

KYK-OVER-AL

Volume 1

Issues 4-5

June-December 1947

KYK-OVER-AL, VOLUME 1, ISSUES 4-5
June-December 1947.

First published 1947
This Edition © The Caribbean Press 2013
Series Preface © Bharrat Jagdeo 2010
Introduction © Dr. Michael Niblett 2013

Cover design by Cristiano Coppola
Cover image: © Cecil E. Barker

All rights reserved
No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted
in any form without permission.

Published by the Ministry of Culture, Youth and Sports,
Guyana at the Caribbean Press.

ISBN 978-1-907493-52-2



THE GUYANA CLASSICS LIBRARY

**Series Preface by the President of Guyana,
H. E. Bharrat Jagdeo**

General Editors:

David Dabydeen & Lynne Macedo

Consulting Editor:

Ian McDonald

SERIES PREFACE

Modern Guyana came into being, in the Western imagination, through the travelogue of Sir Walter Raleigh, *The Discoverie of Guiana* (1595). Raleigh was as beguiled by Guiana's landscape ("I never saw a more beautiful country...") as he was by the prospect of plunder ("every stone we stooped to take up promised either gold or silver by his complexion"). Raleigh's contemporaries, too, were doubly inspired, writing, as Thoreau says, of Guiana's "majestic forests", but also of its earth, "resplendent with gold." By the eighteenth century, when the trade in Africans was in full swing, writers cared less for Guiana's beauty than for its mineral wealth. Sugar was the poet's muse, hence the epic work by James Grainger *The Sugar Cane* (1764), a poem which deals with subjects such as how best to manure the sugar cane plant, the most effective diet for the African slaves, worming techniques, etc. As John Singleton confessed (in his *General Description of the West Indies*, 1776), there was no contradiction between the manufacture of odes and that of sugar: "...a fine exuberant plant, which clothes the fields with the richest verdure. There is, I believe, scarcely any cultivation which yields so lucrative a return per acre as under favourable circumstances, than that of the sugar cane. So bountiful a gift of Providence seems not only calculated to call forth the activity and enterprise of the agriculturalist and merchant, but to awaken also feelings of a higher and more refined enthusiasm." The refinement of art and that of sugar were one and the same process.

The nineteenth century saw the introduction of Indian indentureship, but as the sugar industry expanded, literary works contracted. Edward Jenkins' novel *Lutchmee and Dilloo* (1877) was the only substantial fiction on Guiana, and whilst it was broadly sympathetic to the plight of Indian labourers, it was certain of Britain's imperial destiny, and rights over mineral resources. It was not until the period leading up to

Guiana's Independence from Britain (1966) and the subsequent years, that our own writers of Amerindian, African, Asian and European ancestry (A. J. Seymour, Wilson Harris, Jan Carew, Edgar Mittelholzer, Martin Carter, Rajkumari Singh et al.) attempted to purify literature of its commercial taint, restoring to readers a vision of the complexity of the Guyanese character and the beauty of the Guyanese landscape.

The Guyana Classics Library will republish out-of-print poetry, novels and travelogues so as to remind us of our literary heritage, and it will also remind us of our reputation for scholarship in the fields of history, anthropology, sociology and politics, through the reprinting of seminal works in these subjects. The Series builds upon previous Guyanese endeavours, like the institution of CARIFESTA and the Guyana Prize. I am delighted that my government has originated the project and has pledged that every library in the land will be furnished with titles from the Series, so that all Guyanese can appreciate our monumental achievement in moving from Exploitation to Expression. If the Series becomes the foundation and inspiration for future literary and scholarly works, then my government will have moved towards fulfilling one of its primary tasks, which is the educational development of our people.

President Bharrat Jagdeo

CONTENTS:

INTRODUCTION by Dr. Michael Niblett i

ISSUE 4, JUNE 1947:

EDITORIAL NOTES 3

POETRY:

REQUIEM FOR E.L.D. by A.J. Seymour 4

AUTUMN IN ENGLAND by A.J. Seymour 5

STUDIES IN REALISM by Wilson Harris 6

OBITUARY OF A BUM by Frank E. Dalzell 8

POEM by James W. Smith 9

SUNSET SCENES by Horace L. Mitchell 10

BERBICE:

THE WINKEL VILLAGE 11

THE STONE OF HELP-EBENEZER

by Rev. P.A. Magalee 13

THE CANADIAN MISSION AND EDUCATION

by A.H. Baburam 16

THE SPIRIT OF MAN (An Anthology) 19

LET THE CHILDREN SING by Celeste Dolphin 24

SUNLIGHT AND WEST INDIAN POETRY

by A.J. Seymour 26

SHORT STORY:

FENCES UPON THE EARTH by Wilson Harris 31

DEMOCRACY FORUM by Ruby Franker 37

THE WEST INDIAN UNIVERSITY by "CRITIAS" 39

CO-OPERATION IN THE WEST INDIES

by G. C. L. Gordon 42

IS AN ARTIST RESPONSIBLE TO THE COMMUNITY?(Opinions)	47
RENDEZVOUS FOR BOOKS by BOOKMAN	49
<i>CAPITALISM AND SLAVERY</i> by G.W.P. Roberts	51
“UNCLE STAPIE” (LEONARD EVELYN-MOE) by James W. Smith	56
SHORT STORY:	
BIG BEAR! by J.A.V. Bourne	58
WORDS by M.L. Isaacson	61
PREPARE FOR TOMORROW by James W. Smith	62
CONCERT NOTES	64
FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BRITISH GUIANA UNION OF CULTURAL CLUBS	68
EBENEZER CHURCH (Photograph)	78

ISSUE 5 DECEMBER 1947:

LETTER TO THE ADVERTISERS	81
EDITORIAL	83

POETRY:

THE SWALLOW by Egbert Martin (Leo)	88
QUIET'S EVENT by Wilson Harris	90
TROPIC RAPTURE by H.L. Mitchell	91
ARABESQUE by Helen Taitt	93
Fragment from BELSHAZZAR by Stanley Hamilcar White	96
TOMORROW by A.J. Seymour	97
TO THE POETS by James W. Smith	99
ECHOES FROM THE 1947 CONVENTION	101
ART IN THE WEST INDIES by Edna Manley	106
I'M THINKING ALOUD by A. F. C. Matthews	115
THE LOST GUIANA BOUNDARY by Denis A. Westmaas	118
WHITHER MANKIND? by Dr. A. W. H. Smith	121
OFF TO KAIETEUR by J. A. V. Bourne	127
THROUGH OTHER PEOPLE'S EYES	131
BOOKS OUT OF DOORS by A. J. Seymour	142
1947 NOTES ON THE UNION'S WORK	147
EPISODE by Molly L. Isaacson	150
NOTES AND JOTTINGS	152

BOOK REVIEWS	155
BETWEEN MAN AND MAN by Oscar S. Wight	160

KYK-OVER-AL
Volume 1
Issues 4-5

June-December 1947



The Caribbean Press

DEDICATION

This Volume is dedicated to the memory of A.J. Seymour, poet; editor; scholar and pioneer of Caribbean cultural production. He gave a lifetime of service to the literary arts of the region.

INTRODUCTION

First published in Guyana in December 1945, *Kyk-Over-Al* was to become one of the most significant and long-running literary magazines in the Caribbean. Over the course of some 50 issues it has featured work by many of the leading writers from Guyana and the wider Caribbean, publishing the early poetry and fiction of such groundbreaking authors as Wilson Harris and Martin Carter, as well as important critical essays, histories, and reviews. Between 1945 and 1961, the journal was edited by the poet A. J. Seymour, a “committed literary figure and cultural architect” whose editorial notes and frequent essays for *Kyk-Over-Al* represent landmark contributions to the forging of a Guyanese literary culture.¹ Following Seymour’s departure from Guyana in 1962, the journal went into abeyance until a revival in 1984 under the editorship of Seymour and the poet and novelist Ian McDonald. With the death of Seymour in 1989, McDonald became sole editor. The magazine has continued to appear intermittently into the 2000s, with activist and writer Vanda Radzik joining McDonald on editorial duties.

Kyk-Over-Al was founded by the British Guiana Writers’ Association and the British Guiana Union of Cultural Clubs, of which Seymour was Honorary Secretary. Costing a shilling and with a cover design by Cecil E. Barker, the first edition of the journal declared its intention to “...cultivate among British Guiana’s writers the art of setting out a point of view persuasively even when wholly uncompromising; always giving short shrift to the brow-beating and the intolerant; that it will assist our readers with the enquiring and challenging mind; and that, in pointing the way to a clear appreciation of British Guiana’s problems, it will contribute towards the efforts of all our people to achieve full responsibility in personal and community decisions.”² The name *Kyk-Over-Al* (“see over all”), taken from the ruined Dutch fort at the confluence of the Essequibo, Mazaruni, and Cuyuni rivers, was meant to signify the need “for quick and wide vigilance and the expression of an alert people.”³ As Seymour

made clear in his editorial notes, the magazine was to be actively engaged in the project of building the Guyanese nation and of shaping a unique culture. *Kyk-Over-Al*, he wrote, will be “an instrument to help forge a Guianese people, to make them conscious of their intellectual and spiritual possibilities.”⁴

Seymour’s ambitions for the magazine chime with the upsurge in nationalist sentiment and the increasing agitation for political sovereignty that spread like wildfire across the Caribbean in the middle decades of the twentieth century. Against this backdrop, as Nelini Persram has observed, what “raged in the debates and expositions of *Kyk-Over-Al* assisted in the conscious articulation and awareness of an emerging Guyanese culture, something unprecedented in the country’s history. For Seymour the central interest was how, with the historical influence and domination of the language of English, the Guyanese could take the old colonial world and remake it into their own nation.”⁵ Indeed, Seymour stressed the need for Guyanese, and Caribbean peoples more generally, to “make an act of possession somehow of our environment and the faster the better.”⁶ Many of the stories and poems that appeared in the early issues of the magazine can be read as a direct response to Seymour’s enjoinder. The first issue, for instance, carries a fascinating piece of short fiction by Wilson Harris, ‘**Tomorrow**’, which provides an early glimpse of some of the themes (if not yet the unique prose style) that he would explore over the course his long career. Intriguingly, the story gestures to what would become a central concern in Harris’s work – the necessity of developing an original aesthetic appropriate to the remarkable landscapes of Guyana:

“There was only one picture in the room. A picture of the Kaieteur Fall. When he saw me looking at it, the old man said –

‘I like that.’ He seemed to be seeking words to express his thoughts. ‘It has power. Beauty. Mystery. It is a symbol for this land. The symbol of power waiting to be harnessed. Of beauty that goes hand in hand with terror and majesty. Of the mystery that lies in men’s hearts, waiting to be explored, given form and direction and purpose.’”⁷

In a later piece of short fiction, '**Fences Upon the Earth**' (published in issue four of *Kyk-Over-Al*), Harris can be seen still struggling to find a form of narrative expression adequate to the environmental experience of Guyana. At the end of the story, the narrator declares: "*Yes. I know what you will say. The words I have used are inadequate. Forgive me. I know it was inevitable that it should be so. The whole thing had been secret and wordless.*"⁸ As Reinhard Sander has observed, this "'secret and wordless' thing is an encounter with the Amerindian presence in the Guyanese interior, an encounter that provides some insight into the profound and disturbing impression that the Guyanese landscape and its ancestral inhabitants were to leave on the mind of the future novelist."⁹ Indeed, the description of this encounter seems to move us a step closer to a prose more familiarly 'Harrisian' in style and tone:

"For the first time that I could remember I looked upon a human being standing upon the earth, not falsely, by force or subterfuge, or bravado, or by any sort of empty pretension, but very simply, as though to own the earth were to carry the most natural and easeful burden in the world . . . His limbs were powerful. They had the perfection of the young trees that stand rooted in the forests, breathing forth an ageless symmetry in their being".¹⁰

That Harris, one of the Caribbean's most acclaimed and original authors, should first publish in *Kyk-Over-Al* is testament to the journal's significance. There is a real frisson to be had in browsing through the yellowing pages of early issues and seeing formative works by poets and novelists who would go on to play a defining role in the development of Caribbean letters. Fifteen years after '**Tomorrow**', for example, Harris would publish his first novel, *Palace of the Peacock* (1960), a visionary re-telling of the quest for El Dorado that sought not only to reanimate eclipsed historical perspectives, but also to imaginatively redeem a past that had never existed. In this novel, as he would do in the twenty-two that followed (the last being *The Ghost of Memory* in 2006, over 60 years since his first appearance in *Kyk-Over-Al*), Harris sifts through the ruins of history, searching for signs of its Utopian negation in the form of the unborn potential of cross-cultural

community. Harris's longstanding emphasis on the redemptive force of cross-cultural community can be seen in embryo in a number of the poems he published in *Kyk-Over-Al*. Many of these were later included in his collection *Eternity to Season* (1954), which seeks to weave together Homeric myth with the landscapes of Guyana and the lives of its people in a manner that foreshadows Derek Walcott's epic reworking of Greek legend in a Caribbean context in *Omeros* (1990).

Alongside Harris, Martin Carter was another consistent contributor to *Kyk-Over-Al*. Indeed, his first published piece of work – a 'fragment' from '**An Ode to Midnight**' – appeared in issue six of the journal. This poem, with its "*deliberate archaism*" which "*does little to distinguish it from the many pastiches in Kyk-Over-Al that cast back to classical and romantic structures of poetic expression*", represents, as Gemma Robinson puts it, something of a "*deceptive entrance*" by Carter into Guyanese literature.¹¹ It would not be long, however, before Carter's more familiar poetic voice – passionate, committed, protesting the squalor of colonialism in a language of lyrical beauty – would resound in the pages of the periodical. Here he is in '**Death of a Slave**', for example, excoriating the brutality of plantation labour in stanzas at once both savagely forthright and dense with the gravity of history:

"cane field is green dark green
green with life of its own
heart of slave is red deep red
red with life of its own.

day passes like long whip
over the back of slave
day is burning whip
biting the neck of slave".¹²

It is worth comparing this poem as it appeared in *Kyk-Over-Al* in 1952 with the version published two years later as part of the collection *Poems of Resistance from British Guiana*. In the latter, the same stanzas are rendered as follows:

“The cane field is green dark green
green with a life of its own
The heart of a slave is red deep red
red with a life of its own.

Day passes like a long whip
over the back of a slave
Day is a burning whip
Biting the neck of a slave”.¹³

The addition of a series of definite and indefinite articles (“The cane field”, “a slave”) to the 1954 version subtly alters the rhythm of the poem: the *Kyk-Over-Al* piece has a punchy ferocity, a clipped cadence that is softened in the later rendering. While the tone and metre of the latter is perhaps more successful at engaging the reader in the subject of the poem (Carter’s aim in his lyrics, observes Robinson, was always to “pursue the goal of collective feeling” and to challenge his readers to join him in making sense of the world¹⁴), there is something about the brute simplicity of the earlier construction – especially its undifferentiated evocation of the slave as simply “slave” (“neck of slave” / “back of slave”) – that speaks to the terrifying, dehumanizing violence of slavery.

Comparisons such as this highlight how immensely interesting are the contributions to *Kyk-Over-Al* for those looking to track not only the contours of Guyanese literary history, but also the fascinating genealogies of individual poems and prose pieces. The republication of the journal in the *Guyana Classics* series will make easier the task of throwing light on the literary development of Guyana’s most significant authors. In addition to Harris and Carter, *Kyk-Over-Al* included work by a range of other significant writers in the early stages of their careers. Edgar Mittelholzer, for instance, contributed a number of intriguing poems to the journal (see issues three and nineteen). The “first of his generation to emigrate to the UK to make a serious career of writing novels”, Mittelholzer was a pioneer, penning such important works as *Corentyne Thunder* (1941), *Shadows Move Among Them* (1951),

and the *Kaywana* trilogy of historical novels (1952-58), which cover over 300 years of Guyanese history.¹⁵ The work of Jan Carew, whose novels *The Wild Coast* (1958) and *Black Midas* (1958) are compelling re-workings of the *Bildungsroman* in a Guyanese context, also features in the journal, as does that of Roy Heath, who contributed some rare early poetry to issues seventeen (1953) and nineteen (1954), some twenty years before his first novel, *A Man Come Home* (1974), was published.

Of equal interest when reading through early issues of *Kyk-Over-Al* is the vast array of literary pieces by contributors whose career did not subsequently flourish, or whose work has never received the same kind of attention as that of writers like Harris or Mittelholzer. The journal enables us to reconstruct an often overlooked portion of the literary field in which those more celebrated authors were working. The dynamics of literary consecration and canonization tend to produce relatively attenuated literary histories, marginalizing certain writers and obscuring the diverse range of work with which more well-known texts may well have been in dialogue; *Kyk-Over-Al* allows us to recover some of that rich tradition and to develop a more fine-grained understanding of the evolution of Guyanese literature.

This is especially so since in addition to fostering new literary talents, *Kyk-Over-Al* sought to preserve and bring to attention the work of earlier Guyanese writers, thereby not only “moulding a Guianese consciousness”, but also “recording its tradition”, as Seymour put it.¹⁶ In illustration of Seymour’s point, the second issue selected the poet Walter MacArthur Lawrence (1896-1942) for “honour and commemoration”, republishing a selection of stanzas from his poem ‘**Ode to Kaieteur**’ and featuring a number of essays on his work.¹⁷ This issue of the journal was notable, too, for what, as Petamber Persaud has observed, may be “the first recorded call for a local literary prize”, with James W. Smith, the Honorary Secretary of the British Guiana Writers’ Association, arguing for the establishment of a literary award in the form of the Leo Medal for poetry, The Webber Medal for fiction and The Clementi Medal for non-fiction and drama.¹⁸

In preserving the Guyanese literary heritage while also supporting and even launching the careers of some of Guyana's most well-known and critically lauded writers, *Kyk-Over-Al* not only helped to shape the contours of Guyanese literary culture, but also contributed more generally to the 'boom' in Caribbean writing in the 1950s. Indeed, the journal was one of a number of literary magazines that flourished across the region in the middle decades of the twentieth century. These included such periodicals as *The Beacon* in Trinidad (first published in 1931), *Tropiques* in Martinique (1941), *Bim* in Barbados (1942), *Focus* in Jamaica (1943), *Origenes* in Cuba (1944), *Asomante* in Puerto Rico (1945), and *Caribbean Quarterly*, which was launched by the University of the West Indies' Department of Extra Mural Studies in 1949. Alongside such outlets as the BBC's *Caribbean Voices* radio programme (which ran from 1943 to 1958 and featured readings of work by writers such as George Lamming, Una Marson, V. S. Naipaul, and Sam Selvon), these magazines provided a new forum for the circulation and discussion of Caribbean literature, encouraging into print a whole host of emerging literary talents.

In comparison with many of these other journals, *Kyk-Over-Al* was, as Laurence Breiner has observed, "*remarkable for the high quality of its poetry from the very beginning.*"¹⁹ This was down in large part to the frequent contributions made by Harris, Carter, and Seymour himself (Harris contributed some 37 poems between 1945 and 1961, Carter some 24, and Seymour over 40). The journal also "*made pioneering efforts in literary criticism, and opened its pages to writers of the whole region, even publishing translations of works from the French Antilles.*"²⁰ Indeed, Breiner suggests that *Kyk-Over-Al*'s outlook was "*closely tied to the dream of the West Indian Federation.*"²¹ In a similar vein, L. E. Braithwaite has argued that the magazine moved from a purely Guyanese to a West Indian position with the establishment of the University College of the West Indies in 1948.²²

The pause in the journal's publication in 1961, occasioned by Seymour's departure from Guyana, occurred just as the country was entering into a period of intense ethno-political hostilities that rent the fabric of society. That *Kyk-Over-Al*

should fall silent at this time seems poignantly apt given its stated aim to help build the nation and its commitment to fostering a collective Guyanese consciousness. Against the backdrop of race riots that pitched communities against one another, the journal's *raison d'être* perhaps appeared hopelessly Utopian. And yet such Utopianism was, and remains, fundamental to thinking beyond the apparent impasses and entrenched divisions that mark the present; and to imagining the possibility of a radically different future. As Martin Carter put it in 'Looking at Your Hands', published in *Kyk-Over-Al* in 1952, "I do not sleep to dream, but dream to change the world".²³ The last word, however, should perhaps belong to Seymour, who expressed similar sentiments to Carter in a poem published in the third issue, and which in many ways encapsulates the ideals behind the founding of the journal:

"To-day they hope
But to-morrow belongs to the people.
To-morrow they will put power behind their brow
And get the skill in their hands.

To-morrow
They will make a hammer to smash the slums
And build the schools.

Like a River, the people hold history in their hands
And To-morrow belongs to them".²⁴

Michael Niblett
University of Warwick

Notes:

¹ Nalini Persam, 'The Importance of Being Cultural: Nationalist Thought and Jagan's Colonial World', in *Small Axe*, 15 (March 2004): 86.

² H. R. Harewood, 'A Message', in *Kyk-Over-Al*, 1.1 (1945): 26.

³ A. J. Seymour, 'Editorial Notes', in *Kyk-Over-Al*, 1.1 (1945): 7

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ Persam, 'The Importance of Being Cultural', 86-87.

⁶ A. J. Seymour, 'Editor's Note', in *Kyk-Over-Al*, 2.7 (1948): 2.

⁷ Wilson Harris, 'Tomorrow', in *Kyk-Over-Al*, 1.1 (1945): 30.

- ⁸ Wilson Harris, 'Fences Upon the Earth', in *Kyk-Over-Al*, 1.4 (1947): 21.
- ⁹ Reinhard W. Sander, 'The Quest for Form: Wilson Harris' Contributions to *Kyk-Over-Al*', in *World Literature Written in English*, 22.1 (1983): 20.
- ¹⁰ Harris, 'Fences Upon the Earth', 21.
- ¹¹ Gemma Robinson, 'Introduction', in *University of Hunger: Collected Poems and Selected Prose*, by Martin Carter and ed. Gemma Robinson (Tarsset, Northumberland: Bloodaxe Books, 2006), 17.
- ¹² Martin Carter, 'Death of a Slave', in *Kyk-Over-Al*, 4.14 (1952): 53.
- ¹³ Martin Carter, 'Death of a Slave', in *University of Hunger*, 88.
- ¹⁴ Robinson, 'Introduction', in *University of Hunger*, 31.
- ¹⁵ Michael Gilkes, 'Edgar Mittelholzer', in *West Indian Literature*, 2nd edition, ed. Bruce King (London and Basingstoke: Macmillan Education, 1995), 127.
- ¹⁶ A. J. Seymour, 'Editorial Notes', in *Kyk-Over-Al*, 1.2 (1946): 3-4.
- ¹⁷ Ibid.
- ¹⁸ Petamber Persaud, 'Preserving Our Literary Heritage: *Kyk-Over-Al*, Part 1 – 1945-1961', in *Guyana Chronicle* 30th July (2006). Web. 1 March. <http://www.landofsixpeoples.com/gytodaysixevenjs.htm>
- ¹⁹ Laurence A. Breiner, *An Introduction to West Indian Poetry* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998). 78.
- ²⁰ Ibid.
- ²¹ Ibid.
- ²² See A. J. Seymour, 'Kyk at 50', in *Kyk-Over-Al*, 46/47 (1995): 19.
- ²³ Martin Carter, 'Looking at Your Hands', in *Kyk-Over-Al*, 4.14 (1952): 52.
- ²⁴ A. J. Seymour, 'To-Morrow Belongs to the People', in *Kyk-Over-Al*, 1.3 (1946): 11.

ISSUE 4

EDITORIAL NOTES

Harold Moody dies after stumping through the West Indies on a personal-appeal mission for a W.I. Cultural Centre in London. Philip Sherlock is appointed Director of Extra Mural Studies to the University College of the West Indies. Creech Jones promises to preside over the Jamaica Conference in September on W.I. Federation. These mean that the British Caribbean has contracted faster than we would have imagined twelve months ago. The tides are swirling.

This issue of *Kyk-Over-Al* looks out at the ferment of thought and consciousness in the West Indies and at the sauce time it looks at some of the historical associations laid away in the Ancient County of Berbice and its story. We're both at home and abroad, in our Country's past and in the historical future of the area. That is but fair when we remember that our Guianese community does not develop in isolation and that we are a unit in one of the future Dominions of the Empire. The West Indian University and the Co-operative Movement will assist us socially and intellectually to find ourselves as a people and to equip our leaders.

Perhaps the two elements still lacking in the recipe for nationhood are money and more of a sense of social responsibility. Trevelyan has painted in his *English Social History* the picture of the centuries— slow evolution of a people in tradition and social responsibility. In comparison, the West Indies is perhaps telescoping its future and reaching for it in two generations.

Arnold J. Toynbee declares that the quality of a people's story lies in the community response they make to the challenge of natural forces. The creative minority in the West Indies are already at work making that and it is always spirit that makes history.

—A.J.S.

REQUIEM FOR E.L.D.

by A.J. Seymour

Stone flashing and life in the stone.

How dream that from stone the spirit awakes?

And the spark and the meal, then the bone

When out of its house the spirit breaks.

But where the river comes, crops will grow

And the stranger's a brother.

Irrigating the world her waters flow

The Nile, that old, old mother.

A footpath leads to the grave from the womb,

But eternities of peace

Haunt the temple whose doors are walled to a tomb

When the chantings cease.

AUTUMN IN ENGLAND

by A.J. Seymour

There
Daylight comes in with a flower of fountains
And sunlight stands in white unbroken columns
On the sea.

Exiled I dream.

Down South
The masculine sun builds his strong architecture
Of heat and light, though, shouldering up, the trees
Fashion cool caves of shadow with their swaying walls
At the wind's mercy.

But the light is deep,
And there are whirling lyrics in one's heart.

But here,
Oh, here the leaves in elegies
Drift to the iron ground, and winter's birth
Is heavy within the yellow.

There are no winds
To shake warm curtains, and the cold
Stands round the stone and then invades the heart.

At home now
Daylight burnishes the sea
And the sun drenches the city with his warmth.

To be at home...

STUDIES IN REALISM

by Wilson Harris

(i)

Village in America.

The people pass in the village.
They are dirt-stained
and dust-stained from the farms
but nothing can hide their nobility.

Not even the burden of their labour
nor the slow death that creepeth upon them
out of the empty hands
of an old and alien dispensation.
Nothing can hide their nobility.

The women have firm and beautiful breasts.
And the men have a strong and joyous laughter.
Nothing can hide their nobility.

They have a slowness and a sleepiness upon them.
They stand mute and execrated
like statues of priceless ebony
curbing a monstrous strength
curbing the violence of their limbs:
until the deep smile comes in patient grandeur
upon the darkness of their features.
This is the culmination of their strange beauty.

(ii)

The Tragic Muse.

O God

This is my meditation now, before I pray.

I think of Mozart,

in the heart of his civilization,
deserted, not even accorded the dignity
of decent burial.

I think of Christ crucified

dying in agony, crying aloud to his God—
Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?

I think of the others,

the others who are also the sons of God,
contemptuous of their divinity,
living and dying today in the slums.

I think of the strange and moving spectacle of man overcome
by the inanimate earth that covers him
or the deep waters in which he drowns
or the bullet that comes unerringly
travelling through eternity to its ultimate destination.

The voices of the living pray to God.

The voices of the dead

treasured in the beautiful books in the libraries
pray to God.

Men suffer and pray to God

and thereby acquire stature
like Jesus Christ and like Mozart.

They wait for the ultimate response to their prayer.

They wait for the ultimate mockery

or the ultimate justification,

in the meantime piling up new and unlearned accents of tragedy
upon their human story, while they wait on God.

OBITUARY OF A BUM

by Frank E. Dalzell

This lad was born
Of parents poor: the weaker half of which
Did nightly hire out her temple for the next day's meal;
The stronger: a passion for rebellious liquids and a love
For rolling numbered cubes possessed him whole.
This lad grew up
'Midst sordid squalor, reeking stench and filth,
Cramming his bowels full of salted rice, left over souse,
'Touch mango', anything to ease the gnawing at his entrails
And keep the lamp of life from burning low.
He swift ran foul
Of vicious tentacles his lowly birth
Had wrapped about him. Was put in storage till his plasma
Paler grew and the dreaded bacilli moved in unhindered.
In brief, he bade a quick farewell to life.

