

KamauBrathwaite

**The Namsetoura
Papers**

[And] it was as though, after indescribable, nearly mortal effort, after grim years of fastig and prayer, after the loss of all he had, and after having been promised by the Almighty that he had paid the price and no more would be demanded of his soul, which was harboured now; it was as though in the midst of his joyful feasting and dancing, crowned and robed, a messenger arrived to tell him that a great error had been made, and that it was all to be done again. . . . James Baldwin/*from Tell me how long the train's been gone* (1968). . . .

**'Where your ancestors do
not live
you cannot build
your house'**

= Kikongo Proverb

Caliban

in 1988. two years after Zea Mexican dead. Hurricane Gilbert come to destroy what little leff of my life i have @Irish Town Jamaica and is only DreamChad stop me drowning in the sortilege. See how she there in the e-panime! of the **DreamStories** (1994, 2004)

ten years later two year before i dead. i fine (& buy!/was Up fpr Sale) this place in the southeast curl of the island of < my home Barbados. far further south from where i born on BrownsBeach on BayStreet. and in the face now of the magical & tradewind/slavetrade wind from Africa. the harmattan that Efua Sutherland Ghanaian chill-< ren sing about. its blowin message thru six trees of liss-en in this section of the pastor. a breadfruit tree. a cass-ia. a shak-shak shak-shak shak-shak. a frangipani on our lawn that interwine its stars w/poinciana scarlet << emerald that shine(s) onto the enchanted matrass where we dream and has been trying to *posses* me - make-me-share- me-tree - evva since we here. transpiring towards << me its pale chlorophyll & histamines & intuition(s) << thru the light. sharing w/me its cicada eyes & distances until i *feel* meself becoming green immobilé tree >< the almond of great wisdom in our yard. russet & tang & < like all almond trees. minds it own business in its various ways & hardly greets or breathes at all. but challenges me to poems & prose inscriptions that i nvr finish

and in the sacred backyard space beyond the old plantation wall & the deep stone mausoleum-looking well & the wide drywater Indian pond. the sweetest duncks tree in the world*

and right on the ridge. behind the old ruin of the slave attendant cabin a calabash a clammacherry an old cordia. nunu. nuni. man piaba and a dark obscure i don't even kno. some croton and a small army of the smallest cactus you have ever seen. decorated w/pale yellow marks & spikings. some even looking like a soldier crabs . and all these in a space & time *relation* to each other and now to somehow *me*. these xtrasensory & semination < *signs* that usually mark the graveyards of the Africas

[is only after the Event i will relate that i come to understand why this so. these berry (s)' special tang & tart & tinge & sweet sweet sweet because the tree is on a grave yard site. the blood & bone & histories of unknown unremembered perhaps dismembered slaves flow here inside this unmark limestone Bajan cemetery. up thru the witness spider roots to make us taste the bitter sweet & memory

[we are now being told - learning learning learning - that slave graveyards preferred the near of water - rivers ponds a waterfall the sea - if this was possible. The mighty burial ground discovered on Wall Street in Manhattan New York City - the largest yet in North America - is near the now gone Collect Pond

Did Newton (see below) on its green hillside, have water near? The *Iwa* and the spirits of the ancestors reside & rise from here. remember Yemanja? Oshun? the Mama Wata? and Toni Morrison's Beloved?

look south is sea. blue Caribbean. sometimes almost black (k) near sky horizon. some white breakers among the coconut trees. sometimes a distant fishing boat or Coast Security or Guard so low & sometimes lost almost the colour of the unreason water. look north across from where we are across the pasture.

**TymeBottom Ridge. < houses behind their tunes of
trees (where do the cows live i <<**

wonder) sometimes the colour of their serene flags
declar- ing washing. look east is always Africa beyond
the << brown wind in yr face. look west the church of
Provi- dence vermilion leaves at sunset. all else is
Serengetti pasture. green. olive. brown. the grazing
cows accomp- anied by egrets. our grass the colour of
the Maasai in its season

from our front porch we glimpse Miss Spencer's house
behind its thick protection of an alamanda fence. a Bajan
white maroon whose brother build the house we now live
in. Hers is that breadfruit tree beside the rutt- ed unpave
path that clanks along past four squatter wooden one-
room shacks. some now abandon. to make a junction w/
the 'main-road' which we cannot see fro- (m) whe we live
but sometimes glimpse the top-part or tarpaulin of a
passing truck. whe One-Foot live. who lose his foot while
workin at the airport just across the road on Prospero
new plantation full of its distant nois es. the wires running
by on poles. the airport fence us out. the watchful red-eye
beacons which he (still) fully love

hhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Q

Sista Stark

We had an *Indian* woman, a flave in the houfe, who was of excellent shape and colour, for it was a pure bright bay; small breast (s), with the nipples of a porphyrie colour, this woman would not be woo'd by any means to wear Cloaths. She chanc'd to be with Child, by a Christian fervant, and lodging in the *Indian* houfe, amongft other women of her own Country, where the Christian fervants both men and women came, and being very great, and that her time was come to be delivered, loath to fall in labour before the men, walk'd down to a Wood, in which was a Pond of water, an (d) there by the fide of the Pond, brought her felf a bed, and prefently waffing her Child in fome of the water of the Pond, lap'd it up in fuch rags, as she had begg'd of the Christians; and in three hours time came home, with her Child in her arms, a lusty Boy, > frolick and lively.

