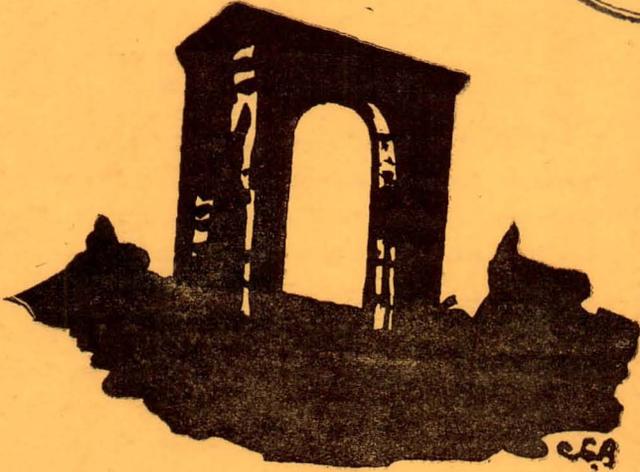


No. 28

KYK- OVER- AL



DECEMBER 1961

Children & Values in a Changing Society

A Woman's View — Mildred Mansfield, Stella Merriman,
Cecile Nobrega, Glenna Tisshaw,
Winifred McDavid, Audrey Chase,
G.M.C., Violet Graham.

ASPEN & THE AMERICAN ETHOS — A. J. Seymour

CONVERSATIONS (Poems) — Martin Carter.

SPIRIT OF THE SEA WALL — Wilson Harris.

Poems, Reviews.

Fifty Cents

X
820.5
K99



MEDICINE FROM BAUXITE ?

While B.G. bauxite can be used for many things, as far as we know it has not yet been used to manufacture drugs and medicines. But nevertheless at Mackenzie, bauxite does help to cure the sick.

While the 120-bed Mackenzie Hospital originally was established to serve employees of Demba, today the majority of the cases treated are not even related to Demba employees, and come from the entire Upper Demerara area. Patients who can afford to pay towards the cost of their treatment do so, but no one is turned away. Not surprisingly the Mackenzie Hospital accumulates a heavy annual deficit, which is met solely by Demba, without assistance from Government or any other body, out of earnings from its bauxite and alumina operations.

So at Mackenzie at any rate, bauxite is good medicine.

DEMERARA BAUXITE COMPANY, LIMITED

KYK-OVER-AL

Ferrol COMPOUND

A
TASTELESS EXTRACT
OF

COD LIVER OIL

AND

IRON

CREOSOTE AND GUIACOL
(CONTAINS THE EQUIVALENT
OF 24 GRAMS OF EACH PER DOSE)



DESCRIPTION

Ferrol Compound is a palatable and pleasant to taste form of the active medical principles of fresh Cod Livers, the nauseous grease eliminated —with Iron Phosphorus contained in the Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, with Quinine and Strychnine, nourishing Malt and Fluid Extract of Wild Cherry Bark, together with Creosote and Guaiacol.

NUTRITIVE—TONIC—STIMULANT

Ideally suited for the treatment of fresh or obstinate Coughs and Colds.

Prepared under licence from the National Ferrol Co., New York, N.Y., Toronto, Ontario, Canada by

Reckitts Ltd

93a CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, England
and GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA,
BRITISH GUIANA

Give that
COUGH

the old

“one-two”

WITH

Ferrol COMPOUND

**The DOUBLE-ACTION
Tonic Cough Remedy**

that

**ONE—Builds up your
natural resistance**

**TWO—as it cures
your cough !**

A Product of Bookers Manufacturing Drug Company, Ltd.,

KYK-OVER-AL

B. G. Insurance Agencies

GENERAL CARGO SURVEYORS AND MARINE CLAIMS
SELLING AGENTS REPRESENTING WORLD-WIDE
INSURANCE COMPANIES

Agents : Royal Insurance Co., Ltd.

Motor Union Insurance Co., Ltd.

TRANSACTING

**Fire & Riots - Motor - Marine - Baggage
Workmen's Compensation and Personal
(Accident Travel Insurance**

**Lloyds Policies effected through our
Brokers Messrs Anthony Gibbs & Sons
(Insurance) Ltd. transacting all classes of
Insurance (except Life)**

When you require Insurance Consult:—

B. G. Insurance Agencies Ltd.

We shall be pleased to advise you on your
Insurance problems

For further information call or write at our Head Office.

