

HAROLD LADOO'S ALTERNATE WORLDS

Canada & Carib Island

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JANE AUSTEN CHOSE TO DEFINE the sphere of her literary world as that of "three or four families in a Country Village."¹ Two years later, she modestly described the boundaries she set for herself as the "little bit (two Inches wide) of Ivory."² Harold Ladoo, too, chose the country village as his world. In fact, he was forced to limit his territory after he submitted his first piece of work to Dennis Lee at the House of Anansi: the key phrase in Lee's long letter of rejection was "Write about things you know."³ The world Ladoo knew best was the plantation area near McBean village, Trinidad, where he grew up and where by a tragic irony of fate he was murdered in 1973. But the world Ladoo produced, unlike that Austen created, was certainly not a "little bit of Ivory." Instead it was a limiting region of bizarre violence and human misery, whose crude, grotesque, yet strangely comical depiction serves to emphasize the author's own bleak vision of Caribbean life and to allow, by extension, an indictment of the white man's world.

His invented "Carib Island," evidently a portrait of Trinidad, obliquely becomes the macrocosmic mirror in which the white Canadian must see his own dark soul. In *No Pain Like this Body* (1972), the Hindu inhabitant of Carib Island is the victim not only of his own dehumanizing existence, but also the voice of vengeance rising from the excremental world of *Yesterdays* (1974) to become the nemesis of his white Canadian missionary exploiters. The descendant of exploited indentured labourers, he must carry the scourge of vengeance; he must turn the tables on his oppressors and give a taste of their own medicine to those who punished him in his childhood.

Ladoo had come to live in divided and distinguished worlds, one the necessary outcome of the other. The inhabitants were related to each other as proselytized and proselytizer, as prey and predator, as victim and source of survival. These alternate worlds, where Ladoo lived as native and as immigrant, became ironic mirror images which confront the reader of his two published novels. In the earlier novel, *No Pain Like This Body*,⁴ the Trinidad East Indian reader sees him-

self trapped; in *Yesterdays*⁵ the Canadian reader confronts the ironic and menacing consequences of his own misplaced mission of detribalization. Ladoo's larger vision was to compose a saga or a series of novels (he had written approximately seven more novels in sketch form⁶) "about the Caribbean-Canadian community."⁷ — He was fascinated by the contiguity between the two worlds, the Caribbean and Canada. And although he never transformed his vision into a sustained literary world, it holds its own fascination, in part for its detailed portrait of Island life and in part for its revelation of Ladoo himself.

In choosing to use the familiar territory of his native land as a mythological centre for later ethnocentric themes Ladoo is not original. His focus on the small East Indian village, for example, is more competently handled by fellow Trinidadians like Naipaul and Selvon and in a different setting by the noted Indian writer Narayan. The theme of pursuing the ethnic and cultural progress of the West Indian inhabitant through a cyclic pattern of history — by appealing to settlement history, to the problems of identity, and to the evolution of racial consciousness — has been more skillfully explored in poetry by Edward Braithwaite. The ironic clash between intruder and inhabitant, and the strange ironic mingling of the status of victim and victimizer, have received more complete and masterful treatment by Wilson Harris. It is against this dazzling firmament of literary stars that Ladoo's tame and unfinished creations stand. Clearly Ladoo's work is dwarfed in this universe; but it is dwarfed for reasons other than comparison with the works of more mature artists. The reason also lies in the character and plight of the author.

