



National Lottery Third World



Carib Tokyo in action.

See you at the f

Panorama - the greatest day of pan music for

By ROSEMARY STONE

I DON'T know why we do it every year, but we do. Off we trek early in the morning with baskets loaded with goodies - tins of peas and rice, plastic boxes of sandwiches shark and bake, bags of sweets, home-made jube-jubes and fudge along with bottles of rum punch, sweet drinks and, would you believe, ponche de creme.

We sit, stand, lounge for hours on end, often hearing the same tune repeated over and over again. We lime from crowd to crowd mopping drinks from dirty cups. We jump in the sun and rain. We swallow an immeasurable amount of dust, hot sweetdrinks and sucked out sno-cones. We get shoved around, thrown in the air and end up with sore bottoms from the rough

planks. Inevitably I end up with a sore throat.

It's Panorama! The greatest day of pan music for the whole year, Mas' in the Savannah - sweet pan - general happiness and even more, general drunkenness. It's the beginning of carnival, our own Trinidadian festival.

This year's preliminary was no exception. The only thing different was the nine pan bass sections brought out the Despers I fell in love with the band all over again when I heard that bum bum, bu bu bum bum!

This year I only was hit in the head once, thrown in air threetimes and, wonder of wonders, I didn't fall down at any time . . . not for the want of trying, however. I'm a great one for falling down, accidentally, you understand.

This year I wasn't really pushed off the stage, nor did anyone actually step on my feet. I wasn't run over by a stand being pushed furiously by any aspiring pan-beater or trampled by large police horses. I wasn't cursed by any pot-head or embraced by a drunk - not always a case of mistaken identity either for quite a few of my friends do imbibe a bit.

I was pushed through a hedge, over the fences and locked in one of the stands. I did have to suffer having a friend of friend throw her arm around my neck as a slur: "What I like about carnival is that we all get together."

I have ended up with a sore throat, a hoarse voice and the driest cough in the world. I ate so much peas and rice it's coming out of my ears, I ate sandwiches, cake, biscuit and cheese, nuts, channa, pies and

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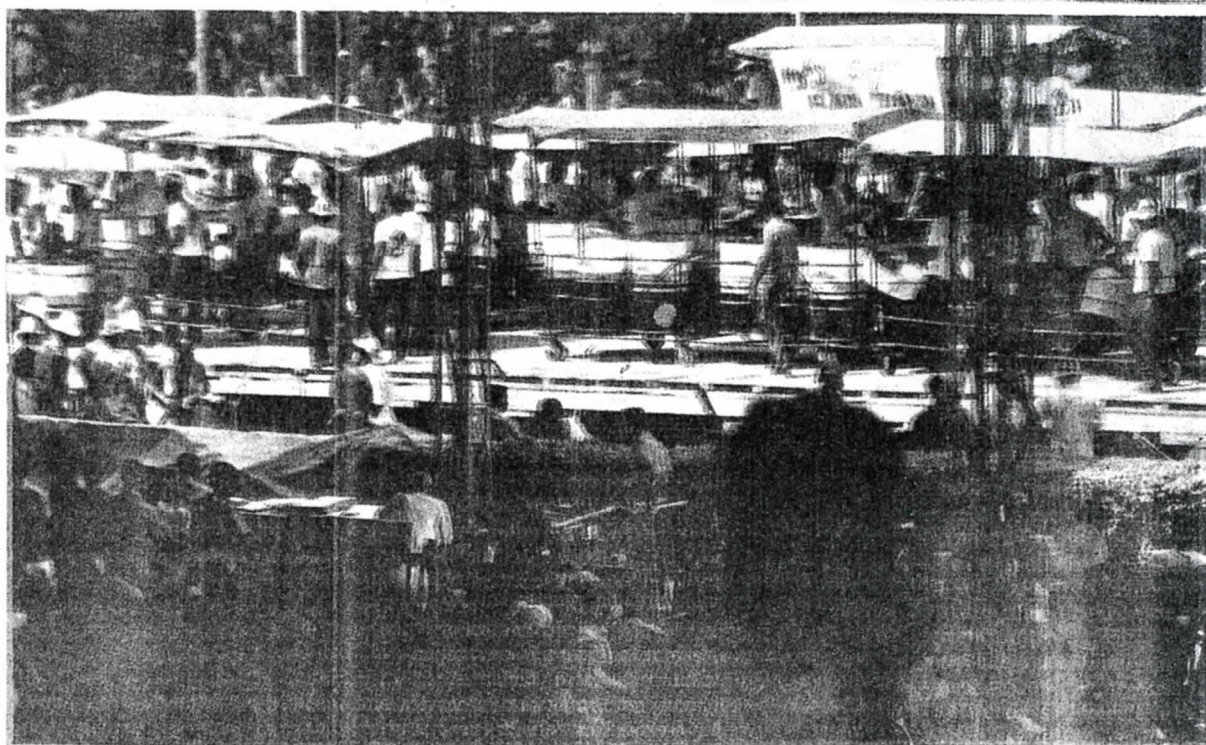
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a roti. And don't talk about drink! All
I want to impress on any friends who may
have smelt me is that a drink was thrown
over me - and that's a true story.

When they brought out the gin, however,
I thought it time to make my departure.
The coconut water was finished, the lump
of ice left unbreakable and my cup fast
disintegrating. You may have guessed that I
only made it as far as the next set of
friends who strongly insisted that I have
some of their rum punch.

Anyway Panorama went, on, and on, and
on and on. I loved every minute of it.
I shall be the first one in there next year,
too. sore throat, dust eating, hard
seats and all. Better than that, I'm getting
ready for the semi finals on Friday 22
and obviously, the finals on Sunday at the
Dimanche Gras Show. See you there.



Shell Invaders on stage at the preliminaries.

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