This lad ne'er knew
The thrill of life in full. The beauty rich
Of green fields in the early morn; of breeze and sky and sun.
His fate, but for a fickle fling of Fortune's flaccid finger,
Could easily have mapped for him the strong creative urge.
Instead, he lived a bum...he died a bum.

POEM

by James W. Smith

I hold the Future—I hold Life
And Death, so tender, in my hands!
Both Life and Death—both, and yet one,
And they are here, here in my hands!
Life like a rose-bud in my hands!
Death like the atom in My hands!

The bud is opening in my hands!
Life is awakening in my hands!
I feel Life moving in my hands:
I smell its perfume in my hands:
I see Life blooming in my hands:
Here is Life—here, here in my hands:

And I can see Life fading —
I can see Life fading in my hands!
I see the petals shrinking—
I see them shrinking in my hands!
And I smell the perfume fainter—
I smell it fainter in my hands!

And I feel the atom moving—
I feel Death moving in my hands!
And Life is growing smaller—smaller:
Life growing smaller in my hands,
And Death moving...! Growing larger...!
Death growing...! Death...here in my hands!

SUNSET SCENES

by Horace L. Mitchell

Golden dots of fire fleck the western sky
And the leaves dance at the vision, the waters
Of the world, brown and blue and ruby red
Reflect the beauty.

The sun, as a bird of day, wings its way
Home, as evening nears, beneath the nook
Where earth meets heaven, swoops with graceful sweep.
Soundless, as is the fall of a feather from the falcon
In its flight, to where, as a wonder new-revealed,
Earth sees it come a ball of golden greeting
When Aurora leaves her chamber, the chamber
Of the east.

The wind now walks with Zephyr, holding hands
Together they visit the scenes of shade, nestled
Near brooks of calm, where Delight lives with Nature:
They list the symphonies of the streams,
Then, like a new romantic pair first
Tasting of pure love's ambrosial bliss
Are lulled into the quiet mood of blithe content
To rest with rapture and enrapture.

The sea retells its tale of ten thousand years
Of singing the song of the roving waves to the shore
And of playing and dancing on the beaches.

Up in the east Night tears the veil of light
Gently from her face, blackened by years
Of darkness, and looks on the world of the fading sun.
Her minion stars peep their twinkling tints
And see the earth, wrapped in calm, homing
To Sleep—birds and men—with meditation.

With the aid of Cruickshank's Eyes we look at
THE WINKEL VILLAGE, BERBICE

Winkel is a little village just behind Queenstown, the residential section of New Amsterdam. The village has dwindled in population and sunk in status and at the same time it has become absorbed into the spreading town of New Amsterdam. But people still say "Oh, I live in the Winkel".

Yet there was a time when the people of the Winkel Department, Berbice, were Crown Servants, they were "*King-William's People*," and in 1831, a Deed of Manumission, tied with blue ribbon and with a large red seal, was given to the head of each family living there. As an old inhabitant, Mother Gournal said in the early years of this century, "*We were freed with paper. We were different from the rest of people who were freed with a bell.*" They were the African aristocrats of Berbice.

What is the story of Winkel Village?

Winkel, as any Dutch dictionary will tell us, is a shop. A "*winkel-jongen*" is a shop boy, and if we follow this bit of folklore, we come to the heart of the matter. The Winkel Village is where the old artisans lived, the blacksmiths, masons, brick makers and bricklayers, coopers and carpenters of the old Dutch Colony of Berbice

The early Winkels, the first artisans, must have been indented servants, the Christian servants of the 17th Century, blacksmiths and masons from the Netherlands, brought to the Wild Coast to ply their trade in the forests and by the great rivers of South America. Then one day some Mynheer Mittelholzer perhaps saw a Koromanti slave trying to fashion something out of a piece of old iron and following an impulse got him apprenticed to the Dutch blacksmith. And in that way perhaps the Winkels began to change their colour.

At first the Winkel Department could be found around the Fort Nassau, 50 miles up the Berbice River. But towards the end of the 18th Century, the settlement came down to the coast. It is about 1790 that the second New Amsterdam—the town we know today—began to be built, and axe and fire began their work at the point where the Canje joins waters with the Berbice.

Dr. Pinckard was in Berbice in May, 1796, and he tells me that New Amsterdam was then in embryo. It had been planned to build the town upon an angle of land, the peninsula between the Berbice and the Canje ("Kanuyr", in his spelling), along the bank of the Berbice.

And just about this time, on the site of the Winkel Village of today, there began to go up the small huts that sheltered the people of the Winkel Department, as we might say the Public Works Department. They and their workshops were necessary for constructing and maintaining public work, and some of the Winkels were employed at Fort St. Andrews on the other side of the Canje, facing Crab Island.

New Amsterdam has history in it. There is a building (once owned by C. H. Jones) with thick brick walls — 18 inches of small red Dutch bricks and massive as ramparts of some storm-beaten castle, and iron-hard bullet-wood sills made from the very, very heart of the bullet-wood tree. That belongs to the old days when Abraham Van Batenburg was King of Berbice. Ancient too is the All Saints Manse, and the old Colony church, All Saints Scots Church, where Governor Bentinck lies buried in the chancel from 1820.

And there too is the Winkel Village. There are no old buildings, no old ruins, or tumbledown tombs, but the site and the soil have history as old as anything else there.

THE STONE OF HELP-EBENEZER

by Rev. P.A. Magalee

In the house of Lodewijk Abbensetts at plantation La Solitude on the Berbice River (a stone's throw above Fort Nassau, the Dutch capital) on June 1, 1743 a group of Dutch Lutheran laymen—planters and government officials—met and there began the first organization of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. Appeals for a Pastor were sent to the city of Amsterdam in the Netherlands since that was the stronghold of Dutch Lutheranism, but no Pastor came until 9 years later. In the meantime the Ebenezer Lutheran Church and Congregation under Lay leadership was established in the neighbourhood of Fort Nassau which neighbourhood developed into the city called New Amsterdam.

During the great slave revolt of 1762 Fort Nassau was burned and laid waste, only the Lutheran property remaining. When the Government returned to the Fort after the revolt, the Lutheran Church and Pastor's home was used by the Government.

When the present town of New Amsterdam was laid out, Ebenezer Church was moved on punts and rafts to its present site. The exact date we do not know but the present New Amsterdam was established in 1782.

One sad feature of Ebenezer Church was the fact that the congregation was established only for the Dutch white traders and officials. On the front vestibule of Old Ebenezer was placed a sign made of 10-inch brass letters. It read: *"Negroes and Dogs keep out."* This day has long ago faded away and instead of a "white" constituency, this particular congregation like all Lutheranism in B.G. is witnessing to and for all peoples. From a white Dutch congregation it is now a Guianese English-speaking congregation.

To this day in New Amsterdam this 200-year-old edifice Ebenezer still stands and though enlarged, the building has still retained most of its original architecture; the sills, rafters, uprights, pews (with brass name indicators) and its main walls are still of the original logs and lumber. On its main cupola,

gracefully sits the 200-year-old Swan (symbol for Martin Luther, the great reformer) giving the direction of the wind and at the same time witnessing for an all inclusive Lutheranism throughout Guiana.

The first Dutch Pastor to serve in the church, was the Rev. John Kendrick. After a long service by Dutch Pastors a native of British Guiana, the Rev. J. R. Mittelholzer who was ordained in Dutch Guiana took over the pastorate of Ebenezer congregation. Under the guidance of this pioneer missionary to his own people, the Lutheran Church was established at many points on the Berbice River and it was he who affiliated the Lutheran Church in British Guiana to the United Lutheran Church in the USA.

In 1942 the Lutheran Church became an autonomous church, and now has organized congregations throughout British Guiana. It is governed by its Annual Convention which is made up of two representatives from each Parish. The present Executive is as follows:—

President — The Rev. Patrick A. Magalee, M.A., B.D., M.S.T.

Vice-President and

Treasurer — The Rev. Wallace J. Wolff, B.A., B.D..

Secretary — Catechist William A. Blair

Other

Members — The Rev. Claire S. Hayner, B.A., B.D.

The Rev. Aubrey R. Bowen. M.A., B.D.

Mr. Cyril S. Chu

Catechist Alfred T. Williams

The Church operates a hostel, school and mission station, for Aboriginal Indians and their children, in the upper regions of the Berbice River. Other hostels, church-supported schools, together with several Government-aided schools have also been established and maintained by the Church.

The first High School in the Colony "The Geneva Academy" was organized by the Lutheran Church. The Church conducts in the city of Georgetown the Modern

Educational Institute which is one of the two church-supported High Schools in the County of Demerara; and at Springlands, the Upper Courantyne High School – the only Church High School within 40 miles. The Church has sent to the USA six students for special courses in Education and Social work. Upon their return they will carry out intensive Educational and Social Programmes.

The first Industrial School in the Colony was commenced by the Lutheran Mission in 1923 in New Amsterdam. In this school were taught music, dramatics, shorthand, typewriting, printing, shoe-making, cabinet-making, mechanical drawing, house erecting and general carpentry. This school led the way for Government and demonstrated for them the need of such institutions in the Colony. The Wood Work Department was later taken over by Government which established branches throughout the Colony. Throughout the Colony of British Guiana you can find graduates of this school as masters of their own shops doing fine work. You can find them also in the Banks, offices and other establishments as efficient stenographers and other workers.

Through the auspices of the Lutheran Church a Y.M.C.A. was organized in Berbice 13 years ago. This organization is meeting a real need among the young men in New Amsterdam and its environs.

The official Young People's Organization is the Luther League of British Guiana. Once a year all the local organizations meet for Convention and Fellowship. This organization is affiliated to the Youth Council of British Guiana.

The Church Teaches
**THE CANADIAN MISSION AND
EDUCATION**

by A.H. Baburam

In the early days of colonisation in British Guiana, Christian Colonists first established a place for worship and then endeavoured to provide educational amenities for their children; often these two went together and in the case of the African brethren in the Colony after emancipation, Christian Missionaries erected buildings which were used both as Church and School.

It cannot be gainsaid that when the Canadian Mission entered the field of evangelism and education in British Guiana they found the African community fairly well provided in these two aspects of life, and the East Indians suffered a disadvantage, partly through Immigration conditions, partly through prejudice to Western culture, and partly through their inadaptability to "*merge in*" with the educational facilities of the day through the graces of the various established Churches.

I do wish to admit that efforts were made here and there, now and again, to get the East Indian children interested in education, but it was not until the arrival of the late Dr. J. B. Cropper that the East Indian educational problem was made a special study, with the realisation that it was the inherent duty of a Christian Church to develop the intellectual, physical, and moral side of man irrespective of his class, colour or creed. Some may argue that this was done with a Christian motive; I would rather say that it was done with a Christian motivation which is the only proper way of looking upon any system of Education in whatever part of the world it may be carried out.

Better Hope School was handed over to the management and control of the Mission by the Scottish Presbyterian Church on the arrival in the Colony of the late Dr. Cropper. Helena School was established when the Helena settlement was founded by Government, De Hoop School saw the light when

some hardy East Indian pioneers settled as rice farmers in that area, and wherever the East Indians “trekked”, not in search of gold, but to clear the forests and plough the land for rice planting and cattle-raising, the Canadian Mission invariably followed them to provide them with educational facilities.

Many of us recall the time when Biaboo, Crabwood Creek, No. 84 Unity and other rural schools were started off in small buildings and today we look with pride to their growth and development.

East Indians from all parts of the Colony have always rallied to the call, and we view with pride schools, such as Karamat and Ramjit which were given the names of those who did so much to establish them. Mr. Francis Kawall, well known to East Indians as “Sir Francis”, has always been a friend to the Mission in its educational work. He gave very generously for the erection, extension or repairs of our schools and Perpetua Kawall Memorial School shall always stand in loving memory of the interest taken in education amongst East Indians by this loyal and noble Indian family. In order that there may be some cohesion between primary and secondary education in Berbice, the Mission established the Berbice High School for Boys in 1916 and later on the Berbice High School for Girls. These two have now been amalgamated into a co-educational institution, managed by a Board of Governors, and is receiving a grant from Government for its maintenance and upkeep.

The Corentyne High School was founded by the now defunct Corentyne East Indian Educational League, and the Canadian Mission looks upon it as a privilege to supervise the school and run it along modern lines. A substantial grant is received from Canada every year in this respect.

The Bethel Theological College was opened in 1941 for the purpose of providing a native ministry, and thus assist in giving a real indigenous outlook to the Church.

As a Mission, I can say that we have not yet outlived our usefulness to take part in the educational development of the Colony. As an organisation, we boast of having the best working knowledge of solving the educational problems of East Indians in British Guiana, and we are prepared even at this very time so to reconstruct our educational programme to

make it fall within the framework of Hammond's recommendations, of the reports of the various Sub-Committees of the Educational Development Committee, and within the orbit of the accepted report or recommendation of any Educational expert or Commission appointed in the future.

(Condensed from the Church Record (of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission in British Guiana) by kind permission of Rev. James Dickson. — Ed.)

Echoes from the Air on
THE SPIRIT OF MAN

These are selections from a recent series of broadcast talks over Station ZFY, arranged by the British Council and dealing with the music, art and literature of the Elizabethan, Restoration and Victorian periods.

These selections on a theme have been made from the talks of R. C. G. Potter, D. A. Smith, Eleanor Kerry, E. R. Burrowes and A.J.S.

Art and literature and music are gradually filtering through from the aristocratic layers of society, down to the ordinary work-a-day man. In the history of European civilization, and that includes even a far outfield of Empire like British Guiana, the things that enrich the spirit and the things that develop the mind are gradually coming to be the property of the people. Culture and art are being democratic in the grandest sense of the word.

What is the function, what is the value of art and culture? They serve to enrich the spirit, to develop the mind, to make the human organism more sensitive and yet more tolerant for daily living, to ensure that a man and a woman meet every situation as finely adjusted to it as they can be, and see it clearly and fully, to reject stock responses and to raise a man and woman's critical standards in everything they do.

That is also a religious process, because it means that every human personality should be disciplined and trained and able to become a work of art in itself, with the head full of the best of the past history of the world, and the heart knowing the frailties of human nature and making allowances and still lending a hand to others. In a word, man being part spirit and part animal, art and culture must develop the spirit and discipline the animal.

—A.J.S.

The Pilgrim's Progress is a splendid and outstanding example of the way in which inspiration and enthusiasm can overcome the limitations of circumstance when they remain in close touch with their source—in this case, the Authorised Version of the Bible. Ignored by the Court, it found its way into the homes of the people, there to be reverently read and treasured, and to carry on the Puritan idea of disciplined life and conduct. Of its merits one may say what Dr. Johnson said of Gray's 'Elegy'—"...by the common sense of readers; uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtlety and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical—or, in this case literary—honours."

—R.C.G.P.

Writers before 1800 had usually lived a rather hand to mouth existence. There were, of course, outstanding exceptions:—Shakespeare had apparently nearly as good a sense of business as Mr. Bernard Shaw; Pope received handsome sums from the booksellers. But generally speaking, writers were handicapped by lack of cash, and relied largely on patronage, sinecures, private incomes, or on alternative modes of earning money. The book-buying section of the population was small because the literacy rate was low.

However, though compulsory education in England was introduced only in 1871, throughout the Victorian period the three Rs were being brought within the reach of ever increasing numbers of the population. This meant an enormous new public was available to authors. The 1860 Christmas number of Dickens' magazine *All the Year Round*, for example, sold 300,000 copies. Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Lytton, Trollope and the other popular novelists had tremendous sales compared with the writers of the 18th century. The great novelists tended more and more to write, not for a comparatively small upper and upper-middle class group, but for the whole nation. Poetry, too, extended to sections of the public hitherto beyond it. Tennyson was the first, indeed one might almost say the only great poet who, living, meant much to the English public.

—D.A.S.

Dickens was read in the servant's hall as well as in the master's library. Thackeray's books seldom found their way below stairs. He was the author of the educated. As we might expect from this possibly damning statement, his work lacks the verve and exaggeration of Dickens'. Dickens laughed and wept, Thackeray smiled and occasionally sneered.

—D.A.S.

From Wagner to Strauss and from Liszt to Paderewski, practically every eminent composer and pianist who visited England was invited to appear before the great Queen at Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace.

A book might be written about her conferences with great musicians, if they could have been properly reported. Command performances before Victoria were eagerly awaited by musicians, not merely because she was Queen, but because the artists knew that they would have an understanding and sympathetic audience. And it was Victoria who came to admit that musicians might even be worthy of a knighthood. Her first musical knight was Henry Bishop, who greatly deserved this distinction.

—E.K.

Another English genius was Sterndale Bennett, born 1816. At ten he was studying at the R.A.M. and there at 17 he was found by Mendelssohn who, on hearing him play a concerto of his own invited him to Germany "*not as my pupil but as my friend.*" Accepting this invitation, he was made much of at Leipzig by the Mendelssohn-Schumann circle, and Schumann dedicated his Etudes Symphoniques to him.

The later life of Bennett did not fulfil his early promise. He was very much over worked, drawing the heavy loads with which an extensive teaching connection, the principalship of the R.A.M., the professorship of Music at Cambridge, and the conductorship of the Philharmonic Society of London had charged him. He gave himself heart and soul to such tasks, and the gain to his own generation became the loss of posterity.

—E.K.

Now let us consider the true Victorians, those whom a benevolent Democracy had imbued with a desire to approach more closely the popular ideas. England was now in a greater state of prosperity than she had ever before enjoyed, "*God was in His Heaven and all was right with the world.*"

So Art now became homely and simple in its sentiments; it made its appeal by a lucid representation of simple everyday life. Pictures began to tell stories, simple stories, easily understood by even the least erudite.

—E.R.B.

In every period and among every group of men, there must be one who would stand head and shoulders above the rest, one who would lead the march and beat the heavy drum. Such a one was Alfred Stevens, born in 1817, died in 1875. Stevens suffered more at the hands of his contemporaries than any other English artist, but today he is recognised by both artists and critics as probably the greatest artist England ever produced. He did not only belong to his own time but to all time; not to England only, but to the whole world. He is the only Englishman worthy of sitting in the company of Michaelangelo and Leonardo Da Vinci. Stevens was a painter, sculptor and architect; his work is of a monumental nature. Visitors to London can verify that I do not exaggerate, when they gaze on the grandeur of the Wellington Memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral. But his mighty genius was condemned to the drudgery of designing stoves and other household furniture, until late in life when he received a tardy and altogether incomplete recognition of his great talents.

—E.R.B.

We have got in every way, in our age, to hold on to the higher standards of criticism and the higher standards of appreciation, and refuse to let them be swamped under by the flood of mediocre expression. And at the same time, we have got to see that patiently and persistently the best in everything, in the goods of the body and the goods of the spirit, is being made available to the mass of people.

In the years before 1800, only the leisured class people had culture and the evidence and symbols of refinement about

them. Man put the influence of his spirit upon material things. Then there was a hundred years of industrial advance in England and education gave people the tools to think with and to enjoy better lives. And now we come to another stage where the material things surrounding people are in turn beautifully made—a watch, a spoon, a looking glass—and these material things exert a beautiful influence upon the spirit of men.

—A.J.S.

The Musical Tradition Begins
LET THE CHILDREN SING
by Celeste Dolphin

Early in the 1920's, inspectors of schools, managers of sugar estates within a radius of ten miles, the Government officials stationed in the district who had an interest beyond their work, came down once a year to De Willem School to hear the children sing. The children in that school sang songs of a type different to those sung in other schools on the Coast and even those in the city. Instead of **'I had a little nut tree'**, the De Willem children were singing **'Come to the Field'** by Richards, **'Who is Sylvia'** and **'Under the Greenwood Tree'**.

At first, the party from Georgetown would ask who it was that had taught the children these songs. Then they would hear that the headmaster's wife was a daughter of Aloysius de Weever, organist at Brickdam Cathedral. After they heard that once, they asked no more.

I was a little girl then and I would hear my mother training the children to sing. Looking back on it now, I can see that the way they sang the songs she taught them, made me realise what beautiful singing voices we have as a people.

So when in 1945 I sat in the Astor Theatre and heard the children sing **'Come to the Field'**, accompanied by the B.G. Militia Band under Major Henwood, I was hearing it with ears that went back to De Willem School and it was good to know that one of my mother's daughters had come back from the Academy to teach them her songs of twenty years ago. I felt justifiably proud of the tradition, rare in a young country like ours.

The Schools' Musical Festival is an annual event which has come to stay. As a former Music Officer of the British Council in the West Indies, Frank Haworth once said, *"If a child can learn, in the course of its primary school career, ten first rate songs per year for 5 years, the country will soon have the beginning of a really musical population."*

I have been looking over some of the previous years' programmes and it occurs to me that someone should record

for all to see, this fact of the Schools' Musical Festival. Musicians come to British Guiana and through lack of a permanent record of these annual Festivals they may leave without knowing the musical tradition that is being created in our primary schools.

In 1942 some of the songs the school children sang were 'Jerusalem', 'Where'er you walk', 'Who is Sylvia', 'In Derry Dale', 'Early one Morning', 'Oh No, John', 'Summer is a-coming in', 'Come follow me'.

In 1944 the programme included 'Golden Slumbers Kiss Your Eyes', 'Lonely Woods', 'Brother James' Air', 'Sometimes I feel like a Motherless Child' and Hawley Bryant's 'Song of Guiana's Children'.

1945 saw them singing 'Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring', 'Orpheus with his lute', the English, Welsh and Scottish traditional songs 'Drink to me only with thine eyes', 'All through the night' and 'Ye banks and braes'. They sang 'The Bells of Aberdovey' and the Harrow Cricket Song, 'Willow the King'.

In 1946 the children sang 'Under the Greenwood Tree', 'How beautiful are the feet', 'Deep River', Wordsworth's 'Daffodils' and 'Worship'.

In a young country without a tradition it is good that the elementary school children have begun to sing. Words and melody of first rate songs must act upon their spirits, help to make them alive to beauty and to prepare the way for the country's progress.

Let the children sing.

Hymns to the Sun—the relation between...
SUNLIGHT AND WEST INDIAN POETRY

by A.J. Seymour

IT WAS a cold September morning, and outside the offices, above the roofs in Portman Square, London wore its customary grey sky. The Director, Chevalier Galloway Kyle, turned and asked me if I would address the Poetry Society. I said, "*Certainly. On what date would you like me to speak?*" We fixed Friday, November 1, as a suitable date, and he asked me to give him the title. I said, '**West Indian poetry.**'

At that time I had looked over the premises of the Society and had spent half an hour looking at the volumes in the library, but I had no idea how I would treat the subject. In the weeks that followed, it was borne in upon me that what mattered greatly in my provincial tour was the absence of the West Indian sun. Then the thought struck me: could I make that the theme of my talk on West Indian poetry and show what the sun meant? I had only a few selections with me with which to illustrate the address and from my glance over the Society's library I had seen that there was no book from the West Indies. Still, it would be something if I could do it, if I could bring the sun into the lecture-room on the 1st of November.

An accomplished reader of poetry, Miss Zorika Wheeler, was allotted to me to read the poems I would select to illustrate my talk, and carefully a day or two before the lecture, we went through the selections, put them in order and she read them aloud for me.

On November the first, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the streets outside were already dark and the fire lit in the lecture-room.

I was speaking to the Poetry Society, so I didn't attempt to define what poetry meant but I went on to speak about the West Indies.

50, 60 or 100 years ago, I said, there were persons writing poetry in the West Indies, but so far as their spirit went, they were not of the West Indies. They were Europeans who were

working or living there for the time being, and they were making poetry out of the tradition and temperament that had shaped Keats and Tennyson. It was a glorious tradition, I granted them, and a compelling temperament, but what they wrote ignored the sun in the West Indies and all that that carried in its train. They wrote English poetry in the West Indian region.

There was also the writing of poetry by emancipated slaves and their descendants in the first generation. It could be said that they were West Indians, but, in one sense, they didn't know it. They had just begun to know and master the resources of the English language and the missionaries, their teachers, had seen to it that they had read the Bible, but, grand though that great and dear Book is, it allowed them only to give expression to a religious piety, a seeking after non-earthly values. It didn't fully assist them to shape that crystal of expression that poetry can be. Also they had no idea of the depth and breadth of the European tradition, in the stream of which they now found themselves. That was locked to them. So they hardly wrote poetry, they had no technique, and their effort was more of a prosy equivalent to the negro spiritual of the Africans on the North American continent.

But today it is possible for a young poet born in the West Indies, conscious of his and their history, to write a poem to the sun, and in it to find a kinship to the tropical trees that lift their swaying hands of leaves up to divinity, "*their name for sun*". And in that poem, he could go back with a hint and glance at Egypt, to the origins of the slumbering fires in man and nature that the sun feeds in the tropics, look at the need for a firm discipline to be put upon those fires and show part reason for the religious temperament found in so many West Indians.

Miss Wheeler at that point read '**Sun is a shapely fire**'.

Then I asked the question: how did that come about? What happened in the hundred years to produce that possibility?

To answer that question, we looked at history for a while.

The Spaniards had first come to this area, and on his second voyage, Columbus took in the hold of his ship a shoot of the sugar cane. The peoples who came for gold stayed to

cultivate cane. But that required a labour force and the Caribs and Arawaks did not work well. So on the advice of Las Casas, slaves were brought from Africa, the portion of the world that the Pope had given to Portugal. That was the beginning of the organised slave trade, “*that ferry of infamy from the heart of Africa, that stain of race spreading across the ocean*”.

In the lecture, we followed the growing wealth of the West Indian plantations until a movement (partly humanitarian, partly, as Eric Williams has shown in *Capitalism and Slavery*, based on the shift in world economic values—it became cheaper to ignore the West Indies) broke the slave trade in 1807 and led to the 1838 abolition of slavery. Then the Africans decided to work for themselves, not for their former owners, and bought and settled on their own estates, and the plantation-owners succeeded in obtaining labour force immigrations from India, China, Madeira and Malta (taking British Guiana alone.)

For 100 years, transplanted communities struggled against the disadvantages of an unfavourable world market in sugar, and disastrous health conditions, and did their best to assimilate the education provided for them by the missionary societies.

The audience in that lecture-room at the Poetry Society grew quiet as they heard that what was happening in literature and poetry in the West Indies was something new. It had never happened before. In other parts of the Commonwealth and Empire the literature was that of a transplanted English community—Australia was by policy a white-man’s continent, in South Africa, literature by non-Europeans was not encouraged, New Zealand was a small English community with winter in July. In Canada, the young literature was Anglo-French and Scottish, again a transplanted European mixture. In British Africa, Nigeria and Egypt and India, there were cultures of the indigenous peoples and English was a foreign language,

It was only in the West Indies that a mixture of peoples mainly cut off from their origins in Africa and Asia had been forced to use only the English language and they were imposing upon it their racial characteristics. So far as the people of African descent were concerned, they were using

the English language to express the energy, born of the sun, that made Learie Constantine and George Headley great cricketers, that made Mac. D. Bailey and Herb McKenley and Wint great athletes. This energy was now beginning to sing in the West Indies, in its poetry.

Zorika Wheeler read George Campbell's '**Litany**' beginning "*I hold the splendid daylight in my hands*". In that poem there is a line "*Daylight like a sacrament in my hands*", flowering out of it. There was Campbell's '**Cloud**', and in this Jamaica section, she read '**Green Hills**' by M. G. Smith, '**Nature**' by H. D. Carberry and K. E. Ingram's '**I love the blueness of the sea**'.

From Jamaica, we passed to Barbados where the beautiful climate perhaps explains why the island is the last stronghold of conservatism. Collymore's '**Hazy Days**' she read...

"The days are very lovely now". Involuntarily one or two people looked through the window at the darkening gloom outside and quickly again at the fire. Vaughan's '**Revelation**' she read, that exquisite anthology gem, and his '**The Tree**'.

I spoke of wealthy Trinidad and how its wealth and its position on the sea routes between New York and Argentine rather drove cultural activity underground in favour of the economic and the political. Zorika Wheeler read a moonlight and guitar-musiced poem by Paul da Costa..

In thought we went next to British Honduras and read Raymond Barrow's nostalgic sonnet beginning :

*"Low is the wind upon your English moors
Dark is your city with its midnight sleep."*

Finally, we touched on British Guiana to see how tropical fruit could be transformed into poetry and how Autumn in England could feel to an exile from home.