OUR MOTTO: SERVICE — SATISFACTION — SECURITY.

18 Water Street Georgetown - P.O. Box 288

Telephone : Dial 6 2171

Branch Office : Lot 8 Strand,

New Amsterdam, Berbice.

KYK-OVER-AL

GENUINE
ARBORITE

NOW ONLY

Amazing isn't it — Genuine Arborite now available at only \$28.99 per sheet, this price being possible due to the tremendous sales/

\$28.99

FOR GENUINE ARBORITE

Go to

SPROSTONS, Georgetown & Springlands
S. WREFORD, New Amsterdam.
or **CHOO-KANG,** Mackenzie



thanks!

KYK-OVER-AL

FOR GOOD BOOKS—

S.P.C.K BOOKSHOP

18 CHURCH & CARMICHAEL STREETS,

GEORGETOWN. TEL: 3862

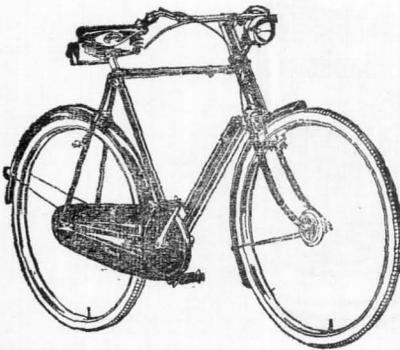
**SCHOOL BOOKS – FICTION – CARDS
DEVOTIONAL BOOKS – BOOKS FOR
CHILDREN, Etc.**



**WE WILL ORDER ANY BOOK NOT AVAILABLE ON
OUR SHELVES.**

Out in front

**. . . and maintaining
a steady lead !**



HUMBER

The Aristocrat
of all
BICYCLES



Distributors:

Pradasco Cycle Store, Ltd.

19 Hincks Street, Georgetown.

KYK-OVER-AL

'BE PREPARED'



**THE
BRITISH GUIANA
& TRINIDAD
MUTUAL FIRE
INSURANCE
CO., LTD.**

ROBB & HINCKS STS., GEORGETOWN.

**FIRE, MOTOR, EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY, MARINE,
FIDELITY INSURANCE**

**TOMORROW
MIGHT BE TOO LATE.**

KYK-OVER-AL



SPREADS
its cheerful
LIGHT
Over All

**Guiana Match
Company, Limited.**

Vreed-en-Hoop, W.B., Demerara

The SOCIABLES PREFER

PEPSI-COLA

Bottled by

D'AGUIAR BROS. LIMITED.

Under Appointment from the Pepsi-Cola Company, New York, N.Y.

KYK-OVER-AL

Hercules



**THE FINEST CYCLE
BUILT TODAY**

Get yours now from

**BOOKERS OFFICE EQUIPMENT
& SUPPLIES DEPT.**

KYK-OVER-AL



AGENTS

**J. P.
SANTOS
& CO.
LTD.**

WATER STREET



MOORHOUSES
marmalades *such good taste!*

KYK-OVER-AL

Edited by
A. J. SEYMOUR

Vol. 9 No. 28

December, 1961.

Fifty Cents

CONTENTS

	Page
Comment	
Aspen & the American Ethos.. A. J. Seymour	145
Conversations (poems) .. Martin Carter	154
Children and Values in a Changing Society (a symposium of views)— A.J.S., Winifred McDavid, Mildred Mansfield, Audrey Chase, Cecile Nobrega, Stella Merriman, Glenna Tisshaw, G.M.C., Violet Graham	156
Icarus Milton Williams	178
The Agony of Icarus Milton Williams	179
Spirit of the Sea Wall .. Wilson Harris	181
Pineapple Woman Ian McDonald	184
Son asleep—aged six months .. Ian McDonald	185
Mais of Jamaica Ian McDonald	186
The Two Shores Brojo Bhattacharya	187
The 63 Beach Brojo Bhattacharya	188
Rice Harvest Brojo Bhattacharya	189
Reviews: Thunder Returning .. Edgar Mittelholzer	190
„ Seasons of Adventure George Lamming	192

Contributions and all letters should be sent to the Editor, "Kyk-Over-Al", 23 North Road, Bourda, Georgetown, British Guiana.