LADOO, AS A BLACK ARTIST in the Canadian milieu, eking out a living as dish-washer and short-order cook in all-night restaurants as he attended college,⁸ found himself illustrating *in propria persona* a harsh existence in the country to which the characters of *Carib Island* aspired as an alternative to their own limited world. As Basdai, in *Yesterdays*, says, "Young people have no future in Karan Settlement." Rookmin tells Choonilal, in the same novel: "Carib Island have no future for de boy"; and Poonwa asserts: "I am already 25 yrs. old. It is time I leave this island father." For Poonwa, *Carib Island* was destined to "become a nation of rum drinkers." Against this future and this native world, Canada provides the alternative as it eventually did for Ladoo. It was, however, a sardonic and cynical alternative, where he had to cope with the menace of artistic failure and where he was traumatically overshadowed by the burning of all he had previously written because he received editorial criticism and publishers' rejection slips. From the distance of Trinidad, Canada was a world where educational and professional advancement existed and money

seemed to be available, but, as Ladoo discovered, it did not come easily to young men who emigrated from Carib Island. Ladoo had to struggle not only with the nightmares of the unpublished writer but also with the bitterness and rage of the culturally disadvantaged immigrant.

Dennis Lee captures Ladoo's predicament quite accurately and dramatically in his long poem, "The Death of Harold Ladoo" (Kanchenjunga Press, 1976). He portrays Ladoo in his shifting roles, striking various stances, wearing several masks, carrying in himself centuries of social injustices, and struggling both to survive and to achieve. He is the soft voiced speaker.

catching fire —
 a lifetime of intricate fury, . . . four
 centuries of caste and death
 come loose in [his] life, the murdered
 slaves come loose, great cycles of race and blood,
 come loose the wreckage of mothers and sons
 in Trinidad. . . .

But this montage shifts and Lee also presents the image of Ladoo the sycophant who needs favours to survive, and who writes frantically to publish:

guide change,
 eyes brooding, hangdog, the
 tricky apologies,
 swagger of total humility — and then again quick change and
 four days writing straight — no
 sleep tell it *all*,
 and then the phone call — one more
 bird book in draft: from the Caribbean to Canada,
 the saga piecing together.

As Ladoo tries to piece together the saga of alternate but contiguous worlds, Canada and Carib Island, he becomes the living embodiment of the contradictions and conflicts of his own fictional creation. His motivation to write becomes wedded to what Lee describes as a "hot holy rage." Indeed, he was contemplating a novel called *Rage*, in which, as Peter Such states, he was attempting to get at the sources of the awful rage and violence that were the dark driving forces of much of Trinidad's plantation society.⁹ This work, according to Such, was "a terrible piece about a character being knifed up by his enemies and managing to escape by hiding in the sharp razor grass of a coulee."¹⁰

In the process of dealing with the forces of rage and the years of cultural conflicts and evils, Ladoo often seems to lose artistic control over his material. The result is that his satirical intent becomes unclear at times, his images (especially in *No Pain Like This Body*), become excessive and incoherent,¹¹ and for one Canadian reader he "manages to animate for us a culture so unlike our own as to be barely comprehensible."¹²

What Ladoo had written had become, in Lee's words, "frenzied drafts" that were "brilliant and botched." In the wake of this kind of performance Ladoo received some modified praise from a reviewer: "The Book [*Yesterdays*] is an almost total success."¹³ Lee, however, is more excoriating: "Life and work [are] wrenched farther apart"; in his poem he sums up Ladoo's efforts this way: "Your final heritage — two minor early novels, one being merely first-rate."

Yet, for the reader familiar with Ladoo's ethnic and cultural background, *No Pain Like This Body* evokes the mood, lingo, and local colour of Trinidad East Indian society. Ladoo offers such indigenous snatches of dialogue as: "Sumaree saw Balraj coming like a jack spaniard," or "Now Rama and Panday behave, all you self!" or "Look a skopian!" Or again, "Man, I tell you, dat priest start to make a ruction," and "Ma . . . handed him a cocoyea broom, saying You sweep out de kitchen Panday." Ladoo catches Selvon's authenticity here and entertains a familiar audience, but in Ladoo's attempt to keep the focus so closely tied to the little world of Karan Settlement, he fails to allow the reader the relief of seeing the rest of Carib Island; he does not even bother to provide some point of reference for the urban Canadian reader.

