agreement or should they go into liquidation, other than voluntary liquidation or a members' winding up, this agreement shall thereupon determine and the AUTHOR be free to license any other person to print and publish the said work, notwithstanding anything to the contrary contained or implied in any part of this agreement.

27. It is hereby agreed that the PUBLISHERS shall have the first refusal of (including the first opportunity to read and consider for publication on fair and reasonable terms) the next book by the AUTHOR ~~----------~~

suitable for publication in volume form, and the AUTHOR shall offer the PUBLISHERS for this purpose the same rights and territories as those covered by this agreement. Such a book or books shall be the subject of a fresh agreement between the AUTHOR and the PUBLISHERS on fair and reasonable terms to be agreed between the Parties.

The PUBLISHERS shall exercise this option within two months of receipt of the complete typescript or copy, except that they shall not be required to exercise it until two months after the publication of the said work which is the subject of this agreement.

BYU Library

28. The Institute of Jamaica will pay to the Author as an advance against the Royalties payable herein the sum of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS ($5000) in monthly instalments between the months of October 1969 and October 1970 and all payments due to the Author as stipulated in paragraph 13 shall be made to the Institute until this said sum is repaid.

29. The work shall be published under the joint imprint of the Publishers unless the Institute of Jamaica shall otherwise request.

30. The Government of Jamaica by letter from the Minister of Finance and Planning to the Institute of Jamaica has given the following assurances.

(a) Where it becomes necessary for the Authors to have reference to Government papers or cabinet minutes on which the 50 year ban on classified material applies application shall be made for such papers stating the reasons for the required use of the specific material as and when they are needed. The Author will be given all co-operation in making available such material whenever it is possible to do so.

(b) It will not commission any other person or persons to write a biography of either Sir Alexander Bustamante or the late Mr. Norman Manley nor assist in the financing of such a work during the next five years.

31. In consideration of the assurances given in paragraph 30 the Government of Jamaica shall be entitled to receive six copies of the said work on publication, and shall be entitled to purchase further copies for personal use, but not for resale, at the usual trade rates.

32. Notwithstanding anything to the contrary contained or implied in any part of this agreement, the co-publishers Jonathan Cape Limited shall be at liberty, should the completed work, not in their opinion reach an acceptable standard, to withdraw from publication. In such event, the said co-Publishers shall be absolved from their undertaking to publish and from payment of any monies due to the Author and the Institute of Jamaica under this agreement. Thereupon this agreement shall be cancelled and all rights herein granted to the Publishers shall revert to the Author.

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60,000

Memorandum of Agreement

made and entered into this day of One thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine between

of Mrs Sylvia Wynter-Carew (Miss ~~Sylvia Wynter~~)
Craighton, Church Road,
Irish ~~Town~~, Kingston,
~~Jamaica~~, West Indies.

Vic Road etc.

his Executors and assigns (hereinafter called the AUTHOR) of the one part and JONATHAN CAPE LIMITED of Thirty Bedford Square, London, W.C.1. their successors and assigns, (hereinafter called the PUBLISHERS) of the other part whereby it is mutually agreed as follows:-

1. The AUTHOR hereby grants to the PUBLISHERS the exclusive right to print and publish an original work, or any part or abridgment thereof, provisionally entitled

LIFE OF ~~SIR ALEXANDER BUSTAMANTE~~ Mr Norman Manley

(hereinafter called the work) in volume form during the legal term of copyright in the English language throughout the world

Nothing in this clause shall entitle the PUBLISHERS to issue any part or abridgment of the said work without the AUTHOR'S consent.

2. The PUBLISHERS shall pay to the AUTHOR on the published price of each copy of the said work sold by them the following royalties except as hereinafter provided:-

Ten per cent (10%) on the first three thousand (3,000)
twelve and a half per cent (12½%) to six thousand (6,000)
and fifteen per cent (15%) thereafter

3. The royalty payable on small reprints of 1,500 copies or less shall be ten per cent.

4. The royalty payable on copies sold at special terms for export or at a discount of fifty per cent (50%) or more shall be ten per cent of the price received.