Comment

Because of reasons of economy and many other pressures this is a slim edition of *Kyk-Over-al*, attempting bravely to maintain the traditions of the past, and also to chart new directions.

The symposium of views on children and values in a changing society should be a timely stimulus to alert public opinion; the short story by Wilson Harris, and the poems of Martin Carter, Milton Williams and Ian McDonald exhibit the respective viewpoints of their authors on the contemporary scene and we welcome the poems of Brojo Bhattacharya as the acknowledgement of the working of the genius of the place upon the spirit of a son of India. The Aspen article is an episode from a valuable experience abroad.

Regretfully some articles have had to be omitted, especially an account of the PEN short story workshop by Nellie Wishart, but we hope to have an issue out early in 1962.

This is good reading.

—A.J.S.

Aspen and the American Ethos

By A. J. SEYMOUR

IT was love at first sight when I saw my favourite mountain at Aspen. Aspen Meadows, the ranch-type hotel where we stayed is in the plateau ringed by mountains on all sides and Cleopatra, as I grew to call my favourite peak, would beckon to me from morning to sunset with one or other of her infinitely various and bewitching aspects. She would change her aspect with the changing sun. Cleopatra lay to the south and I would have to throw my glance over the small town of Aspen, Colorado, to see her smiling with the skilift running up her face through the cleft in the fir trees. This was Emerson's definition of a lover—"all eye when the beloved is present and all memory when she is gone". Of course, I had never met a mountain before at such close quarters. I had seen the Kanaku Mountains in the Rupununi as we travelled by jeep from Lethem to Wichibai, and I had seen peaks from ships and trams and buses, but I had never before gone to bed with a mountain outside my window at night and seen her wake up to her infinite variety with the first groping rays of the sun. I was entranced with my Cleopatra.

Perhaps, too, the altitude had something to do with it. Aspen is 8,000 feet above sea level, high enough for the rarefied atmosphere to make a difference to one's breathing the first day and night. It was like the first stage of intoxication and gives one a lift of the spirit and a heightened expectancy which would make a kitchen maid a duchess and so throw over Cleopatra, already beautiful, an aura of great desire. I spent a great deal of time at Aspen at the desk, reading the passages required for discussion at the daily seminars or writing up my diary or jotting down notes, or composing letters in the chain of correspondence I maintained with Guiana, New York and India. Every now and then I would pause, lift my glance across Aspen to Cleopatra and search the unique beauty of landscape she was presenting at that particular and never-to-be repeated moment. Once I thought this must be the beginning of mountaineering-fever, but the onset never came; I had no desire to climb my mountain. It was enough to see her and revel in her various beauty.

In addition to Cleopatra, there was the music festival which was in progress at Aspen while we were there. Of course I should have been prepared for this. As we took our seats on the coach to drive the 40 mountain miles from the railway station, Glenwood Springs, to the terminus at Aspen, an attractive teenager, complete with violin, smiled vaguely at us and asked, "Are you for the Festival?". We had perforce to say, "No, we had come for the Institute of Humanistic Studies". The girl smiled vaguely again and completely lost interest in us, and a little later found a young man who also carried a musical instrument and within minutes they were deep in excited conversation. The first afternoon I was there I attended a Young Artists Concert at which a Tokyo girl, Taeko Fujii, looking as if she could hardly breathe in the tight kimono, sang a series of children's songs in the Japanese in a soprano voice which was truly glorious in the upper register and dramatic in all its modulations. She sang of a baby carriage that was lonesome because baby was sick and nurse had gone home; of the baby wind that went to the mountain and made the flowers open their eyes and sing together; of a crow with a black suit that none of the children liked because of the colour of his suit; of wild geese crying on the mountain and telling the children to stay in bed because it was very cold outside.

The total effect was most liberating, all the more because these were the cream of the musical students in America and I hadn't heard good music for a few weeks, and in the shabby amphitheatre tent the other students and their teachers, and a few persons like myself who had wandered in from the Seminar sessions, made a bond of musical fellowship among ourselves in the bright afternoon.

I have vivid memories of the Hungarian Quartet who performed the next afternoon with vibrant energy. They played hunched in a group with their white heads almost touching and often one could hear a pleasing note of violin sweetness soaring against the low cello thunder which they evoked from the music of Milhaud. But all central Europe was present in their strings and they acknowledged a gipsy inspiration. They were almost daemonic in their dynamics, and they only relaxed into elderly men when the music ended and they stood up to acknowledge the applause. The composer was present and so they clapped too and at last Milhaud deigned to be discovered and to bow his own grey head to the tribute from the middle of the audience.