In *Yesterdays*, Ladoo maintains the same narrow focus of *No Pain Like This Body*, but with an invitation to Canadians to take a look as well. Peter Such believes that Ladoo wrote *Yesterdays* "for Canadian audiences."¹⁴ But the novel remains out of emotional control. Admittedly it was published posthumously, in an unrevised version, which explains and excuses several shortcomings. One can, however, hardly deny the pervasive lack of subtlety, even at the first stage of writing, in dealing with the outworn issue of detribalization by the white missionary and the dominant sense of revenge which the author invests in one of his major characters. Poonwa resolves to

go into the white country with the Hindu Bible and the whip. The white Christians came with their Bibles and whips and they succeeded just like that. I will take the Bhagavad Gita with me and open a school in Canada and employ East Indian teachers. I will build a torture chamber in the school.

Every word is italicized. The same theme is put in different words at least six times again before the novel ends. Basdai tells Choonilal:

"How dem white people who come on dat Canadian Mission to Carib Island beat dem Indians and make dem learn English? How come dey make de Indians Christians? Well de same way Poonwa goin to make dem learn Hindi. I tink he could do it."

This crusading attitude continues throughout the novel as Poonwa writes in his notebook in large capitals: "CHRISTIANS ARE CRIMINALS!" The final straw is a sexual *coup de grace*, complete with sacrilegious explicitness. Poonwa takes "an opportunity to get even with the Christian blonde [the Canadian

woman who taught him in a Mission School] and the blue-eyed Jew [Christ]" by performing an act of sodomy with Sook, the village queer, in a Christian church. This is not literary art but immature protest literature.

Ladoo's sub-standard performance in the novel *Yesterdays* receives this wry comment from a reviewer from Edinburgh: "Presumably Anansi chose to publish it as an act of homage."¹⁵ To the Canadian reader for whom the novel was composed, however, Ladoo unquestionably offers an unflattering national portrait: "for once," wrote another reviewer, "Canadians are seen as oppressors."¹⁶

YET WE MUST RESIST the temptation to dismiss any work of the imagination without a reasonable examination of it. One can easily put Ladoo's work under the bland social label, "Man and Society," as was done in the supplement to *The Oxford Companion to Canadian History and Literature* (1973). However, *No Pain Like This Body* is more than a slice-of-life account of East Indian life in 1905 — with family fights, scorpions, superstitious grandparents, and immoral "fakirs masquerading as Hindu priests" (*Oxford Companion*, p. 86). The novel is a not-too-successful attempt to evoke a world, a milieu, a *Zeitgeist* which is an integral part of the evolving consciousness of a nation. Ladoo tries to provide a topography, folklore, values, heritage, religion, psychology, language, and even a cosmology in this novel. The reader is made aware of an atmosphere and a climate of thinking as well as a way of seeing, but unfortunately the author lacks the skill to sustain what he has initiated and to give some organic unity and direction to his work. And *Yesterdays* is less successful than *No Pain Like This Body* particularly because of its heavy-handedness and the bludgeoning mismanagement of its constituent parts. It takes the *Zeitgeist* of the first novel, tries to intensify its horror while broadening its social spectrum beyond the few members of a family to include other villagers apparently for satirical reasons; but it also shocks our sensibilities, offends our taste and disappoints whatever curiosities it may have aroused.

In brief, *No Pain Like This Body* and *Yesterdays* portray alternate worlds that are also contiguous in terms of the *Zeitgeist* they try to present. The novels present the human world of Trinidad East Indian existence, which is malevolently and whimsically influenced by a metaphysical world of Hindu or Christian divinities. These divinities have their earthly ministrants in the forms of corrupt pundits or white missionaries who manipulate power for selfish ends. Both the characters of Ladoo's world and their creator, Ladoo himself, exist in these worlds as victims. The victimizers are despised but needed. The distressed villagers need the pundit during the great crises of life and the illiterates need the missionary teacher to

educate them. This irony results in the haphazardness of the worlds and in Ladoo's unsteady attempt to depict them.