5. The AUTHOR hereby warrants to the PUBLISHERS that the said work is an original work, has not been published in volume form within the exclusive territories covered by this agreement and is in no way whatever a violation of any existing copyright, that all necessary permissions for the use of all copyright material included in the said work have been granted and any fees payable to copyright owners have been or will be paid by the AUTHOR, who warrants further that the said work contains nothing obscene, indecent, or libellous, that all statements contained therein purporting to be facts are true, that he has full power to make this agreement and will indemnify the PUBLISHERS against any loss, injury or damage (including any legal costs or expenses and any compensation costs and disbursements paid by the PUBLISHERS on the advice of Counsel to compromise or settle any claim) occasioned to the PUBLISHERS in consequence of any breach of this warranty or arising out of any claim alleging that the said work constitutes an infringement of copyright or contains libellous or defamatory matter.

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/of approximately ~~100,000~~ 60,000 words in length

6. The AUTHOR has delivered/will deliver the typescript or copy, in duplicate, in complete and final form ready for production by April 30. 1971 ✓

The PUBLISHERS shall publish the said work within ---twelve---- months from the date of signature of this agreement or delivery of the complete typescript or copy in its final form (together with material for any illustrations, appendices or other apparatus), whichever be the later, unless they are prevented from so doing by strikes, lock-outs or other circumstances or happenings beyond their control.

7. The PUBLISHERS shall prepare the typescript for the printer in their customary manner and style and shall submit the edited copy to the AUTHOR for his approval before the type is set. If the AUTHOR thereafter requires further alterations from the typescript as approved for setting to be made in the proofs of the said work the cost of making all such alterations shall be borne by the AUTHOR and shall be chargeable against all monies accruing under this agreement.

Alternatively, if the PUBLISHERS produce their edition of the said work from an American edition as supplied to them, they shall be free to substitute English spelling and usage at their discretion. Should the AUTHOR require further alterations of the American text to be included in the British edition the cost of making such alterations shall be chargeable against all monies accruing under this agreement.

8. The PUBLISHERS undertake that the name of the AUTHOR shall appear in its customary form with due prominence on the title-page and on the binding of every copy of the said work issued by the PUBLISHERS or their agents, and shall print on the verso of the title-page the following U.C.C. Copyright Notice: © ~~Sylvia Wynter~~ Vic Reid 197*

9. If in the opinion of the AUTHOR and PUBLISHERS illustrations, maps or diagrams are considered necessary to the said work, material suitable for reproduction shall be supplied by the AUTHOR with the typescript or copy, together with copy for any captions and acknowledgments that may be required. Any fees payable on account of permission to reproduce copyright material shall be paid by the AUTHOR. Should it be necessary for the PUBLISHERS to procure copy prints or to have maps or diagrams redrawn for reproduction all costs so incurred shall be chargeable against all monies accruing under this agreement.

10. If in the opinion of the AUTHOR and PUBLISHERS an Index is considered necessary to the said work, such Index shall be supplied by the AUTHOR or commissioned by the PUBLISHERS from a professional indexer whose charges shall be borne by the AUTHOR.

11. The PUBLISHERS shall have entire control of the publication; and all details of the production including choice of materials, design of jacket, arrangement of illustrations and other embellishments shall be at their sole discretion.

12. If at any time the PUBLISHERS undertake to issue a revised edition of the said work the AUTHOR shall provide any necessary material and carry out all necessary revisions. Should the AUTHOR be unable or unwilling to undertake this task, the PUBLISHERS may in such case themselves secure the services of some competent person and all expenses incurred by them on this account shall be a charge against all monies accruing under this agreement provided always that the choice of such editor and the amount of the expenses shall be approved by the AUTHOR.