It was while the Hungarian Quartet was playing that I suddenly became conscious of what Aspen could mean in its

timeless quality. Here was the summer musical festival alternating with the winter sports. These dark pine forests which clothed the flanks of Cleopatra and her sisters and which surrounded the circular plateau on which Aspen had risen again from the ghostliness of her silver-boom days, alternated between the silence of the snows and the music of the festivals. Surely there was some relationship between the dark peace brooding in the pines broken sometimes by a low round of thunder in the ring of these granite mountains clothed in green, and the almost worshipful concentration of music lovers drawn from many parts of America and the world upon the incense of lovely sound rising daily from the amphitheatre in the centre of the plateau. These pines must echo with the music and store the glorious sounds in their dark shadows to brood upon them in their periods of silence and withdrawal. Some of the old snows on Cleopatra's peak or that of Mt. Sopris nearby linger through the year everlastingly and their flanks would show deeply furrowed with shadow by the early and late sun. Light the great draughtsman would measure out the gloom on the green coat of the sleeping mountains, and here were we, frail imperfect human beings bringing our music to match against the silence of the eternal snows. And yet, the sky seen through the opening of the tent was so baby blue above the green. It was young and so on man's side.

I thought upon these things later and I wrote a poem.

That very evening, the German baritone Hans Hotter gave a recital of Songs by Hugo Wolf as part of the Hugo Wolf Centenary Celebrations. This took place at the Wheeler Opera House, beautifully appointed in red and velvet and full of German-speaking people who had travelled in for many miles for the concerts. I remember how much a cross between President de Gaulle and an athlete the singer looked as he strode on the stage, his magnificent figure set off to perfection by the evening dress. We had programme notes giving an English rendering of the songs with their melancholy love of nature and their philosophical analysis of life and love and death gracefully turned into song. These were expressively rendered by Hans Hotter. Sometimes his face would assume the appearance of a grimace as the emotions worked on his sensitive face.

This was the artist consummately at work, but I wonder whether I didn't enjoy even more the next day's performance of the Aspen Festival Orchestra under Izler Solomon. Mr. Solomon looked as if he could be either Jewish or Amerindian, but he led the music with a dashing verve. The music of Aaron Copland was new to me—they played "The Outdoor Overture"—

and so was that of Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo". This latter had about it some vision of the Jewish spirit in its voluptuous swell; one could think of Rubenesque women as the harmonies developed. Because of my traditionally placid ear, it was the music of Mozart and Brahms which I enjoyed most, particularly Brahms' Variations on a Theme by Haydn. But the musical riches of Aspen were not exhausted on the concert platform; they could be found also in the satisfying service of the little Methodist Church which we attended on Sunday. There were rich voices in the small choir that brought back the memory of the wonderful singing of the boys in King's College Chapel, Cambridge. This choir was admirably blended and the singing had the quality of the humming of golden bees, over and around the clearly articulated words sung in concert. One was torn between the desire to treat the hymn singing as a concert in which one stood and listened and as worship in which one took part. It was with regret that I looked at the continuing programme of music which would be played at Aspen after I had gone. I would have wished to stay, but the exigencies of the time-table agreed in Washington had an inexorable aspect about them and San Francisco lay ahead.

At Aspen there was also the Institute of Humanistic Studies with its music of ideas. For the fortnight which included the period of our visit, the Aspen Executives Programme had a schedule of reading assignments and seminars, and public lectures and discussions devoted to America's Purpose in the World. For moderators there were two professors, Dean Sterling McMurrin of the University of Utah, and Frank Pierson of Swarthmore College, with special guests including the United Kingdom Ambassador to United Nations; the President of the Committee for Economic Development, the Dean of the Divinity School at Harvard, a General of the U.S. Air Force and the President of the Oil Chemical and Atomic Workers International Union.

Among the participants were the Presidents, Vice-Presidents and Directors of some dozen American business combinations such as the I.B.M.C., and the First National Bank of Chicago. I recall that in 1949 at the Goethe Bi-Centennial Celebration Mr. Walter Paepcke as Chairman of the Board of the Aspen Institute had brought Albert Schweitzer and that there was a regular programme on the Great Ideas of Western Man and the Responsibilities of Leadership.