This *Indian* dwelling near the Sea-coaft, upon the Main, an *English* fhip put in to a Bay, and fent fome of her men ashoar, to try what victuals or water they could find, for in fome diftreffs they were: But the *Indians* perceiving them to go up fo far into the Country, as they were fure they could not make a fafe retreat, intercept

ed them in their return, and fell upon them, chafing them into a >
 Wood, and being disperfed there, fome were taken, and fome kill' (d):
 but a young man amongft them ftragling from the reft, was <<
 met by this *Indian* Maid, who upon the firft fight fell in love with him,
 and hid him clofe from her Country-men (the *Indians*) in a >

Cave, and there fed him, till they could fafely go down to the flo- ar,
 where the fhip lay at anchor, expecting the return of their frien

ds. But at laft, feeing them upon the fhoar, fent the long Boat for them, took them aboard, and brought them away. But the youth when he came afhoar in the *Barbadoes*, forgot the kindnefs of the poor maid, that had ventured her life for his fafety, and fold her for a flave, who was as free born as he: And fo poor *Yarico* for her love, loft her liberty.

Richard Ligon, *The true & exact history of the island of Barbadoes*. . . (London 1657, pp54-55)

Prospero

Wilcox Plantation

of which CowPasture is the rab. the Caliban. the waste. the land no good for planting sugarcane. allowance for the superannuate. the squatters. duncks. cows. wood-doves. blackbelly sheep. no supermarkets here

**is one of the oldest most successful in an island of
successful cruelty in the midst of so much waving
green. such coral beauty**

is here we come to watch the dawn. pick duncks. lissen to the >>
shak-shaks glisten. hear the wood-doves talk to sycorax. is here > we

come to write we poems. reconstruct the archives. set up again the Library (see Shar. see BP. TTR. see Golokwati) after the Temne Salt begin the Bussa Institute to offer back some of these journeys to our people. CowPastor as the centre of CowPasture peace & space & beauty where writers from the Caribbean and all-over cd come for time & chill-out *not only go Belaggio!* . is here we come at last to lay we down & die. almost where we begin. our bones now fallow on the ridge above the open sea. our blood of centuries feeding the roots of all the few trees on this pasture. making the duncks of this tree sweet sweet sweet so till. the little shining children of the ancestor(s)

**But not for long. w/in two minits of we gettin here
 Pros pero discover a new nuse fe rab. Golf course Golf
 cur- ses. yu always teach-we dat. how to stab people in
 dem
 back wid dem own metaphor. Maroon into Marine
 Hotel. Club Med. destroye CowPastor & CowPasture**

But like
yu root
we-up

**from dis
dream**

- ah bwoy -

**even be-
fo we cd**

hangle
it

CowPastorDi ary

Summer Solstice 2000

Dear Joe & Beverley. Margaret. Marcille

Best wishes on this longest day of the year. Creation's Blessings on
you & yours & all the plants in yr Gardens

This morning we get up with the birds
& walk about CowPastor in the dark listening to them - the birds &
the cocks & then the cows & a few dogs - all wonderfully
orchestrated with the east wind w/out its evening lingering
of sweet scent jasmine + frangipani

but now new mint. brown tangy & aroma. ole Mile&Quarter
ancient country smell and the three-quarter moon and the sky now
glowing into pale brass where the sun
coming up coming up coming up coming up

Some dark clouds attack the moon about 5:30 but they soon pass
and then it is the turn of the wind in the coconut tree leaves
we have 4 half-dead ones here just above yr head
- the leaves I mean - that lean down
- and the sound of the wind in there - in the leaves like
turning to rust - like water running mountain stream

and further off. the shak-shak

take it up w/ their different sound - more muted now since we
discover that the tree - the pods - are now suddenly - as if they were
not yesterday - now joy & join to this world w/ the most wonderful
green foliage - no longer naked golden castanets
- and in the midst of which - these tufted flowers w/ great white

eyelids to them

And even as we gaze on this
the sweet fragrant from a yellow prickly sage's little unobstrusive
plant nearby

My gift to you this morning

d

across the road. the red lit necropolyptic airport side
 some wonderfully independent guinea birds - fierce earth colour
 falcons. and on the foreday mornin

- just before 5:30

of our time of 6 March year 2000. a lost white rooster. anxious
 & maroon & young
 (& as it turns out . also marooned) wakes us up. like an alarm

cluck clock

outside our bedroom window crowing - two trumpet clarions (Cliff-
 ord Brown) & a long Louis Armstraw gravel growl & hiding out for
 refuge in that dark ananse clump where the slave graveyards are

O

ur house live on this ridge of inland Bajan coral ridges (ThymeBott-om.
 FairyValley. Wilcox. Seawell. Gibbons. Durants. Parish Lands & Providen- ce) the
 ancient inland beaches of our ilann. the sky w/out a built-up
 blockage. the weather pouring thru the blue from Africa - *aban*
amanta strip & curl & moanin all year long/the changing shapes&
 colours of the plants & trees (cassia. sweetlime. the poinciana-branch- es-
 entwine-w/-frangipani. alamanda. quick-stick. the clammacherry. coco-nut
 wilepalm & breadfruit. Pride-of-Barbados. cordia & sagebush. grape. agave.
 desert guava w/out that moonrise softness. nonnie. nunnu & isis < grasses.
 duncks) how almond colour leaves the grass in its dry sea- son. how
 shak-shak pods live gold among the green unmango tr- ees until the
 green is gone & only gold is left by Easter/then all for all the
 days&nights the soff sound of the seas w/in the golden bou- ghs &
 flow. ing branches. how the long light grass of guinea flatt- ens after
 rain. how it lies down under rain. how it makes soft see- cret moses
 circle round the pasture trees/how the 5-finger flashes silver/runs all
 along itself w/waterweave. . . cows blackbelly sh- eeps. woo/dove.
 sparrow. noise noisy blackbirds clattering like < plates. dog-bark
 cock-crow always the woodove coo. occasional the traffic of a lorry
 or a van along my sister Joan's grey Gibbons Terrace road from
 where DreamChad once flash me smile 200 yard
 (s) away across the Greenidge yard. i on our narrow thin Cow<<
 Pasture ridge. she on the inland beach now road scoop out below one
 morning long whe she is walkin. her smile so bright & warm i feel it
 thru the sunlight from this distance

