

1: No Pain Like This Body: A Novel by Harold Sonny Ladoo

/ 5 - Author Harold Sonny Ladoo left the world too soon in when he was founded murdered on a return visit to Trinidad. The only novel published in his lifetime, NO PAIN LIKE THIS BODY, is a rich and beautifully-told episode of a family's life in poverty-stricken Trinidad.

The sky is overcast. Heavy dark rain clouds are gathering. There are flashes of lightning in the distance and a fine mist of drizzle veils the surrounding forest. The sun still shines through the drizzle. A flock of birds flies across the sky and lands on trees near the riceland. Camera pans following them and comes to C. She squats on a rising playing a bhajan on a rough-hewn bamboo flute. The sound of a one-stringed instrument, an ektara, gradually fades up and blends in with her playing. She stops playing and turns her head in what she imagines is the direction from which the sound is coming. Behind her and below is the riceland and their thatched ajoupa: Beyond the riceland and the house on Tola Trace she spies a slight figure traditionally dressed in dhoti, bare-backed, with a bag hanging over his shoulder. He carries an ektara and plucks its single string. He is blind in one eye. She is wearing an oversize, hand-me-down dress. Beyond and below her Ma is about ten feet away from the edge of the riceland near the hog plum tree. She is washing clothes in a tub. She is small and thin with long deep-black hair. She is wearing a faded cotton dress and a white silk orhni. They swim rapidly away. Ma, look at Sunaree again! MA looks up at the children. MA Is alright, Balraj. Leave she by sheself lil bit nuh. He throws it down in a temper and stands looking defiantly at Sunaree. She runs down the hill. SADHU turns and continues on his way. The children are in the riceland catching tadpoles and Ma is washing nearby. SUN And stop kicking up the water so.

2: No Pain Like This Body by Harold S. Ladoo and Harold Sonny Ladoo (, Paperback) | eBay

An Trinidadian of East Indian background, this first novel, NO PAIN LIKE THIS BODY, and a second, YESTERDAYS, published posthumously, is all the published work we have left from this young and brilliant writer.

He was educated at a Canadian Mission School and had a tattoo of a simple cross on his right breast. First, he told me the scar was surgical and done because of a childhood disease that nearly killed him. The other was that it was the result of a bloody knife fight. I never knew which to believe, though I learned that he was very sick as a child and nearly died in his teens. He had a long period of convalescence which he spent reading G. Henty and mounds of other forgotten Victoriana. Ladoo migrated to Toronto with his wife in 1954. According to Such, Rachel Singh was a widow five or six years older than Ladoo. Her first husband, and her brother were both murdered about five years before she married Harold and she was left with five children. She and Harold had two sons, babies when Ladoo died. And even when his novel was published there was little money from its sale - although it got excellent reviews. Just when he died things, however, had appeared set to improve financially. To maintain his concentration in the crowded household when he had the idea for a book, he would lock himself in the bedroom and stay up round the clock for two days or more until he had the rough draft completely finished. Then he would call, announce he had written another novel, and collapse, exhausted and exultant. It got so I could always tell when that had happened. At strange hours three or six a.m. Ladoo was published by House of Anansi - where he had originally sent his poetry that had been roundly rejected. Everything else he had ever written had been burned - two suitcases full of them. He never looked back. Those short stories became the source material for his first novel, published under the title No Pain Like This Body, and not its working title of Yesterdays, which is the title of his second novel published posthumously in 1982. He wrote me a desperate letter from Trinidad. There were other family members, including a sister, but all the responsibilities seemed to be on his head, particularly his mother. In a few weeks, though, he was back in TORONTO leaving a whole lot of Trini family confusion behind and continued his obsessive writing until he got news that his mother was destitute, begging on the streets, and he returned home to look after her, and to meet his death. Dying was obviously not the plan but Such suggests that Ladoo sensed his own demise. I think although the writer and his work are separate things, it is the philosophy of violence that infuses this novel. At this time he was writing several novels through and leaving them for revision later while trying to straighten out Yesterdays. It was a horrible piece about a character being knifed up by his enemies and managing to escape by hiding in the sharp razor grass of a coulee. Had his literary obsession manifested itself in real action, rather like Mailer stabbing his wife purely for existential experience? Dead tired, and had had a bad time. He had run into arguments and had a couple of drinks on the way home, as his brother-in-law said later, he seemed to grow strange and paranoid. By the time they arrived home he was very agitated. He went downstairs to rest while the others chatted. He had cut himself, and his relatives - from what they could understand him saying - were afraid that he was going to kill himself. In the tussle to disarm him he stabbed his brother-in-law twice and cut himself again. When it was all over he fell unconscious. He woke up completely oblivious to what had happened, with the police all around him. He was convinced that someone had put drugs in his drink. He avoided drugs like the plague. Elmer and I went to his trial as character witnesses. The judge decided the case should proceed no further and remanded Harold until he had been examined by a court psychiatrist. The psychiatrist examined him, pronounced him eminently sane, and kept him for ages talking about literature. Harold made that kind of impression on people. As if one led to the other or as Such suggests, Ladoo could sense his own death and was drawn back to it. Maybe the writing was a making sense of something he sensed, something that was inevitable given his personal reality? The Novel I will confine my remarks to a few precise areas since there are many aspects of the novel for us to discuss and I know some of you disliked the novel - inconstant language, poor transcription of the vernacular, inauthenticity, voyeurism, acquired existentialism, unnecessary and unrelenting violence, smacks of first novel, written for foreigners etc. I would rate this novel as a classic work of Caribbean writing. But the real oppressor is man. Pa is the totally recognisable, typically isolated, failed man who cannot live with himself,