The period of our stay coincided with the discussions on loyalty, communism and academic freedom, power politics and peaceful coexistence, the place of individualism in the Ameri-

can ethos. These were for the most part based on the scheduled readings from "The People Shall Judge", a compilation in 1700 closely-printed pages, prepared by the Social Sciences Division of the University of Chicago, and setting forth the great arguments and the basic documents of American history.

We arrived to find that a pattern was evolving in which the American point of view on these subjects was set out by the majority of speakers but that Sir Pierson Dixon, the British Ambassador, was skilfully highlighting the main differences and resemblances by stressing the British tradition. For example, one morning's seminar discussion (it ran from 10—12 noon) ranged over the relative emphases of Government and private enterprise; the development of weapons and other international issues; the self determination of colonies; the degree of planning compatible with liberty in the democratic life; the automatic stabilizing devices built into comparative democratic systems; the complexity in public life which leads to public controls; the way in which an administration should maintain certain levels of employment in order to afford a maximum level of choice; the underlying assumptions of the structure of society; this is merely to list the topics which played and interplayed one with the other in a brilliant glowing palimpsest of ideas and argument.

On this pattern we quickly introduced a modification. After the American position on any issue had been stated and the British Position placed in juxtaposition, Sir Pierson or the moderator would turn courteously and enquire whether the position of emergent territories needed any modification of statement and we would enter wholeheartedly into the discussion from the neo-colonial point of view. Of course sometimes there would be no chance for the orderly progression of formula and idea, and what emerged would be a disciplined free-for-all with the moderator riding a loose rein on the seminar.

This happened for instance in the discussions on loyalty conformity and academic freedom. Speakers dissociated loyalty from the right to constitutional criticism; stressed that disloyalty was not inherent in thought processes but apparent after a decision is made, the dictates of conscience, the values for which a person would gladly choose death, rather than live with them, the channels of information and reporting in strategic commands, the right to revolution and the ethics of revolt, the relationship between Antigone and McCartheyism, the

dynamic of ideas and deeds within the law, etc.; the controlled rates of disconformity necessary for a nation's development, the balance of power in the world which is possible without a balance of terror, etc.

It is impossible to convey in the confines of a short article the fine play of ideas which the seminar engendered; and it is impossible to summarize the residuum of value left with the human personality. But one did gain the impression that many persons of influence in America stood fast by the traditional isolationist policy of the nation; that they accepted world leadership reluctantly, conscious that the new global challenges would work a revolution on their national philosophy even in peace time, that they were hesitant before the need to learn new techniques of approach and reconciliation with the emergent nations. But there was a natural friendliness and a good-Samaritan attitude which could be mobilized into considerable assets.

It was at Aspen that while discussing the problems of conformity I told the story of my unworn American hat. As I had to be present when H.R.H., The Prince Philip opened the British Exhibition in New York, my sister-in-law had bought me a hat at Macy so that I should be suitably turned out. I never wore the hat again after that ceremonial occasion, as I realised that I might so behatted, easily be taken for a thorough-going American, and that I might therefore be expected to behave according to the American mores which I did not know. It was because of this same disconformity that Aspen was so refreshing. At table I could chat with the wives of the participants and discuss the varying needs for the symbols of success which Vance Packard had made so popular, ask about the status of the American woman or the civil liberties taken for granted by the American now becoming apparent in the underdeveloped countries. We talked too about the belief that on the American scene there was considerable corruption and that it was fashionable and right to be able (as some thought), to gip the administration in income tax and also about the differences in outlook of the American of the second generation as compared with the Americans of the third or fourth generation toward conformity for instance or American responsibilities in the world.

It was in those informal dinner conversations that we could gauge the power of the stranglehold of labour upon American industry and could sense the pride with which the American wife and mother recalled her philosophy courses at University in the days she first met her husband, and the trained and intel-

ligent interest she took in the children's growing up and the husband's business. I could gather too, the strength of the respect which we all had for the taste and aristocracy of the British Ambassador to France carried so lightly before us as colonials and them as Americans. Our table companions like ourselves, had noticed the sense of community fear of nuclear attack in the general mass of people, although they themselves tended to minimise hysterical attitudes, as a result partly of their superior community status and partly the detached atmosphere of the Aspen Institute.