a little dark propellor aeroplane is passing like a buzzing elephant across the
 pale CowPasture sky



Once in a seldom while a grey-brown pioneering monkey yesterday
 at Morgan Lewis
 a long gold mona with a 3-foot tail that seem like it going on forever.
 flash by us thru the bush. in

to the rocky Amerindian cliffs above the path/*when we come here they*
say we cannot plant
because the monkeys come & eat um all . the crisp the bulbs
the leaves what wd be sweetest fruit

winds of cicada sweep from Paragon to SilverSands thru
 Ealing Grove to the redwhite pencil rise of the SouthPoint
 Lighthouse tower that beacons on
 & off at night thru Goodlands into Oistins/wherever we survey
 the Good Lord grant us blue - blue see blue sea blue sky . green
 & brown pastureland
 - the long Gibbons Terrace stretch in front of us is blessed
 w/out houses still . altho today . the Ides of March Millennium

•

they startin w/those instruments of measuring destruction of the dream . people gettin out of vans & cars . busy & importance . walk in bout. lookin around & *pointin*. lookin up towards me whe i watch them from my white stone lookout at CowPastor . wide stretch

of chicken farms the thickening housing up behine this eating-up dellann & then the freedom of the various colours of the sea . blue green grey magenta navy &/or indigo & sometimes white breakers sometimes only its salt & ozone distance . and on the other side.

ThymeBottom an CowPasture w/cricket-twinkle-after-rain/frog jump (p) & golden stares (so so much goldeneyes in nature) & like dark dirty-seeming-at-first jewels almost stasis/the rising iris irie suns. source of light inside the dew-drops on the fence/the sun's suns small distant graven image printed in the berries & the smooth of dunk

(s)/the rain/drops in the grass/the little yellow daisy-likes & scatt- er-
pink yu-walk-pun-in-de-close-cut-grass-&-barely-see-&-see-by-ch
ance/ that disappear & cloze-up in the heat by noon/small fearless
cattlepasture flies in midnight blue come for yr eye & food in silver
black & shiny buzz. in glass . white guilty cattle egrets so guilty >
yu can't even get a photoshot of them come all the way from Africa

- until one **stop** - the unexpected carnivore! -
to gobble-up a dead frog whole & whale
- *wð you believe it* -

last of its shoelace legs down the long thin twirled white tribal tu- bal
throat of the nitt-pickin pastor cormorant/immortalize by crafts men
& now women. wood. glass & horn & concorde/crickets like
galore/pit. ching or glittering stars inside the grass/grasshoppers'
mobile green/somehow jump-up/up-side-down inside our house like
living grass. frogs greeting you upon arrival home w/golden eyes &
backs like eyes. upon the steps outside

the door/some tiny ones so small you won't believe/some insect out
there in the dark/a sudden single blink of sound of light/how like a
lighted rain. the swirling nightwinds underneath the roof/walk in the
floorboards of the house like a madwoman ghost & when is really
high - *cau high wind know where ole house live* - the wind /its sound of
mortar fire in the atmosphere (we kno this from the hurr icane: is it
electric storm? wind in the trees or picking up loose shaking boards from
distant/near-by houses cowshed outhouses unfinish homes o airport
hemorrhage)/a cat outside the widow of the night. speakin in tongues.
its flat plainsong & plaintive scuall . the nasal violin-like knowledge
of somebodys dead familiar human chile inside its throat/next
morning silent shadows - clouds birds & then a louder aeroplane
across the grass - and in the distance towards where <<
ThymeBottom meets the line of Parish Lands - *perspective on these open
fields makes things look large* - four - *what are they?* large birds? feeding
so long on stony ground? - *no no* - a rare sight on this open pasture's
piece of Africa - four part-black russet-colour <

Rhode I-lann hens - red heads down into their bone-beak-pickin.
 their tails up looking so **big** despite the distance - so near their <<
 owner's fence or palim

X

The lost maroon rooster remains maroon inside the nanse bush Yes
 terday morning when he come out to crow. we try to send him <<
 bread (we have no corn here yet). He runaway back inside de bush

The time before i take a whole long role a flim a him this morning it
 was like grains of rice. or shak-shak tickin. wind playing some thing
 leaves - tho wind not high enough for that

It is a single sparrow on our narrow dusty metal window frame <
 pick pick pick pickin steady & methodical. mkonde pizzicato rid dim
 right to left along the frame - we pull the curtain open

there he is/she is - moving from the hills towards the sea from nor- th
 towards the south or more or less - the pick pick pickin steady
 tickin sound - the beak but more the sparrow's two

red coral feet beating a dance of balance - tick tick tickin like
 how the sharp heel-headed needle-head of necchi/singer clicks al- ong
 its metal track of cloth its metal track of cloth



one of the three coconuts Chad shell inside the ground now
7 feet of tall & taller than we plastic 5-foot chain-link fence
we parish out around the house



nxt early morning the beautiful white maroon red rooster dead
his feathers strewn for straight line yards along the bushy path outside the
fence that walks between the old plantation well & the duncks
tree of the world & what will soon be namsetoura's clump. his twisted head
unclickin open eye still at the head of his now long & ruin body What beat.
mad dog or carrion murderer cd have perform this dirty drastic iconoclastic
act?