A brief look at the world-view of Carib Island as depicted in *No Pain Like This Body* would be pertinent here. Ladoo creates it partly through his attention to physical detail and partly through his command of dialect and the implications of his style. One of the two planes of existence Ladoo introduces, for example, is the tough, physical world of Ma, Pa, and their children Balraj, Sumaree, Rama, and Panday, who are introduced in their domestic cultural and geographical settings. Their world is the product of an era of indentured Indian labourers brought to Trinidad plantations between 1845 and 1917. The cultural context shows a historic dependence on the imitative Brahmic ethics and ritual which allowed lower-caste Chamars to parade illicitly as village pundits. Pa is initially presented "quiet like a snake" at home, the children and Ma are in the riceland. And as Ladoo explores these factors — home, riceland, and the surrounding atmosphere of rain, lightning, snakes and tadpoles — through the rest of the novel, even though he does so somewhat superficially, we are made to see the members of the small family experiencing the bodily pain of human existence and death.

Introduced against this world is the world of the gods and of God in particular. God is shown to be unfeeling, revengeful, tyrannical, and sometimes motivated by an uncanny sense of humour. During Balraj's and Rama's illness, their own father Nanna pleads with God: "He closed his eyes as he recited the Sanskrit verses. He was begging the great sky God and also the minor Aryan gods, he was begging them to forsake their beds and their wives in heaven, begging them just to look down from the sky through the rain clouds on Balraj and Rama. . . ." Nanna prayed and prayed and prayed, but "God was too busy sending the rain to drown the earth." Not only is God unresponsive, he also becomes a monster who causes the Devil to devour his subjects: "Sunaree told Panday that God was going to make the Devil eat him *crips, crips*." When Rama dies, accusations begin to flow angrily; God is seen as a killer as far as Pa is concerned: "God kill Rama." Ma cries in desperation, "Which part in dat sky you is God?" Ladoo thus sets the divine supernatural world against the human world with an awesome and bitter hostility.

In order to heighten the realism of the human world Ladoo draws a map of Tola District. But the geographical setting is also shown to be the haunt of semi-divine forces, popularized in the folkloristic elements, repeated in the references to jumbies, lagahus, duennes, and other popular creatures from Trinidad legend. In order, moreover, to give a feeling of the eerie and accentuate the dramatic in this world that is permeated by the supernatural, Ladoo heavily employs the technique of onomatopoeia. "The choking sound of the thunder came from the sky zip, zip zip crash doom doomm doomed." "Bahraj was afraid. He knew Pa

was going to beat him real bad. Crax, crax, cratax doom, doomm, doomed.”
 “Rama was going “Kohok! Kohok! Kohok! like a dog.”

Other stylistic features are also noteworthy. Sometimes, for example, Ladoo draws on the linguistic peculiarities found in the creole forms of the language — occasionally for emphasis, but mainly for atmosphere. One such feature is the way he uses reduplication as a substitute for a grammatical intensifier, as when he writes: “The wind was blowing cold, cold”; “No. I is a little, little chile. Little, little”; the Pandit recited a few mantras over Rama — “he spat the verses fast, fast.” Ladoo also proves himself to be quite competent in exploring the cadences of dialogue: “Pa came home. He didn’t talk to Ma. He came home just like a snake. Quiet.”

Though stylistically Ladoo generates the atmosphere he wants by drawing heavily on simile, he loses control in doing so and the device becomes stilted. Several similes are flat (e.g., “Pa spoke like a stone”) or commonplace (“cold as ice cream”), and some are unnecessarily sacrilegious (“Pa stupid like God”). Ladoo can, however, give an edge of colour and brilliance to a simile for effect: “Then the lightning moved as a gold cutlass and swiped an immovable tree. . . .”