Without doubt Sir Pierson Dixon was the outstanding personality at Aspen that summer. He had just been appointed United Kingdom Ambassador to France from his former post as head of the U.K. delegation to the United Nations, and he combined ambassadorial charm with immense experience of men and affairs developed from an English aristocratic background.

He gave a lecture one evening at Aspen on History in National Policy in which he traced United Kingdom—United States associations over the past 200 years, discussed relationships with India and France, remarked that the Congo had lacked the sinews of government, touched upon Russia and communism and stated his three main points on that score, the vitality of the Russian people, the resurgence of the Great Russian race and the fact that public opinion was being taken into account more nowadays in Russian affairs. He stressed the Byzantine tradition always apparent from the days of Catherine the Great. As he saw it, the West should rely on historical friendships, strengthen its position but keep in contact with the U.S.S.R., and pay great attention to the struggle in the uncommitted world.

But I cannot forget the quiet scholarly contributions made to the seminar by Dean Samuel Miller from the Divinity School at Harvard with his probing questioning, his exquisite word choice and his insistence on fundamental cultural and religious values in the society. He it was who remarked that religion was being sidetracked from its purpose of saving men's souls into becoming an inefficient rival to social welfare.

Sterling McMurrin in his approach to the discussions exhibited that he was a practising philosopher. As moderator, he was constantly seeking to bring Dean Miller into play to redress the pragmatic attitudes of the businessmen participants. Frank Pierson, the other moderator, was an economist, par excellence the spokesman of the businessman in America from the academic point of view. Jack Knight as Vice-President of

the A.F.L.—C.I.O. and president of an international workers' union, could always be relied upon sharply to juxtapose the workers' position against any statement of progress and profits. Both Jack and Raymond Starr acted as our personal sponsors as Aspen, taking us in tow as visitors at their dining table, and there is a debt of gratitude due to them which this acknowledgement cannot discharge.

Bill McWhirter of the I.B.M.C., Tom Edwards of the Teachers' Annuity Association, Howard Landau — they and their wives and many other couples shared the delights of the Copper Kettle and the pleasures of conversation in a social setting with the visitors from Guiana so that we became fast friends.

Aspen, therefore, was a success in social relationships as well as an inspiration in friendship.

Aspen proved also to have unexpected delights. Once in 1879 it had been a silver town where the mining barons made their fortunes from the fabulously rich ore sleeping in the mountains and where they lost them in races between their thoroughbred horses, organised on the very meadows from which I contemplated Cleopatra. Then it had given up the ghost in the 1890's after the panic in which silver was demonized. Only 500 persons refused to leave the beauty of snow and forest in valley and mountain. For them the Roaring Fork River was enough and they enjoyed the fishing and the hunting. Then an industrialist from Chicago happened upon Aspen, so the story goes, and he brought the town alive again. Walter Paepcke founded the Aspen Music Festival and the Aspen Music Schools and established the Institute of Humanistic Studies to occupy the summer while the winter feature became skiing. All the old Victorian landmarks were renovated and the new mountain-style lodges and shops were built. These were stocked with curios and books to appeal to the musically and intellectually inclined and the restaurants and eating places blossomed with strange and even exotic dishes on the menu. The Copper Kettle Restaurant which was a part of Aspen Meadows specialised in serving different national culinary specialties six nights of the week and the waitresses who served us were dressed in colourful and traditional costumes with a Swiss flavour.

There is a Health Centre at Aspen to jog the circulation of the energetic businessmen who came to the Institute where one could undergo planned physical exercise and have massage and physio-therapy treatment. The seminar building has a large

discussion or lecture hall in which 240 persons at a time can listen to the discussions centring around the role of the businessman as a leader in today's society and his responsibility towards the maintenance and development of industrial democracy.

In my diary I noted that Aspen had some of the atmosphere of the Academy of Plato. As we walked to the seminar building from the lodges, or to the music tent, across the meadows, we would separate into groups and discuss personal angles upon the theme of the day and establish friendships or personal associations ever afterwards remembered with pleasure.

It was at Aspen that I got my deepest and most intimate knowledge of America and her purpose in the contemporary world.