There was still some time left and the reader concluded with a long narrative poem about Christopher Columbus on his voyage of discovery to the West Indies. I was very conscious that I had not mentioned Philip Sherlock's work, nor the name of J. E. Clare McFarlane, the dean and father of Jamaican poetry. Among the other notable absentees were

Archie Lindo, poet and dramatist, Louise Bennett, the dialect poet, considered by Eric Williams one of the important intellectual forces in Jamaica, the late Constance Hollar, with her wealth of metaphor and her gorgeous colouring.

Trinidad's Neville Guiseppi and the young school of poets there had not been mentioned, while from British Guiana I had omitted Leo, Lawrence and Edgar Mittelholzer.

But I had been on a special theme. The fire had gone down while we had been talking but no one had noticed. Perhaps the West Indian sunlight had come into the room for that hour.

Then the meeting broke up and some one put more coals on the fire.

A Deep Story About...
FENCES UPON THE EARTH
by Wilson Harris

At noon the truck stopped at a huge clearing on the Hinterland Road. Everybody climbed out stiffly with a grand feeling of relief. A hill fell away gradually from the road, and there was a path going down. After I had had my sandwiches, I set out for a stroll. Soon I had left the clearing where the lorry had stopped. Soon the mighty trees closed in over my head; yet not entirely, for many bright sunbeams were clinging like innumerable butterflies to the high branches far up at the tops of the trees.

I remember something I had read somewhere a long time ago. Something about people hearing the trees grow in forests. And I thought that surely I would hear the trees grow in this forest. They were so solid, so timeless. One seemed each moment to hear them quietly settling deeper and deeper; their mighty roots thrusting farther and farther into the ancient earth. It was all very strange and fantastic and beautiful.

Suddenly at a turn in the path I came upon a creek at the foot of the hill. A man was standing by the creek drinking and bathing his hands. He had not heard me approach. The sand underfoot had muffled my footsteps. My first impulse was to go forward and speak to him. But I was struck by something about him I felt I would like to stand quietly by and watch him. I felt he had something important to tell me, but not with words. Something important he would tell me, simply, by his movements, by the lift of his head, by his hands; and by his feet moving upon the ground. I slipped quietly into the bush at the side of the track, and hugged close against the spur of a huge tree. From there I could watch him, without being seen.

And now what words may I use to describe the feelings that came upon me at the sight of this man? I felt no shame that I had to stand by, hiding from him like a robber, or a thief in the night. This was inevitable. I believed in the rightness of

my action. It was the thing to do, here and now. Drawing room conventions did not hold at this place or time. Dimensions had altered. Time had altered. In their place each moment unfolded itself slowly and deliberately, with immense secrecy, with the deep urgency of growth, a part of the pattern of the dynamic earth.

It is important that I should say what I felt when I looked at this man standing by the creek. But I may as well tell you here and now that this is impossible; because what I felt was wordless. Many happenings in this world defy art, or language, and this was one of those happenings.

I knew when I looked at this man that I was very happy watching him. I believe looking at him, I knew in those moments the greatest happiness in my life. For the first time that I could remember I looked upon a human being standing upon the earth, not falsely, by force or subterfuge, or bravado, or by any sort of empty pretension, but very simply, as though to own the earth were to carry the most natural and easeful burden in the world.

I saw that the man was preparing to leave, and I felt sorry that he was going. He had picked up a few fishes he had been cleaning, emptied his saucepan into the creek, and was stooping finally for his axe; but, at that moment, a loud shout came from the bend in the path, where I had first seen him. He did not show any surprise, but picking up his axe, turned very slowly, as though he were vaguely concerned at this intrusion on his solitude. What he saw did not perturb him much, nevertheless a slight frown had gathered between his brows.

It was John Muir who had shouted : a very angry John Muir. But I have forgotten you may not remember John Muir. John Muir is the representative of the big mining company from South Africa or Australia or somewhere that has taken huge concessions on this territory to work gold and diamonds.

We had both travelled on the British South American Hinterland Road that morning and when we had stopped for lunch, and I had come on my stroll, I had left him busy supervising the unloading of his heavy equipment.

He passed quite close to me now, and I could sense his wrath and belligerency. Anger, I thought, did not suit him.

He was too corpulent. His face was fat, and his hands were fat. And he seemed a very alien and ridiculous figure to find in this part of the world. But when I heard what he was saying I was shocked into urgency. I knew suddenly he was a strong man and a ruthless one, despite appearances. I knew there was great danger in his words, that something terrible was liable to happen. He was shouting: *“You bloody fool! What in hell d’ye mean by messing up my creek? D’ye know you’re trespassing? Get to hell off this land!”*

But the man by the creek facing John Muir did not move. I had a splendid view of him, now. His face was very dusky, dusky as the bark of the tree against which I was standing. His hair was black like coals and crisp on his forehead. It made the duskiness of his skin seem lighter and browner by contrast. He wore a brief vest and shorts, and was barefooted. He stood very easy and very quiet, as a man would, who stands by his own hearth, waiting to greet the stranger who is within his doors. His limbs were powerful. They had the perfection of the young trees that stand rooted in the forests, breathing forth an ageless symmetry in their being.

The sharp, bitter words assailed him but as yet he showed no sign of anger. He brushed them aside in his wordless fashion. He was full of patience and dignity. He was full of magnanimity. His language was the language of poise, of gesture. He felt that his presence was enough. It would speak for him with finality and precision. His attitude implied that it was a bit puzzling, all the noise and confusion. The stranger could not mean what he was saying. Surely he would explain what it was all about without so much fuss! However it would not do to be hasty. Haste was bad. He would wait, and listen to all the words that were being spoken. He himself did not need words. His presence was enough. It was final.

I saw that John Muir’s anger had turned into something cold and calculating and bitter. His strong and ruthless nature could not tolerate this silent dignity. He must shock this man into action. He must wring from him words or protests or subservience. He must impress upon him that he was master. He spoke horrible words. Slowly, in answer to his words, I felt that a tide of fury had begun to rise like a

flood of bitter waters. It was a wordless fury, the most terrible fury in the world. I could have cursed John Muir for his stupidity, for his lust, for the blindness that lay in the midst of his strength and his ruthlessness. Yet, after reflection, I am not sure that he was blind. Maybe he was courting a battle of wills. Maybe he was courting violence. I am not sure. What is there, a man may be sure of, at such moments?

And I was not so much concerned about John Muir. It was the man by the creek that held my interest. I was afraid for him. I am baffled to explain the nature of my fear. But I felt he was in danger. I felt he might lose his mastery over the earth. That mastery that had seemed to me so patent and obvious a thing, part of his birthright, the gift of the Unknown God. I felt that he might be swept into madness. I remembered those horrible whirlpools one sees sometimes in dangerous rivers, and I felt he might allow himself to be sucked down by his fury, into the bottomless whirlpools of his own nature.

When suddenly I saw him lift his hands, I knew it was the end. There was violence in those hands. John Muir would never escape. And then, as if to precipitate the threatening disaster, John Muir spoke words that I felt must surely seal his doom—

"I shall drive you off the land. I shall chase you and your people off the land. I shall put up fences. Fences to keep you off, that's what. D'ye hear me?"

Surely it is plain that only a miracle could have saved John Muir after that! Tell me, do you not agree with me? Imagine a man living on a spot of land. He has lived there all his life. He is bound to the land by innumerable ties. His forefathers were there before him. They lived and died on the land. Would you dare to tell that man, you would put fences upon his land? That you would drive him off the land?

Only a miracle would save you after that. Only a miracle could save John Muir. The funny thing is, the miracle happened. The miracle happened and John Muir was saved.

The transition was baffling. The transition from fury to calmness. I felt the shook of that transition. I saw the effort, the horror of the last few moments, the darkness on the face of man standing by the creek. I saw his hands filled with a terrible eagerness, grow calm and easy again. It was over in a

moment. A moment, as the books say, that was an eternity. I know it is incredible. Few men would believe what I say, that such fury had passed in to calmness. But I swear it. It is true. A miracle had happened. For how else can this thing be described, but as a miracle?

Suddenly John Muir laughed, a laugh of triumph. He felt he had scored. He felt he had won a battle of wills, and was now master. I looked at the man by the creek, and I knew better. In a flash I saw the truth. I saw a little of the truth behind the miracle. It is funny how one gets these flashes. Maybe it was some trivial act performed. The man by the creek might have moved his hand on his axe in some peculiar fashion; he might have shuffled his feet in a peculiar fashion. It might have been the lift of his head. I do not know. But in a flash he had spoken to me in his wordless language. What he said was this : — Let the stranger build his fences. Something divine in me prevents me from killing him. I could kill him easily. I could crush his flabbiness to pulp. But to what end? What is the use of violence? There has been enough violence on the earth. Nothing can be built or preserved by violence. I have no fences to build, I shall trust to my destiny. I shall trust to the forces that brought me on this spot I call my home. I shall trust to the deep things that tie me to the earth to give me my rightful place in the sun. These things shall never fail me. I know I believe. I keep faith with the earth, I trust God. That is enough. There is no other way. I shall be patient.

He turned abruptly. He swung his axe across his shoulder. I saw him take a path, known only to himself, along the creek, in the thick forest. The trees clustered protectingly about him. They and he spoke the same language, the wordless language of being, the language of solidity.

When he was gone, John Muir laughed again. But his laugh to me was hollow. A miracle had happened. I believe humbly that I had seen a little of the truth behind the miracle. But John Muir did not understand. I do not know whether he will ever understand.

Suddenly I heard the impatient honk of the truck blowing far back on the road: I guessed that my friends were impatient to be on their way again. All around the deep forest seemed alive and whispering. Everything was still the same

as before. Even the sun-bright butterflies, I had noticed when I had first entered the forest, were still clinging to their precarious perch far up overhead on the tops of the mighty trees of the forest.

Yes, I know what you will say. The words I have used are inadequate. Forgive me. I know. It was inevitable that it should be so. The whole thing had been secret and wordless.

Let The People Think
DEMOCRACY FORUM

by Ruby Franker

“HISTORY” is rather an imposing word to use in regard to an organization that has had so short a life as five years. The Free Library Discussion Circle is still in its infancy, although it gives promise of an active and sturdy childhood. Consequently, I regard this note, not as a history, but as a brief record of the Circle’s birth and of the efforts of its sponsors to give it growth and strength in this initial period of its existence.

It was in 1942 that I first put the idea of starting a Discussion Circle before the Library Committee and secured their formal approval and promise of support. Discussion Circles are, of course, important features of the activities of Public Libraries in many cities; and they have proved to be of great value in providing scope for useful discussion of topics of general interest and in focusing public attention on matters of importance to the community—particularly in the social, and cultural field. Our Circle has already shown that it can and does perform a similar function in Georgetown.

At the first meeting of the Discussion Circle in 1942 about fifty persons attended. However, in a short time, the attendance dropped to an average of about fifteen per meeting. With the new series of discussions, which commenced in February 1947 (about which more later) the attendance has begun to improve. At the last meeting over forty persons attended and it was possible to sub-divide those present into two groups in order to permit of more intimate and concentrated preliminary discussion of the subject on the agenda, before resuming into the full meeting.

The Circle meets fortnightly on Fridays at 5.30 p.m. and meetings normally conclude about 7 p.m. This period is perhaps too short to permit adequate discussion of an important subject if the attendance is a large one and it may be desirable to extend the closing time to 7.30 p.m.

The subjects for discussion have ranged over a wide field and in many instances have been related to a specific book to

be found in the library. Examples are — Housing; Discovery of Poetry; Safeguarding mental health; How do we live when we die; Brave new world; The University College of the West Indies. Interest in these varied topics was sustained and the discussions were keen, although it must be admitted that on some occasions those present had not taken sufficient care to study the subject of discussion beforehand.

The new series of discussions to which I have already alluded aims at securing deep analysis of each subject by devoting a term of meetings (and not a single meeting) to its discussion. The background to the discussions will be set at the beginning of each term by a lecture to be given by someone who is an expert on, or has made a special study of, the subject. The various aspects of the subject will be considered and discussed at subsequent meetings held under the Chairmanship of informed leaders.

Thus, on Friday, 21st February, 1947, a large attendance listened to an informative lecture by His Honour, Mr. Justice Luckhoo, K.C., on the University College of the West Indies— a subject on which he was particularly well-equipped to speak because of his position as a member representing this Colony on the Provisional Council of the University. At the following meeting, Archdeacon R. M. Pattison-Muir, Fr. Boase, S.J. and Mrs. Jagan led discussion on two aspects of this subject— Whether the University should follow the medieval or modern pattern? and What should be the co-ordinating principle behind it? The concluding discussion on some other aspects of the subject took place on Friday, 21st March under the leadership of Dr. .T. A. Nicholson. Public response to this new procedure, which is still in the experimental stage, has been most gratifying and it is hoped that interest will be maintained.

The Library Discussion Circle is still youthful and in the formative period of its career: it is unique in that it is the only institution of its kind which is completely open to the general public. The Circle has no “members” in the limited sense of this term; every citizen is a member. I would invoke the assistance of all readers of this magazine to make this effort a real achievement so that long before its “history’ comes to be written it can be claimed that the Discussion Circle has exercised a wide and stimulating influence in the community.

The Guiana Public Discusses
THE WEST INDIAN UNIVERSITY
by "CRITIAS"

THE need for intellectual and moral leadership is the principal element in the crisis which confronts new-born democracy. It is the West Indian problem. And it is the hope of West Indians that the men and women who are nurtured by the University will bring to their lives the intellectual and moral guidance for which they are seeking. That is why people in every walk of life regard the foundation of the University College as the important event in recent West Indian history.

The sign which augurs best for the success of the West Indian University is the widespread public interest. Wherever men and women and children meet it is certain to enter into their discussions. Much has been said. And points of view have begun to resolve themselves into a few clear-cut conclusions. It is the purpose of this article to put in summary form some of the conclusions arrived at during a series of discussions held at the Public Free Library.

MEDIEVAL OR MODERN?

Two kinds of Universities have shaped the modern age. The first and older kind has come down to us from the Middle Ages. It is characterised by the flexibility of its student life. The emphasis is on culture and the art of living. The more recent kind of University has been a product of the industrial age. Its principal concern is with the accumulation of knowledge and the perfection of technics. The question that was discussed was whether the University College should incline to the first or second kind of University. It was felt that because the West Indians are in the backwash of European civilisation and because the emphasis in that civilisation is on technical knowledge the danger was that the college might develop into a "technical institute." This tendency was reinforced by the widespread demand for the

industrialization of the West Indies. But it was felt too that our difficulties, economic and moral, would not be solved by men and women who were merely technically proficient. We wanted leaders who had learned the art of living with one another and with the people. We felt that the West Indian University should somehow combine the best features of the Medieval and the Modern kinds of Universities.

Indeed, because of its very nature this was perhaps inevitable. Even though the emphasis was quite rightly on knowledge there would be considerable social life among students. Students would live in. Social contacts at the University would do much to destroy the much-talked about West Indian provincialism.

It became abundantly clear as the discussion developed that one's idea of the University determined one's view of the curriculum, organization and so on. For instance those who wanted the University to be of the technical institute kind were certain that French and Spanish should take the place of Latin and Greek; while those who inclined to the medieval kind were equally certain that Latin and Greek opened up wide vistas of experience, which were an essential part in the shaping of lives. But people of both views were agreed on one point. The University College must be the steadying axis upon which their lives might turn. It must help the West Indian people towards self determination. The subjects taught should be chosen with this aim constantly in view. West Indian literature, history and art and folklore in so far as they existed should be made the basis of studies wherever possible. This would go a long way towards the moulding of a sense of values which can fit into our economic and social pattern.

EXTRA-MURAL STUDIES

In an area of widespread economic stress and the accompanying low educational standards the importance of extra-mural work could hardly be over-emphasised. These courses should be aimed to meet the needs of the area. (Economics was high on the list of subjects that might be taught. Psychology and history were also great favourites). And they should be

easily available—that is within reach of the poor man's pocket and time. The possibility of correspondence courses should be explored. It was remarked that these extra-mural courses would bring the university professors into healthy and stimulating contact with West Indian life.

These were the major conclusions arrived at but there follow several others of lesser importance.

STAFF

It is the declared policy of the provincial council of the University to appoint West Indians to all posts for which they are eminently qualified. The appointment of P. M. Sherlock as Director of Extra-Mural Studies is regarded as a sign of good faith and it is hoped that this policy will be adhered to.

WOMEN AND THE UNIVERSITY

Women should be permitted to fill posts in the University for which they are qualified. The quota system allowing one hundred women to every five hundred men admitted to the University should be abolished. The demand for admittance should determine the proportion of women to men.

SPECIAL ADVISORY BOARD

A Special Advisory Board whose members should be the cultural leaders of the West Indies should be set up. They would act as a "thermometer" on the two-way traffic of ideas between the University and the people.

Public interest has been widespread. It is a sign of responsible citizenship. But public interest, however well-intentioned will wane and founder, if it is not founded upon some abiding belief.

The world today is a cauldron of rival nationalisms. How can races and nations live together in peace? That is the question which confronts man. Now, in the West Indies several races live together in considerable harmony. Not a few West Indians are persuaded that it is their high destiny to give to the world the way of life it is looking for. Here then is the enduring rock upon which a West Indian University may well be built.

Co-ops as a basis for West Indian Nationhood...
CO-OPERATION IN THE WEST INDIES

by G. C. L. Gordon

The West Indies are becoming alive. There is intense restlessness—a great urge towards progress—a new surge forward. Politically, it is finding expression in the new desire for self-government, beginning in Jamaica with its New Constitution, and extending in varying degrees to the other units. Educationally it seeks expression in the establishment of a West Indian University. Both of these should lead eventually to a desire for West Indian federation.

But the great problem of the West Indies is economic. Can political and educational advance alone ensure for the West Indies that stability and independence which are prerequisites of a West Indian nationhood? What part will the economic play in building or retarding that nationhood? Is there a solution to the economic problem? If there is, as there must be, what part will the Co-operative Movement play in that solution?

It is clear that as a whole the West Indies have not got the natural resources that will enable them to provide for the majority of the people a standard of living comparable with that of the more progressive countries of the world. As a primary producer of agricultural products depending on two or three export crops and on imports for nearly all consumer goods, their economy can very easily be affected adversely by unfortunate conditions in the world markets. Sugar, for many years the major export crop and the industry offering the widest scope for employment, has enjoyed the benefits of Imperial Preference. Whether such a privilege will continue in the future, time only will reveal. In any case, the matter of Imperial Preference is of vital importance to West Indian economy.

The bulk of the West Indian population, particularly in the islands, depends more on peasant agriculture and on casual employment on public works and schemes than on sugar. A solution seems to lie in the introduction of up-to-date scientific methods of agriculture including processing and

marketing of products, and industrialization, particularly in the field of minor industries and cottage industries, all of which should offer immense scope for the Co-op Movement. It is only through Co-ops that the West Indian peasant may make use of those agencies whereby his agriculture may be improved, and thus enable him to enjoy a higher standard of living. The Danish experience should prove of great value in this respect.

And so with political, educational and economic advance, the attainment of a West Indian Nationhood may be a not too far distant possibility. The Co-ops will play a major role in this, offering as they do increased purchasing power to the masses and educating them in the management of their own affairs.

THE NEED FOR CO-OPERATION

A report by the Fabian Colonial Bureau maintains that one of the greatest problems of the West Indies is poverty. The rapidity with which the population is increasing can well be understood as a further means of aggravating the problem. Of course the contributing causes to the state of affairs are many. Some of them are international, and are beyond the scope and control of West Indians to regulate them. Others are of a more local nature, for example the concentration of cash economy on one or two staple crops for export, the fragmentation of land resulting in poor returns on their outlay by peasant cultivators, poor nutrition, ill-health, ignorance, indebtedness, unemployment and disease.

Whether or not these conditions are the cause or the effect is not quite clear, but a spirit of helplessness and dependence has been said to be characteristic of West Indians. The tendency towards improvidence and thriftlessness has been a severe handicap. There is therefore definite need for the inculcation of the habit of thrift and the building into the West Indian character of qualities of self-help, self-reliance, and self-respect.

Generally speaking, it has become increasingly difficult for the small man to compete in the modern world. That is so in countries with far greater resources and opportunities than

the West Indies. It seems a natural corollary that the small man in the West Indies is even less able to compete, unless some means be devised to assist him to help himself against the almost overwhelming forces with which he is faced.

Co-operation has proved highly successful as a means of combating poverty, as well as building those qualities of self-help, self-respect, and self-reliance which are essential to the attainment of independence. Co-operative Movements are suited to both urban and rural populations. They have proved of special value in agricultural communities where farming is based on small units and in urban areas among low-income groups.

THE BACKGROUND

With the possible exception of some of the African colonies, the West Indies were until comparatively recently among the most backward of the British Colonies in Co-operative development. The institution of slavery must have no doubt been responsible in some measure for this. The almost complete lack of stability in family life, as well as grave distrust, and lack of a co-operative spirit generally have had their roots in that iniquitous institution which most West Indians prefer to forget. However there have been for many decades traces of efforts of a co-operative nature among West Indians. For example in several of the islands there are to be found such things as the "*morning match*", and "*day for day*" in which several families might get together to help one another in the cultivation of fields, the reaping of crops, and even the building of houses. In fact, this form of Co-operative effort is the only method employed by Amerindians in the business of lumbering, and in the cultivation of their fields in the interior of British Guiana.

In British Guiana also freed slaves have been known to purchase co-operatively large estates out of which villages have sprung. The village of Buxton in the East Coast of Demerara is an outstanding example. It is unfortunate that most of these customs are rapidly dying out, and it is only with the introduction of planned Social Welfare that efforts are being made to resuscitate and preserve them. In Jamaica

for example, Jamaica Welfare has capitalised on these customs in carrying through some very excellent programmes on village improvement, housing, sanitation, road building, etc.

Although Friendly Burial Societies are common in most West Indian colonies, the main impetus to membership is the yearly bonus of a few dollars which are distributed at Christmas time, and which are squandered on unnecessary expenditure—very often on an unusually elaborate Christmas dinner. Societies of a more constructive nature would be far more desirable. In recent years the throwing of box hands has become considerably widespread among wage earners. A box hand is a device by which each of a group of friends may in turn have the use of an accumulated pool of a regular weekly, fortnightly, or monthly contribution decided on among themselves.

GOVERNMENT ASSISTANCE

Although there has been as yet no properly constituted Co-operative Department as exists in such Colonies as Ceylon, Burma, Cyprus and Palestine, Government assistance in the encouragement of Co-operation in the West Indies has not been entirely lacking. Co-operative Credit Societies through which Government contrives to make funds available at low interest rates for the development of agriculture may be found in several of the units. Assistance has also been given in the field of marketing. In British Guiana for example, the B.G. Rice Marketing Board—a statutory Co-operative Organisation—has almost completely revolutionised the rice industry in this Colony.

All this, however, is rather infinitesimal when viewed in the light of the almost overwhelming need that exists, particularly in the form of technical knowledge and training. The visit of the Royal Commission of 1938 and the subsequent setting up of the office of Comptroller for Development and Welfare in the West Indies as well as the establishment of the Anglo-American Caribbean Commission have done much to bring into view a clearer recognition of this need.

Never before have the West Indies been afforded the experience of a concentration of so many specialists in the

fields of sociology, education and economics as are now being supplied by the Comptroller and his staff. The West Indian Social Welfare Training Courses instituted by Professor T. S. Simey have made a considerable contribution in helping to place this specialised knowledge into those channels through which it may more easily be disseminated among the bulk of the population. Visits which have been made from time to time by well meaning citizens of the United Kingdom have also done their share, as have also activities of the British Council. It is not surprising therefore that increased interest is being displayed by the Imperial Government in the promotion of Co-operation in the West Indies.

THE ANTIGONISH INFLUENCE

As far as the development of a Co-operative Movement is concerned, however, the Antigonish Movement of Nova Scotia has exercised the greatest influence in the West Indies.

Beginning with the training of officers in Co-operative principles and technique at the St. Francis Xavier University, Jamaica Welfare and the St. George's College Extension Department, have used the Antigonish method in blazing a new trail in Island betterment. This has found expression in scores of groups throughout the Island engaged in the cultivation of habits of thrift, and in activities that tend to the development of independence—study clubs, thrift clubs, Credit Unions, buying clubs, consumer stores, housing clubs, etc. Similar evidence, of a less imposing nature may be found in varying degrees in nearly all the units extending from British Honduras in the West to Barbados in the East, and including British Guiana.

A most significant contribution to Co-operative Development in the West Indies has been made by Dr. McShine of Trinidad. The Trinidad People's Co-operative Bank is a monument to his work, an outstanding example of initiative and industry, and an inspiration to all who are interested in the movement.

The West Indies are becoming alive, and the co-operative movement is one of the important factors that should teach us self-help, self-reliance and self-respect.

Opinion
**IS AN ARTIST RESPONSIBLE TO THE
COMMUNITY?**

TALENTED personal participation in the cultural life of a community is the privilege of the few who have the gift of self-expression. By far the greater number of those who are interested in the Arts are without the faculty of expressing themselves in any one of them. The majority of the audiences at Concerts do not play musical instruments, the majority of those who attend lectures (and I am one of them) have not the gift of public speaking, the majority of visitors to art exhibitions do not paint pictures.

It follows that the responsibility of the minority who have been endowed with qualities of self-expression in their own particular artistic medium is very great. It has been remarked that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. This may or may not be true, but it is a saying which is worth remembering.

It would be presumption on my part however, to offer advice to musicians or artists, orators or poets. But I shall say that their responsibility to the man in the street only becomes less in proportion as the education and artistic sensibility of this same man in the street increases.

In other words, in a community where the standard of culture is high, and the critical faculties of the individual developed, bad performers and indifferent performances are not tolerated.

—CAPT. G. H. SMELLIE (Union Convention, 1946)

ONE cannot but endorse Capt. Smellie's plea for a high level of artistic morality. He points out that whereas a trained critical audience can impose on the artist a high standard of performance or a retreat in confusion, nothing but artistic morality can force him to give of his best to an audience which cannot distinguish between good and mediocre.

At the same time it is doubtful whether an artist worthy of the name performs primarily for the audience. Before he could

command an audience he must have shown that “*infinite capacity for taking pains*” simply for the sake of the art and his own self-expression. A worthy audience may stimulate but cannot make the artist. May it not be that the genuine artist is almost incapable of slipshod expression whatever his audience? May it not also be that before an untrained audience he may abandon himself to artistic expression in a way that would be impossible when facing trained—but perhaps habitually negative—criticism?

Perhaps, then, we may rely on the real artist to give of his best however untrained we, his public, may be. As for the pseudo-artist, whether he gives of his best or not may make little difference.

—H. RISELY TUCKER

Art is a means of expressing ourselves that requires talent. The question is—are we right if we have the talent to express ourselves in art, to keep it to ourselves or share it with a selected few and not to share it with those who are not so fortunate as to express themselves in like manner? I answer emphatically No! For one thing art in its noblest form is not only expression but is also educative, inspiring and comforting; we have no right, in fact we forfeit the title of Christian when we carelessly or deliberately withhold from others that which would help or improve them in even the tiniest way.

Art remains art whether it is understood or not. Yet its chief value lies in its being understood and appreciated. All artists are teachers in a passive sense and should realise their obligations to humanity. Art that is not practised must eventually die.

—M. L. ISAACSON

A Bookshop Opens
RENDEZVOUS FOR BOOKS
by BOOKMAN

The book-lover of every country has certain traits. In the selection of a book, whether on loan or for private ownership, he desires to wander freely among available literature and, not only observe the titles appearing on the covers of books on show but open those covers, take a quick 'look-through' the work to note its theme and then enjoy the thrill of choosing from many appealing productions.

But custom dies hard. The inevitable counter in the average shop ever presents a constant barrier to book-buyers and denies them a book-lover's freedom of movement. The recently established S.P.C.K. Bookshop at CHURCH HOUSE should therefore fill a long-felt want, unique as it appears wholly devoid of counters.