A phrasal structure characteristic of Ladoo (which incidentally, adds a touch of semi-epic elegance) is his beginning phrase pattern: ‘*And*’ + *name* (as when he writes, “And Ma: ‘Where me Panday and Sunaree is?’”). This kind of expression is often inserted for dramatic effect between verbal interchanges —

“Rama dead! He dead and gone!”

“O God! O God! Me, chile God!!!”

And Nanna: “He’s get over de skopian bite, but he dead wid umonia fever.”

— and the dramatic interchange takes on greater poignancy, coming after the staccato effect of the short interjections. But Ladoo fails to be authentic when he has the local Hindu priest speak in standard English to tell a folkloristic tale to a semi-literate audience, to whom he later speaks in normal creole English. Perhaps, though, this shift in language underscores the parallel lack of authenticity in the pandit’s behaviour. He is not very authentic when he has Panday exclaim: “I was fraidin in dat house.”

A final device Ladoo uses to create the world-view of Carib Island is description — particularly when he wants to present the physical cosmos or recount some incident which is given cosmic and metaphysical or religious dimensions:

Nanna got up. He took Rama and went into the water. Nanny, Ma, Sunaree and Panday stood as a heap of living mud: just waiting for Nanna to cross safely. Then the time grew long: long like a rope, and tied them like a rope too. Their bodies formed one great beast reaching up to the sky. And the clouds opened and out of the middle came water: water that washed away the earth into the mouth of the darkness. Then the thunder beated as the heart of rage in space, and out of the space came the lightning as a great spike and it stabbed the mouth of darkness.

And the winds became hot and carried death into all the corners . . . then the rope caught fire and the great beast danced to the tune of death between the darkness and the void. The beast danced even though it knew it was going to die . . . it danced and danced, till the void and the darkness strangled the beast. . . .

or

The sky twisted like a black snake and the clouds rolled and rolled and rolled as a big spider; the wind shook Tola in a rage and the rain pounded the earth; the lightning came out of the mouth of the darkness like a golden tongue and licked the trees in the forest and the drum ripped through the darkness like a knife. They moved deeper and deeper into the forest, and they felt the rain falling upon their heads from heaven.

The sense of religious devotion and sympathetic concern is poignantly conveyed in the scene where Nanna and Nanny beat the drum while they are searching for Ma who is lost outdoors:

About an hour after Nanna left Nanny started to beat the drum. The rain was falling making its own music. Sunaree was playing the flute. Nanny's fingers were long and bony. They touched the goat's skin as if they were accustomed to it. She beated the drum slow slow. Sunaree played the flute good; her fingers touched the holes in the bamboo flute as if they were made for them. The music of the flute was sweeter than sugar; than life even. Ma was dancing, Balraj was watching. The kitchen was full of music and sadness: music from the sky and the earth, but sadness from the earth alone. And their spirits were growing and floating in the air like silk cotton flowers.

Nanny started a song. Her eyes were dark and sad. She sang a part and Ma repeated it. Ma sang a line, and she repeated it. So it went on and on. The song was in Hindi. The sky God was listening, because the drum was beating like cake over Tola: like honey. It was beating and beating and beating; beating only to keep them awake like bats; it was beating only to keep them happy and sad, happy and sad; it was beating for the black night that was choking Tola, and the rain that was pounding the earth; the drum was beating in the sky and it was beating on the earth; it was beating, and even the great sky God could not stop it from beating, because it was beating and beating and beating just as the heavens roll.

In *Yesterdays*, moreover, Ladoo elaborates the religious element and sets that world against the human one more starkly, and somewhat more humorously as well. He ridicules the phoniness of decadent forms of Hinduism and the pitiful forms of human behaviour this religious belief engenders. The gods are shown to be ungrateful to Choonilal, for example, for though Choonilal prayed to the gods for his wife to become pregnant, she only got thinner. Then he prayed to have the process reversed. "But the gods hadn't the time to change back the whole process." The priest settles this state of affairs by fathering Basdai's child for her. The gods not only are given this humorous depiction, but they are depicted as instigators and exemplars of human conflict. They fight to establish righteousness,

which in turn provides a reason for Choonilal to quarrel with Tailor and for the tensions of the novel to ensue.