Ariel & reProsPering

The Prime Minister's Beach/Land Policy

as expressed at the Official Opening of the Speightstown Branch Library 23 Feb 2000

. . . no reason why public business, like a library service, should be carried out, in a building, on a beach; that in a small 21x14 . . . island, that we have to find the most natural & the most efficient & effective ways of using our scarcest resources - our land; & therefore the problem has been, and will continue to be ~~~ that where public services are being carried out in a rationally located [space]; that we have to change that & leave these resources to [?] drum] out economic efficient & effective national usage. There is no reason why in Speightstown < people should have a library on a *beach*. [tho its been there for almost 100 yes] There is no reason in Bdos why a Library Service has to be located on a *beach*. [is here any opposition in Barbados to moving this Library? is there any public opinion/concern? Should our children continue to look out on the Caribbean Sea while they read & dream? or should this privilege be given over to tourists?]. And I say that, because it will be the Gov't intention to ensure that the blg that is being vacated will not become a derelict, & that it will be pressed into service to help with the continuing dev of thts country, in an

occupation that makes the most of its location. [A similar but less publicized argument was taking place about this same time to a 'Geriatric >> Hospital' in the S of the island - also looking 'from time immemorial' onto the beach 'front/sea, the 'senior citizens' here also moved to a 'more > suitable' location] I want to stress th (e) point because we are caught > up, I think, in a national debate that is not necessarily worthwhile, about the way in which access to the land & the beach is being allocated. On March 7 we are going to begin a debate on the Const Review Commission's Report. And > in that Const Rev Comm Report there is a recommendation that the Govt entirely accepts that we have to treat *access to the beach* as an important part of the heritage & patrimony of Bdos, & write into th (e) Const that we will *not* allow any impediment to the citizens of Bdos having. . . access to the beaches. We will not allow private beaches in this country [slightly delayed & scattered applause]

But there is a difference between having 'access to the beach', and a small society needing its *beach* >>

land) in its most productive capacity. And I just want to say this - that the small blk people in *my* > constituency - small blk people, it seems over whom so much crocodile tears are shed - are interested in living in a coherent, well-developed communities where they >> were born. They do not have ambition to live on Sandylane beach or . . .any beaches. . . [!!!/the then Govt of Bdos sold Sandylane to priv-ate interests in the 50s - the famous most glorious beach in Bdos where as intrepid youngsters, we used to hide to by road or water and spend weeks on end living in the 'wild'. My dreamstorie 'Salvages' is based partly in this location. After selling off the glory, the Govt had the public road that ran thru the Sandylane Woods - another great moment for Bajans - the only wood in the island you cd drive, cycle or walk thru - and the site of one of our earlist coll of poems - **Sandylane & other poems** (Btown 1945) by H A Vaughan - moved - to ensure the privacy of the new owners]. They *want* to live in a co- mmunity [as if a small sea-island like Bdos isn't characterized by hundreds of sea-side communities]. They *want* the Govt - like small black people all about - to develop the traditional community of Bdos in a coherent way . . .So that this community, this society, can benefit from order ly development based upon *strong* community in which people have a sense of intimacy & a sense of inter-relationship with each other.

[as we have @CowPasture & Thyme Bottom for xample. altho up/down >> for unxplain xtinction - hear also The <<< Mighty Gabby's great gospel, 'Emmerton', about the destruction of his home/land at the very beginning of our Independence. See also the end + mood of Geo Lamming('s) **In the castle of my skin** (1953)] -

wherever you turn. Bajan artists ha- ve been protesting about the mis->> appropriation of our precious coral (to call this out by no more harsher nomen) for the sake of 'Others' or 'Development']

I am *not* going to put the dev of < the country on pause [and save Cow-< Pastor, for example, which is now needed by the POWers of the AIRPORT & the Inter-> ests it represents, it is being said, for a >> *Concorde golf course*. I can't say Yea or Nay to this, since since I've been fighting for my precious since 1996, I'm still to get an answeur far less a straight one, from the Authorities Concerned] we're not going to fool ourselves into believing that we cannot *balance* the trade-off(s) that come(s) from Develop-- ment - - with making the fullest *use* of the resources that God has given us, while allowing our citizens to be able to *enjoy*, under well-organize (d) conditions, the access to all our resources. I'm confident that the Govt is not going to let the country *lurch* in the direction that we have to destroy all the poten tials to dev by being intimidated. . how we use our resources.