The formal reopening of this bookshop on Tuesday, April 15, 1947, was a social event, with the new Governor, His Excellency Sir Charles Woolley, K.C.M.G., M.C., making his first appearance at a civil function and performing the reopening ceremony. CHURCH HOUSE was packed. The clergy, the judicature, the magistracy, and apparently all sections of the community were well represented. Everyone present at the reopening seemed to enjoy the speeches of His Lordship the Bishop of Guiana, introducing His Excellency the Governor as Chairman for the occasion; S.P.C.K's Manager for the Caribbean region, Captain Idris Mills, who introduced the bookshop to his British Guianese audience; and finally, His Excellency the Governor giving his remarks as Chairman. These fairly short speeches were the sole formality. After their conclusion the ladies and gentlemen in attendance were free to wander about the bookshop enjoying unhampered discourse and then choice of refreshments served.

A community accustomed to interpreting the first three letters of S.P.C.A. and S.P.C.C. as "*Society for Prevention of Cruelty*" would be prone to concern itself merely with

determining what the “K” in S.P.C.K. stands for; Captain Mills’ explanation that S.P.C.K. denotes “*Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*” was therefore quite appropriate.

Realising ever since its inauguration by the Reverend Thomas Bray and four lay companions in 1698/9 that the best means of promoting Christian knowledge is by proper presentation of the printed word, S.P.C.K. was the first to undertake (in 1699) the publication of Christian theology in popular form, the responsibility for foreign missions overseas, and the work of general elementary education in England and Wales.

In 1701 the Reverend Dr. Bray and his companions founded S.P.G. (Society for the Propagation of the Gospel) “*to take over missionary work in the Plantations*”, and the ever-expanding needs of succeeding years demanded that the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge should pay especial attention to the publication and distribution of Christian literature at home and abroad.

Today, S.P.C.K. can boast of having produced a vast literature in 100 living languages. It is the chief “*Supporting*” Society to a great many missionary projects, expending its funds in supplying literature, educating ordinands, training medical missionaries, building and repairing churches, schools, hospitals, etc.

All this does not mean that in an S.P.C.K. Bookshop only religious books are to be had. Its primary purpose, is of course, to sell the Society’s publications; the bookshop must have, though, the best literature *carefully* chosen for all mankind in religion, art, music, drama, classics, poetry and prose for educational and pleasure purposes.

The S.P.C.K. Bookshop, then, is the type of place where writer and reader would meet. Maybe, I’ll be seeing you—there!

Sociological Comment on
CAPITALISM AND SLAVERY

by G.W.P. Roberts

(The following note was one of the opening contributions to a 1946 discussion on Dr. Eric Williams' *Capitalism and Slavery* organised by the Union of Cultural Clubs. It considers the work from a sociological standpoint. Other speakers dealt with the economic and literary aspects of the work).

The author explicitly states that the book is a study in economic history, its thesis being the relationship between Negro slavery and the English economic system. Hence in his treatment of the subject, emphasis is placed on economic forces, and rightly so. In attempting, therefore, to consider the work from a sociological standpoint one has to guard against expecting to find broad treatments and discussions of inter-relationships with which it was not intended to deal. Nevertheless, a sociological "slant" on this important work may not be amiss for two reasons. In the first place it brings to the fore the whole question of the influence of slavery on the social structure of the Caribbean, a factor too often overlooked in assessing the present position of these territories. In the second place, the author fully indicates the non-economic factors involved in the dissolution of Negro slavery.

One wonders whether in his treatment of the origin of Negro slavery in the West Indies the author is not too severe in his insistence on the importance of economic forces. We may safely dismiss the climatic theory of the plantation as nothing but a rationalisation. But it seems that to disregard humanitarian and racial issues is to oversimplify the problem. No doubt the economic forces are important, but a wider enquiry into the problem would perhaps bring out the part played by other causal factors.

The thesis that the rise of slavery is bound up with economic movements is by no means new. It is generally admitted that the advent of slavery in primitive society is intimately associated with the development of a measure of industrialism. But this by itself is not a sufficient explanation

of this widespread institution. Essentially slavery seems to owe its origin to the attitude of members of an in-group to strangers or outsiders. The latter, owing allegiance to another or out-group, are potential enemies, and, from the viewpoint of members of the in-group, destitute of rights which inhere in individuals only because of their position within the group. Consequently with the growth of warfare it soon dawns upon primitive peoples that more can be gained by pressing captives into service than by putting them to the sword. And being members of an out-group the captives inevitably fall into a class that is more or less rightless and therefore liable to be considered the property of members of the in-group into whose service they have been pressed. On the basis of such reasoning, there is ground for asserting that the Negroes, of an alien and (from the Europeans' standpoint at least) inferior culture and above all distinguished from the Europeans by the most patent element of racial visibility — skin colour — fall within the category of an out-group and are hence to be deemed lawful prey for enslavement. The author's failure to find a trace of the argument that the change over to Negro slaves resulted from pity for the white man, therefore, is not convincing evidence that such attitudes were unknown. In the ancient world Plato hoped that the Greeks would abandon the practice of enslaving fellow Greeks restricting themselves to the barbarian, who, Aristotle held, was the only natural slave. Again, the argument that the substitution of Negro slaves for Indian was to some extent due to humanitarian efforts cannot be altogether overlooked. It is well known that Las Casas, moved by the horrors visited upon enslaved Indians, urged the substitution of Negroes in the belief that the latter's more robust constitution was more suited to withstand the rigours of plantation life.

The foregoing, however, is not intended to suggest that the author advances a species of forthright economic determinism. For in dealing with the decline of the slave trade and of the institution of slavery his compelling argument for the primacy of economic forces does not lead to the exclusion of non-economic factors. In fact, the multiplicity of factors involved, both economic and otherwise, are time and again stressed. The American revolution, the growth of British capitalism,

the shrinking importance of sugar as a world commodity, the declining position of the West Indies in the world market, the re-orientation of economic and social theorising, the humanitarian movements of the abolitionists, the unrest of the slaves themselves—these and other factors are given full recognition in tracing the decline in the importance of slavery and its ultimate abolition. Moreover, the subtle interactions of these forces making for the disappearance of slavery are underlined in the statement on page 210. He says “*These economic changes are gradual, imperceptible, but they have an irresistible cumulative effect. Men, pursuing their interests are rarely aware of the ultimate results of their activities.*”

Basing on the historical facts recorded by Dr. Williams, let us attempt a rough summary of his thesis from a sociological standpoint, bearing in mind the previously enunciated proposition that the patterns or ordered whole emerging in the social process are the outcome of the inter-activities of numerous persons, each pursuing his own interest, all acting without knowledge of the course of social movements to result from their combined actions.

Early in the development of the New World the scarcity of labour became an urgent question which neither the enslaving of Indians nor the use of English convicts and servants could solve. It proved more economical and presumably, we interpolate, less repulsive to the European conscience to overcome the labour difficulty by pressing into slavery the members of an out-group who of necessity were considered rightless and who, moreover were of distinctly alien race. Thus grew up the slave trade and the institution of slavery in the West Indies. These changes, occurring in an era in which mercantilist theories of trade and monopolistic policies were in full vogue, created the kingdom of sugar and thus made the West Indies the prize of colonial possessions. Sugar in the eighteenth century was the key industry and the basis of an extensive trade, upon which developed the great wealth that was to sustain nineteenth century British capitalism. Capitalism, which sugar and the great advances in technology made possible, clashed with the mercantilist principle that held sway in the heyday of sugar. Meanwhile the centre of British trade was shifting to the United States and to South American

territories. Also, sugar grown in the British colonies became dearer than sugar grown in other colonies, and unless the British refineries were to succumb free trade in sugar was essential. The slave trade, no longer a source of wealth, had been stopped and the slaves showed that restlessness characteristic of people who yearn for freedom. Moreover, the late eighteenth century and the early nineteenth witnessed the spread of new economic theories condemning monopoly, mercantilism and colonial slavery, theories which, together with the humanitarianism of the “*saints*” created a climate of opinion which declared the doom of slavery as it spelled the nemesis of sugar.

In considering the issues involved in the dissolution of Negro slavery, a two-fold classification suggests itself. There are firstly the economic forces and ideological patterns operating outside the Caribbean. These are given prominence in the book and show, strikingly to what extent the Negroes were at the mercy of forces and movements not only outside their grasp but far beyond their comprehension. But there is a second category of forces not to be disregarded. These include the stirrings within the Caribbean — the slave uprisings, then their general realisation that as human beings they had claims to certain rights which could not be denied them with impunity. As Dr. Williams says, “...*the most dynamic and powerful social force in the colonies was the slave himself. This aspect of the West Indian problem has been studiously ignored, as if the slaves when they became instruments of production, passed for men only in the catalogue*”. Such a simple classification raises some interesting questions, some of which are touched on by Dr. Williams. For instance, what was the precise effect of the various slave uprisings in the West Indies in hastening emancipation? Again, what was the true position of the planters? In the eighteenth century they wielded great political power and the prevailing monopolies and protectionism maintained their status as sugar barons; in the nineteenth monopoly ceased to be popular and sugar was no longer king. The planters then appeared as reactionaries resisting every effort to free the slaves. Further, how to assess the true position of the colonial governors? Were they impartial administrators, advocates of monopoly and slavery or

humanitarians ? To what extent can it be said that their despatches reported the true conditions existing in the colonies? These and kindred questions can be fully dealt with only by more extensive study of the forces operating within the Caribbean.

Finally, something should be said about the sources used in preparing this richly and carefully documented work. It is clear that the author has made an extensive study of source material, and a great merit of the book is his discussion and evaluation of sources. Wide use is made of primary sources, that is testimony of individuals who in some way or other were actually engaged in the activities recounted. Many of these are personal documents, e.g. letters and diaries, of which the author skilfully avails himself to illuminate an historical fact or to attempt to unravel a motive. Secondary sources, of course, are not overlooked, but the author is careful to select the most trustworthy authorities. In fact, the book not only provides a wealth of information, that will be of great use to the social student, but it also serves as a guide to those who would pursue this aspect of history further. Unfortunately, so far as students in the Caribbean are concerned, most of these sources must remain inaccessible.

"Let us now praise Famous Men"

"UNCLE STAPIE"

(LEONARD EVELYN-MOE)

by James W. Smith

"Leonard Evelyn-Moe is dead!" This five-word announcement, uttered on October 10, 1946, with the finality that only death can bring, perhaps conveyed to a variety of people a variety of meanings. To his family, they meant the passing of a husband, a father, a brother: *The Argosy* Company read in them the loss of the Editor of their daily newspaper: the little band of Guianese Writers realised that one of their number—one who had become almost a legendary figure, was gone from their midst: the man in the street mourned —Stapie was no more!

It was indeed fortunate that the human mind can perceive life beyond the finality of death. It is fortunate that that perception adds constant fuel to the torch lit by those who have passed into the Great Beyond. Thus in England today, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Macaulay, Keats still live. So too, in British Guiana, men like Leo, A. R. F. Webber, Stapie.

Perhaps it is unfortunate that the writings of Leonard Evelyn-Moe are not preserved in any volume. Consequently his ability as a fiction writer was known to few. But then he did not write much in the line of fiction. A few of histories were published abroad—in English magazines and periodicals: he won prizes there. Those of us who are old enough will remember his humorous series on the adventures of the wayward boy "Theo". These stories were reprinted in booklet form, but like so many other Guianese books, the work is out of print and unattainable.

Nor was his writing confined to fiction and journalism. Evelyn-Moe had started life as a schoolmaster: (he was headmaster of St. George's School at the age of 20) and his interest in education in British Guiana ended only with his life. Students and teachers alike will always remember and bless him for his *Geography of British Guiana*. This work has for many years been used as a text book in the elementary schools of British Guiana.

But there is one branch of Evelyn-Moe's writings which, although he disliked it intensely, has won for him a mantle of immortality. Evelyn-Moe was editor of the *Daily Argosy* for twenty-five years or thereabouts, and for the greater portion of the period he wrote the column '**Uncle Stapie 'pon de people'** — a column which won colony-wide attention and gave to the writer the name by which he was known to all and sundry. The Stapie column could hardly be termed a work of art. It could hardly be said that it bespoke creative genius. But there was a certain freshness about it — a certain wit and humour which made it distinctive.

And there is another reason that the column no less than Stapie himself will always occupy a warm place in the hearts of British Guianese. The Stapie column was written in Creolese — the lingo of the common people. This in itself was a feature so distinctive, so peculiarly Guianese, that Stapie became by far the most popular feature in any Guianese newspaper.

As I said before, Evelyn-Moe himself did not like Stapie. He even despised himself for writing it, and despised even more those who read it. Perhaps he did not realise his own greatness — so few of us do. But it was as Stapie he was beloved: it is as Stapie he will be remembered.

Short Story

BIG BEAR!

by J.A.V. Bourne

JOHNNIE BANCROFT's bright eyes and wan-looking face gave him the appearance of a little elf-child. Though only five years of age, the boy showed a keen imagination and loved to talk about his dreams and fancies.

One evening, little Johnnie was playing with his toys in the drawing room of his home when the gate bell rang.

He looked out from the window of the room. A visitor was coming along the garden walk and approaching the front door.

His mother was in the kitchen mixing a bottle of milk for sister Margaret so John ran down the steps and opened the door before the visitor could knock.

"Come in, mister, want to see Daddy?"

"Yes, little man, is he in?"

"No. Daddy's gone out, but he's coming back soon. Won't you come upstairs and wait?"

When the visitor had been ushered to a seat in the corner of the drawing room, John brought him an album of photographs to see.

"Who is John, and whose pictures are these?" enquired the old gentleman, looking over the album.

"Pictures of me when a baby and Joseph took them," replied the boy.

"Who's Joseph?"

"Daddy!"

"They're wonderful!"

"Yes, Daddy can even take photos in the dark."

"How can he do that?"

"One night," he whispered. *"Daddy took a ghost!"*

"A what?" cried the visitor, laughing.

"You laffing!? No joke though!"

"You mean it?"

"Yes, up there!"

John pointed with a little stick in his hand to a narrow staircase leading to a room above the house.

"Big bear lives up there!" he exclaimed gravely.

"You don't say! And you're not frightened of him?" asked the visitor.

"No! Big bear won't eat me" said the boy, "but you!" he waved his stick impressively.

The visitor stared in horror!

"Even Daddy was frightened when I told him," he continued.

"Heavens ! Your own father, but you said he..."

"Joseph wouldn't believe me at first. He said I liked to play games of make believe!"

"And don't you?"

"No! I tell you he's real. Big bear is a terrible fellow."

"You're joking, little man!"

"I tell you I made Daddy photo him one night to prove it".

The visitor smiled faintly.

"How?"

"You see how dark it is up there in the tower room?"

"Yes," replied the visitor, glancing towards the narrow staircase.

"Well. I told Joseph to put the camera up there on a table and leave it open."

"And what happened next? Did the camera take him?"

"Oh! Big bear won't come in the daytime, you know."

"Only at night?"

"Well Big bear can't; be seen until I make him come."

"How's that?"

"I have to do something with my stick." John waved it up and down, "Like that !"

The visitor gazed apprehensively.

"Wait one minute," said the boy, moving over to the narrow staircase.

"You afraid to go up in the tower? It's dark up there, you know."

The visitor rose to his feet. He was about to speak when he noticed the boy again waving his stick in a strange fashion.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder, he stood still, watch...

From the tower room above there came a creaking sound followed by the thump of a foot on the floor. Slowly the footsteps came to the top of the landing and stopped.

The visitor backed towards the window and gazed anxiously at the narrow stairs.

Something began to come down the stairs!

In a trice, John was scampering across the drawing room and down the passage way, making a deuce of a noise and laughing loudly.

He knew his Daddy was coming down from the tower room and felt that discretion was the better part of valour!

WORDS

Words are beautiful things. Of course, what would appear priceless and beautiful to me, may very well seem the opposite to you or anyone else. For example, to me, words are priceless and beautiful. To you or someone else they might often appear ugly or unpleasant, at times downright cruel. Yet words in themselves are passive, their potency lying in what they convey to us or the meaning we attach to them. It is because of our ability to use words with meaning, that we differ most conspicuously from the lower animals.

We are thrilled, delighted or pained by the use of words. There is no emotion we feel, nor thought we desire to reveal that words correctly used could not adequately express.

Words are wonderful things, all the more so when we realise that eight different parts of speech form their structure.

Think of how monotonous it would be, had we to express ourselves only in one or two kinds of words. There could have been then no beauty in expression nor adequate instrument for our minds to play on.

Think of the quiet dignity of the NOUN—the firm possessiveness of the PRONOUN—the bold assertiveness of the VERB — the undeniable quality of the powerful ADJECTIVE—the confining principle of the ADVERB:

Consider the great difference the tiny PREPOSITION can make, the generosity of the CONJUNCTION and the depth of feeling the INTERJECTION can evoke. Isn't it altogether inspiring to think of how much we have at our command? Do you not feel their subtle power even as I do? Then, if only for the wonderful things they teach us, and the friends they make for us, not to mention the joys they shower on us, you *will* agree that words are beautiful things.

—M. L. ISAACSON

Call to Young People to:
PREPARE FOR TOMORROW

by James W. Smith

During the war years, we in British Guiana and the West Indies have seen sons and daughters of the soil coming into their own. Appointments to the judiciary and to high administrative positions—appointments which had formerly been reserved for strangers to these parts have been given to West Indians. The war years also saw West Indians gaining coveted positions in the outside world. No one can but agree that those West Indians who have achieved this distinction have merited their appointment. They have all been men who for years have given service, and their labours have been justly rewarded.

But there is an important factor which cannot be overlooked. A factor so potent indeed, that it demands attention. Those appointments were made during the war years—at a time when possible candidates from abroad were engaged directly in the war-effort. The war is over. Will peace bring with it a reversal of policy? There are already indications that such may be the case.

Such a reversal of policy may bring with it resentment in the hearts of West Indians. But have we a right to harbour such resentment? We can be indignant only if there are in our midst, a body of qualified men and women to whose interests a reversal of policy will be inimical. We in British Guiana do have a few such men and women in our midst. But they are not enough. And even those few will in time pass on. Their places must be taken by others. Are there Guianese fully qualified to take the places of the illustrious few?

If we are conscientious, and we must be honest in this matter, the only answer can be no! This being the position, it must be remedied and remedied immediately. For a remedy to be effective, it must be applied to the root of the trouble, in this case the root is firmly implanted in the youth of our community, and in their hands lies the future of Guiana.

For some time now, the young men and women of Guiana have been awake to the realisation that knowledge is power. Many of them have on their own initiative begun to acquire academic and professional qualifications. This is a heartening sign. But in so doing, many of these pioneers of Guianese renaissance have been selfish in their aims. Behind all their efforts has lain the desire for self-improvement and self-benefit. Too many have sought the frail and selfish security of the professions and left open to the infiltration of strangers and foreigners, the fields of practical knowledge which would benefit not only themselves but their country as well.

The educational policy of British Guiana has been built too much after the pattern of the rural footpaths erroneously called roads—one-tracked. What we have to build in our educational outlook—and it is our youth alone who can build it—is a vast network of avenues of learning similar to the network of roads which alone can develop our country. We want in our midst, not merely doctors and lawyers, but engineers, scientists, economists and above all politicians and statesmen. They must all be sons of the soil, and they must all have one aim in view—the progress of Guiana. We tend to take little or no interest in the government of our country. No people can become great, can become a distinctive people, if they live in political ignorance.

Our young men and women hold the future of Guiana in their hands. Guiana is ours to build.

CONCERT NOTES

EUROPE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

On June 2, 1947, at Y.M.C.A. Hall the 'Evening with the **Seventeenth Century in Europe**' made an effort to present history as it should be taught in one rounded whole. It is interesting to note that UNESCO has decided to tackle the nationalistic and piecemeal presentation of history as a possible root-cause of war. So this presentation by the B.G. Union of Cultural Clubs, has all the more value.

.So far as knowledge goes, no previous attempt in the West Indies has been made to present the intellectual life of an European century and to examine its legacy to modern times in one evening. The Union selected the 17th Century, as this epoch marks the beginning of our modern scientific age.

The mood of the evening was to some extent set by the thin and yet excellent string music by gramophone of one of Purcell's Sonatas. The Secretary of the Union then read a historical summary of the century against which the highlights of the evening should be reviewed.

Mr. J.H. Bevis of the B.G. Science Club prepared the paper read on the Science of the Century. This was the age in which the beginnings of our modern microscope, barometer and air-pump occurred to scientists and the names of Galileo, Newton, Harvey and Boyle are a few among the scientists who either laid the foundations of modern science or built upon them..

Mr. H. V. Taitt then lectured on the musical trends of the century—the development of opera, the work of Lully, Monteverdi and Scarlatti, the English song writers, Orlando Gibbons and Dowland and that great composer, Purcell. There was then played a piano solo by Scarlatti, '**Sonata in F Major**'.

Mr. E. N. Burrowes lectured next on the Art of the Century. He used the epidiascope lent by the British Council to show illustrations on his talk from Rembrandt and Jan Steen, which stressed the domination in art of the Dutch school.

The French playwrights at the Court of the Grand Monarch Louis XIV dominated the latter half of the century but the earlier years had seen in Europe the glorious flower of Shakespearean tragedy and such works as Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* and Cervantes' *Don Quixote*.

The great books written and read in the Seventeenth Century included works by Hobbes, Grotius, Descartes, Galileo, Spinoza and Locke.

Liebnitz the universal genius of the century was making important contributions to science, philosophy, history and law and in that century, Corneille, Racine and Molière were satirising and making immortal the loves and foibles of the French Court. Madame de Sevignee and Pepys, on either side of the Channel were, creating social studies in miniature and Milton composing his lonely mountain peak of genius, *Paradise Lost*.

The Georgetown Dramatic Club Choir sang two choruses, Lully's '**Lonely Woods**' and Purcell's '**Nymphs and Shepherds**'.

A lecture on the Drama of the Century, prepared by Mr. D. A. Smith of Queen's College introduced a scene in English, from Molière's Comedy, '**The Tradesman turned gentleman**'.

Miss Margaret Lee of Bishops' High School brought the evening to a close with a 5-minute summary of the century's trends.

'JAMAICA JOE': A CRITIQUE

On Saturday evening, September 7, 1946 the final curtains descended on '**Jamaica Joe**' at Queen's College, where an appreciable audience showed satisfaction by a continuous round of applause.

The Play, written and produced by Mr. N.E. Cameron, portrayed some interesting aspects of Caribbean life, the main theme centring around Jamaica and the USA. It was well-written, the Author distinguishing himself, with the inclusion of not only West Indian humour, but touching other prominent features, mainly cultural and political. The dialogue throughout commanded attention from the audience. The Author has added to his library a truly vivid and

inspiring drama, dedicated to Caribbean Unity, between the two lending nations of this Hemisphere. Mr. Cameron has indeed exemplified himself as a playwright of distinction.

The acting ability of the players was of a good standard, and any attempt to distinguish an individual's performance would be a difficult task. Each displayed complete mastery of his parts, an achievement brought about only through painstaking efforts during rehearsals. It is to be hoped that this cast of really good actors and actresses, will be brought more frequently to the public.

The Scenery by young Neville Pestano formed the background of the play, and showed a combination of both seriousness and pride in the vocation of his choice. There is no doubt that should he receive encouragement within and without his home, his accomplishments may laurel British Guiana in the near future.

The Stage-manager apparently did his best, but there is one matter which I presume escaped his attention, and that was the occasional noise which occurred between scenes. In a play, the Stage-manager has the same importance as the Author, and players; and in order to get the best results, smooth teamwork among those under his charge is an essential factor. The Audience should at no time be distracted either during or after a scene, by such foreign agents as noise while removing furniture, or frequent trouble with the curtains.

The presentation of '**Jamaica Joe**' is a success, and it is regrettable that its run was only three performances. Drama of this type can go a long way to foment the Cultural Life of this Community, once it is brought within easy range of all those interested in pursuits leading to a more elevated status of Guianese Culture.

—ERIC ROBERTS

DANCE RECITALS

April and May saw two dance recitals within the same week in Georgetown, a concert-goer's miracle.

Tanza Goyaz in her recital at the Metropole Theatre on April 24, interpreted with the aid of a truly impressive technique, the dance rituals and ceremonies of archaic peoples in South America. No one who saw the dance '**The Serpent in the Temple**' is likely to forget the supple glittering arm used as a herald, as the serpent rose out of the urn to report abundant crops to the Sun-worshippers. In this and other dances, notably '**Mummy on a Spree**', Tanza used her unusual height to advantage to express the emotions of the characters.

That evening., every conceivable mishap occurred. The curtain went wrong, the seating, the lighting and it is a tribute to Tanza's art and Jo Trent's showmanship that the evening did not become a catastrophe.

Miss Goyaz is an artist and she was ably assisted by the young Trinidadian dancer Fay Mitchell. Jo Trent's music based on the tone-patterns of the Aztec and other peoples, was specially composed for the dances.

At the Town Hall on May 1, 2, and 4, Helen Taitt presented '**Dance Magic**'.

Helen, an extremely talented young Guianese composed her own choreography for the dances which ranged from the gently classical, to Tchaikovsky's music, through Spanish and eastern modes to the savagely intense Javanese dance.

That dance caught the imagination most. In '**West Indian Rhythm**,' Helen Taitt played rather than danced, so spontaneous it seemed.

Her brother, Horace Taitt, deserves a special mention for his poise and effortlessness. Cora Roberts also performed well.

Fourth Annual Report of
**THE BRITISH GUIANA UNION OF
CULTURAL CLUBS,**
1946-1947.

AT THE Annual General Meeting held at the Georgetown Public Free Library on February 18, 1946, the following were elected to the Committee of Management for the year ending February 28, 1947.

President:	N.E. CAMERON, M.A. (Coffee House Club)
Vice-Presidents:	E.A.Q. POTTER (Young Men's Guild) Mildred MANSFIELD (B.H.S. Old Girls's Guild)
Hony. Secretary:	A.J. SEYMOUR of B.P.I
Hony. Asst. Secretary:	Beryl TAYLOR (Central High School Old Student's Association)
Hony. Treasurer:	R.M. MORRIS (Club 25)
Members of the Committee:	Theophilus LEE (Coffee House Club) Balkaran SINGH (B.G. Dramatic Society) A.L. VAN GRONIGEN (Comenius Youth Movement)

In July, Mr. Seymour was granted leave from the Committee to proceed abroad as a guest of the British Council and Mr. E. D. Ford (Young Men's Guild) acted as Hony. Secretary from August 1 to November 30, 1946. For Mr. Ford's excellent service, especially in Convention arrangements, the Committee is very grateful.

Once again the committee found successful its policy of co-opting, (in all its main deliberations), representatives of member organisations affiliated to the Union. These representatives have given the Committee most ready and efficient service in planning and arranging Union activities.

MEMBERSHIP

The Union's previous working year came to a close with 30 clubs in affiliation. There are now 36 clubs affiliated to the Union, the new member organisations being Clubland, the Historical Society of British Guiana, the Society for the Promotion of Refinement among Children, the B. G. Press Association, the B.G. Teachers' Association, the Children's Dorcas Club and the B. G. Philharmonic Society. The Mahaicony Discussion Circle seems to have ceased activities while the Tagore Arts Society has suspended its meetings.

The Committee continues to seek the aid of member clubs in bringing and keeping its records up-to-date and as in the past, the Secretary of the Union will be grateful for courtesy copies of annual reports, lists of office bearers and quarterly plans of programme and notices of anniversary and other important celebrations.

UNION MEETINGS AND ACTIVITIES

During 1946, the Committee planned a number of features and meetings designed to bring member clubs together in friendly and stimulating association. Most important of these was the Union Debating Competition for the Patrick Dargan Memorial Shield. This Competition was mentioned in last year's report. Special mention of this competition is made later in the Report.

The Committee continued the arrangement of monthly Union meetings which are, briefly enumerated, as follows:—

On April 29 at the Georgetown Public Free Library there was a feature named "Conversation Piece". Six persons sat around a table in the middle of the audience and held an impromptu discussion on a topic suggested by the meeting. A shorthand note was taken of this 'off the record' discussion.

The Discussion Group comprised the Misses Celeste Dolphin and Madge Rockliffe and Messrs. E A. Q. Potter, C. I. Drayton, R. I. Janki and C. Veira, and the subject chosen by the meeting was phrased as follows. "*The place of intellectual endeavour in a backward country—should it take priority over*

economic development." Led by Mr. Potter the group attempted to apply the question to British Guiana and members of the audience later declared that they had spent an intellectually enjoyable evening listening to and commenting on the points raised.