LADOO HITS OUT MORE VIGOROUSLY at the religious world of Hinduism in creating the *Zeitgeist* of Carib Island in the 1950's. Many elements of Hindu religious mythology become absurdities in the transplanted context of village life in Trinidad: the monkey god Hanuman becomes the god of power for Choonilal. In other words, monkey business is the means of power. The Hindu priest is dressed in cowboy boots and drives a Cadillac — a satirical picture of his modern materialism and westernized manners. Choonilal and Basdai show blind devotion to the Aryan gods, which leads the couple to abandon the use of their indoor toilet for the cane fields. For religious reasons the sex act is seen to be “ungodly in the house,” but when performed outside it becomes a source of village humour and scandal. Views of Jesus and God are deliberately satirized as part of the criticism of the system of education Poonwa receives. Repeatedly Ladoo counterpoints Hinduism and Christianity.

But Carib Island also has its social prestige, its pride in education and language: “Man Choon I tell you, dis island is something else man. Dese young Indian boys and dem, dey drink rum and talkin English too bad man. De more dey does drink rum is de more dey does talk English.” “Choonilal said, ‘Just now you go see wot go happen in dis island, Rag. Everybody in dis island want to go to school. Nobody want to work in the cane or plant tomatoes and ting, you know boy.’” Despite this bitter pessimism expressed by Choonilal, the generation of his parents was not all committed to the land as the only salvation in Carib Island. In a short story called “The Quiet Peasant” (1972) Ladoo presents a different, admirable image of a father who sees education as the means of gaining independence from the white man. The father, Gobinah, tells his son, Raju: “A few days every week, try to go to school and learn something. Take education beta, so wen you come a man, you wouldn't have to kill yourself for a bread like me. . . . Wen you have education beta, you wouldn't have de cause to rent land from dese white people.”¹⁷

Ladoo reveals here the ironic clash between the rustic realities of an agricultural existence and the imported ambitions of a modern progressive life style. Carib Island is divided in itself. It becomes a split land in the Faulknerian sense: placing the young ambitious youth educated in the white man's system against the stubborn old-timers like Choonilal who must be forced to surrender their security for the new generation.

As the climate of both the East Indian and white worlds is depicted, it becomes fairly clear that Ladoo finds himself in a veritable *cul de sac*. The city life of Carib Island is characterized by “stabblings in alley ways” and “whores at street cor-

ners." Canada, on the other hand, is described in terms of its wintry climactic conditions and the injustices and cruelties of its settlement history. Canada is no different from Carib Island. Each of these two worlds is made to seem repugnant, then, one by juxtaposition with the other.

Clarity of purpose and control are, however, lacking in Ladoo's depiction of sex, excretion, and profanity. Peter Such speaks too kindly when he says that Ladoo's writing genius shows a facet of itself in the comic and scatological vein.¹⁸ Ladoo's comedy and scatology are not always linked with a show of artistic genius. He chooses to emphasize sex mainly for its shameless self-indulgence; for its perverse expression in the many escapades of the village queer, Sook; in the crude humour involving a man and woman stuck together helplessly in a copulative embrace in the cane field; or in the snide cuckoldry which the pundit perpetuates against Choonilal. The final episode of the novel is the stark scene of Rookmin baring her genitals before a gazing pundit who reverently drools before her. The whole gamut of sex seems mindlessly unmotivated, even if one wants to pretend that Ladoo is commenting on this misdirected and twisted focus of the life force in society. The satirical point is lost and the reader seems to be merely given a heavy-handed treatment of sex for the sake of its own perverseness. Even surpassing the over-attention to perverted forms of sex are the endless references to and accounts of the process of defecation. This approach has nothing of Swift's metaphorical satire behind it. Ladoo is totally without the grace of art or the control of the purposeful writer. He shows Choonilal and Basdai to be caught in the religious restrictions placed upon their normal body functions, and declares Poonwa to be modern because he can adjust to the idea of eating and defecating simultaneously in pleasant indoor surroundings.