[Bdos Princess of Caribbean SugarCane now imports most of its sugar & nea (r)ly all its supermarket food]

We'll be sensible, we'll be enlight- ened in the way in which we deal with the dev of our beach land. We will not allow any one class > to dominate the use of that land. The Barbadian public *must* contin- ue to enjoy access to the beach. >>

But a small society will never dev- elop unless we make the most pro- ductive use of all our [natural re->

t

sources. And this country is now beginning to encourage an attitude in which everybody wants to go to heaven but. . .nobody wants to die. [The PM uses this trope often w/out ever saying that it's a quote from PETER TOSH] A sacrifice will have to be made. We must make it in a *sensible* way. . .we will be supporting the dev of beach property. . .but at the same time that allows us also to ensure that access to our resources are enjoyed

fairly & freely by all. [KB 12 March 2000 ed transcription from radio recording
w/all interpolations indicated]

t

Hotels are Squatting on my Metaphors

All the places where i use(d) to write my poetry in Barbados from (see **BarabajanPoems** <1994>) are gone. replace(d) by hotels & ocean-side apartments & enclav- (a) villas. See Norris Carrol's great poem in *Savacou* 9/10 <1974>, 'An this even ain't Georgia'. Along the entire west coast of Barabados, from SPoint almost to Animal Flower Cave, there are only about three 'Windows to the Sea' [sic!] left, where once we were all free. During the 'fight' to retain one of the lost of these, Enclava Supp- orters put forward the theory (similar to the PM's above) that when Bajans are driv- ing along about their 'business', [since we all have at leat one cyars now] they don't wan

-(t)/don't have the time/to be steppin or stoppin to look at - 'enjoy' - the sea -

Norris Carrol's 'An this even ain't Georgia'

(*Savacou* 9/10 (1974), pp19-21)

Two naked
 50 year old
 cancer free
 American bobbies
 hang from
 a wrinkled old
 62 year old
 cancer free
 American hag
 And the three
 of them
 walk along
 a beach
 Their beach
 their "Private Beach"

And this even ain't Georgia!

And I push my mouth
 through a mesh in the
 barb wire
 and I say
 "Hey wrinkle bobbies!"
 And she says: "Yep?"
 And I pause
 'cause
 I'm angry
 that she's not afraid
 of my native voice
 and my native skin
 and my native history
 and my native anger
 and my native claim
 to this native beach

There she stands
 with her hands
 akimbo
And this even ain't Georgia!

And she continues
 to stand so
 and she asks again
 "Yes, Sambo?"
And this even ain't Georgia!

And I say
 "Do you know that
 my navel string
 was buried on this beach?"

But she says
 "Now don't come
 round here
 and preach
 none o' that
 smart native shit
 to me
 'cause I'll reach
 for a mean piece o' iron
 and blow ya arse!"

And I think to myself
And this even ain't Georgia

And I say
 "This ain't Georgia, you know
 This ain't Georgia!"

And she says: "So?"
 And I say
 "This is native property."
 And she says: "Go

and tell that
to H.G. Christie!"



And I say
I'll do better than that
I'll tell Pindling."

And she almost |
kills herself laughing |

PS. No wonder that in Ap 98, the then Deputy PM of Barabdos, still embroil in this business of PEOPLE LAND and like her PM - and all Caribb PMs since le départ de Michael Manley - defendin xpropriation -and claiming in fact that the majority of landholders - beachfront possessors of the Barbados West Coast are (still)'small black Bajans' - declares in perhaps xasperation that she is sensing ' a level of hypocrisy, schizophrenia and paranoia [i have changed the order of the memorable words and hope i get the spelling of the middle right!] attending the matter of foreign land ownership on the west cpast of Barbados' [Daily nation. Barbados. Editorial of 28 Ap 1998]

Norris Carrol is a Bahamian poet (& i think attorney) The Hon Sir Lynden Pindling (1930-2000) is the Bahamas' first Independence Premier & Prime Minister (1967-1992)



GOVERNMENT NOTICE

Slave Emancipation Day 2000

Land Acquisition Act, Cap. 228
(Notice under Section 3)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that it appears to the Minister responsible for Lands that the parcels of land described in the Schedules here- to and situate in the parish of Christ Church in this Island are likely to > be needed for a purpose which in the opinion of the Minister is a public purpose namely: the expansion of the Grantley Adams Interhational Airport.

FIRST SCHEDULE

ALL THAT land the property of Reginald Week~ys situate at Thyme Bottom in the parish of Christ Church in this Island containing by admea surement 2549.6 square metres of thereaLouts Abutting and Bounding on lands now or late of the Barbados Government on lands now or late of MoDonalo R~ll.'~Li~ on lands now or late of George Best on other lan ds now ci late of the said R~ginald Weekes and on lands now or late of Janette Squires or however else the same may abutt and bound as sh- own and delineated on a plan certified on the 12th day of Match, 1999 by Andrew R. Bourne, Land Surveyor and recorded in the Lands and Sur veys Department on the 25th day of March, 1999 as Plan No.221/99.

SECOND SCHEDULE

ALL THAT land the property of Janette Squires situate at Thyme >> Bottom in the parish of Christ Church in this Island containing by admea surement 2020.4 square metres or thereabouts Abutting and Bounding on lands now or late of Reginald Weekes on lands now or late of Elnora Daniel on lands now or late of Oscar Smith and on an existing access or however else the same may abutt and bound as shown and delineated on a plan certified on the 12th day of March, 1999 by Andrew R. Bourn- (e), Land Surveyor and recorded in the Lands and Sur->> veys Depart- ment on the 25th day of March, 1999 as Plan No. 221/99.

THIRD SCHEDULE

ALL THAT land the property of Gloria Spencer situate at Thyme Bottom in the parish of Christ Church in this Island containing by admeasurement 3013.0 square metres or thereabouts Abutting Bounding on land (s) now or late of Utarine Perkins on other lands now or late of the said Gloria Spencer and on a road on two sides or however else the same may abutt and bound as shown and delineated on a plan certified on the 12th day of March, 1999 by Andrew R. Bourne, Land Surveyor and recorded in the Lands and Surveys Department on the 25th day of March, 1999 as Plan No. 221/99.