On May 27 also in the Georgetown Public Free Library, the Union discussed selected portions of the Report of the West Indian Conference held at St. Thomas in February, 1946.

The meeting separated into three groups under the leadership of Dr. C. C. Nicholson, School Medical Officer, Mr. G. Kennard, Government Marketing Officer and Miss Vesta Lowe, Dietitian Supervisor of the Children's Breakfast Centres, and discussed respectively the recommendations of the Conference on Health, Agricultural Diversification and Nutrition.

On June 24, the Union organized a public discussion in the Library on one of the most important books published on the West Indies, the historical and economic study *Capitalism and Slavery* by Dr. Eric Williams, until recently Secretary of the Caribbean Research Council. The discussion was opened by Messrs. A. P. Thorne, G. W. P. Roberts and A. J. Seymour, speaking respectively on the economic, social and historical aspects of the book.

The Union meeting of July 22, was devoted to the reading of prize-winning entries in Literary Competitions organized by the Union in poetry, prose fiction and prose non-fiction. The prizes for these competitions were kindly presented by members of the Committee. On the Committee's request the rules of the competitions were initially drafted by a member organisation, the B. G. Writers Association, and the President of the Writers Association, Mr. H. R. Harewood was one of the three judges on entries for the competitions along with Miss Marion Small, and the Secretary of the Union.

Several entries were received in each Section but only one entry, and that in the poetry competitions, was considered by the judges as being of prize award standard and that was the poem '**Attunement of the Senses**' by Frank Dalzell. This prize winning poem was read aloud at the July meeting and has been included in the December, 1946 issue of *Kyk-Over-Al*.

On August 29, 30 and 31 the Union held its Annual Convention at which every member of every member club had the right to be present. An account of this Third Annual Convention is given later in the body of this report,

On October 18 in the Georgetown Public Free Library there was a public discussion on the West Indian University organized by the Union and led by Mr. E. O. Pilgrim. This meeting discussed the ways in which the proposed University could benefit the West Indies, e.g. the need for West Indian leadership, the position of women, the University as the intellectual centre of the region, research and extra-mural activities.

The Union confined its November activity to a private view on November 8, 1946 of the West Indian Art Exhibition at that time being held at the Town Hall, Georgetown. Messrs. R. G. Sharples, D. L. Bourne and E. R. Burrowes, three office bearers of the Guianese Art Group, the member club which was sponsoring the Exhibition of paintings, conducted groups of Union members around the paintings, and their remarks gave rise to very stimulating discussion on the trend and significance of Guianese and West Indian Art.

The Union's December meeting was a much more social one. Every member club affiliated to the Union was invited to send two representatives to an 'At Home' held on December 20, 1946 at the President's house. This Social was held in order to enable members of the Union's Clubs to meet Mr. H. Risely Tucker, the new British Council representative in British Guiana. Light refreshments were served and Mr. Tucker moved from the informal discussion of one group to that of another.

The last meeting of the Union's year was held on January 27, 1947 at the Georgetown Public Free Library when Mr. A. J. Seymour gave a talk to Union members on his experiences and impressions gained during his recent visit to the United Kingdom as a guest of the British Council.

UNION BROADCASTS

During 1946 the Committee sponsored two broadcasts over Station ZFY—One on Art in British Guiana, and the other featuring the music of the Maranatha Male Voice Choir.

UNION DEBATING COMPETITION

The Debating Competition for the Patrick Dargan Memorial Shield mentioned in the last Annual Report began on Wednesday, February 20, 1946 and concluded on June 26, 1946 after 9 fortnightly debating fixtures. Entrance fee for this competition was \$1.00 and each of the 9 clubs which entered debated in teams of three against each other competing club on the points-award system before 2 judges.

The competition was won by the Harjon Literary and Social Club (12 points) out of a possible 16 and the runner up was the Guianese Academy Old Students' Association (11 points). Others competing were Comenius Youth Movement, Catholic Youth Organisation, B. G. Dramatic Society, Christ Church D.Y.M., Central High School Old Students' Association, Young Men's Guild and Bishops' High School Old Girls Guild.

The subjects for debate were suggested by members of the debating competition sub-committee and comprised such topics as the trial of war criminals, capital punishment, woman's place and the home, the weakening of the bonds of family life and its effect on the present-day world, the relative advantages of spending colony funds on post primary education or interior development, the removal of the capital of British Guiana to the mouth of the Essequibo river, poverty in British Guiana, the atomic bomb and the prospects of peace, the advantages of the immediate introduction of adult suffrage in British Guiana.

These debates were held on the same subject at the same time on debating nights in 4 principal centres—the B. G. Ex-Servicemen's Hall, Comenius School, Central High School and the C.Y.O. Building. One debate was held at the Christ Church School, one at the Progressive High School and one at Dr. Singh's residence, 273, Lamaha Street.

To help defray expenses members of the public attending these debates were asked to contribute by collection, which amounted to \$16.32.

The Union is much indebted to the members of the community who kindly acted as judges, the principals of the various schools and the Committee of the Ex-Servicemen's Association for assisting in this competition which the Committee is sure was of great benefit to the intellectual life of the Community.

THIRD ANNUAL CONVENTION

The Third Annual Convention took place over three days—August 29, 30 and 31 at various places in Georgetown.

On Thursday, August 29 at 8.30 p.m., the public meeting took place at the Town Hall under the Chairmanship of Hon. F. W. Holder. Messages to the Convention from Mr. Harold Stannard, Sir Harry Luke and Mr. Harold Telemaque were read to the meeting by Mr. H. Bunbury.

The President delivered an address and in the absence of Mr. T. O. Phillips, the delegate from Barbados who was to have spoken, Mr. John Hodges, British Council Representative in British Guiana gave an address and also stated that the Council's facilities would be available in future only to members of the Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society and to members of the Clubs affiliated to the Union. Captain G. H. Smellie, President of the Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society announced in the course of his address, that the Society had decided to make the President of the Union one of its ex-officio Directors. Musical items interspersed the programme.

On August 30 in the afternoon, the Union held an 'At Home' at 274, Forshaw Street at the residence of, Mrs. E. A. Q. Potter. This was attended by Representatives of about 15 clubs.

The Musical Evening took place on August 30, at the Town Hall at 8.30 p.m. under the Chairmanship of Miss M. Mansfield, Vice-President of the Union. The programme was presented principally by the Maranatha Male Voice Choir, the Dawson Music Lovers Club, Excelsior Musical Club and the B. G. Dramatic Society. The combined choirs of the Dawson

Music Lovers Club and the Maranatha Male Voice Choir provided a musical background to a recitation contributed by a member of the Maranatha Male Voice Choir.

On Saturday, August 31, the Business Session took place at the Broad Street Government School from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. As only 19 persons including the leaders attended, there was one discussion group but nearly all the subjects itemised for consideration were briefly discussed.

The following decisions were reached and forwarded to the Committee of Management.

1. THE ECONOMICS OF CULTURE

(i) That the Committee should take steps to have the Union included in the List of Charities which benefit from the Demerara Turf Club's Sweepstakes.

(ii) That the Union should solicit funds from Water Street Commercial Houses.

(iii) That Annual Conferences with similar Organisations in the neighbouring Colonies are most desirable and that the sum of \$600.00 should be raised for the working of the Union during 1947 if 4 Representatives were to be invited to the next Convention.

(iv) That the fee for affiliation to the Union be increased to \$2.00 a year.

2. CULTURE IN RELATION TO SOCIAL WELFARE

(i) That the Hon. M.. T. Lee should take up with Government the questions as to the manner and method of after-care of boys who had left the Essequibo Boys' School, Onderneeming.

(ii) That the Union should take an interest in the Children's Dorcas Club and the Society for the Promotion of Refinement among Children and

should endeavour to assist these and other bodies which cater for the moral improvement of the pre-school child and the child of school age.

3. THE WEST INDIAN UNIVERSITY

- (i) That the Union should sponsor a full discussion on the West Indian University which Mr. E. O. Pilgrim should be asked to lead.
- (ii) That date on the West Indian University should be requested from the Guild of Graduates.

4. THE UNION LIBRARY

- (i) That the Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society should be asked to house the Union's collection of books in its reading rooms and to give the Union Members and bona fide research workers access to them.
- (ii) That the Union's books should be available to all bona fide research workers introduced by a member of the Union Committee or the Committee of the Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society.

The Union Convention concluded with the Dramatic Evening held at Christ Church School Hall on Saturday, August 31 at 8.30 p.m. under the Chairmanship of the President, Mr. N. E. Cameron. This meeting was fairly well attended and the programme consisted of an anthology of dramatic scenes and monologues presented by member clubs of the Union.

A One-Act Play '**The Red Owl**' was presented by the Georgetown Dramatic Club. Malvolio's Monologue from '**Twelfth Night**' by a member of Clubland, two Monologues—'**How Tom Sawyer got his Fence Painted**', '**How the Elephant got his Trunk**' by a member of the Bishops' High School Old Girls' Guild; and scenes from '**Savitri**' by the B. G. Dramatic Society.

It is regretted that it was not possible to have present at the Convention those delegates who had been specially invited from the West Indies and Surinam. These delegates were Mrs. Edna Manley (Jamaica), Mr. Harold Telemaque, President of the Trinidad and Tobago League of Literary and Cultural Clubs, Mr. T. O. Phillips, Social Welfare Officer, Barbados, and a representative of the Einheid Organization in Paramaribo, Surinam.

CO-OPERATION WITH THE R.A. & C. SOCIETY AND THE BRITISH COUNCIL

During 1946, the Union was represented by three of its office-bearers on the Combined Cultural Committee which has made itself responsible for the improvement and planning of cultural activity in British Guiana. This Committee comprised 8 Directors of the R.A. & C. Society, with the President, one of the Vice-presidents (Miss Mansfield) and the Secretary of the Union and was under the Chairmanship of the British Council Representative.

The Combined Committee administers funds granted yearly by the British Council and organised in 1946 lecture courses in Guianese History (Hon. Vincent Roth), Ten Plays of Shakespeare (various lecturers), Field Botany (Mr. J. H. Bevis), Modern English Authors (various lecturers) and Psychology (Dr. C. C. Nicholson). Members of clubs affiliated to the Union enjoyed with members of the R.A. & C. Society a preferential scale of fees, which are largely nominal, for these courses. The R.A. & C. Society has implemented its decision to invite the President of the Union to be an ex-officio Director of the Society. This invitation has been accepted.

KYK-OVER-AL

An excellent account of the work of the Combined Cultural Committee written by Hon Vincent. Roth appeared in the June, 1946 issue of *Kyk-Over-Al*, a half-yearly magazine published by the B.G. Writers' Association in conjunction with this Union and the D.F.P. Advertising Service.

The December, 1946 issue of *Kyk-Over-Al* is now on sale and member clubs are invited to give their support to this magazine which has been highly commended by discriminating critics in the United Kingdom and the West Indies. It cannot be too often said that this magazine is the organ of the Association and of the Union and that it is dedicated to lifting the intellectual life of the community to higher levels, and to the building of a Guianese tradition. It should provide an outlet for many of the excellent addresses delivered before member clubs of the Union and serve as a calendar of future club activities as well as a record of their achievements

MISCELLANEOUS

The President, Mr. N. E. Cameron, has donated to the Union the sum of \$48.59 being part proceeds from the performances of the play '**Jamaica Joe**' written and produced by him.

On March 22, 1946, a sub-committee of the Union with Mr. E. A. Q. Potter as Chairman made suggestions of subjects to be discussed at a Conference in Trinidad organized by the Coterie of Social Workers.

THANKS

The outgoing Committee desires to thank all those who assisted the Union during 1946, especially the Librarian of the Georgetown Public Free Library, the successive British Council representatives, the Publicity Officer, the Editors of the Daily Newspapers, the management of Station ZFY, the Director of Education, the Archdeacon and Vestry of Christ Church, Mrs. E. A. Q. Potter, Mrs. N. E. .Cameron and the many well wishers of the Union who consented to act as judges at the Patrick Dargan Memorial Shield debates.



EBENEZER CHURCH

The old Dutch capital, Fort Nassau on the Berbice River, where this church has had its beginnings has been turned into a Park (Luther Memorial Park) by the Lutheran Church. The Church is protecting for Government what has been left of the old Capital. The Dutch brick roads, tombs, parts of old buildings, agricultural implements and other relics can still be seen in this area.

ISSUE 5

LETTER TO THE ADVERTISERS

Georgetown.

Dear Advertiser,

You give an advertisement for *Kyk-Over-Al* casually to Humphrey or Pereira of the D.F.P. or because Seymour rang and sometimes you've given it because we called you up a number of times.

But during the six months that lie between two issues, *Kyk-Over-Al* lies on the desks and tables in the Georgetown Public Free Library, the R.A. & C.S., the British Council, the libraries of Queen's College and Bishops' High School, and on tables in 300 to 400 Guianese homes. We believe that more than 3,000 people read *Kyk-Over-Al* and have a chance to see the upsurge of thought in British Guiana mainly because of you. Your own ads are so attractively written and displayed (sometimes the D.F.P. helps you to do this) that the same readers who responded warmly to the articles, pass to the ads and in their receptive mood, nearly everything they read there means more to them. They tell us so. So we may claim we assist you in some small way.

Every issue of *Kyk-Over-Al* puts us, the Writers' Association and the Union of Cultural Clubs, under a greater debt to you and not only us but the entire Colony. This magazine advertises the Colony.

In a few weeks, people in all parts of the world will open their wrappers and take out this issues of *Kyk-Over-Al*. Most of them have seen past issues and have liked them. They include the British Council Representative in Barbados, the wife of Norman Manley in Jamaica, a BBC arranger of Welsh features in Cardiff, one of the Keepers at the British Museum, London, two heads of University colleges in Oxford and Cambridge, a librarian in Edinburgh, the Secretary of the Drama League in Malta, a cultural enthusiast in Ecuador, a collector in California, an UNESCO official in Paris, and you have made it possible for them to do so.

So please realise your ad is not just another casual and charitable gesture. It makes people in British Guiana read about your goods, and projects British Guiana, its thought and outlook to all parts of the world.

Your generosity pays dividends. Thank you.

The Editor.

EDITORIAL

I have here three documents and they tell the beginning of a story which over-matches for theme any novel one can think of. The heart of that great story concerns the way in which two and a half million people are coming to birth as a nation.

We know these documents, you and I, the 480-page West India Royal Commission Report and two reports on Development and Welfare in the West Indies, one by Sir Frank Stockdale for 1943-44, and one by Sir John Macpherson for 1945-46.

The Royal Commission's Report is a bible for the West Indies. It is the result of a study of conditions in this area, made by trained minds accustomed to a high achievement of civilisation and coming with open and impartial attitude to see in what ways this community could be raised to a higher level. What they have recorded is a sympathetic and penetrating study. I believe every thinking young man and woman in the area should read this Report as they read their daily newspapers. Both Report and newspaper are social and contemporary history, but generally the newspaper records the small-community happenings of the day just gone, whereas the Report charts a road for the next 50 or 60 years.

It was almost impossible for anything of this stature to have been written before. There is, it is true, the South African professor's *Warning from the West Indies* written in 1936 as a parallel study to the African colonies. And there are two important studies, *The Negro in the Caribbean* and *Capitalism and Slavery* by Eric Williams. But Macmillan's warning and Williams' analyses are advisory and not executive, they are not blueprints for the future as the Royal Commission's Report has become. It took years of unrest to ring the bell but here, here is tomorrow in one's hand.

These other two reports, those on Development and Welfare, grow out of the Royal Commission's Report as branches grow from a trunk. They tell of action and stock-taking and the changing conditions that render necessary

changes in plans. But, and here I come to the point of all this, here is something to worry the reader.

The Royal Commission, during its investigations, got the impression of a prevailing lack of independence and self-help, a lack of pride in craftsmanship and good work, a tendency to appeal to Government on all matters—in a word, a lack of social responsibility. The Commission believed that any programme of social reform and betterment here in the West Indies would fail without a moral resurgence among the people themselves, a definite and prolonged effort on the part of West Indians to help themselves, even while accepting help. That is the thing to worry the reader, the lack of our social responsibility as a people. From that stem our political progress, our social advance, and also the future of our economic position. And the successive Comptrollers are talking about the same things when in 1944 Sir Frank Stockdale writes that *“every reform, if it is to succeed, must have the support of an enlightened public opinion ...The people must feel that they have a direct connection with the work and an interest in it...Social Services which are not founded on a basis of self-help and planned within the means of the Communities concerned are certain to fail.”* And here is Sir John Macpherson writing in 1947 of the need of *“the reinforcement of an informed public opinion in which idealism and realism interact, giving motive power for that which can in fact be done... The two poles of West Indian progress are the training of West Indians and the organised education of public opinion...a constructive approach to the problems of human relationships in the West Indies is by way of human and civic responsibilities...”*

That is the crux of the problem.

The West Indies is growing up. The two and a half million English speaking people in this Caribbean archipelago have come a journey of one hundred years out of slavery. As Stockdale says: *“The West Indies is a complex mosaic of islands and islets of varying size with two continental units fitted in. It bears communities delicately poised in their attitudes and perceptions, and provides homes, and livelihood of a sort, for people who take their origins in all the continents of the world. It is coming to nationhood in a world that has lost the sense of universal values, a sense that was real and actual two centuries ago, but today the world has split*

into groups that know the bitter lessons of war and it disregards fragments of a community that have not learnt to hold together."

My opinion is that too much emphasis is being placed upon the economic, in this matter of growing up as a West Indian people. Of course, money is necessary, and very necessary too, but it is the tendency to speak as if the provision of money for our needs will create a community. That is as false as the assumption, one century ago, that to declare slavery abolished would have created a people. The grim truth is that we are today tackling the work that the abolitionists tacitly felt they had done in 1838. Our problem is at bottom one of spirit.

The authorities in Whitehall are slowly coming to realise that there is a most serious time-lag between their plans for empire improvement and the first trickles to the waiting people, through the machinery that has been used for administration, and that now has to be scrapped or adapted. Now that that has been sensed, action to remedy that will presumably be taken. But of those plans for improvement, one of the most significant aspects is the spirit of a memorandum prepared by Major Sir Ralph Furse, Director of Recruitment at Colonial Office.

Furse pointed out that there is a need for colonial officials to know something of the background of the peoples among whom they have worked and will work. It is important not only that they work, but that they live among them, so they must learn something of the artistic and cultural backgrounds and aspirations of the people. He suggested that there might be much to learn from French administration which emphasises the sense of citizenship.

That is putting into practical effect the policy of trusteeship that leads to partnership. To the reader with the theological flair, it means that the I and Thou relationship taught by Martin Buber is beginning to pervade on a wide scale the tissue of the empire. How can those with superior training—because there is no wide initial variation in racial endowment—help younger ones to find their footing, unless they take more than official interest in their affairs. Knowledge begets sympathy.

But there are two parties to every agreement as to every quarrel, and with the best machinery ever devised, there still must be people to put it into operation and make it work. And as a West Indian people we have much to do to fit us for the future.

We can no longer be satisfied with individual progress and personal success, we must learn more of the larger vision of social responsibility, the sense of personal restraint, the focusing of loyalty to a community and a cause. We are accused of an inability to work hard, of an over emphasis upon entertainment and sport and pleasure, of a lack of foresight and provision for tomorrow, an inability to get together and hold together, to take interest in anything beyond our immediate circle. In a word, we are communally immature.

Of course, there are reasons for this communal immaturity. The slave traders worked better than they knew when they set about destroying the elaborate tribal code and organisation that they found existing among the tribes they took into captivity. In the West Indies, the discouragement of education and of marriage among the plantation population, the often bitter and violent opposition to the church's attempt to improve slave conditions by education and other means, the ghosts of these stalk, like the dead King in '**Hamlet**', over the West Indian stage and stretch long arms across the history of the last century. The malaria and the malnutrition are powerful brakes upon the physical and spiritual aspirations of a people, and poverty is a web that surrounds them at every turn of the elbow. Add to that the fierce active encroachments of environment and climate in a tropical land. Excuses for a communal immaturity are all there.

But the excuses must be brushed aside; it is later than we think and we must stand on our own feet in one or two generations and literally telescope history. A book that gives a good idea of the herculean dimensions of the task before the West Indies is Trevelyan's *English Social History*. The account of those six centuries makes the West Indian reader despair as he watches how a great people learnt the lessons of social responsibility item by item, developed their tradition and their loyalty to it, and made their own distinctive way of life. Mingled with the despair is a kind of hope based on the

knowledge that our predilection for rum has not had that disastrous effect on life that gin-drinking had in London in the first half of the 18th century, or that our nature with its emotionally-religious tendency will probably never repeat the sudden blaze of the 17th century when the chief stimulant of popular imagination and intellect had been the study of the Bible. Today one thinks of England as a disciplined drinker of tea and a dutiful non-reader of the Bible.

However, the despair is greater than the wan hope, as the reader goes through the pages of Trevelyan. And yet the social responsibility that we need here in the West Indies must be learnt and learnt quickly. Co-operatives will help us and a twist in our educational system that encourages the young men and women to strike out on their own initiative and by-pass the security of the cage, of the Civil Service, say. We want a brood of hawks, not doves. We need social responsibility, energy and initiative.

But we have got to face the issue before us. It is difficult but not impossible. With effort, we can achieve it and make a people out of a heterogeneous collection of individuals in the Caribbean Sea. The West Indian nationhood can come to birth. We can yet walk proudly through history and write the pages of our great story to be.

THE SWALLOW

by Egbert Martin (Leo)

Who would not follow thee, swallow, in flight
On clean, swift wings thro' the opal light,
Away in purple of setting sun,
With a mad, wild joy till the day is done?
Who would not sweep, like a flash, thro' and thro'
The deep, vast void of the liquid blue,
With never a care but to cut the air,
With never a heed but delirious speed,
And a life—a full life that is life indeed.

Who would not soar ever more and more,
Till the great earth seems but a spectre shore?
Who would not be in a sphere like thee,
Of glorious ether, for ever free?
Who would not mount with a swifter speed
Than the eye can follow or thought can heed;
With never a pause save to gently float,
On the sea of air like a drifting boat,
With a soft, full breast and a curving throat.

Past river and lake past the hills of white,
Past the houses' tops at a dizzy height,
Past the silent lake thro' whose crystal breast
Thy faint shadow flits like a spiritual guest,
Past the low long lines of the great flat plains
Where eternal silence for ever reigns,
So swiftly you fly now low and now high,
In chase with the clouds that lazily fly,
A voyager voyaging joyously.

Who would not follow thee, swallow, in flight,
In the cool, sweet air of the early night?
When each star hung high with its cheerful eye,
Drops golden treasure right gloriously,
And the moon high hung, like a censer swung,
Floods a rare light ever fresh and young.
Oh, who would not follow thee, beautiful swallow,
From life and its trials so trying and hollow?
Who would not rise, with a happy surprise
Away and away into happier skies?

QUIET'S EVENT

by Wilson Harris

I

The mountains slowly emerge
out of mist and cloud.
This is the epitome of quiet's event
when the sun warm and filled with
distant barking of dogs
rises inevitably into the mind
rises into the world
and exists beyond abstraction
beyond any attempt to ignore
its objective presence, so that we feel
eternally alive.

But beneath the trees of the forest
the shadow is darker than the dim hue
of the mountains which too are shadowed in parenthesis
and dreamlike so that it is not strange
they are wiped away like cobweb against the sky
when the mist is not parted like now
to show their bare presence, their living hue
of blue distance.

II

Time—
the killing and death of Time
the killing and death of the mountains
the killing and death of the sun at high noon
is the grave unflowering God
succumbed to the triviality of murder.

Not yet is Time broken.
And the mountains are only obscured for a while.
The sun draws a veil of heat like storm.

TROPIC RAPTURE

by H.L. Mitchell

A tropic day,
And the sea-shore stretching glow-like brown
With the sand sparkling diamonds in the sun
Down to the water's surging edge.

A shady nook,
With a soothing breeze zesting itself, fleeting
And whistling between the leaves; the trees swaying
Rhythmic to the beat of a heart in delight—
The courida and the coconut palm
With the emerald foliage of the sprightly shrubs
Dancing daintily in colourful changing scenes
As the wanton wind directs them,
Clasping and unclasping each other
In fanciful romance.

The water rippling,
So brown and beautiful, so slothfully full
Of white-crested waves of little cascades coursing
Over one another in happy leaps
Of amorous sport, glinting themselves
In crystalline lines of russet-silver.

The mind of a man,
On a tropic day,
In a shady nook,
With the water rippling
And the tropic scenes before him, and after
And around him, and the birds sweetly singing,
Flying and kissing the water in sudden swoops.

Then, the eyes grow misty and dim,
Then, a serene sweet steals upon the soul
And the heart thrills itself into nectared joy
As the tropic rapture rocks him;
Baby-like he rests, enthralled, as drunk
Of Lethe's draught; forgetful of his toil
Of tears and sweat and fears and poverty,
The ebbing stream of current life that lingers
In his veins; forgetful of his dreams,
Those vanquished dreams of long ago when youth
Was strong and new and daring, when purpose
Perched the loftiest roosts of thought, strutted
With sure and noble step and crowd
Of a future reared, bedecked and buttressed firm
With a love that's pure and true;
Forgets his failures, vain attempts, the luckless
Searching of an ideal here, a haven,
A refuge for his care-worn corp'ral craft;
Forgets that Earth, this Life and Fate have mocked him.
He lives a life that's new.

Then, he is a soul incorporate
With heaven, viewing elysian shores, and soared
Beyond the highest body of his kind
Has gladd'ning gleamings of Eternity
And all the wonders that are yet to be,
His past, his present, future then are one,
His perfect peace, his happiness are won.

ARABESQUE

by Helen Taitt

It is very peaceful here
With the white clouds drifting
And the palm trees lifting
Graceful arms to fan the air.

How lovely is the green when seen
With the blue between as the branches lean.
How lovely is the rose that grows
By the stream which flows where the soft wind blows,

It is very peaceful here
With the tall grass shaking
And the pond flies making
Silver wing-play everywhere.

You came, and all the sky was flushed,
The day and my heart grew full as you came.
The roses shed their dew and blushed,
As the winds of a new awaking rushed
Through their petals and breathed your name.

I touched the stars.
Reached to magic in a night
All beautiful...
Caught new music and the world
Was still...
Known blue wonders...
Floating mauve and gentle silver.

On a deep deep cloud
I touched the stars
And magic now forever in my sky.

When I hear music
When I see you sleep
There is great beauty in both,
And a great longing in me for both
I love music and I love you.
There is music in you
And you are there in beautiful music always.

A street of men to swell the ever-swelling tide of blood.
Men in a crowd, wedged in and carried along
With the dull red, dull war song.

Blades in the afternoon...
Silver thin blades
Bobbing like hungry tongues overhead
Of the not yet, not yet dead.

Words on the wall...Blood in the rain
Men go to murder men again.

Cold khaki shoulder
Comfortless and hard,
I am a young frail thing
Hungry for the power of a warm arm,
I must be hungry always—
Waiting for the turning and in vain.

A silent listener in this crowded room,
A silent listener with a hungry soul
Waiting now alone and full of pain,
Fighting with your memory again.

In this room am I, and yet not here.
On the red red roadway must I be.
Where the night is full of stars and cool
And you are there to walk with me.

Sealed in that wood—in this cold stone bed sealed.
The graveman moves—the space is closing fast,
And now I die when now the last
Window of light is covered for all time.
A great deep emptiness stabs to my heart
As if some vital part of life is gone
For all eternity closed in that tomb with thee.