13. The first two statements of sales shall be rendered half-yearly up to June the thirtieth and December the thirty-first next following the date of publication and shall be delivered on the following October the first and April

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the first and all balances due shall be paid on November the first and May the first. Thereafter the statements shall be rendered annually up to December the thirty-first and shall be delivered on April the first and all balances due shall be paid on May the first. It is agreed that no monies shall be paid by the PUBLISHERS until h time as all monies accruing to the AUTHOR under this agreement have reached the sum £2,500. reupon monies shall be paid on dates stipulated in Clause 13 and in the manner stipulated in Clause 31.

14. No cheaper edition for general sale shall be issued in less than two years from the date of first publication without the AUTHOR'S consent.

15. If an edition of the said work be sold to or licensed for sale by any book club the payment to be made to the AUTHOR on copies so sold or in respect of such licence shall be arranged mutually between the AUTHOR and the PUBLISHERS.

16. Should the PUBLISHERS publish a paperback edition of the said work under their own imprint they shall pay to the AUTHOR on the published price of each copy sold by them a royalty of seven and a half per cent (7½%), except that in the case of copies sold at special terms for export or at a discount of fifty per cent (50%) or more the royalty shall be seven and a half per cent (7½%) of the price received.

17. Should the PUBLISHERS sub-lease the book publication rights to another paperback publisher, the royalties received from the sub-lessee shall be divided as to fifty per cent (50%) to the AUTHOR and fifty per cent (50%) to the PUBLISHERS, provided always that this arrangement shall not apply if the said work be published in paper covers jointly with a sub-lessee or if the PUBLISHERS participate in the profits or net receipts derived from such publication.

18. The AUTHOR shall be entitled to receive six presentation copies of the said work on publication and shall be entitled to purchase further copies for personal use at the usual trade rates.

19. The presentation of free copies to the Press and to other persons with the object of promoting the sale of the said work shall be entirely at the discretion and expense of the PUBLISHERS. No royalty shall be payable on copies so given away, nor on copies destroyed by fire, water, in transit or otherwise.

20. The PUBLISHERS shall endeavour to arrange for separate copyright publication of the said work in the United States of America. Should they be successful such publication shall be the subject of a separate agreement to be made between the AUTHOR and the American publishers, and the PUBLISHERS shall credit the AUTHOR'S account with eighty-five per cent of all monies accruing from such an arrangement.

21. In the event of bound or unbound copies of the English edition being sold to an American publisher for separate publication in the United States in lieu of an edition being specially printed in that country, the PUBLISHERS shall endeavour to arrange for a royalty to be paid on the American published price, but if this is not practicable then they shall credit the AUTHOR'S account with a royalty of -----ten----------per cent of the price received for the copies so sold.

22. Within the exclusive territories covered by this agreement the PUBLISHERS shall act as the AUTHOR'S sole agents for the sale of the first serial rights (i.e. publication of instalments or extracts in several issues of a newspaper, magazine or periodical prior to publication in volume form), right of translation, rights of dramatization or film rights in the said work. If they shall obtain any offer for the sale of such rights they shall forthwith submit the same to the AUTHOR for approval and in the event of the AUTHOR accepting any such offer and entering into an agreement in writing for the sale or licence of any such rights the PUBLISHERS shall be entitled to a commission at the rate of---ten-----per cent on the sums payable under such agreement, except that, in the case of translation rights, the commission shall be at the rate of fifteen per cent.

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23. Within the exclusive territories covered by this agreement, the following shall be controlled by the PUBLISHERS, who shall credit the AUTHOR'S account with the under-mentioned percentages of all monies derived from the sale of any of them:

Publication of extracts in other books, 50%
Rights of serialization and publication of extracts or abridgments in a periodical subsequent to publication in volume form and merchandising rights, 75%
Broadcasting and Television, 75%
Strip Cartoon rights (or picturization book rights), 50%
Right to perform the said work or any substantial portion thereof by any gramophone record or similar contrivance, 50%
Microphotographic or Xerographic reproduction rights, 50%

24. The PUBLISHERS shall have power in their discretion in not less than two years from first publication to sell the residue of any edition as a remainder. In that event they shall pay to the AUTHOR a royalty of ten per cent (10%) of the price obtained, unless such price be less than the net cost of manufacture, in which case no royalty shall be payable.