who drinks himself into a state to unleash his self-hatred on those around him. If he is, the swinging cadence of the language is perfectly and beautifully at odds with the morbidity of the novel. You may not agree since some of you had a problem with the dialogue and its authenticity. Ladoo sets his masterpiece of social realism in an isolated village separated from urbanisation by a lack of means of communication, roads, transport, electricity, entertainment and culture. The place "to me" is a very recognisable, albeit make-believe Tola Trace in rural Trinidad of The protagonists are the members of a near-destitute Hindu, indentured family and their community in what feels and smells like the Caroni of my childhood. This simple recounting makes for great poignancy. The novel describes the cruel and hopeless existence of a poor rice-growing family during one rainy season. The story is that of the relationship between a family and Nature, the relationship between a man and his wife and their children, and hers with them - Balraj, who is twelve and is the eldest, a girl -Sunaree, Rama who dies of a scorpion sting but he could also have died of pneumonia and Panday. They all work in the rice paddy, though they are constantly on the run from Pa. All of these brutal and violent, disconnected and unreal. The author captures the complex ties of family, neighbourhood, of friendship that bind the people of a traditional village society into mutual obligation, intrigue, malicious gossip "mauvais l'ange, into the publicness of personal events whether it is courtship, marriage, family feuds, entertainment, even private grief. There is no hiding place, no secrets, no respect, no dignity". The pomposity and social pretensions of the pundit are given short shrift, the rights of a grieving mother completely negated. Using painful, shocking and vivid prose, and with extraordinary simplicity and originality, Ladoo creates a world of violation and despair that the human being in the end cannot endure. Is he intending to shock or to tell a truth about a pain that has been gnawing away at him and others? Putting it another way - Is the language appropriate for what the author is trying to achieve? The novel gets off to its certain hateful and wonderfully descriptive start: Ma bawled like a cow hard hard hard. The water in the tub was full of soap suds. Pa held her high and he held her tight as a tree holds another tree. Ma was bawling and getting on, getting on and calling God, but the sky was black and God was watching with his big eyes from heaven; he was not even trying to help Ma a little. Pa turned her over and pushed her face inside the tub; trying hard to drown her. Her feet were high in the air, and her whole body was shaking as a banana leaf shakes when the wind blows. Dis rice could kiss me ass! I is a chile". He jumped as a bull on the riceland bank. In an attempt to show both the two-sided nature of Nature, Ladoo fills the novel with disgusting creepy-crawlies like snakes, rats, worms, ants, spiders and scorpions. The sky rolled as an endless spider and the rain fell like a shower of poison over Tola. The darkness was thicker than black mud, and the wind howled as evil spirits. The descriptions of the planting of rice in the paddies are vivid, the need to get it just right so critical to their mean survival. Sumaree was planting good, but not good enough. Her rows were not in one straight line". He was afraid; afraid because some of the rice plants he had planted were leaning in the water; others were buried so deep into the mud that the tops were hidden under the muddy water". Speed was getting Panday into trouble. Sunaree and Panday were tired and hungry; their bellies were full of wind; they were getting sharp pains in their stomachs but they waited for Ma she too was hungry and tired. When the last faggot was planted Ma came out of the water. This and my earlier question provoke controversy. It has been suggested that he may have been killed because of his writing. It would not be too absurd to suggest Ladoo was killed for what he wrote. If Naipaul can earn the anger of the local community for his snide irony, Ladoo would earn their rage for his own. His writing comes from a sense of wonder at their resilience, their sense of life, their reverence of God and above all the compassion that seams his world. When the Indians were brought to this colony as indentured labourers, after the abolition of slavery in , they were subjected to as harsh and even, in some cases, harsher conditions than those of the ex-slaves. Eric Williams in *Inward Hunger*, they earned a wage of 25 cents in Their plight was miserable. Indentureship was a cruel system introduced against the advice of some people here including Robert Guppy, grandfather of Yselt Bridges who wrote *Child of the Tropics*. They remained slave owners in all but name. Indentureship created an ill-paid, abused labour army that undercut the wage levels of the non-agricultural working class groups. The social effects were monstrous because it engendered deep racial animosity borne of misunderstanding between the black man and the Indian, which still prevails and defines our politics. It is in this historical context that we must examine this work. Information on Ladoo is scarce. I