Fragment from BELSHAZZAR

by Stanley Hamilcar White

Midnight! The stars looked down, and blinked
Like children's sleepy eyes: and staring at
Those phosphorescent skies, I wondered what
I feared, and why. Midnight! The owl's
Sharp hoot, tu-whit-tu-who. — I listened now;
The rooster's drowsy crow, and nightly noises too
Assailed mine ears: And these dwelt I upon
With anxious thoughts. Why did the moon
Look pale midst throngs of phosphorescent lights
Of lesser glow? Why did the breezes stop
Their quivering breath, and still the sickly night
Like silent death? No rest for them within
The banquet hall: no sleep when Bacchanalian rites
Do join the night to morn. They quaffed the wine,
And noted not the ashened change in nature's face.
They sang, they danced, the young, the old, high priest,
And prince. They raised inebriated cheers and songs:
They whispered too, and noted not the moon
Looked pale, the breezes hushed their quivering breath.
Why did I hark the howl of mastiff bitch,
Tu-whit of owl, the drowsy clarion of
The midnight cock, when all did brim their bowls
With beading wine; and filled their souls with mirth?
Why did I note the moon's pale eerie face;
And tremble with the trembling shades of ghostly boughs
That swayed above the balcony like some
Affrighting gnome of nightly dreams? Midnight,
With moon and glinting stars and azure blue,
As sickly as the sluggish marsh of Tigris tides.
Midnight, arrayed with all the beauties of
The sky, yet awe-inspiring as a jewel-clothed corpse!

A shame of race pervades the sea.
Dark flowers feed our history.

Where the warm sea encircles all,
See Asia's shadows lean and fall.

And Europe's cargoes from the north
Start spirit like swallows winging forth.

Across the water walks the wind
Gardens are quickening in the mind.

Imagination's leap, the mountain's mood,
Spirit and beauty weave nationhood.

Be quiet, we in these islands
And lift our eyes beyond the stretch of water
Where now Tomorrow's meaning rounds its shape
Ceaselessly.

TO THE POETS

by James W. Smith

There are many who are writing
As no man ever wrote before.
Yet, for all that, we are fighting
Battles fought in days of yore.
The tales are new, which we are telling,
Our painted pictures bright and fair.
Yet for all our shouts and yelling
They are lost on desert air.

From our pens black tears are flowing
(Not tears, but ink such tears are called)
Tears which music make in streaming
Down the world's forgotten walls.
Yet, while they're streaming, while there's curling
O'er the pages as we write,
The walls o'er which they flow are crumbling,
And they stream into the night!

Stream into the night and carry
Our every hope locked in their flow.
For our strength can never tarry
While the cynics come and go.
Come and go with never a word
To cheer us on our weary way —
So pass a jibing, mocking horde,
While our jewels hidden stay.

Maybe, when we're all forgotten,
Long after we have met our God,
When our very bones are rotten —
Rotten lying 'neath the sod,
Someone will sing the songs which we
Have written with a tear-filled pen —
Someone laud their hidden beauty,
Someone sing our praises then!

By such thoughts we're filled with sadness:
Our every hope just seems to die.
Driven to the brink of madness
Our every song becomes a sigh.
Yet we still shall keep on writing,
And there are some who love our songs.
Ours is not to do the fighting,
But to sing of victories won!

The Clubs assemble
Echoes from the 1947 Union Convention

The B.G. Union of Cultural Clubs held its Fourth Annual Convention in August, 1947, and at the Public Session in the Town Hall, Georgetown on Tuesday, August 26, delegates of the various Clubs listened to guest addresses from Captain G. H. Smellie, President of the Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society, Mr. H. Risely Tucker, British Council Representative in British Guiana, Mr. Justice J. A. Luckhoo, B.G. Representative on the Provisional Council of the West Indian University College.

Recordings of greetings and messages from Dr. Eric Williams in Washington and Mr. F. G. Maynard, President of the Trinidad and Tobago League of Literary and Cultural Clubs were broadcast over Station ZFY, by the courtesy of the management, on that very evening and also listened to by the delegates assembled in the Town Hall.

The most stirring message heard that Tuesday evening was a talk by Harold Stannard. This had been transmitted from the BBC on Sunday, August 24, recorded in British Guiana and re-broadcast at the same time as the Williams and Maynard Messages.

Below are selections from Mr. Stannard's broadcast and from Mr. Justice Luckhoo's address to the Union, of August 26, 1947.

MR. STANNARD:

Wherever I went during my year in the West Indies, in Kingston, Port-of-Spain, Bridgetown, Georgetown, I found clubs and societies mostly of young people, but also with members who were not so young, formed to pursue some intellectual or musical or artistic interest. They told me, the members of these clubs, that they were ploughing a lonely and difficult furrow. They were so far from the centres of the world's intellectual life, they had not the funds for the materials they needed, they had to fight hard to keep their

heads above water and few would care if their courage failed and they went under.

I want to tell those clubs which have kept the love of learning and of the arts alive under difficult conditions in British Guiana and elsewhere that brighter days are at hand, that they will get advice and guidance and a sense of companionship from the University College. The College looks to them to be its organs in its external work. It is a two-way traffic that is in prospect—the College and the Clubs are comrades in arms in the fight against mass ignorance. Each will draw strength and ambition from the other. I myself build great hopes on the extent to which the University College can and will make the clubs aware of one another's work.

THE CLUBS OF GEORGETOWN

I want to speak about the special quality of the clubs of Georgetown, British Guiana, and of one or two other places that I visited in that large and thinly populated Crown Colony. What distinguished them was their enthusiasm. There they were in the solitary outpost of the English-speaking world in the whole vast continent of South America, in a colony whose own frontiers marched with countries whose intellectual traditions carried them back not to Britain but to France, Holland, Portugal, and Spain. And so I found them consciously setting themselves to do two things—first to build up a culture which should be specifically Guianese and not generally Latin American, and secondly to see to it that the English element in that culture should be realised and brought out.

In previous years I have been asked to send a message to the annual convention. This year I am sending the message as a broadcast, hoping that perhaps this arrangement for an annual gathering of clubs may not be limited to one Colony, and may even in the end become federal. You have still a long way to go before that goal is reached, but to all friends and supporters of the University College, and especially to the delegates to the Clubs' gathering in Georgetown, I would in conclusion say this:

It is easy for us in England which is full of old buildings ranging from Cathedrals to cottages, to realise that the men of the past built for posterity and that it is for our generation to hand on the torch.

But in the West Indies it falls to your generation to be the first consciously to build for posterity, politically, educationally, socially. Yours is a hard task but it is also a great privilege. Build zealously; build with both heart and mind; build with courage and faith in the future, and you may be sure that you will build enduringly.

MR. JUSTICE LUCKHOO:

If I understand rightly the Union confines its activities among members of the Community measuring up to a certain standard of learning. The Extra-Mural Department will, however, embrace within its compass all factors which tend to raise the level of Education, in which case its association with the Union will become not only a matter of public interest, but the Union will serve a useful feature and form a cultural background of that Department of the University College.

I have oft times been asked to define the meaning of Extra-Mural. It is in my opinion a term of much elasticity which covers not only a form of Education outside that of a University, but includes within its framework postgraduate studies, and help to those graduates to keep in touch with the modern trend of Educational Development.

BROAD PROGRAMME

Primarily it is intended to initiate a broad programme of popular instruction especially in rural centres where facilities for higher education are absent and where adults and adolescents are without opportunities for intellectual advancement and to inculcate in them an elevating and ennobling influence.

This form of education will be much affected by the attitude towards it by the Union of Cultural Clubs. It is not intended that the Department of Extra-Mural Studies should

live in academic isolation: for it to grow and gain strength it must circulate in an atmosphere with other Educational movements so as to enrich the social and cultural life of them all, and thereby provide a more favourable and stimulating foundation which I conceive is one of the objects of the Union. To achieve the greatest measure of success the general attitude towards this Department should be both liberal and sympathetic.

This system of education would energise the desire for higher education. It would give those educationally inclined but too old to become undergraduates of the University College, or financially unable to do so, an opportunity for advancement in the field of learning, and to serve a number of people geographically divided and of different races but with a common outlook.

For Professor Sherlock, however, to lay a solid foundation for the work he has undertaken, and no better selection for the post of Director could have been made by the Provisional Council, he must exact and obtain the assistance of Cultural Clubs and other intellectual Organisations in the several colonies.

The University College will offer Maintenance Scholarships to young men and women who during the course of their Extra-Mural studies reveal unusual ability and outstanding perseverance in following their chosen studies.

The Union of Cultural Clubs in this Colony would become a welcome ally to equip a number of men and women who before were strangers into a federated community of thought and action.

Music, drama, languages, literature, economics and political science are some of the things which the Department would tackle in its course. They will undoubtedly harmonise and blend with what the Union stands for and form the whipcord which will leash them in one common aim, the beginning of a Caribbean culture, with the highest ideals symbolising grace and beauty in all our actions.

In these highly important matters the seed for a Caribbean dominion might not only be planted but with care could be germinated to become Time's noblest offspring of the effort to co-ordinate the Extra-Mural Department of the University College, with the Union of Cultural Clubs.

Taking only the matter of words ,we, in this far vantage of time, can't quite realise how it would have felt to be alive in England in Shakespeare's day when poets everywhere were minting new coins from the language and striking off bright and battering metaphors. We can't know because in the 1610's two things came together that standardized the English language in a peculiar way. The translators of the King James Bible produced a masterpiece of expression and Shakespeare broke his pen and closed his magic art. Since then there are two great gateways through which an English-speaking man must go, for the meanings of the words he wants. He can never make them in the way the Elizabethans did. The Kings have already spoken.

A region begins to think
ART IN THE WEST INDIES

by Edna Manley

I want to tell you about our struggles in the last twenty years here in Jamaica. Here in the simplest and briefest terms is an attempt to give you a picture of all the warring and confusing elements, historic and social that we artists are struggling to find our way through and here also is an attempt to show you some of the mistakes we are trying to avoid making.

Years ago I remember judging a large collection of drawings and paintings, not one single work had portrayed the features or the characteristics of a Jamaican face.

Even worse, there was one little study or sketch of a market scene and believe it or not, the market women under their scarlet bandanas had yellow hair, pink faces and even blue eyes! And don't forget those were elementary school children.

I couldn't help being shattered as I think any sober thinking person must have been.

Do you realize that those children from peasant homes, seeing almost nothing but people of their own race, their own colour, were actually painting the casual and stray white person who passed on their horizon and what is more, clothing them in the familiar peasant clothes and setting them in the familiar framework of their own peasant lives?

It does explain part of our problem, a problem that is linked with the colonial rule, in all coloured countries, a problem that is part of the domination of a foreign power.

But I do admit, that is only part of the problem.

A little later I began to take an interest in our poetry and short stories and there I met the same astounding phenomenon. Poems about daffodils and snow at Xmas.

Poems where every metaphor, every image and symbol was inspired by a northern climate and a northern geography.

People who have never left Jamaica describe the beauties of English village life and one image stands out particularly vividly, in a poem by a young lad, who had never left the heat

of the St. Andrew plains—and yet he wrote “*the icy winds that pierced my soul*”.

Our job then, was to peel off layers and layers of artificial, insincere, unthinking expressions that had no more genuineness of feeling than a parrot that has learnt a set of phrases which it repeats whenever its memory is evoked by a set of circumstances. We had to start by trying to open our eyes and our ears and our hearts to our world around us, as we saw it.

We had to think back over our history and discover why we had become deaf and blind to the land and the people that were Jamaica.

We had to remember that we had become detached from the cultural realities of our English ancestors and that the arts of the Negroes who had come as slaves had been ruthlessly wiped out.

The art of these two peoples who in Jamaica, at any rate, are our two strongest main roots must be understood if we are to be in a position to understand ourselves.

And it is also necessary to keep forever in mind the fact that art is not a thing that a man does with his hands only.

The art of a race or a period—is the result of the emotional and the mental processes of that race or of that period. One so often hears a man of one race comparing his art with the art of another race, and speaking with amused contempt of the differences as if they were the result of inferior technical ability.

Nothing could be more evidence of a misunderstanding of what art really is.

Art differs—not because of the presence or the lack of proficiency—art differs because of a difference in aim.

Art differs in the way that religions differ, and social structures differ, because they are all the expression of something that is carving out a particular channel for itself.

Art is the expression of the destiny of a people and as such, it is authentic as it stands.

And this thing goes tremendously deep—you may crush a people’s self-expression but you cannot alter certain fundamental things that make them what they are. I have seen it here in Jamaica With my own eyes.

You may falsify and distort his expression of himself, but the day you set him truly free to be himself—that day you will see the hand of the past touching with life, and authenticity, those things that are born in the freedom he has found.

And so a thousand years of English heritage and even more of African confront us in the ever freeing circles of our art world in Jamaica today.

And as I say we must try to understand the art of these two peoples if we are to be in a position to understand ourselves.

I will take first the Negro who is numerically the stronger.

For a thousand years and more the Negro has carved the symbols of his gods, the expression of his deeply intense spiritual consciousness, carved with as passionate a sincerity as the Westerners carved their crucifixes and madonnas.

Naturally no slave owner would permit him to preserve his spiritual life in this way, to be a source of fortitude and resistance to the violence that was being imposed on him.

No, there were to be no gods and no Traditions and no memories of the past, ancient and powerful as it was.

So the Ancient Negro tradition was crushed and those of you who know the value placed on Negro Art by the highest critics of Europe will know that it was an intense and vitally spiritual achievement that we lost.

So the Negro tradition was wiped out and the European tradition held on and was spread from the minds of teachers, missionaries and settlers who with a nostalgic vividness born of homesickness, passed it on in school, church, home. Hence the young person wishing to express himself was hedged in by a double wall of unreality—on the one hand blinded by the flaws and weaknesses of colonial rule, which consciously or unconsciously, made him feel himself unworthy and inferior, and—on the other side, caught by the power of European culture, while the circumstances left him impotent to do other than weakly emulate something that completely detached him from his surroundings.

To him the world of Wordsworth was as vivid as the lonely and homesick school teacher could make it—the daffodils

danced on the hill for him— whilst unheeded the great sun-god travelled across his sky as his land lay blazing in drought and his people like the ancients prayed for rain.

Our problem twenty years ago was that we did not understand the beauty of our own Jamaican people and if you will forgive me I will state that I was never guilty of this crime.

What I mean is that the pure Negro and the coloured person were blind to their own beauty—so they had nothing to praise and nothing to glorify and so inevitably there could be no painting and no sculpture.

I do not know about the other islands, I only know that here in Jamaica we were dominated by the European and hence the Greek traditional concept of beauty and absolutely blind to all others—unaware that the Egyptian beauty is older and as eternal as the Greek, the Chinese, the Indian and the Negro too.

I am no psychologist, but it seems to me—to put it on its lowest plane—that even the simplest person must realize that there is something most fatally and terribly wrong with a people who do not ever describe what they see but always describe what someone else has seen.

To have an art we must be given a chance to develop the urge to express directly our own emotions born of the realities of our own land and our own people.

This then is our heritage and to it is added some Indian and Chinese influence.

So now the problem of the art teacher in Jamaica and not only the teacher, but anyone interested in and desirous of supporting our artists, is one of understanding this background of ours and learning to know what to encourage and what sort of help is needed.

In any country in the world and in this one particularly, an approach to the arts must call for a great flexibility of mind and even more important a receptive approach rather than a domineering or interfering one.

The job is to help the artist to find himself, and to give him confidence, not to impose on him anyone else's theories or doctrines.

To try to do so will only tend to make the young artist insincere or confused, his art must be his self-expression and only when he has found that self, can his art achieve sureness and maturity.

No amount of prating about what other countries or other individuals produce can help him at all, at all.

Help him to find and be sure of himself by giving him a dynamic and a real society to live in and one that he can feel himself an essential part of.

If you have the training or natural mental equipment—help him to find the sort of technical ability that can put that self on to canvas or paper.

The process of his development cannot be superimposed from outside and in very truth it cannot be rushed—all the money in the world spent on first class art schools will only confuse him, if he is not first being given a chance to find himself as part of a nation that has faith in itself and part of a group that needs his services.

This last is particularly your job—if he is not needed, he can never have a sense of true purpose, and such cultural development as comes into being will lack practical application; both artist and public will stay just where they are—out of touch, out of sympathy. This is really important.

If you let him drift away from you, your country will be like a man who has deliberately allowed his eyes or his ears to be destroyed.

He must be part of you, if you are to be complete, and you must be part of him if he is to find reality. There is no such thing as a nation without an art, but a nation who loves and takes pride in its artists is a nation capable of the full realities of civilisation and culture.

So let us take a look at the two artistic traditions from which, in a somewhat battered way we are now being born.

I am going to limit myself strictly to the fine arts—on which ground I feel surer of myself.

In comparing English art and Negro art, I think one can be justified in saying that English art with one or two exceptions is mainly objective and Negro art is mainly subjective.

Just suppose that you go to bed one night and have a bad nightmare and you wake in a bath of perspiration and actually as one often does, shaking with fear.

Suppose you are a painter, and next morning you are so interested in your dream and you are so impressed by the fact that you remember it so clearly and see all the details with such clarity that you decide to paint a picture of it.

Now imagine another kind of person who has had a similar dream and when he gets awake next morning the thing that interests him about his dream is not the clarity of it, nor his own remarkable memory of its details but the extraordinary state of emotional excitement and distress that it was able to induce.

And being also a painter he decides to make a picture giving as vividly as possible an impression of the state of exaggerated fear that has been experienced.

The first painter will give you a picture of the scene that created the fear, the second painter will be striving with every power of hand and mind to re-create the fear in your mind that he experienced.

Not unnaturally, the objective artist will accuse the subjective artist of over-distortion and over-emphasis, the subjective artist will always feel that he is incapable of possessing the skill to give sufficient emphasis to re-create his experience.

I personally think it is idle to attempt to evaluate the approach. The truth is that most great artists have an element of both qualities in them, but with one or the other predominating, in a marked degree.

In English art, Gainsborough is at one end of the scale and Blake is at the other. Negro art is nameless and unsigned but it, too, contains both factors.

English art, being objective on the whole, adds to one's gifts of observation, and appreciation of life and nature as it is. Negro art gives a picture of the emotional and spiritual struggle towards self-realisation; fear and fertility are two important facts in all life.

The negro carves his symbol of fertility by distorting the human body and so gives his conception an added symbolic significance. Some one of another race seeing his carving might interpret the lack of proportion as ignorance and lack of skill.

Fear to him is the evidence of some divine presence when he carves his deity, he distorts in order that his image will induce in you the fear that he feels and that he wishes you to feel—in order that you shall recognize the presence of divinity or as a European would describe it of some supernatural force.

The European paints, as it were, the face of God, in his love of nature and the dignity of the human face. The Negro uses the human face and body to create for you the experiences which his contact with God arouse in him. You see one is objective and one is subjective.

And in my own personal experience of Jamaican art I feel these two methods of self-expression struggling side by side.

As a result of our European education, we tend to fall into the mistake of recognizing the objective and dismissing the subjective.

But I venture to say that to social workers like yourselves the subjective artist with his unsophisticated, and unreflecting responses are infinitely more likely to give you the key to your own problems.

And understand me, I do not use unsophisticated or unreflecting as terms of belittlement.

Art is bound to come to a dead end if it departs to too great a distance from these things.

European art did and it took a Van Gogh and a Russian to bring in a new life again.

But for your uses —

Surely that revealing vision of themselves that these people will give you, can be the key for your own understanding if you have the freedom and breadth of mind to accept it.

I put in a special plea for the people who put emotion before observation and experience before accuracy not because I think they are more serious, more sincere or more real, but because they are the people who can do so much to help us to understand ourselves.

They are the people who help us to free ourselves of our repressions, or our shallowness, of all those reactions which are not genuine and spontaneous.

I find in my art class, for example, that the few bold souls who trust their emotions are an endless inspiration to the more

timid and help them to step out and trust themselves.

Nowadays of course, the influence coming from the advanced teacher and students abroad is all in this direction.

European art years ago rebelled, away from the over-intellectualized channel that its objective course had led it into, and went in search of a new and vital emotional stimulus and in this search it found Negro art.

Because we are so shut away here, this new direction of thought took a long time to come here but, we are just beginning to feel a new freedom from its influence.

So may I beg of you, if any of you are in places where the spirit of artistic freedom is still only struggling to be born, to realize the full significance of it not only artistically but socially and to try to understand and to help.

It is going to take patience and understanding and oh, so much love and faith!

If you only knew the loneliness, the hyper-sensitiveness of the oldest and the toughest artist! His is the endless attempt to find order in chaos, to find truth where there are so many lies, to find faith where there is no proof and can never be. To be his only judge of the false and the meretricious.

None can help him in the final decision and only a few can understand.

I wonder if you know the passion and the pain it takes to make a picture?

And here I could come to one last point.

So very often the artist is not a good citizen and this I think we have to face as inevitable.

The sensitive imaginative round peg in a square hole, if he is brave and strong enough becomes an artist and through his maladjustment with Society he creates the harmony in artistic form that he is unable to find in life. Sometimes it is just that he could easily have been a burglar—or even a murderer—an Ishmael with his hand against all men.

But sometimes it is that because of his ruthless mental honesty and his sensitiveness to all that is false, he sees through the standard concepts of morality to the humbug that lies underneath and he rebels against a form that has no inner validity for him.

Sometimes too, the things that the average citizen thinks important are not important to the artist at all and he sweeps them aside. Things like social and economic security which can so surely enslave a man, he fears, and will have none of—and the politeness that is but a mask for boredom and irritation—he will have none of that either.

I always remember Harold Stannard of the British Council saying to me some years ago, when I was distressed at the lawlessness of a certain young artist :

“My dear Madam—it is a tough enough job trying to help to build an art—but if you want your artists to be conventional moralists as well—you are doomed to disappointment.”

Perhaps in his very failure to adjust and understand our present society, he will be forced to find peace by creating a vision of a world as it ought to be.

And don't worry, he will pay as everyone pays, in pain and despair.

If faith and patience are of any avail we here in Jamaica will make our contribution and it will be an art born of the sunshine and the torrents of rain —

Born of the land and of the sea
Born of the joy and the pain of our people
We in Jamaica will never look back now.

But what we want to know of and to see and to understand are the contributions that the best of you are making—that it may give us strength and courage to go on.

Edna Manley, wife of Norman Manley, is a distinguished sculptress in her own right, who has kept alive for years a small pure flame of art in Jamaica. In 1943 she was the editor of an anthology of Jamaican poetry, articles, short stories and plays, entitled *Focus*.

This article represents the rough notes of a lecture given some years ago to a Social Welfare group undergoing training in Jamaica under Professor Simey.

The three elements of nationhood
I'M THINKING ALOUD

by A. F. C. Matthews

What is the type of West Indians who will give meaning to their country?

I think they will be **patriots**, wise lovers of their native land. If we have not yet learned to love our country and its people, let us begin, because our progress depends upon our appreciation of the best they have to offer and upon a desire to preserve those characteristics both natural and personal which give the West Indies and their people a special significance. Patriotic West Indians by their life and work will reveal to their country and to the world, a picture of their land which will make them aware of the springs of life which make us what we are and what we may become and they will also provide inspiration for others to do it for them. Their patriotism will not be the foundation of a rabid nationalism which ignores the rights of other peoples to be patriotic; it will be based upon a love of the family, the village, the unseen but valid household gods, giving piety and permanence to the misnamed simple and familiar things.

But, we must agree, West Indians cannot be satisfied by patriotism alone. They must add to their patriotism a due **sense of history**. From the first they will draw their power; from the second they will gain perspective. Their sense of history will make them aware of the vast currents of international affairs which, during more than three centuries, have combined to buffet our islands and territories on the restless surface of world history. It will enable them to form proper judgments in the course of their efforts to solve the many urgent problems which have been bequeathed by the past. West Indians must use the lessons of their history. If they neglect this experience their services to their country may be decorative or entertaining but of little enduring value. Their knowledge of our history will not be the sterile product of textbook digestion but will be given fertility by travel among our islands and lively intercourse among the different

peoples who populate them. The purpose of their knowledge will be to enable their fellows to live together more happily than in the past.

To their patriotism and awareness of history West Indians will have to bring a strong flavour of **realism**. Because we are looking into the future we cannot be unmindful of the present. In their efforts to give meaning to their country, West Indians must always be careful. We must begin not with where we should be but with where we are. If we would come to a fuller realisation of our spiritual and material potentialities we must avoid empty dreaming. Realism will compel West Indians to criticize themselves, however much they love themselves. They must become their sternest critics if they would overcome complacency and satisfaction with the second rate and the slipshod; such a method of realism will force us to carry into every field of endeavour the best energies and equipment, acknowledging the importance of each step on the road, not as it is convenient to us but as it is able to bring most surely to the next step.

Patriotism, awareness of history, realism—this seems a somewhat oppressive array of motive forces. But their yoke can be made easy and their burden lightened if West Indians link them together with the strong but kindly bonds of the creative imagination, and give them beauty with the grace of those values which are not confined to time and space — **the eternal values**. This alliance will give all West Indians greater opportunity to see the meaning of their land; for imagination is the possession of all, rich and poor, philosopher and fisherman, saint and sinner, and the eternal values demand the vision of all peoples.

Creative imagination must be allowed to develop and to find its expression. The West Indian writers, artists and musicians can enrich the meaning of their native lands. Because of their rich historical association with many great races, West Indians possess a heritage in the world treasury of music, art and literature. They cannot afford to neglect the sources which produced Shakespeare, Beethoven and Michelangelo; but they will not be ashamed nor afraid of their indigenous background and characteristic impulses. The products of their talent and hard endeavour will mature with

the necessary training and encouragement If the efforts of their creative imagination are stimulated by a perception of the enduring values which bring meaning to our lives they will continue the work of the 'immortals' and the best of them will join that select company.

A. F. C. Matthews is one of the editors of *Forum* and Hony. Secty. of the Association of Cultural Societies, Barbados.

Dutch Souvenir
THE LOST GUIANA BOUNDARY

by Denis A. Westmaas

Long years ago, in 1799, when British Guiana was three colonies instead of one, England and Napoleon's Batavian Republic of Holland fell out. England won as usual, and started to collect the boodle. When she came to gather in Surinam, "*by a stretch of Addisonian power*" (since the laws of England required a British subject to be governor of a British dependency) she deputed Abraham van Batenburg, the Dutch Governor of Berbice, to continue to be Governor and to treat with Governor Frederici of Surinam for the surrender of that colony.

The two Dutch worthies, says tradition, met in the best spirit of the times—a 4-gallon "baby" of best Hollands. At that time the boundary between Berbice and Surinam ran into the sea by "Devil's Creek", a little inlet somewhere along the Corentyne Coast. In the course of their drinking the gentlemen agreed to shift the boundary from Devil's Creek to high-water mark on the Berbice side of the Corentyne River. But tides are never quite the same height every time, and that is why our boundary is still a wandering one. In 1934 Britain and Holland got together to try and fix this, but the treaty was never ratified, or if it was, we in British Guiana have not yet received notification of the fact.

But to return to Devil's Creek. This is the lost boundary I referred to above. As it no longer had any importance, no one took any further notice of it, and the poor little thing (it was only some seven or eight miles long) dried up or was filled in. V.R. in his article says that no one knows where it is any longer. "*Where it crossed the public road on its way to the ocean no one seems to know.*" This statement is no longer correct. I know where it is. Or rather, I know where it is on the map, from which we can find out where it used to be on the ground.

I found it quite by accident. I had been to the Lands and Mines Department on some other business, when I happened to see a map of the Corentyne Coast from New Amsterdam to

the River. It was a sketch map made by Sir Robert Schomburgk in the course of some surveys on behalf of the British Government. A few pages further on in the same Atlas was another map "*compiled from the surveys executed under Her Majesty's Commission from 1841 to 1844 under the direction of the Royal Geographical Society of London from 1835 to 1839 by Sir Robert Schomburgk.*" This map shows Devil's Creek quite clearly as running between Nos. 77 (Albion) and No. 1 (Balthystock). Immediately to the right is the Parish Church of St. Michael's and a Missionary chapel, not more than a hundred yards away. Another map that I saw showed Devil's Creek as running immediately to the left of Pln. Gibraltar. The title of this map was "*Plan of a part of the County of Berbice showing the Corentyne Coast....compiled from the records of surveys in this office and drawn for the purpose of showing the Proposed Water Scheme, by order of Sir Walter Sendall..Government Land Department, February, 1900.*" So that, as late as 1900 the position of Devil's Creek was known.