25. If the said work shall become out of print and not be available in any edition the AUTHOR may give six months' notice in writing to the PUBLISHERS to re-issue or reprint the said work. Should the PUBLISHERS fail to comply with such notice all their rights in the said work shall upon expiry of the said notice determine, ~~provided that the AUTHOR refunds any unearned balance of any advance payment provided for in Clause 2 hereof~~. No determination of rights in the said work under the provisions of this clause shall invalidate the option granted to the PUBLISHERS in Clause 27 hereof.

26. Should the PUBLISHERS at any time by themselves or anyone acting on their behalf wilfully fail to fulfil or comply with any of the conditions accepted by them in this agreement or should they go into liquidation, other than voluntary liquidation or a members' winding up, this agreement shall thereupon determine and the AUTHOR be free to license any other person to print and publish the said work, notwithstanding anything to the contrary contained or implied in any part of this agreement.

27. It is hereby agreed that the ~~PUBLISHERS~~ shall have the first refusal of (including the first opportunity to read and consider for publication on fair and reasonable terms) the next book by the AUTHOR ----------

suitable for publication in volume form, and the AUTHOR shall offer the PUBLISHERS for this purpose the same rights and territories as those covered by this agreement. Such book or books shall be the subject of a fresh agreement between the AUTHOR and the PUBLISHERS on fair and reasonable terms to be agreed between the Parties.

The PUBLISHERS shall exercise this option within two months of receipt of the complete typescript or copy, except that they shall not be required to exercise it until two months after the publication of the said work which is the subject of this agreement.

INITIAL HERE

A. W.

DWI Libraries

28. The Government of Jamaica shall give to the AUTHOR full access to Government papers and Cabinet Minutes, and grants to the AUTHOR complete freedom to use such material in the said work, except that in the case of documents where the 50-year ban on classified material applies the AUTHOR shall not make direct references to or use quotations from such classified material. The AUTHOR undertakes to keep within the bounds of an official and essentially political biography, and given this undertaking the AUTHOR shall have complete freedom of interpretation, and shall not be subjected to editorial control by the Government of Jamaica, the Institute of Jamaica, or the PUBLISHERS, except as regards those matters of fact and style that fall within the jurisdiction of the PUBLISHERS.

29. The Government of Jamaica shall not commission any other person or persons to write a life of Sir Alexander Bustamante, nor cause such a work to be published, during the term of this agreement.

30. As their contribution towards the cost of publishing and promoting the said work, the Institute of Jamaica shall pay to the AUTHOR direct, in monthly instalments commencing in October 1969 and ending October 1970, the sum of Two Thousand Five Hundred Pounds (£2,500) One Hundred and Fifty Pounds (£150) of which has already been paid.

31. The AUTHOR agrees that fifteen per cent (15%) of all monies due to her under this agreement, after the work has earned the sum of Two Thousand Five Hundred Pounds (£2,500) shall be paid by the PUBLISHERS, on the AUTHOR'S behalf, direct to the Institute of Jamaica, in recognition of its help and co-operation in the writing of the work. Such monies shall be paid by the PUBLISHERS to the Institute of Jamaica at the same time and in the same manner as stipulated in Clause 13 hereof.

32. The work shall be published under the joint imprint of the PUBLISHERS and the Institute of Jamaica, unless the Institute should request otherwise.

33. The Government of Jamaica shall be entitled to receive six copies of the said work on publication, and shall be entitled to purchase further copies for personal use, but not for resale, at the usual trade rates.