FOURTH SCHEDULE

ALL THAT land the property of Utarine Perkins situate at Thyme Bottom in the parish of Christ Church in this Island containing by admeasurement 2857.5 square metres or thereabouts Abutting Bounding on lands now or late of Norma Nurse on other lands now or late of the said Utarine Perkins on lands now or late of Gloria Spencer and on a road or however else the same may abutt and bound as shown and delineated on a plan certified on the 12th day of March, 1999 by Andrew R. Bourne, Land Surveyor and recorded in the Lands and Surveys Department on the 25th day of March, 1999 as Plan No. 221/99.

FIFTH SCHEDULE

ALL THAT land the property of Norma Nurse situate at Thyme Bottom in the parish of Christ Church in this Island containing by admeasurement 1971.7 square metres or thereabouts Abutting Bounding on lands now or late of the said Norma Nurse on lands now or late of Utarine Perkins on a road or however else the same may abutt and bound as shown and delineated on a plan certified on the 10th day of March, 1999 by Andrew R. Bourne, Land Surveyor and recorded in the Lands and Surveys Department on the 25th day of March, 1999 as Plan No. 221/99 together with the building thereon.

SIXTH SCHEDULE

ALL THAT land the property of Gwendolyn Phillips situate at Thyme Bottom in the parish of Christ Church in this Island containing by admeasurement 1573 square metres or thereabouts Abutting Bounding on lands now or late of Samuel Layne on other lands now or late of the said Gwendolyn Phillips on lands now or late of Norma Nurse and on a road or however else the same may abutt and bound as shown and delineated on a plan certified on the 12th day of March, 1999 by Andrew R. Bourne, Land Surveyor and recorded in the Lands and Surveys Department on the 25th day of March 1999 as Plan No. 221/99.

SEVENTH SCHEDULE

ALL THAT land the property of Kamau Brathwaite situated at Thyme Bottom in the parish of Christ Church in this Island containing by admeasurement 10364.5 square metres or thereabouts Abutting Bounding on lands now or late of Robin Norris on lands now or late of Peter Alliston > Best on lands now or late of Alvin Greenidge on lands now or late of Ezra Moseley on lands now or late of the Barbados Government and on a road or however else the same may abutt and bound as shown and delineated on a plan certified on the 12th day of March, 1999 by Andrew R Bourne, Land Surveyor and recorded in the Lands and Surveys Department on the 25th day of March, 1999 as Plan No.221/99 together with the building thereon.

[sign]

Berenice King Permanent Secretary (Ag.) Ministry of Housing & Lands**W**

Newton

'The Caribbean island of Barbados was England's first American territory to depend on sugar plantations and African slave labor. From around the 1630s until emancipation in 1834 to 1838, many thousands of people, slave and free, were buried on this compact 166-sq mi. [Christian coral] island. Free people were usually interred in church cemeteries, but the vast majority of the several >> hundred thousand slaves who perished were not baptized [not allowed into Christianity] and thus were not buried in [']consecrated['] grounds. . . The historical data are very strong that the great majority of these slaves [are] buried in unmarked plantation cemeteries that [are] scattered throughout the island. . .

Although excavated in the early 1970s [1972, 1973], the cemetery at Newton Plantation [a few miles north of CowPasture & part of that complex of early southern Bajan plantations. part of the same geological statement] is still [amazingly] the only plantation cemetery discovered in Barbados as well as the earliest and largest undisturbed plantation slave cemetery yet reported in the New World (Handler 1989; Jamieson 1996: 39, 42, 54). . including the hundreds of burials recently [1993] excavated from a colonial-period cemetery in New York City. . .

[The slave graveyard at Newton] is close to the site of the former slave village [at Newton], in an uncultivated field of approx >>> 4,500 sq.m [- noticeably even w/out cows - out of respect for the dead? <but my impression is that 'no-one' knew there are slaves here - but then that's discounting people-knowledge & oral tradition> - or is it because w/emancipation & the subsequent gradual decline of sugar production in this area, there are, unlike @CowPasture for example, no 'maroons' & therefore subsistence activity in this area? the old Newton sugarfactory area has been converted to manufacturing activity & no one lives - for the time being at least - on this old Planation site. I say 'for the time at least; since it is clear that this entire area - of which I say CP is part - is clearly 'earmarked' for NewDevelopment <see the PM, above> - huge upscale nonBajanstyle Bajan houses, even more upscale but more Bajanstyle white/xpatriate enclaves (en-

slavenings all over again) And golf courses - there are already [Nov 2002] at least three of these in the area - *Golf Course Syndrome* - and xpanding]

'Why more golf courses?'

By Wolde Tinsae Prescod
ADVOCATE NEWS DESK
19 March 1998

ONE of Barbados' leading agriculturists [& English & Head of the environmental Future Centre Trust] has once more come out ag ainst the building of golf courses and up-market houses at > Bennett's and College Estate.

According to **Dr. Colin Hudson**, the developments, whi- le bringing short term gains for Barbados, were not in its lon (g)-term interest.

"If you have development that brings 500 jobs with an off-shore data processing company, then that is wise because the land could always be used later for something else, but once land is put into golf courses it is difficult to reclaim it as agri- cultural land."

Sly means

According to Dr. Hudson, golf courses in Barbados are not an economic proposition, but only a sly way of getting real estate development...

