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It started with Katherine. She came and split the twentieth century in half. He saw her under the sea with ribbons in her hair, and after that he was not the same.

It was a windy day in March 1951 and in the afternoon Antoney took the Goldtooth bus to Kingston with his father, Mr Rogers. They were going to the Carib Theatre to see an African-American dance company. Mr Rogers had acquired their tickets through a deal with a fellow non-profit-making saxophone player and he allowed Antoney to hold them for the duration of the journey. He held them with both hands, thumb and first two fingers, his legs swinging forwards and backwards with the movement of the bus, which went upwards, upwards then downwards into the city. It was a winding mountainous road with bush valleys and pimento trees on one side and nothing but precipice on the other. Some of the passengers preferred to look down into their laps rather than out of the window, but not Antoney.

He had been to the theatre once before with his mother, Florence, to see *Jack and the Beanstalk* pantomime, but because he'd shown indifference she had never taken him back. He was too old for pantomimes now – he was nine. Mr Rogers understood this too. Katherine Dunham (she sounded like something expensive) was a world-famous dancer and a Broadway star. She'd worked in Hollywood movies, had her own touring

company, and was renowned for bringing African and Caribbean dances to the stage in grand style for the first time. She was also an anthropologist, so all in all she was not a waste of time. 'She nice-looking too,' Mr Rogers was saying. But more importantly than this, she was out of the ordinary, like Mr Rogers himself. He was a lithe, effeminate man with extremely slender hands and a prettyboy face, who always wore a flower in his hat. He was sometimes here and sometimes not and everyone, including Florence, called him Mr Rogers.

Antoney hoped they'd be sitting near the front. He declared that he'd like to sit right in the front row but Mr Rogers replied that these were not the best seats. 'A few rows back is better,' he said. 'You get it better from a distance. Or if you get a balcony you luckier still. From there you can see the side of the stage, into the wings, and if you crane your neck you can watch their faces when they're waiting to come on. That is a fascinating thing.'

'Where did you see that?' Antoney asked.

Mr Rogers tipped up his chin, trying to remember. 'Ah, some while back, some place in Trinidad I think it was.'

Antoney was not generally a talkative child. He'd already decided that if he ever had to choose between a body and a voice he would choose to have a body. However, he was often talkative when he was with his father.