34. Notwithstanding anything to the contrary contained or implied in any part of this agreement, the PUBLISHERS shall be at liberty, should the completed work, not in their opinion reach an acceptable standard, to withdraw from publication. In such event, the PUBLISHERS shall be absolved from their undertaking to publish and from payment of any monies due to the AUTHOR and the Institute of Jamaica under this agreement. Thereupon this agreement shall be cancelled and all rights herein granted to the PUBLISHERS shall revert to the AUTHOR.

UWI Libraries

JONATHAN CAPE LIMITED
THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE
LONDON W.C.1

Telephone 01-636 5764
Telex 299080
Answer CBCSER G

Telegrams
CAPAJON, LONDON WC1B 3EL

GCG/KK

16th January 1979

V. S. Reid Esq.,
Box 129,
KINGSTON 10,
Jamaica.

Dear Mr. Reid,

I fear I must disappoint you. We are extremely disappointed in your biography of Norman Manley and frankly do not think it is publishable. Clearly the book has been a great struggle to write and this may be the cause of your not having been able to pull it off in the way we had all hoped. I have of course written to Mr. Dawes at the Institute of Jamaica telling him of our decision.

Yours sincerely,

Graham C. Greene

P.S. Perhaps you would be kind enough to let me know whether you wish me to send the typescrip-t back to you.

UWI Libraries

DIRECTORS: Tom Maschler Graham C. Greene W. Robert Carr Anthony Colwell David Machin John Robinson · Norman Askew
Registered in England under no. 195767. Registered office as above

May 5, 1980

Mr. Neville Dawes, M.A., (OXON)
Executive Director
Institute of Jamaica
East Street
Kingston

Dear Neville:

Favourably. Would you pass the mss through me so I may substitute the re-written pages I told you about.

Sincerely,

V. S. Reid

UWI Libraries

THE INSTITUTE OF JAMAICA,

For the Encouragement of Literature
Science and Art.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, W.I.

Ref. No. IJED/2413

April 28, 1980

Mr V.S. Reid
c/o Jamaica National Trust Commission
Hope Gardens
KINGSTON 6

Dear Vic:

I enclose a letter received from Ian Randle of Heinemann, dated 24 April 1980.

Could you let me know how you react to it?

Yours sincerely

Neville

Neville Dawes M.A.(OXON)
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

ND/tr

Encl.

Dear Neville,
Favourably. Would you pass the mss through me so I may substitute the re-written pages I told you about.

Sincerely
V. S. Reid

UWI Libraries

Heinemann Educational Books
(Caribbean) Ltd. Educational and General Publishers

175 MOUNTAIN VIEW AVENUE, KINGSTON 6, JAMAICA
TELEPHONE: 927-5659 TELEGRAMS: HEBOOKS KINGSTON

24th April, 1980

Mr. Neville Dawes,
Director, Institute of Jamaica,
East Street,
Kingston.

Dear Neville,

I am writing as a follow-up to our conversation of a few evenings ago, to express an interest in working with the Institute as co-publisher for Vic Reid's biography of Norman Manley.

As I indicated then we have made no approach to Vic Reid and this is the initial contact.

Is it possible for us to see a draft at some time? That would be most helpful.

I enclose with our compliments a copy of Jamaica Woman.

With best wishes,

Ian

Ian Randle

IR:njh

Encl.

UWI Libraries

Chairman; KEITH SAMBROOK *Co-Chairman;* F.L. SANGSTER *Managing Director:* IAN RANDLE *Director:* J. CURRY

DIRECTORS: *Dr. Neville Ying, Ph. D.* • *Beverley M. Lindo* • CONSULTING EDITOR: *Prof. Dennis R. Craig, Ph. D.*

C P A Co.

Caribbean Authors Publishing Co., Ltd.