Note

in anycase CowPastor was/?is not to be used for 'off-shore data processing' but as a Bussa Institute & oumfô [Bussa being a/the leader of our on (e) significant Bajan slave rebellion (1816) and now a National Hero of Barbados] a maroo (n) intention where I might restore part at least of my broken IT Lib- rary of Alexandria. have it available for research purposes etc the << whole CowPastor&CowPasture site xpanding to an artists' space - its serene. its simple natural & special kind of beauty - its - we now << know. ancient&memorial sacred connXions - as I will record later in << this txt - is it perhaps something like the 'intuition' of the trees - what they possess possess me with that draws me here? - OK - OK - like "**data-processing**" **th** (e) **culture of the island** - if puttin it this way will help frenns+people to become alert in heart to the distinction - to the danger of the destruc tion - of the place - and what - if not destroye(d) - it cd contribute < to our continuing (!)development(!) and future trust

Now back to Newton

The field is covered with a thick blanket of sour grass. . .and has changed very little since the early 1970s. . . [has probably changed very >> little since the early 1670s. . .]

Surrounded by fields of sugarcane, this grassy area, which [like < CowPasture] has never been cultivated or plowed because of its < shallow soil. . .and frequent limestone rock outcroppings, includes a rise in slope of approximately 8m. The bottom of the slope. . .approx 3,000m. . . is relatively level. . .[and contains] several low, << formless mounds arranged in no particular pattern. . .

Some of [these] mounds turned out to be natural features of the terrain, while others were humanly created and contained burials, << [which] are “archaeologically unique in the West Indies” (Watters 1994:68) and appear to be unique for the rest of the New World, although some prehistoric Native American mounds in the American South were reused by African Americans for burials (Jamieson 1995:48)

Mound 1, the largest and most clearly defined of the Newton mounds, [is] roughly circular in shape and approx 7.5m wide and slightly less than 1m above ground surface. Coral limestone rubble covered the top and edges of the mound, but its core was plain earth

The size of the mound suggested that considerable effort had brought soil from elsewhere, prob a neighboring field; the amount of << earth implied more labor than the requirements of simply filling a < settled-in grave.

[This Mound 1] contained only one interment
 [now known as BURIAL 9 in the past tense by the excavating US
 archaeologists & subsequently removed from Newton & taken to the USA
 . . . for XAMINATION & ANALYSIS]. . .

**a young adult female, around 20 years of age
 and perhaps of New World birth [?]**

. . .

. . .

**fully articulated on an east-west axis
 with the head facing west**

. . .

**Grave goods or assoc artifacts were absent
 . . . and she lacked a coffin**

. . .

Not only did Mound 1 only contain this solitary burial, but what is
 esp significant is that Burial 9 [is] also the cemetery's
only prone burial

. . .

A handful of prone burials have been reported from African-relat- ed
 sites in the New World, but Burial 9 is arguably the earliest an (d)
 the only one known from the Caribbean (Watters 1994:68)

Jerome S Handler, 'A prone burial from a Plantation Slave Cemetery in Barbados, West Indies. .
 .', *Historical Archaeology* 30 (1996):76-78

Xidus Xidus

in the height of the harmattan. in dread & preparation. leaving < this one last chance to be home & at my age to be beautiful. we be- gin making an inventory of everything in our hearts as I had don those 100 years before when i know i wd be leaving this same said eyeland for the first time & not knowing then that it wd be my last

then i walk all the roads & beaches. thirsting up all our images in- to flute into metaphorical harp into what wd become the last will & testament. my hinterland. MotherPoem. SunPoem. BarabajanPoems. X/Self

now in these last words we wd use the camera. photographs of me mory. its sun's eye illuminating my one eye into the at last spirits & magicals I've nvr known before tho they are here. under the scar- face under the coral under the sea. under the crunching of head- lands. lost shells of the whisper of reefs. red blood of conch on < my fingers of childhood . ghosts we now know who won't leave us . the past of at last . out of this past. ure . *can yu believe it* . walkin us out of the farrow . when we most need it . its Word th- awing out on our tongues . salt . the white grains of anger gone . *wd yu beleeve it* . into regret . then into something like silence . something like peace . so you can almost taste it

*just outside the 'backyard' fen-ce
at CowPastor. there is a << clump
of piaba. clammacherry. nonnie e'
nunu bush centred a-
round a large dark red-flower <<
cordia tree. There is a rock-face*

platform threshold in the ground -
 you step on it like on a mat or
 map in the thick natty carpet e³
 watergate of grass - just where th-
 (e) sour grass ends - e³ then yu <
 come - on - like 'thru' the warm <<
 threshold of stone - past the jewel
 mini-cactuses I have already al so
 mention(ed) - to this dark un-
 xpected apparency of guinea - <
yes - under these 'strange unin-
 viting trees -

start takin pics of the delicate
 piaba blossoms. mauve e³ butt-
 erfly blue. when my eye catch <
 sight of a spider - **ananse** - then
 the web - sudden flash in sunlight
 - e³ then another yellow spider
 who is wrapping a once green in
 sect into a speed cocoon

start tryin take pics of these e³
 find that try try try. I can't find
 they spirit-sprawl in the grass-
 finder of the camera - all comin in
 is the bright afternoon in the iris
 e³ the eye of camera. so is all li ke
 darkness silence

So i call Chad (like call to her altho she
 standin close) to shade the sun from
 red e³ so she pl-
 ace her palm of fingers in the
 shade position e³ there now is the
 spider here again. jew-el in it belly
 eye e³ i tryin to get it all together
 w/in this flashing silver web ><