NO PAIN LIKE THIS BODY. pdf

found only two reviews, one by deceased Dr.

3: NO PAIN LIKE THIS BODY

The LIGHTNING like a gold cutlass swipes an Immortelle tree beyond the river. BALRAJ hugs himself, twists with fright and trembles and his teeth chatter. He moves closer to MA, seeking comfort, but stops, held back by her apparent distance.

4: A List: No Pain Like This Body by Harold Sonny Ladoo (, Paperback) | eBay

I had not read "No Pain Like This Body" by Harold Sonny Ladoo. With a spanking new cover and an introduction by Dionne Brand, I was happy to sink my teeth into this controversial novel.

5: - No Pain Like This Body (Caribbean Writers Series) by Harold Sonny Ladoo

Like many writers of his generation, he went abroad, emigrating to Canada in , where he published No Pain Like This Body. Shortly afterwards, in , Ladoo died an untimely and violent death on a visit home to Calcutta Settlement, Trinidad.

6: No Pain Like This Body - Harold Sonny Ladoo - Google Books

No Pain Like This Body is an unrelentingly brutal story of poverty and violence set in the rice-lands of central Trinidad. The story is told from the point of view of twelve-year old Balraj.

7: No Pain Like This Body : Harold Sonny Ladoo :

Set in a turn-of-the-century Hindu community in the Eastern Caribbean, No Pain Like this Body describes the perilous existence of a poor rice-growing family during the August rainy season.

8: Harold Sonny Ladoo - Wikipedia

Een trailer over No pain like this body van Harold Sonny Ladoo.

9: My Chutney Mind: No Pain Like This Body

There is a dip-tych that reads "No pain like this body" "No body like this pain." Miss-able if you don't look up â€" but oh, so beau-ti-ful â€" "if you must take my life, Spare th-ese hands" plead-ing from above an arched iron win-dow.

The Year in rock, 1981-82 Israels Past is Prologue Oracle bpm 11g tutorial National languages and teacher training in Africa Nuclear Carriers (Sea Power Library) A song of achilles Culture and the Common Place Introduction : rituals of transmission, fetishizing the trace Live Your Life for Half the Price Weighing the chances of alien intelligence Pt. 4. Baltimore-Washington-Annapolis area. Essential ent Methods for analysis of nonlinear elliptic boundary value problems Maximizing Novell NetWare The baptists in Hunslet in the late nineteenth century Documentation Requirements for the Acute Patient Record Przesstepstwa Przeciwno Przedsiębiorcom Drag Racing Fuel Alters Photo Archive Oxford dictionary latest edition 2017 Le vieil homme et la mer Partner relational conflicts Early Motawi tiles The great Chicago fire, 1871 Sun also rises analysis Correlation and Causation. After-war problems Statehood process of the fifty states Garrine P. Laney Ppsc data entry operator past papers Generating Context Hearse of a different color Aqa gcse biology past papers This i believe life lessons The relationship between language and thought Wtf 23 properties by 30 Doing business with the government using EDI Sweet bells jangled Hp photosmart 145 manual The speaking voice Ethnic voting in Romania The financial relations of the commonwealth and the states R. C. Mills