P. O. BOX 134. KINGSTON. 7 , JAMAICA.

December 16, 1982

Mr. Vic S. Reid
Appartment 5
1 Norbrook Road
KINGSTON 8

Dear Mr. Reid:

We are acknowledging receipt of your manuscript"BRAVE MEN MEET the HORSES" and have had it read by one person so far. We understand that it has already been read by Professor Nettleford and have been awaiting his return to the Island to get an opinion from him.

Present indications are that we will publish the manuscript for a April/May 1983 launching. For work of the nature we offer the Authors a Royalty of 10% computed at December 31st, each year, on the sales at the price at which the book reach the Booksellers (that is P.P. less Booksellers discount) and payable before April of the following year.

After we have agreed on terms of publication we will then provide the contract for your signature.

Very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year both to you and your wife.

Yours faithfully,
CARIBBEAN AUTHORS PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

Lemuel A Lindo

LEMUEL A. LINDO
CHAIRMAN

LAL/sp

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Caribbean Authors Publishing Co., Ltd.

114 King STREET, KINGSTON, JAMAICA
TELEPHONE: (809) 23032

September 8, 1986

Hon Victor S. Reid
1 Norbrook Road
Kingston 8

Dear Vic:

Please find attached National Commercial Bank cheque No: 065224 to the amount of $3,594.37 made up as follows:

355 copies HORSES OF THE MORNINGS @ $135.00	$47,925.00
Less 25% Trade Discount	11,981.25
	$35,943.75
Royalty of 10%	$3,594.37

As you are aware these figures are subject to adjustment during the course of our External Audit.

Kind regards and best wishes,

Yours faithfully
CARIBBEAN AUTHORS PUBLISHING CO. LTD

Lemuel A Lindo

Per Lemuel A Lindo
Chairman

UWI Libraries

xxxxxxxxxxxxxx
P.O. Box 40,

14th July, 1969.

Miss Freya Watkinson,
Editor, Overseas Department,
Thomas Nelson & Sons Ltd., Publishers,
36, Park Street,
Park Lane,
London W.1,
ENGLAND.

Dear Madam,

We are sorry for the delay in replying to your letter of 20th November 1968 relative to NO MOURNING IN THE VALLEY by Vic Reid.

The copyright is vested in us, but we are glad to release it for the purpose of the inclusion of this story in your collection of short stories of Caribbean writers.

Yours faithfully,
THE GLEANER COMPANY, LTD.

Executive Director

SGF:TM.
c.c. Mr. Reid.

UWI Libraries

November 9, 1973

The Director
Institute of Jamaica
East Street
Kingston

Dear Sir:

Thank you for yours concerning the N W Manley biography. I am working towards a June 30, 1974 completion date. I must however, in this my first written communication to you on the project, observe how disappointing and frustrating it has been to work without ~~some~~ any kind of research assistance from the Institute. And not only that, but to observe also that I regard with some dubiety the fact that papers, e.g., the NWM fragment autobiography and letters, have been used in "collections" and even in periodic als put out by the Institute, a matter which has necessitated my ripping out sections of my mss for re-shaping, and even discarding.

Sincerely yours

V S Reid

UWI Libraries

May 25 1979

A D Peters
10 Buckingham Street
Adelphi W C 2
London

Dear Sirs

I have been with the Harold Matson Company, previously McIntosh, McKee etc, for many years. I talked with Peter Matson in New York recently and told him I would be writing to you regarding a biography of the late Norman Manley, whom, you will probably be aware, was Prime Minister of Jamaica. The book was commissioned by a past Jamaican government through their "Institute of Jamaica" publishers, in association with Jonathan Cape of London. The book was read here by the Institue readers and enthusiastically accepted. However, to the "astonishment" of the Institute, t has not been accepted by Cape.

The Jamaican government is about to ask for its return, with a view to having it published here by the Institute; but I have requested that I first be allowed to seek publication in England, for the obvious reason of an instantly wider circulation.

Now, my question: Will you handle it in the U K? The Jamaican government will certainly go into an association with the publishers if that is required.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Yours faithfully

Victor Stafford Reid
VSR:h

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