**and then the spider e³ the
 spider web - anansese - like**
 <
DIS. APPEAR AGAIN - <
 can't see them at all at all in the
 pain of the frustrated ca-
 mera . **ax Chad to point to whe the
 spider is** - an as she finger get
 near e³ nearer to the blaz- in
 cosmos. **SO DOES HER
 POINTING FINGER IT** >
 -**SELF** dis. appear

Then as i switch to my new
CLOSE UP lens - guess wh at! -
 the new xpensive Sigma **STOP
 WORKIN** - we hear a click e³
 then a noise of mo -tor bike inside
 the instrumen
 (t)'s **NO FOCUS** - i almost
 make the mistake of **OPEN
 -ING THE CAMERA UP TO
 SEE WHATS WHAT WHATS
 WRONG** - which wd have been
 like fatal e³ >
 lose us the few shots we hav
 (e)leave inside the camera >
 - or do we? - which i now >> kno is
 how the **SPIDERS** makin me do
 this - **TO LOO**
 -**SE ALL RECORD OF** >>
DEM-IMAGES

I abandon instead the photo
 opps (the sun in the right place
 so that the spider web is shining
 gold in the dark green hoom of
 the clump) but of course i go >

on fiddlin w/the lens & dis-
cover that i can re-adjust it

manual even tho i sure i >>>
mashin my good Sigma up

thinkin. yu see. in standard English

So i go back & get a few more *persist* shots. after which the whole
precious autofocus CRACK as if I have a heart attack or someone
cussin mwe An all the while Chad sayin she goin run & get she lil ole
Kodak camerata try a few shots sheself and is from this box we get
this pic. ture. not of spiders spiderwebs. but this. the one shot out of a
whole wide roll of blacks & blanks of flim. **this Nam-**
setoura. and is she. sheself. who writin mwe this poem

d

From what far cost
of Africa to this brown strip
of pasture on this coral limestone

ridge
cast up some three miles
from the burning sea

the grave

hidden within the clump
of prickly man
-peaba & red cordia trees

the countless sinkle-bible clammacherry
eucalyptus . the spider warn me of her entry
. trie to prevent my photograph

ruin three lenses brek down
the hi-tec pentax
pentacle

i click the picture with a simple
borrowed Kodak
it burrow through the wave

of dark & bring us this
past midnights w/ yr silent
humming

the musky smell of turning
in yr sweaty bed
the coir whispering of springs

still centuries away
no sing
-ing water in these wells. the cistern

empty. the moral
memory forlorn
its cling. ing head axe off

and nvr nvr nvr

yr sweet mouth bash
& brutalize
my sister mother o my aunt

my ancestor

the one eye sink away from her -
story. all down
yr neck along

the spine now welt
-ing w/ the blowes
yr back a modern bling-bling mural

of carnelian dis
-tress. the whip

of auctioneers |



gold bangle blink
 -in in yr ear
 -ling. a nugget in yr nostril

it is this other eye
 that blows my mind
 wind in a torch you blaze upon

me from yr baleful stare
 sun(s)
 i have nvr known

world i can nvr travel

and yet you tell
 me this. you tell
 me this

no
calabash or flower on my mound

no
nine night wake

no
forty days of journey
thru the bush & salt lagoon

no
fruit to heal these lips
no okra at my hips

Wba happen here to me
is like you vomit up a rodent
in Kanesbi market

tree hundred years I starin here under this
spider web
& bush
ananse at my door of herbs

*an now you come disturb me
w/ yr camera
destroy
the ruin of my spiral with yr flash*

*O wash me now my child my metaphor
flesh of my flash
great great grandbrother
from this other world*

*Yu think they dis
-possessin yu? Yu tink you tall
Yu tink yu Rasta mouttamassaman*

*wreck
-on yu roots yu rave?*

*Yu say yu writin poem ab
-out slave*

*Yu evva bear wba Grandee
Nanny tell de backra
bout she black backside*

*Buk looka yu dough nub! Look wba become
a yuA buckra halfwhite back
site bwoy eatin de backra culcha. da
backra backsite culcha culcha cul
-cha culcha culcha eatin yu!*

gyabiriw

Say wba

*De man yu say is man yu say doan
unnastann de paim*

*Too many christels in yruengine grine
Yu brain like winnmill spinnin widdout cane*

De caatwhip cut yu tongue?

*Write dis in flesh
befo the next red season brunn*

*Doan write i down in coral
Dat is white water quarry quarrel*

Write i inside my unfoobody berry burnin coal

***gyaNyamebiriw
gyaNyamebiriw
gyaNyamebiriw***

*Gya Only under God the Nyame fire
But only from my bosomtwa*

*-
Yu tink i sick yu tink i slick
i slack?*

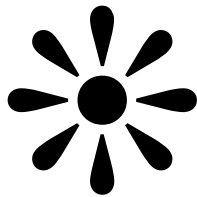
*- Yu know whe bosomtwa? -
wba crack it so?*

Only from my bosomtwa mi tell yu tell yu

*-
An the children childrens
of these wounds -*

tb

Liberation



PS

When we return to CowPastor Nov 03 on the occasion of our Aunt May's funeral (she dies age 95) we find our nearest neighbour on the ridge below us tripling it wd seem the size of his fine mansion. has plan what seems to be a roadway for his cyar up from his road around his house onto our ridge and into Namsetoura's grov (e) Her trees are nearly all cut down the eucalyptus bushes gone the carpet grass < the cactus warriors the nemorosa - why do i recall that white maroon(d) red rooster <<<

gone all gone