Martin Carter

CONVERSATIONS

*They say I am a poet write for them :
Sometimes I laugh, sometimes I solemnly nod.
I do not want to look them in the eye
Lest they should squeal and scamper far away.*

*A poet cannot write for those who ask
Hardly himself even, except he lies :
Poems are written either for the dying
Or for the unborn, no matter what we say.*

*That does not mean his audience lies remote
Inside a womb or some cold bed of agony
It only means that we who want true poems
Must all be born again, and die to do so.*



*I dare not keep too silent, face averted
That tells too much, it gives the heart away
Quick words distract attention from the eyes
And smiling lips are most acceptable.*

*In any case it is not good to show
The nature of the silence of the heart
To talk is just as easy as to walk
And laughter can be one of a thousand kinds.*

*I must be casual even over death
This fools the fool whose triumph is a coffin
Shallow as grave pit is the mock concern
Which murders men as surely as a knife.*

*To cherish silence in the memory
Is to be full of utter loneliness.
It must be right when born with such a curse
To laugh and talk and drink like any boor.*



*The wild men in prisons, they who rot like rust !
The loud men who cry freedom and are so full of lies !
The drunk men who go dancing like shadows down the street
These all surround me, shouting to God for help !*

*I really do not see how God can help them.
For each one wants the same thing—who can share
To prisoners, politicians and drunk men
What only souls that blaze and burn can win?*



*Trying with words to purify disgust
I made a line I simply can't remember :
For hours now I've poked through memory
A desperate child in a jam-packed garbage can.*

*It should have been a line with nouns and verbs
Like truth and love and hope and happiness
But looking round it seems I was mistaken
To substitute a temple for a shop.*

*To see a shop and dream of holy temples
Is to expect a toad to sing a song
And yet, who knows, someone may turn translator
When all these biped reptiles crawl again.*



*Now there was one whom I knew long ago
And then another to whom I paid respect :
The first I would salute, the second praise
But all is gone, all gone, the murderer cried.*

*Along what road they went he cannot say
So many roads there are, so many bends.
There is no short cut to integrity
All, all is gone, all gone, the murderer cried.*

*They did not mean to kill only to burn
But then one act can transform everything
A brother into charcoal, love to crime
Yes, all is gone, all gone, the murderer cried.*



*Groaning, in this wilderness of silence
Where voices hardly human shout at me
I imitate the most obscure of insects
And burrow in the soil and hide from light.*

*Speaking with one on a pavement in the city
I watched the greedy mouth, the cunning eye
I reeled and nearly fell in frantic terror
Seeing a human turn into a dog.*

*Recovering, I studied this illusion
And made a stupid effort to be strong :
I nodded and agreed and listened close.
But when I tried to utter words—I barked!*



*In a great silence I hear approaching rain :
There is a sound of conflict in the sky
The frightened lizard darts behind a stone
First was the wind, now is the wild assault.*

*I wish this world would sink and drown again
So that we build another Noah's ark
And send another little dove to find
What we have lost in floods of misery.*

Children and Values in a Changing Society

A. J. SEYMOUR.

I remember as a small boy lying in bed at night with my toes curling in delicious terror as my Nana told me amazing stories of Haiti in her dry way, and of Burra Nancy and Burra Tiger and the ruses and counter stratagems as they sought to outwit one another. Later I realised how much I shared with the slaves of the 19th century as I desperately wished cunning to triumph over brute strength. But for the children of a later generation this type of tale has been absent and there has not been this nourishment of the springs of child-
imagination.

I remember too my father talking, not to me, but in the family, of Tennyson, Gibbon, Darwin, Longfellow, Thomas Henry Huxley, so that I got an impression of what these names stood for, long before I could open their pages and commune with the ideas they expressed. There is a quotation from Bacon about the sovereignty of man lying hid in knowledge which I caught from him and have repeated on many occasions but I have not yet set eyes upon it on a page.

Looking back on these perhaps personal memories I ask myself and many of us can also ask the question of ourselves. "Do the children of today enjoy better opportunities than we had when we were growing up 15 or 20 years ago and how are they taking advantage of them? Are they being better prepared for life?

What of the world in which they will be adults, will it provide them with a better life and living, than we are enjoying today?

What of the bonds of authority and what of the transmission of traditions and beliefs?"