I became quite excited. V.R. had said that Devil's Creek could not be found, and here I was staring at it on the map. Next morning bright and early I lined up at the Government Archivist's Office in the cupola of the Public Buildings to see what I could see. I found a series of beautifully engraved old maps of Guiana, French, Dutch and English. The French map was titled *Carte Geographique Statistique et Historique de la Guyane*. It gave two sites, one called the "Cric du Diable," and the other the "Cric de Devil." As this map also showed Bartica to be situated on an island, it obviously owed more to guesswork than to solid use of the theodolite and compass. The date was sometime after 1814. Then there was a "*Nieuwe Gemeten Kaart van de Colonie de Berbice met der zelve Plantagien en de namen der Bezitters in Het Ligt ge bragt door Reineir en Iosua Ottens Kaartverkopers to Amsterdam*" 1740. This one gives the continuation of the boundary backward from the coast, but does not place Devil's Creek in the same position as Schomburgk's map. Being under the impression that the land in that area was the property of Messrs. Booker Bros., I wrote asking them if their title deeds would be of any help. In the archives I found another Map of British Guiana by William Hillhouse, Sworn Land Surveyor, Demerary 1827 and by him dedicated as an Honorary Member to the Philosophical and Literary Society

of the Bristol Institution. **Meanwhile the Lands and Mines people informed me that there was no guarantee whatever of the accuracy of these old maps, not even Schomburgk's.**

It was from Messrs. Booker Bros., that I received the hint that finally put me on the right track. They replied that the area in question was not their property but that the Lands and Mines had in their possession photographic maps of the region, taken by the US Army, which might show up the course of an old creek bed even if it were not traceable on the ground. It occurred to me that all I needed was an approximate location over which to ask the Photographic Officer to search, and Schomburgk's and Hilhouse's maps as well as the one dated 1900 made by order of Governor Sendall ought to be sufficiently accurate for the purpose. Surely enough, when I indicated the area to Mr. C.P. de Freitas, he was able to discover on his photographic map of the region a creek which seems in all respects to satisfy the most probable requirements of location. All that had to be done was to correct the photographs for camera angle. When this has been done it will be possible to set up a tablet where the course of Devil's Creek crosses the modern road. But this requires money and time, which can only be obtained if the Historical Society and the Standing Committee for the Preservation of Historical Monuments decide to investigate the matter and discover whether all the probabilities have been satisfied beyond reasonable doubt. And that is what I am now inviting them to do.

Study in trends
WHITHER MANKIND?

by Dr. A. W. H. Smith

At the dawn of prehistoric civilization early man must have found himself very much in the position of an adolescent in whom strange emotional stirrings and new fears begin to be felt.

And just as some adolescents resolve their problems in a satisfactory manner, leading to a stable emotional life, with balanced, serene and kindly nature, while others do not; so it must have been with tribal groups and nations.

Some developed into peaceful social groups with kindly attributes, others became neurotic or ill-adjusted, corresponding With the neurotic individual in whom fear (and therefore guilt) plays too great a part in the subconscious; while a few even showed schizoid tendencies and resolved difficulties through an entirely different avenue of escape, finding satisfaction and resolution in an abnegation of reality.

All over the world, and throughout all ages, the schizophrenically morbid subject, no matter what his age, sex or race, or whether he be found within the walls of an insane asylum or not, reveals identical traits.

Not to get too greatly involved within the limits of a short article, let us confine ourselves to one trait:—their peculiar development of the creative or artistic faculty. Here again, irrespective of century, race, creed or geographical location, the schizoid art forms show a remarkable adherence to type. This type has two main characteristics Firstly, the meticulous attention to a too fine elaboration of detail and the filling in of every available space to an extent that seems to us futile and bizarre and, secondly the turning away from reality to symbolism and a regression from the conceptual to a perceptual, or visualistic, level.

The schizoid has developed his mentality along completely different lines from what we call the norm.

To him symbols do not stand for a meaning, but become identical with the meaning itself. The logic alters from the

deductive to the affective type. This turning away from reality tends to an acceptance of the subconscious as the only reality. There is a great tendency at the present time for this peculiarity to invade modern art and our art galleries are full of this magical, illogical and symbolistical art form.

The aesthetical question as to whether the spontaneous productions of psychotics and much of the work of our surrealists do represent art, or are merely of the nature of art, depends upon the mode of representation employed. Many acknowledged masters have painted from the subconscious and have created representations from the subconscious but it has been their own individual subconscious (necessarily) and they have kept before them the necessity of employing adequate conventional symbolism for its portrayal. But the surrealist artist does not try to transform his subconscious experiences into accepted symbols; that, for him, would be too analytical an approach. He depicts his subconscious as he states it is experienced; that is where he fails to be convincing except to such other individual as happens to possess exactly the same type of subconscious which must be one in a million, if any. He also fails because the subconscious is not the only reality.

As with Christ in Gethsemane, the pupa in the chrysalis, the gene in the chromosome, there comes a critical period in the adolescence of every individual in which occurs a shuffling and reassortment of inherited characteristics and acquired experiences, a struggle to reconcile and adjust antagonistic impulses until equilibrium is obtained along lines that differ from individual to individual. The average of such adjustment for any race or nation is taken as the norm to which the minority of that race must, through the herd instinct, conform; but who shall say that the majority are right or that any particular human ideology is correct ?

All that has been written above regarding schizophrenics and the insane is written from the view point of our generally accepted Western cultural ideas.

But a nation of schizophrenics would regard us as insane. And such a nation has existed !

Until invaded by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, the Aztecs of Mexico thought they had conquered the whole

world. They **had** conquered the whole world—as known to them; so that when the Spaniards arrived from outside they were hailed as gods.

In this closed universe of theirs they had bred and inbred to produce a race whose character showed very high proportions of two specific traits both of which are recognised by geneticists as possessing dominant genes: that for schizophrenia and that for the love of cruelty (not quite the same thing as sadism—another dominant—but very close).

Their art was highly developed and their pictorial forms of it show that same persistent pre-occupation with small, cramped and bizarre designs to be met with today in the schizophrenic wards of mental hospitals all over the world. They are difficult to describe but show much genius and painstaking detail; they tend to be somewhat geometricalised and they are often packed with symbols and scenes of nightmarish horror and fiendish cruelty.

This Aztec love of cruelty was the ruling obsession of their race and vastly exceeded anything known of any other race in this respect. In this too they showed much genius for they rationalised their love of cruelty into a religious necessity and state-organised it into a complicated system of social and ethical detail. Cortes tells us that it was a common thing for the priests to sacrifice (with torture) no less than 20,000 victims at a single meeting if the feast day was an important one, and this at a time when they had conquered their known world and prisoners of war were no longer obtainable.

Long ere this the shortage of victims had compelled the priestly instigators of their religious system to introduce further rationalised ethicalities whereby the common people willingly and joyfully consented to rear one child in four to be dedicated to the holy rite of immolation on the assumption of puberty.

Now at this point we might pause to reflect that, just as individuals tend to be roughly classed into two main groups, the quiet, studious, artistic type and the blustering extroverted, domineering type, so do nations. We have close to us in this part of the world the warlike Caribs and the peaceful Arawaks, close relations to the Aztecs of old and recent history tells us that the Caribs all but pushed the mild mannered Arawaks

into oblivion. Similarly, all over the world in all ages of man, history has the same story to tell.

Nor is the influence of environment on character here referred to; it is well known that mountainous tribes have always been more rugged and warlike with a propensity for swooping down on their more peaceful brothers, the agriculturists of the plains. These may be additional factors which accentuate inherent differences later, but it was the innate factors of character make-up that primarily decided certain tribes to take to the mountains and others to seek the more peaceful paths of husbandry. At this point it is important to realise that schizoid tendencies, aggressiveness and love of cruelty are governed by dominant genes in the germ-plasm of the race while the opposites, the more peaceful and constructive tendencies, are recessives. This is in accordance with the necessities required for the survival of the fittest in a warring world of species and sub-species, but it will of course inevitably lead in the course of time to the disappearance of the sub-species. In the history of biology as written in the record of the rocks, one hard fact stands out with greater certainty than any other and that is that every species has its day, waxes, wanes and finally sinks into oblivion to give way in turn to other forms, not necessarily more complicated or more progressive, but better adapted to survive under new and changing conditions.

It is quite obvious to anthropologists and psychologists at the present time (the same conclusion having been reached independently through the two sciences) that this process is being applied to **homo sapiens**. He is in no way exempt from the working of natural laws and already shows signs of decline in that, having over-populated the world, he is now busily engaged in doing his utmost (through the dominance of that aggressive type) to bring about the destruction and extinction of his own race.

Such cultural advances as we have made have been entirely the work of the recessives, but the dominant, being dominant, is at last gaining the field and the end is in sight; the human race is doomed and some other species will eventually dominate the world. The creative recessive to whom we might look for any possible hope in the future is not only being fast

bred out but swamped by his more aggressive cousins of the dominant types.

A possible alternative, though an even more hideous one, is that the most aggressive, the most cruel race may conquer the world like the Aztecs but they are likely to institute a regime similar to that of ancient Mexico or possibly even more horrifying.

The great tragedy of it all is that the soft, cultured type, slow perhaps but of serenely developing character, balanced, cool and clear of judgment, aesthetic and imaginative, ruled by man's unique heritage—reason, instead of by the emotions as with the rest of brute kind, could, like the tortoise, ultimately evolve to a further point than his hare-brained competitor—given a suitable start and not unfairly overtaken in the race of life.

But nature "*red in tooth and claw*" long ago, and for the sake of the survival of the fittest, glorified into **dominants** those traits on temperamental characteristics that will aid an individual in the struggle for existence in a world where all is competitive and the devil takes the hindmost. Such dominants make him a go-getter over his "sissy" companions of the milder **recessive** characteristics. That was all very well when the world was young and underpopulated and Man was still fighting to maintain his supremacy over other species.

But that coveted position has now been attained (leaving out for the moment the insects and bacteria ! Save the mark.) and there are so many of his kind extant that the fight has degenerated into a civil war as it did in the days of the Aztecs.

Now dominants will out, being dominants, and so, if we want to save future humanity from the appalling fate of either extinction, or worse, from millions of years of billions of future torturing, our more cultured types must hastily foregather to consider the situation.

Paternal love does not usually extend much beyond grandchildren or at best for as many generations as an aged parent chances to co-exist with during his brief spell on earth. One is commonly not greatly concerned with the fate of unborn generations of the distant future; and yet how illogical this is if one has any conception of the continuity of the germ-plasm or the relativity of time !

If we take any thought at all for the welfare of our offspring we shall remember that distant future generations are after all but "*the sons of the sons of our son*" and if we have any compassion at all for our own son, how much more will we wish happiness to his son for his own sake? The altruistic sociologist of today might well concern himself more with the woes coming to the generations of—say 5,000 A.D. than with the lesser ills of the present generation if only because the remedy lies with us here now. By 2,000-3,000 A.D. our children will be too far in the morass and helpless.

The remedy? Firstly, universal dissemination of all the known facts on this subject; secondly, a gathering (for a change) of the **peaceful** clans; and thirdly—well—surely the only logical possibility is the institution of some form of practical eugenics.

Here the religionist (conditioned to misery as was the Aztec) will howl in indignation but—what would you do? Can he give an account of his stewardship in the hereafter if he permits his race to annihilate itself to the point where there are no further recruits forthcoming for the Celestial life or—worse—permit the degradation of **homo sapiens** ("*Made in His image*") to a position of secondary importance to—say—**Rattus Domesticus**?

OFF TO KAIETEUR

by J. A. V. Bourne

It was the second time I had feasted my eyes on the mighty Kaieteur. Two years ago, I was bewildered, even frightened, as I stood on the edge of the plateau gazing spellbound at the Great Falls. Now, delight had banished fear. The music of the Falls seemed to get into my blood, a mysterious influence, reminiscent of Homer's idea in the *Odyssey* of Circe's enchantments...a voice beckoning—and as I tore myself away in the late afternoon, I vowed I must come back a third time.

THE JOURNEY

On the 21st August, two friends and I left Georgetown on Sproston's river steamer *R. H. Carr* and travelled up the Demerara for 65 miles to Wismar.

Early next morning, we took train to Rockstone on a light railway running through the forest for 18 miles, arriving at the settlement at 7 o'clock. An hour later, we boarded a comfortable river launch and travelled another 60 miles on the Essequibo to Tumatumari, a place noted for its magnificent series of rapids extending for over a mile in a semi-circular sweep, its foaming waters tumbling in wild confusion over the great boulders and purple rocks which partly block the channels.

We slept at Tumatumari and at dawn crossed the river and joined a motor lorry for a rollicking drive of 20 miles through the primeval forest to the Denham bridge at Garraway Stream where we rested and took photographs of the beautiful scenery.

Another drive of 7 miles brought us to Kangaruma, on the bank of the Potaro, where we slept the night in hammocks under canvas tents.

Early next morning, we left in a tent boat with an Evinrude motor fixed astern and made rapid progress up the Potaro River until towards midday blocks of spume came sailing along the current like a fleet of white heralds, warning us of the proximity of a cataract. A bend in the river and suddenly

Amatuk came into view—a glorious Fall—its gleaming waters leaping through the great rocks in a wild rush and finally diving forty feet into the seething basin below thick with foam.

A portage of about three-quarters of a mile had to be made by the side of the falls over which our baggage and the engine were taken and loaded into another boat above the rapids.

Another ten miles along the Potaro brought us to the Waratuk rapids where we again unloaded the boat and carried our baggage over the portage to the top of the falls.

We were now travelling up the famous Kaieteur valley where the scenery is a perfect specimen of wild and rugged grandeur, a wealth of greenery in every shade relieved by splashes of red, gold and orange of the hackia trees.

The river, hemmed in by mountains towering precipitously two thousand feet, gave us the impression that we were passing through fairyland.

A bend—and there before us was the first view of the Great Falls, nearly seven miles away—the shimmering waters gleaming in the distance like crystals alight with the afternoon sun.

Approaching Tukeit, the scenery became even more entrancing. The mountains closed in, the river began to narrow, and a beautiful cascade, a thousand feet aloft, issued from an aperture in the sandstone walls and dropped like a silver band—"Old Man Beard" was in full flood.

The night was spent at Tukeit. Early next day we began the ascent of the precipice from which the Fall makes its mighty plunge, a stiff climb of four miles. At times, the view was very beautiful; through the chinks of the forest roof which shut us in, fingers of light streamed over the leaves and plants that carpeted the trail we were following.

The sound of running waters from streams rushing down below the slopes at various points, the dull roar of the cataracts below, with the deeper crescendo of Kaieteur thundering above, could be heard three-quarters of the way up the heights, then gradually the sound of the waterfall faded away and the last half mile was strangely silent. As we debouched from the forest at the top of the trail, we could see in the distance columns of mist rising above the cactus that grew in profusion on the rocks.

KAIETEUR

I felt it was all a fantastic dream

As I stood on a promontory — projecting a dizzy height over a yawning abyss a thousand feet below — the first view of the Great Falls burst up on me. Half a mile away, a mighty river tumbled sheer over a precipice down into which seemed unfathomable depths. The bottom of the Fall was hidden, invisible in the rising, slowly billowing clouds of spray.

I gripped my camera hard as I gazed speechless in wonder at this stupendous masterpiece of nature and I said to myself no photograph could do justice to this scene.

A ray of sunshine shining on the mist struck from it a beautiful rainbow reaching halfway up the columns of water that gleamed like silver and creamy stalactites in the pure morning light.

Stretching myself over a rock within a few yards of the raging torrent and looking down was too bewildering a sight to endure for long. When I saw it the sun was coming up behind the mountains and great shadows were cast across the green valley, and there at the bottom great pools of water glistened limpidly while a blue mist hovered over the distant tree tops.

Sir Crossley Raynor, who slept one night at the Fall, writes as follows :

“It happened to be a full moon. The great chasm into which the fall dropped and into which the moonlight scarcely penetrated now looked black and forbidding, and was filled with mist which continually rose high above the fall, and the ceaseless roar of the falling water involuntarily reminded one of a gigantic seething cauldron which, set down as it was in one of the loneliest and wildest spots on earth, was such as some Titanic witches in Macbeth might have used. Occasionally, for a few seconds at a time, the moon emerged from the clouds and shining on the river made a scene of indescribable beauty.

At such moments the contrast between the peaceful moonlit river above the fall and the great black boiling chasm into which it fell was striking and almost startling. It was a scene of such weird beauty as one can never forget..”

I have seen both falls; Kaieteur is nearly five times as high as Niagara, and its finer proportions, 400 feet across and 822 total drop, its concentration make it incomparably grander. It is perhaps the perfect Waterfall, and certainly the most beautiful manifestation I know of Nature's lavishness and splendour.

Reading a poem
THROUGH OTHER PEOPLE'S EYES
— Experiment in Criticism

FIVE years ago I carried out a simple experiment with the thinking young people I knew in Georgetown, as a parallel to those conducted by I. A. Richards at Cambridge University and published in his book, *Practical Criticism*.

I obtained two poems, the opening two lines of which were identical, and asked some of my friends all except one under 30 years old to write comments upon these two poems, without any clue as to their age or authorship.

Some read them as one poem, some as a bracelet of poems, some as variations on a theme and some perhaps never worried to read them at all. At least I never heard from them.

The value of this experiment is the opportunity it gives the reader of seeing the different ways people read a poem and it provides a comment on our educational system.

But here is the experiment.

A

Music I heard with you was more than music,
And bread I broke with you was more than bread;
Now that I am without you, all is desolate;
All that was once so beautiful is dead.

Your hands once touched this table and this silver,
And I have seen your fingers hold this glass,
These things do not remember you, beloved,—
And yet your touch upon them will not pass.

For it was in my heart you moved among them,
And blessed them with your hands and with your eyes:
And in my heart they will remember always,—
They knew you once, O beautiful and wise.

B

Music I heard with you was more than music,
And bread I broke with you was more than bread.
Music and meal were sacraments together
And holy whisperings the words we said.

The bread we ate became bread of the spirit,
The whole meal towered into a thing of light.
All came alive, the bread, the chairs, the table,
Like a great scene played on another night.

Melody threads that fabric of the memory.
It caught us there within a cage of sound
And drew a bar, imprisoning the moment.
These cannot wither while the earth goes round.

This first voice is not a masculine voice:

“Music I heard with you was more than music
And bread I broke with you was more than bread.”

Think of “*music*”, think of “*bread*”. One is food for the spirit, the other food for the body. Then try to imagine the world without either.

Those are two fine lines — full of an emotion as deep as the sea. But then these are the poems of love. These are the poems of love, but in comparing “A” and “B” one might liken them to the ‘**Ave Maria**’ played first on the violin and then on the organ. The one is a beautiful instrument but it has limitations, while the organ has no such limitations.

After the first two lines, the poems branch out differently and develop the same theme. In “A”, the writer is the tender lover for whom all things are desolate now that his loved one is gone — while in “B” he is more mature, taking “*music*” and “*bread*” as the key notes devoting a verse to each, and altogether producing something more lasting and satisfying than the first.

“*Bread I broke*” brought to the writer’s mind thoughts of Holy Communion and Last Supper, etc. A striking

comparison. It is a powerful verse, rising to a climax, but gross exaggeration. Compare with:—

“Now that I am without you all is desolate
All that was once so beautiful is dead.”

Heartbreaking lines, but is it not a little exaggerated?
I like the lines:—

“And blessed them with your hands and with your eyes.”

Very, very beautiful. A wonderful love I thought, but he disappoints me in:—

“They knew you once, O beautiful and wise”

The writer is not so heartbroken that he doesn't know the qualities of beauty and wisdom which he valued highest in his love. There seems to me something calculating about that love, perfect love knows that it loves, but never the reason why. My favourite lines are:—

“Melody threads that fabric of the memory
It caught us there within a cage of sound.”

I like them. The last line in “B” is most satisfying:—

“These cannot wither while the earth goes round.”

There is “*music*” — there's “*memory*” — there's “*love*”. These are there for all time — eternity.

A lady's voice again—and she is a practitioner it appears:

I like “A” very much because it is so simple—almost pathetically so, and it rings true. There is the suggestion of tears at the end of each line of the first verse —

...more than music
...more than bread
...is desolate
...is dead

— an immediate result, perhaps, of the repetition of “*more than*” and is, after which the last words “*drop*” naturally. With “*desolate*” and “*dead*” where they come, the misery is perfect.

The first two lines of the 2nd verse “*lift*” a bit — in the glory of remembering — it would seem, and then sadness again.

The last verse is a smile through tears. I don’t like the “*O beautiful and wise*”, it has a melodramatic sound and doesn’t fit smoothly into the rest of the poem. Of course, it may be intended to express a sort of desperate wail at the end, but I just don’t like it.

Instead of:—

“And in my heart they will remember always
They knew you once, O beautiful and wise.”

I would prefer:—

“And as the music memory-created
The ever-beauty of you never dies.”

In “B” the second and third lines of the first verse, the use of “*sacraments*” and “*holy*” creates for me too consecrated an atmosphere. It seems slightly unreal — like candles and virgins in white.

Too much bread in the second verse. My peculiar mind conjures up two absurd pictures within these four lines. “*The whole meal towered into a thing of light*” makes me think of a pyramid of loaves. The third line makes me think of a room full of furniture and food — all mixed up. The literal sense hits me so strongly, I don’t get to the real meaning in time to avoid a smile.

The last verse is very good. I think it expresses the idea of an undying memory more strikingly than in “A”. The metaphor is beautiful.

On the whole — the “A” version I find more appealing, but the first three lines of the last verse of “B”, I would expect to come from a greater writer than the “A” man.

This lady hesitates: it seems:

So fragilely beautiful — afraid to touch it — almost vandalism. Verse 1 gives a promise of grace and dignity, fulfilled by the succeeding verses.

Yet:

“...all is desolate
All that was once so beautiful is dead.”

Seems to say that things have lost their meaning, yet later ...

“Your touch upon them will not pass”

— the beauty is still there.

“They knew you once, O beautiful and wise.”

“Wise”?...Nothing else in the poem points to “*wisdom*” and “*wisdom*” is too owlsh a virtue to be attributed to someone whose memory lives so poignantly in things physical, or shall we say material? “*Wise*” therefore savours somewhat of an attempt to rhyme with “*eyes*”.

“Melody threads that fabric of the memory...
And drew a bar, imprisoning sound ...”

Beautiful imagery.

“These cannot wither ...”

What? . . . Nothing in the preceding lines is “*witherable*”. Yet the poem is almost flawless — it’s rather as if I had taken a spade to remove specks in a delicately woven mesh of cobweb...

Simple yet grand passion ...reminiscent of Tennyson's 'Morte D'Arthur' ...restrained but expressive... "*all is desolate*".

Middle verse of "B" — "*the whole meal towered into a thing of light*" — one can see the setting — feel the bright glow rising — crescendo. Both are complete in themselves — "A" expresses beautifully a sense of loss and pain etched deep by the minutiae of life — the table, the silver, the glass.

In "B" these are still there but they are transformed — they lose their dimensions and become things of the spirit — "*the bread, the chairs, the table*" — all come alive and the "*whole meal towers into a thing of light.*"

"A" gives us sorrow expressed beautifully in the commonplace manner; "B" gives us the same feeling in the grand manner — the one charming and skilful execution on a flute — the other the touch of a master on the organ.

Enters man and the masculine approach, more technical more practical:

These verses "A" & "B" are connected and yet each could be published independently. The theme of "A" is in the one line,

"All that was once beautiful is dead"

and of "B",

"These cannot wither while the earth goes round."

His grief having spent itself, his memory of her is purified and enthroned and he is satisfied.

I think the middle stanzas of both the most vivid, particularly the lines,

"These things do not remember you, beloved,
And yet your touch upon them will not pass."

The utter simplicity of style suggests what Wordsworth called the spontaneous (yet disciplined) overflow of powerful feeling, as if his thoughts recorded themselves instead of his recording them consciously. I've always had a strong partiality for this kind of poetry. These verses are certainly among the most beautiful I've come across. Possibly, in time, the metre would become monotonous. (c.f. Gray's 'Elegy') Maybe.

The masculine approach again but more philosophic:

These variations on a theme achieve their effect by means of a delusive simplicity, a method reminiscent of A. E. Housman. Using a simple but adequate rime scheme the poet makes admirable use of assonance and consonance, of repetition of theme words and a modified form of parallelism, building up a poem which reveals a considerable mastery of technique.

The theme, which is what Verlaine once called "*the reproduction of an exquisite hour*", is stated by implication rather than directly. By a series of symbolically evocative images culminating in "*the great scene played on another night*"—a metaphor of enormous suggestive power—the supernaturalness, so to speak, of the "*exquisite hour*" is rendered. In fact the entire "B" section with its memories of the Last Supper transports the experience into a cosmic "*key*", into a realm of angelic ecstasy. This sense of ecstasy is aptly summed up in the musical imagery of the triplet beginning, "*Melody... moment*", suggesting something imperishable caught from the flux of time. The eternal quality of the experience is underlined by the plain and confident statement with which the poem ends.

A lady again but the lady doubts:

"A" has body, sounds more poignant, seems to catch and hold familiar actual pictures and is a subjective poem.

"B" — soul? Beautiful but almost as if the writer is dramatising, highlighting absence. It is like a scene that is almost over-played, up to stanza 2. Stanza 3 is really beautiful.

Like the second lady, the physical tinge disturbed this writer of the same sex:

I like both, but in "A", "*Now that I am without you all is desolate*" is rather cheaply sentimental. The last stanza is not clear to me. Did she really move among the things in fact, or only in his heart, or rather in his imagination as he really means? The things will always remember her in his heart? Are the things in his heart, all of them? Quite impossible. "*In his imagination, or in his memory or in his mind these things will always seem to hold a recollection of her*" is presumable what is meant, but far from what is said.

The best lines are —

"And yet your touch upon them will not pass", and
"They knew you once..."

They have the simplicity of great poetry.

In "B" you give a more complete metaphoric structure by a clearer expression of the metaphoric possibilities underlying the idea of "*breaking bread*" which is surrounded with the spiritual idea of a sacrament. Perhaps, however, it is strained too far in the opening of the second stanza — the idea of a meal "*towering into a thing of light*." A meal is food — physical, and it is difficult to attempt to impart a spiritual quality to it. The last stanza is good. The whole set-up is artistic except perhaps there is a surfeit of imagery.

Threads, fabric, is the first. Then there is a cage of sound. Then the clever pun upon the word "*bar*". A bar of sound, of

melody, music is likened first to a needle (suggested by threads, fabrics) then to a bar of melody, and the bar of a cage.

"A cage of sound...imprisoning the moment by a bar of melody," is flawless imagery.

The final introduction of the word *"wither"* is suggestive of a further bit of imagery — something to do with a plant, making perhaps a little too much imagery, *"wither"* should be changed.

The best lines —

"Music and meal were sacraments together."

The second effort is superior to the first in poetic value. Am I inclined to be too critical?

No, lady, you are not. But I would guess you are not a Roman Catholic...However, another lady speaks:

The poet in poem "A" is describing his feelings for his lost love. All that was once so beautiful is dead and desolate. In stanzas two and three he contradicts himself in the following lines:—

"And yet your touch upon them will not pass."

And in my heart they will remember always —

They knew you once... "

He seems to count the outward show of things — the touching of silver, table, glass, as only transient, yet he says he will always remember them, for they have left their mark upon his heart.

This poem does not move me much, yet on the whole the poem is good.

The poet in poem "B" deals with poem more scientifically. He plays with the words *"music"* and *"meal"* and paints a whole picture around them. He gives them a deeper meaning — a sense of communing with something bigger than himself, and likens it to the first night, when Jesus broke bread with his disciples.

There in his memory this picture is held — the beauty of it cannot stale or wither as time goes on.

In comparing the two poems one can see that the poet of poem “B” has a definite theme in mind while in “A” the poet contradicts himself therefore the poem crumbles as there’s no support.

That lady is logically-minded...The last piece of evidence is the summary of a conversation with the only one of the group who was over 30 years old.. My friend was over 40 also.

“X” prefers the first version. He says that the second is too conscious, in the modern manner, that it is polished, yes, and it is poetry, but he suspects the writer of the second (B) of not having the same depth of mood as “A”.

I was provoked into argument...I said that the “*beautiful and wise*” was a little artificial and that it strained after a rhyme. He agreed that that marred the “A”. Then I pointed to the discrepancy in sense of verses one and three in “A”; that “A” spoke of desolation yet turned around and said that the memory was eternal in his heart. I asked if a mood should not be consistent in itself. He replied that a mood may waver in itself but have unity. I could only remember Drayton’s ‘**Since there’s no help**’ like that, but wasn’t that a defect, I asked? “*Not necessarily,*” he said.

