

that idea somewhere else in the world but not in the West-Indies. I believe we are a different kinda black man", I said trying to argue. "different, Hell, - tis the same thing here man, only the image seem to be different. It boils down to this: Something like four hundred years ago the black man's personality was viciously castrated. In that ugly period when he was kept in control. When he was allowed no other unman activity than that of labour. Man, wherever there was colonization you goin' see the same confounded picture".

"Well, I wouldn't advise you to finish that book and sell it here." I said.

"Well, why not?" -- Well - reconsiderin' your insinuation you may be right. Because to brainswash a person and to paint you will in the mind you only got to keep him ignorant and afraid". This time Chinchiri was not smiling as usual, he was dead serious. He tinkled his empty rum coke glass with my glass.

"Sir," Crow stood mockingly at attention.

"Same thing." I said.

"Yes, Sir," he said to Chinchiri clacking his heels together. Chinchiri continued to say, "Man, fear is the results of ignorance. Man, Fear does paralyze you, you know; fear does paralyze you!" Crow stood droopy eyed behind the bar at Sea-View. It was middle late afternoon, for the usual crowd had already left. The afternoon was lazy and Crow was just beginning to nod when Chinchiri and myself had entered. Only the two of us were there: Chinchiri and me were alone together. Well, as a matter of course Crow was behind the bar. Now, you must know that Crow is a kind of stout in the middle he is good natured, too good-natured for his own good sometimes. In fact, he is exactly the type of guy Bully like. He most always says "yes" and flatters their puny personalities. Crow - really you know - has alot of crosses. Crow is growing bald at a rapid speed. He has seven children and - don't blame him - he also has a wife. All these circumstances make the goin most the time a little rough for him. He has above all a peculiar fear for his wife. She is a small woman, drinks like a fish and has a dirty tongue.

The neighbours often say: "Ai you, Buddy! She Buddy, I tellin' you: I ain 'fraid her, but she tongue, Lawd. Don't let her put that tongue pon you at all, at all. You tellin' I, me chile, you tellin' I ai you, Buddy! "

And of course, there was always more that was added to it. Well, as for Crow, the neighbours have it: "He -- He can't help, poh fella - he done eat coo-coo soup. Y'aint see he bald; what you think he bald bald fon - you tink 'tis study, he study so much: - Tjoop!" They suck their teeth - "Botheration, yes 'tis something always botherin' him".

But you believe Crow would worry about all these sayings. No, man! He would content himself with his dear friend Chinchiri's words: "Man, don't worry with these damn stupid people; that's all tyeh good for is pound melly! They ain't hurtin' they brains bout they children future. They ain't intercedin' into the important things in they community. Naw! Man, don't hrt you head over them - do what you think is right."

A smile creased around Crow's lips then it spread out on his face as he thought of these reassuring words. He had heard them speaking all the time. But his mind had wandered off to last night's experience.

"If fright does paralyze you, " he said, "it does make you take off like a kite, too. Last night I was passing by Seager's Gut goin' to town. Man, like there is no moon light these nights things really dark, you know. Tis pretty breezy, too, you know. Pitch dark back-o-me and black as Egypt front-o-me. Suddanny I hear frrr. Man, a cold-warm fear started risin' and a dubble me pace. Frrrr - Frrrr again. Cold-sweat, Buddy. This time, Boy I brock in a trot and I set off. Harder! Frrrr Frrrr. Sink it, Man, to make more speed I chook me hat in me bosom and damn near was in town before I realize