Traditionally filth and the human condition have been equated as metaphors with moral and spiritual implications, but Ladoo hardly bothers to construct the links or even to allow subtle hints to fall in his scatological gallop through the novel. The *Zeitgeist* seems to be one within which we are to read Carib Island as a dung heap or as a place where life is directed no longer toward creative ends but rather toward the sordid, ugly, and sterile. Better alternatives are not offered, and we are not given hope when we shift to the depiction of Canada, for Ladoo then speaks of "the nakedness of the trees and the havoc of regenerating death." The Canada for which Poonwa sets out after he leaves Carib Island is the place where we see

the red Indians who had been living for thousands of years in North America; just living with nature and worshipping the land. Then came the Whiteman with his Bible and guns and a paper that had been given to him by some blue-eyed King. The paper said that the King owned the land; the Indians were trespassers. Then there was war. There was death in the land.

This area of darkness and death, like Marlow's choice of nightmares in *Heart of Darkness*, is the milieu Ladoo chose as his world, just as Poonwa did. It was his alternate world. Ironically Ladoo left it to die in the one he knew more intimately. His two novels are the ironical commentary on the tragic fate he shared with his own fictional characters.

NOTES

- ¹ Jane Austen, *Letters to Her Sister Cassandra, and Others*, Vol. II, 2nd ed., ed. R. N. Chapman (London: Oxford, 1952), p. 401; letter to Anna Austen, September 1814, cited in A. H. Wright, *Jane Austen's Novels* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1953), p. 13.
- ² Austen, *Letters*, II, p. 460; letter to Edward Austen, 16 December 1816, cited in Wright, p. 16.
- ³ Peter Such, "The Short Life and Sudden Death of Harold Ladoo," *Saturday Night*, 89 (May 1974), 36.
- ⁴ Ladoo in *Yesterdays* had used material drawn from stories written earlier than *No Pain Like This Body* (1972). As such *No Pain Like This Body* may not be earlier so far as its composition is concerned. All references to the two novels are taken from Harold Ladoo, *No Pain Like This Body* (Toronto: Anansi, 1972) and *Yesterdays* (Toronto: Anansi, 1974).
- ⁵ Ladoo had planned to give this title to his first published novel, but changed the name after critical comment from his editor. See Such, "The Short Life," p. 37.
- ⁶ Peter Such, "Harold Lowry Ladoo — *Yesterdays*," *Tamarack Review* (October 1974), p. 78.
- ⁷ Nancy Naglin, "The Tale of Poonwa, the unofficial white," *Saturday Night*, 89 (June 1974), 37.
- ⁸ *Ibid.*
- ⁹ *Ibid.*
- ¹⁰ Bruce F. Bailey, "*Yesterdays*," *Canadian Forum* (May-June 1974), 17.
- ¹¹ Frank Birbalsingh, "*No Pain Like This Body*," *Open Letter*, 2 (Summer 1973), 106.
- ¹² Mark Sarnier, "*Yesterdays*," *Books in Canada* (Aug.-Sept. 1974), p. 16.
- ¹³ *Ibid.*
- ¹⁴ Such, *Tamarack Review*, p. 79.
- ¹⁵ Ronald Hatch, "*Yesterdays*," *Canadian Fiction Magazine* (Summer 1975), 110.
- ¹⁶ H. J. Rosengarten, "The Walking Ghosts of Empire," *Canadian Literature*, 63 (Winter 1975), 96.
- ¹⁷ H. Ladoo, "The Quiet Peasant," *Canada in Us Now* (Toronto: N.C. Press, 1976), p. 93.
- ¹⁸ Such, *Tamarack Review*, p. 78.