Then I touched on “*beloved*”. It’s a word so often used and so worn that it suggests “A” used it here to allow vague emotions to be engendered. If his mood had not gone so near to the sentimental, he would have carved a new image and word for his emotion. He half agreed.

We turned to “B”. He said the first stanza was very good but the second was “*precious*” in the Elizabethan sense and the third, you could see the writer preparing to make his effect. It is so neat, so polished, that you realise he has consciously risen to the occasion. You remember it, yes. He referred to Pope and we wandered off into the byways of criticism on those debatable questions of manner and

matter. He came back. *"Look at this line, 'Memory threads that fabric of the memory'. A man in emotion especially the type that "A" suggests would not think of such vivid metaphor. The artist is too conscious."* He thought that "A" was more inevitable than "B".

I asked another question. Didn't he think that temperament had something to do with it? Bridges would have preferred "A" to "B". It was nearer to his own sense of Beauty in restraint. But wouldn't there be persons whose emotion of regret, say, or merely nostalgia would break into this so-called artificial expression. He agreed it is possible but he said the rhetorical tinge disturbed him. Wasn't Shakespeare and all the Elizabethans rhetorical? I asked. He said that was dramatic poetry. Again we wandered off to Dryden, Shakespeare, Keats, Milton and back again. The waywardness of genius, sometimes its madness in Blake and Collins and yet Tennyson striving all his life after craftsmanship but seldom rising into sublimity. I reminded him of Longinus and his saying that greatness and perfection are different things, that bombast and the purple patch followed upon the straining after effect. Shakespeare did that and so did Marlowe. Milton was artificial in that his scholarship shows through his poetry. It didn't run from clear simple wells. I agreed the art is to conceal the art, but does that wholly disqualify, does it?

We talked about life and literature and connections. When he discussed unity in a mood I asked, *"Shouldn't the art, being a selection from life, leave out the inconsistency?"* He thought not always. Life grew and sonnets moved to a position of peace. In "A" the writer comes out to a certain courage of acceptance. He thought "B" *"objective"* — I interrupted. *"You wouldn't say that that is something wrong, would you?"* *"No, but the mood is a personal mood."* I asked, *"Isn't a mood the result of how it travels through your personality, doesn't that affect it?"* Again it depends on personality and temperaments.

It was getting late. So we left it there.

Acknowledgment and thanks—Poem "A" was written by Conrad Aiken, an American poet, who is alive today; while Poem "B" is anonymous.—Ed.

Treasure Trove
BOOKS OUT OF DOORS

by A. J. Seymour

The other day I was going trudging home under the broad Guiana sun, and I came to the Bonilla Market. It looked cool from the sun, so I turned aside from the pavement and wandered through the market at that quarter past twelve in the middle of Saturday.

There before me was a stall marked, "*Young People's Library*."

I considered myself qualified to stop and look at the books. After all, I am sure I could get into the definition "*young people*." There were *True Story* magazines, some old tattered editions of *Life* and *Time* and *Ebony*, and of course *True Romances*, and the whole constellation of magazines that trumpet Hollywood to the world.

"How can I join your library?" I asked.

"You pay sixpence," I was told, "to have your name registered in the book and for every change of book or magazine you pay six cents, and you may keep it one week."

Food for the mind, but rather expensive. Why did not all these people join the Free Library I wondered? Was it the distance, or the air of the building there, or the sense of not belonging? Whatever the reason was, I dismissed the thought, and began to look at the books that I could get for sixpence down and six cents a week.

The traditionals, of course, Sabatini, Zane Grey and Oppenheim, a great many murder stories and thrillers in paper jackets. Then I spied—yes, it was the book. There was *The Varieties of Religious Experiences* by William James, check by jowl with the complete works of William Shakespeare.

Immediately my mind ran back to Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and the great safe in the wall of the study of the Resident World Controller, Mustapha Mond. I remembered how one day he opened the safe for the Savage and showed him the books banned in the new Model "T" civilisation. Those banned books would be an honour roll of names that make our history, and the first book he took out was the Holy

Bible, the second, *The Imitation of Christ*, and the third was *Varieties of Religious Experiences*. And here it was at sixpence to join and six cents a week.

The imp in me turned to the stall-holder as I pulled the book out and left it unopened in my hand. "Do they borrow this book much?" I asked, "and who does, could you tell me?"

Immediately he reassured me, "Yes, that book is borrowed."

But I opened the volume to find it innocent of handling. I flicked the pages rapidly to show how new they were, and he had to agree, "Yes, that book has not gone out yet."

He began to tell me then how he had paid ten dollars for the volume of Shakespeare, and had refused an offer of thirteen dollars, but I was not so interested. Miracles had not happened, I realised, so I put the book back and took the sun again on my shoulders.

That is only one of the leaps of the spirit I have had walking around old books in old bookstalls. I remember the pleasure of coining upon *Those That Be In Bondage* by A. R. F. Webber, in a Stabroek Market bookstall, and stumbling upon *The Idea of the Holy* by Otto in a second-hand book barrow in Glasgow; and again, this was a new book and the pleasure was double, reaching down *Rome and Her Monuments* by Harold Stannard from a dusty top shelf in Cambridge. Time and place have never meant much to me when I have got near to books and in this way, the older they looked the more exciting it was.

One day, I had stopped at a small store with pots and pans and second-hand books, on an obscure roadway running off Regent Street and there I came upon the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus in the Greek. On the flyleaf in faded ink was a name I have forgotten, and the words "Queen's College 1902."

Greek..." *the man who has never learnt Greek is like a man who has never seen the sea.*" To wander through the pages of Homer in his own language! But in the 20 years between that date and my own College days, Greek had disappeared from the curriculum of Queen's, so I looked wistfully at a language I would have loved to have learnt and put the book back.

But I knew that if Greek were still taught in schools, that book would not have been there. The major attraction to a dealer of second-hand books is the school variety, books out

of print or hard to get because of the war or other reasons, and so hunted by new scholars in a class, or by parents anxious for Johnny to get on who will pay the price of a new book for an old, so much do they want it.

That trade in second-hand books is also reflected in another way. The scholars who enjoy their study of a book at school hardly part with the books they have enjoyed, and to look at the names on the fly leaves of school books for re-sale is to have a shrewd idea of what subjects these young people did not like at school. But there again, it might have been the fault of the teachers.

The most exciting treasure trove that I have picked up have been in the Stabroek Market stalls. Not only have I found rare and out of print books on Guiana, but one never knows what old classic one may be able to put into its waiting place on one's shelves, what forgotten book of poetry, what much-criticised and abused, but thought-provoking work of history may come up to light from obscurity beneath one's hands in a market stall. I have picked up *Tristram Shandy* for a shilling and *Guiana Legends* for six cents.

I remember once seeing a complete set of the Bohn Library and other classics speaking to the eye from a second-hand book shelf; Herodotus and Horace, Thucydides and Thomas-a-Kempis, the *Poetics* of Aristotle and the *Confessions* of St. Augustine. And the marvel is, their owner had never opened them, that is what the pages told. They had been furniture for his house but not for his mind.

Thinking that over I can find it in me to pardon the man who disposed of those books. He had never possessed them. They had been social window display, and evidence of culture; and I am glad to think that one day looking at these books he decided to part with them and so part with the mockery of a lie. So I forgive him. If that man had read those books and assimilated some small fraction of what he had read, then the books themselves would have become part of his autobiography. But failing that, it is better so. (And in a way, perhaps that is why some people who mark their books find it so difficult to lend volumes from their shelves to other people: they are lending parts of themselves).

This may very well seem to be at a tangent, but I remember one day debating with myself a curiously nice point in the ethics of acquaintance. At the Athenaeum I had been introduced to Iola Williams of the *Times* and he mentioned that he had written a few books of poetry and made a study of the English water colour painters of the earlier centuries. Weeks later found me standing before a second-hand book barrow looking at a book of his.

I was debating whether it was right for me to buy that book or whether the subtle ethics of acquaintance demanded that I pass it by. It would hardly do, I thought, for Williams to know that my acquaintanceship with his work had come through a discarded book. I passed it by.

When I told this story to a friend of mine he reminded me of Whistler walking down Tottenham Court Road and finding in the sixpenny box of a dealer, a book of his own work that he had presented to a friend with his compliments. It is characteristic of Whistler that he purchased the book and sent it back to the same person "*...with his further compliments.*"

But seriously, this whole matter of books that have lived with one and become part of one raises the problem whether we should put them out of doors like the old horse in Longfellow's poem, '**The Bell of Atri**'. I cannot see that it is right; and yet there is the charge of being unduly sentimental and of treating books other than one treats a suit of clothes discarded with reluctance. But surely books, even though they may not be, each one of them is, in Milton's phrase "*The precious life blood of a master spirit,*" and are still evidence of a certain faith in things which leads man to imprison therein his spirit and to court immortality, with his bouquet of words, evidence of spirit attempting to make by means of words a local habitation and a name. But I do not know.

To people like ourselves in British Guiana, books mean so much. They form the major link with things of beauty and power created in a higher civilisation and come to us from beyond the seas. There is so little of sculpture and art and even drama here, there are only recordings of music, but here are the books themselves, if we want them, on which the European civilisation has been built. Unfortunately, we read in British Guiana, but we do not, as a people, buy books, and

the more is the pity, especially if we want books to become part of ourselves.

Here the reader over my shoulder will perhaps tell me that I am thinking too curiously on a train started by second-hand books, and the reader is right.

However, it is that foolish fancying of mine that makes me stop at old books and open their musty covers and dream back to their former owners and wonder what kind of person it was, and if he got a leap in the heart when he read this book that I have in my hand. And thinking, links me to them in a curious way.

1947 NOTES ON THE UNION'S WORK

The 40 clubs belonging to the Union fall roughly into three groups — (1) youth groups sponsored by religious denominations who join the Union for the larger aims of personal and intellectual development; (2) dramatic, musical and adult debating societies, Art and Science groups, with membership of an older age group. These are specifically pursuing one main line of development, they join the Union seeking fellowship and all round development and they are conscious of the value of a body which may be able to co-ordinate efforts, and to insist on higher intellectual and artistic standards, and (3) A third group of members as the Press Association, Teachers' Association, Children's Dorcas Club, Circle of Sunshine Workers, Col. Co-operative Society, Kitty Women's Institute, Mackenzie Foremen's Club, Society for the Promotion of Refinement among Children, African Welfare Convention, and Sword of the Spirit, comes under the category of organizations which incidentally promote higher intellectual and cultural standards for its members.

The Union's work and possible scope may be classified under the following heads.

- A. Domestic Relationships — How the Union can help Clubs, how Clubs can help the Union, how Clubs can help one another.

- B. The Union's relationships with other sections of the community:—
 1. The secondary school population who leave school every year;
 2. The adult population in a city of varying social and cultural strata;
 3. The rural population;
 4. Organizations like Br. Council, Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society and the West Indian University.

C. The Union's attitude to public media of education and information — libraries, the Press, the broadcasting system and the cinema.

The possible scope of the Union's activity outlined in Sections B and C have to be kept in mind even though the working of the Union for its most complete service is the first and main problem to be tackled.

The following use of the Union to members has been considered —

(1) That the Union's Committee of Management should pay attention to statistics and information, e.g. preparing a calendar of cultural events and spacing concerts. The Committee might provide statistics of meeting nights of clubs, record their achievements, and publish them quarterly. It might also collect and publish information on the history of past efforts in cultural fields, e.g. the history of drama and the collection of folksongs.

(2) The Committee of Management could also be advisory. It could answer appeals from clubs for assistance in formation and procedure, encourage clubs by visits and addresses from a panel of speakers. It could advise and correlate the functions of the individual clubs. It might arrange and supervise musical auditions or dramatic performances before select audiences.

Here there is a suggestion that the Union may set up permanent sub-committees of "Taste" (with the assistance of individuals with a high standard of appreciation) in music, drama, art and literature.

Other suggestions concern the Committee as an organizing body. In addition to the Annual Convention and half yearly policy planning meetings, the Committee might bring clubs together for group discussions with a social flavour, arrange annual debating competitions for some trophy; it might also arrange trips to places of historical interest, such as Kykoveral and Fort Nassau, sponsor lecture courses, and great public debates in the Town Hall, and stimulate the formation and development of a Guianese tradition.

Among the Union's achievements are:

(1) the collection of a library of more than 300 books, pamphlets and papers, many of them rare and most of them out-of-print, on Guiana or written by Guianese;

(2) the sponsoring of Colony-wide competitions in debate and various literary forms, e.g. there is an annual debating competition for the Patrick Dargan Memorial Shield;

(3) annual conventions where are presented to the public both dramatic and musical anthologies with the member clubs of the Union appearing on the same platform. In this way the Union has brought together the music and drama that spring from Africa, America, Asia and Europe.

The Union has organised public debates and group discussions on such significant subjects as the West Indian University, West Indian Federation, the Guianese woman, the Report of the 1946 Conference of the Caribbean Commission, the book *Capitalism and Slavery* by Dr. Eric Williams, the 17th century in Europe, etc.

The Union works in close association with the British Council and the Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society, and is represented with them on a Combined Cultural Committee which organises lecture courses in subjects such as English literature, history, etc.

In the early days, a memorandum was submitted to the Comptroller for Development and Welfare in the West Indies, stressing the great need for a Cultural Centre in Georgetown, and from the outset Members of the Committee of Management have always been willing to accept invitations to visit member clubs.

Just a little thing
EPISODE

by Molly L. Isaacson

He stood on the pavement across the street, short, fat, and red of face. One arm was burdened with parcels which he held to his bosom. From the other hand dangled two small paper bags.

I live on the other side of the street just opposite to where he stood. Now and then I look through the window at the people passing to and fro.

I do not know what first made me notice him. Maybe, because he did look comical, well-dressed as he was, nearly up to his neck in parcels, and he so short and fat with a well developed paunch.

As I looked at him he stepped to the end of the pavement and peered down as much as he could into the gutter. Then he stepped back, looking up and down the pavement. A young fellow came along whistling. He stopped him, pointing a finger to the gutter. I did not hear what was said, but the young man advanced a step or two. He looked into the gutter then shrugging his shoulders, stepped jauntily away. The man with the parcels stood as if lost looking after him.

Then, a woman came out from a yard behind him. He turned and seeing her stopped her. Again he pointed to the gutter, speaking earnestly. The woman reluctantly approached the side of the gutter and looked in. She said a few words to him and then she too, walked away.

"Poor man" thought I, "something he wants very much has probably fallen from him into the gutter, and he is too fat and laden to get it for himself."

It was three o'clock. Children were coming from school.

He stood now looking down at his parcels, as if thinking to 'relieve himself of them.

A little boy about nine years old, came running on the pavement, his slate in hand.

"Sonny" the man called. The boy stopped and looked back. By now of course I was filled with curiosity to see what would happen. The man beckoned to the boy to come nearer. The

boy obeyed. Placing his hand on the little lad's shoulder, he propelled him to the side of the pavement and once more pointed into the gutter explaining at the same time what he wanted.

The boy laid his slate carefully on the grass and stepped down into the gutter with bent head. He peered under a bridge and thrust forward a hand, then getting out quickly, he ran to the other side of the bridge; again he went in, pushing his head and shoulders under the bridge. I thought he was going right under. Instead he eased himself back and out he came once more back to the other side. The man looked on expectantly. The boy thrust his hand under the bridge again. This time it looked as if he had got what he went for. He withdrew his hand, his fingers clasped around a small object. The man beamed with satisfaction, as the boy held the object up to him. He made no effort to take it but said something to the little fellow who placed the object on the pavement near his feet.

I leant eagerly forward to see what it was...and there on the pavement it stood...a chicken, clean necked and now growing some fine feathers sticking up over its small body! It remained for a moment apparently stupefied at the man's feet, then spying its mother in the distance ran to her as fast as it could.

The boy picked up his slate and moved on. "*Nice child*", I thought. The man looked thoughtfully after him and called him back. The boy returned. Placing the two bags he held in his hand on top of the other parcels, he reached into his pocket and produced a silver coin. He held it out to the little lad who accepted it slowly and wonderingly. Then he was off running, his bare feet on the pavement. The man smiled happily as he plodded slowly on.

I watched him out of sight and I felt all the better and brighter.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS

This issue of the magazine had already gone to press when the news arrived of Harold Stannard's death in London on December 8, 1947.

A generation of grateful young people mourn the passing of this great friend of the West Indies.—EDITOR.

The Combined Cultural Committee has recently completed an excellent series of lectures on '**Everyday Life in foreign countries**'.

Introducing the Chief Justice, Mr. N. A. Worley, (who opened the series on 3rd October with a talk on '**Everyday life in Singapore**'), the Chairman, Mr. Tucker, British Council Representative, described the lecture-talks as being a glorified geography series with the University extension flavour. Actually those Friday fortnightly talks comprised an activity, along the lines of UNESCO work, helping to let one part of the world know how people in other parts lived and had their being.

The talk on Singapore dealt with its history from the time of Raffles, its present importance in commerce and as a strategic position and the structure of its population. It was remarkable to experience the careful way in which the lecturer's words built up an organic image of the area in the minds of his audience.

Other lectures in the series were given by Queen's College masters. D. A. Smith, who talked on New Zealand as one who belongs to that part of the world and A. G. A. Larthe who lectured on Czechoslovakia from the standpoint of his life there while teaching foreign languages. Mr. Tucker himself gave a lecture on Turkey, one of the countries in which he has worked; and Mr. Yen Chen Lu, of the Chinese Consulate talked about everyday life in China.

An excellent series of popular lectures they were. The modest charge for admission (by ticket for the course) was \$1.00 for members of the general public and 60c. for members of the R.A. & C.S. and the clubs affiliated to the Union of Cultural Clubs.

In the last quarter of the year Miss Franker, Librarian of the Georgetown Public Free Library fitted a series of fortnightly lectures and discussions to dovetail with the Combined Cultural Committee lectures at the British Council's Office.

On the Fridays when the Everyday Series lectures were not being delivered, the Library had a lecture or discussion on '**Man**'.

In the series, Father Guilly, S.J., O.B.E., M.A., lectured on '**Man the Saint**', Mr. Smith Bracewell, B.Sc., Director of Geological Survey spoke on '**Man the Scientist**', while Archdeacon R. M. Pattison-Muir, M.A., lectured on '**Man the Scholar**'.

Fortnightly discussions followed these lectures and both discussions and lectures were open to the general public.

MUSIC

After three performances the B.G. Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Major S. W. Henwood, has brought another fruitful year to a close, with the final Matinee performance on Sunday, 19th October, 1947.

The programme was well arranged, and the audience heard to advantage Miss Elaine Taitt, rising young soprano, who undoubtedly shows much promise. She rendered excerpts from Puccini's '**Madame Butterfly**', and Godard's, '**Song of Florian**'.

The feature of the programme was Miss Elaine Richards, L.R.S.M., the seventeen-year-old pianist, who played the solo part in Tchaikovsky's '**Concerto in B flat Minor**.' As an encore she played Lecuona's '**Malaguena**'. We look forward to seeing her not only frequently, but with plans for a West Indian tour, of which she is, undoubtedly quite capable. August Vervuurt, the talented violinist with successful recitals to his credit, added one more to his list, with the playing of the Hungarian Dance '**Czardas**' by Monti.

The Orchestra was in fine shape, and played the Concerto beautifully. There was complete understanding between the Soloist and Orchestra, which undoubtedly was responsible for the successful rendering of this superb masterpiece. Other outstanding items which it played were Cimarosa's '**Secret Marriage**', Saint-Saens '**Danse Macabre**' and Coleridge-Taylor's '**Petite Suite**', which terminated the programme. Songs by Schumann '**Within my Garden**' and '**On Gentle Wings**', were rendered with charm, by the Philharmonic Choir.

— ERIC ROBERTS

BOOK REVIEWS

The following book reviews have been selected from among those broadcast during recent presentations of the British Council programme, '**Books from Britain**', because of their possible interest to an agricultural country with a low standard of living and a growing population.

WHILE FOLLOWING THE PLOUGH by John Stewart Collis (Jonathan Cape, 9/6.)

The publisher's note on the wrapper tells the reader that John Stewart Collis, an established literary man, worked as an agricultural labourer for nearly six years. Being asked why, he replies, "*Because I needed to do that more than anything else — not to become a farmer but to be a better intellectual*".

The first part of the answer is promising — the need of labouring. We suffer from a plague of intellectuals who have evolved out of themselves original theories — original because the ordinary man has been too sensible to entertain them — and then with the claim of experts endeavour to force them on us — they should give up theorising and serve in the common round. Have you known a psychologist in ordinary dealings with people? He is like a bull in a china shop.

Lately, I read a terrible thing, I cannot remember where, about modern English poets. They seek to feel uniquely about incidents, expressing their sensations cryptically, and the fewer who understand the more pleased they are. All essential things in men are the things they hold in common, not the things they hold separately. I must quote G. K. Chesterton: — "*The man in the saloon steamer has seen all the races of men and he is thinking of the things that divide men — diet, dress, decorum, rings in the nose as in Africa, or in the ears as in Europe, blue paint among the ancients, or red paint among the modern Britons. The man in the cabbage field has seen nothing at all; but he is thinking of the things that unite men — hunger and babies and the beauty of women and the promise and menace of the skies.*"

Mr. Collis decided to be the man on the farm. At his first job he worked for nine hours, with one break, dragging away and piling up the branches that had been cut off apple trees. He spread artificial manure, and when he knocked off experienced a pleasure in just sitting down and in eating cheese such as he had never known before. He learnt to plough. He thinned and picked and pruned fruit trees. He threshed and hedged and ditched. For six years he worked on the land and his book describes his doings which bring English country refreshingly back to Englishmen away from it, and should interest Guianese; also his reflections on farmers and labourers and the effect of the earth on men. "*The sea*", he asserts, "*has a good effect on men. He who ploughs the main ploughs in fear and praise, does really feel the mystery. The influence of the air is often good. When an airman speaks we hear the language of the ideal. The spirit of the ancient earth is sterner. Her demands are not only too great but too constant to allow those who battle with them any relaxation, any contemplation, any ideology, any interest in the spirit and in the mind.*"

He has an interesting comment on the passing of the influence of the squire which has a bearing on village life in this country. In the old days the squire considered it his duty to give life to the village. He is no longer able to think about the life of the village, and the villagers are unable to give life to it themselves. "*There is more liberty and equality now, but less fraternity. Each man is out for himself and for higher wages. There are no leaders of the village life. Every village must have a leader and the leader cannot be sent in from outside. A village will cohere under a leading personality who belongs to the place. Otherwise it will remain incoherent.*"

Wise words. The villages must grow their leaders. The writer became an agricultural labourer in order to be a better intellectual. That shocks me. To be an intellectual is not an end in itself, but growing food is. The use of the intellect for a purpose is the important thing; and the character of the purpose yet more important. Our chief need is a recovery of the understanding of the right needs of life.

— Archdeacon R. M. PATTISON-MUIR.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE UNWANTED CHILD by
Agatha H. Bowley (E. & S. Livingstone, Edinburgh, 6/-)

Dr. Bowley anticipates in this book that the response of all individuals to the unwanted child should be the same—a strenuous desire to right wrongs, to ensure that every unwanted child feels appreciated, recognised by someone, and gains a sense of “*belongingness*”, and is able to look forward to growing up with confidence. Such is the purport of the Curtis Committee Report.

Children, the author points out, flourish best in an atmosphere which is kindly, affectionate and secure. An unloved child is likely to suffer emotionally in the same way as an under-nourished child is likely to suffer physically.

The family nucleus is the best environment for the growing child. The mother is the most important person in the young child’s life. Fathers also have an important part to play in family life. The illegitimate child is at a great disadvantage.

Without family life there will always be something lacking in the child’s emotional life.

Discussing the pre-school child, Dr. Bowley emphasizes that the child between the ages of 2 and 5 years needs a good deal of mothering.

The school child (5-12 years) still needs steady affection and his share of mothering, although more tactfully and unobtrusively given. During this period the desire for independence and love of adventure grow with the years.

The adolescent boy or girl needs tactful encouragement, much information and wise friendship.

One way to help a rejected child who has become delinquent is to shower him with love. A study of the case histories of criminals indicates that a high percentage suffered emotional deprivation in some form in babyhood.

The author graphically illustrates how disturbed, unhappy and unwanted children spring like mushrooms from a “*broken home*”.

In a chapter on ‘**A Study of Children in Substitute Homes**’, she states that it has been claimed that prolonged institutional life may have a permanently restricting effect on the development of intelligence.

These 'institution' children tend to be one of three types,

- (1) The sly, apprehensive, docile, dull, rather inhibited child who is not much trouble.
- (2) The clinging, demonstrative dependent type of child who craves the limelight.
- (3) The difficult, destructive, unreliable, anti-social child who is often a storm centre.

How can we give the 'unwanted' child some of the human experiences that he has missed ? There are, says Dr. Bowley, two main lines of approach:

- (1) Readjustment—
 - (a) Within the home.
 - (b) Within the school.
- (2) Adjustment in a new environment.

In the chapter, '**Some Psychological Aspects Regarding the Care of Children in Homes**' the author emphasizes that the staff must not be constantly changing; the atmosphere of the home should be a natural, homely one; probably the "*Cottage Home*". The proper training of staff is all important in the treatment of special difficulties. Dr. Bowley points out that these consist generally of pilfering, incontinence, unruliness, and difficult behaviour. These difficulties are symptoms of mental unrest — the legacy of a broken home. In conclusion states the author, it is relevant to quote in full from the Curtis Committee's Report:

"If the substitute home is to give the child what he gets from a good normal home it must supply:

- (1) *Affection and personal interest, understanding of his defects; care for his future ; respect for his personality and regard for his self-esteem.*
- (2) *Stability; the feeling that he can expect to remain with those who will continue to care for him until he goes out into the world on his own feet.*
- (3) *Opportunity of making the best of his own ability and*

aptitudes, whatever they may be, as such opportunity is made available to the child in the normal home.

- (4) *A share in the common life of a small group of people in a homely environment."*

In short—affection, understanding, security, outlets and good community life; surely a worthy ideal to which to work. It is indeed encouraging to know that many people already recognize these standards, and that a certain number of "*substitute homes*" have reached them.

—F. M. BRIGGS

Aftermath...
BETWEEN MAN AND MAN

by Oscar S. Wight

In his forthright way O.S.W. stresses the value of personal relationships.

MAGNANIMITY is one of those words in the English language which have so comprehensive a meaning that they bear little application to the practical way of life as it has developed even in this twentieth century since the birth of Christ.

The word came to mind after I had taken counsel with myself as to what would be the general reaction to the application of the principles of race for race, colour for colour and creed for creed by voters at the general elections. And I have come to the conclusion that to hope for magnanimity would be futile; while to savour our expectations with any more than just a little generosity of thought would be blind folly.

The indications seem to be that capital is sitting back, and, in some Quarters, perhaps even setting back for labour. In the meantime labour from an exuberance of spirit for which there is little justification, seems to have decided for itself that the era immediately ahead will be one of rule by the working classes — a rule under which the happy ideal of less work and more pay will be the order of the day.

With these extreme views influencing, if indeed not controlling the economics of our country, the political outlook is anything but bright.

I am not one of those who are prone to regard the results of the elections as a retrograde step in the political advancement of the colony; nor am I inclined to think of the legislators of today as being in any way less capable or even less worthy administrators than their predecessors. But I cannot recognise anything in the new body that furnishes the assurance of more enlightened leadership and therefore the changes and their causes make the tendency of thought of the man-in-the-street a matter of even greater import than hitherto.

Despite all the talk we hear of unions and councils and leagues, the people of the working classes, to me, remain individualistic at heart and I am more than ever satisfied that the relationship between those sections of our community known as capital and labour or any of the numerous sub-classes of either of them, depends in the end on the good-will and conscionable regard of one individual for another—of the employer for the employee and *vice versa*; of the professional man for his client and *vice versa*; of the landlord for his tenant and *vice versa* and so on.

There is nothing more patent than that the years ahead do not lend themselves to improvement and betterment of conditions by means of legislation. In the main, whatever is done in these directions will be by the will and deed of those whom we categorise as capitalists and, for this, much that is generous and magnanimous will be necessary.

Surely the closing years of the twentieth century are not too late to give these words practical application to life ?