There are many allied questions which come easily to mind—tolerance between sections of the community, emphasis upon the academic and the technical differences between the child in a territory like ours and in an advanced society like the United Kingdom or the U.S.A. or Canada—and they all need and require an answer. The Jephcott Report made the

point that in 1966 in British Guiana there will be 2 persons under the age of 21 against every one over that age. We are passing into a form of society which will be dominated by the teenager, and this at the same time that we are becoming responsible for our own affairs as a country. How are we preparing for this pervasive influence of possible immaturity? In many parts of the world, the lords of the entertainment world have begun to woo the teenagers for the money in their pockets; the films, the gramophone recordings, radio and T.V. programmes stand in evidence of their attempts and successes.

In the belief that you are willing to express your views on this important situation, I invite you to take part in a symposium which I hope to have published shortly in an issue of **Kyk Overal**. Many aspects will occur to you for possible comment and I will list some of them—the expectation of life and the health of children—children and the arts, painting, music, dance, literature (especially the impact of the comics and the newspapers)—children and religious and moral instructions—children and sport and showbusiness—children's dress—the development of a sense of money values and of responsibility—but there are many others. This will be a collection of views partly on the theme "I remember, I remember" but with a difference, because of the urgency of the situation and the need for the more intelligent members of the community to bring their thoughts to bear upon it at the earliest possible moment.

Please write at any length you consider desirable, and either anonymously or not as you care. What is important is your contribution to help guide community thought. And will you please send me your contribution by May 31.

* * * * *

WINIFRED McDAVID.

Let us glance backwards at our little corner of the world as it was in the first decade of the century. How did children fare in those far-off days? There were no radios or radio-grams, no "talkies" or comics, no playgrounds or visits to the zoo. Cinemas were few and so were story books. There were fewer parties, picnics and outings. A child falling asleep in 1960 and transported in dreams to conditions prevailing in 1906 would be enduring a terrible nightmare. He would awaken with relief to realize and appreciate the tremendous advantages and opportunities surrounding him. Not only his learning but his play is made interesting.

In spite of all this lack we were not less happy. Home was the centre around which our whole lives revolved. There were not many toys, but in our leisure hours we lived in an imaginary world in which our everyday life was reconstructed in miniature. Every thing unpleasant was eliminated, all that was enjoyable emphasized. Dolls, too, were limited, and clumsy, compared with the artistic and lifelike creations in our shops today. To us they were living, real. They ate and slept, went to school and back home. They even married, died and were buried with due solemnity. Brothers were useful as builders, doctors, teachers, preachers and even as grave diggers! We scrambled up and down trees and imagined elves, robbers and at dusk even spooks in shady corners.

Parties in 1906 were few and far between. Each was eagerly anticipated, and remembered with pleasure for months after. Every visit to the cinema was an exciting event, earned as a reward for special conduct, and preserved afterwards in the storehouse of memory. A picture that moved; the wonder of it! I can never forget my two excursions to the Town Hall and the Philharmonic Hall, where I wept over Uncle Sam's woe and Eva's death, and gazed in awe at Vesuvius in eruption.

Today young children are often confused by the abundance of toys and picture books showered upon them at the annual birthday parties. Older ones seem entirely dependent upon outside entertainment, especially the movies, for their leisure hours. Some teenagers take the cinema for granted, and find life dull in between parties. It is not difficult to find 'oldstirs' of seventeen who think most parties slow and boring. They have lost their thrill. Is there not something seriously wrong in all this? Does it not reveal an inner emptiness, a lack of spiritual resources in our adolescents?

It is my conviction that boys and girls who early find in the Church a spiritual home do not have this inner restlessness. Today it seems that the voices calling to Sunday sport are so insistent and alluring that they drown the Church's call to worship. If we desire the highest welfare of our children we dare not let them grow up without an appreciation of the essential spiritual values—beauty, truth and goodness. We need hardly remind ourselves of the association of such concepts as God and goodness, goodness and peace, peace and prosperity. As we face the future we could seek no better goal for our beloved country.

MILDRED T. MANSFIELD.

"We are passing into a form of society which will be dominated by the teenager. . . . How are we preparing for this pervasive influence of possible immaturity?"

I am asked to express my views on this important situation, many aspects of which are suggested, e.g. children and religious and moral instructions. Views are to be based partly on the theme "I remember, I remember." Promptly came the teasing remembrance of

"I remember, I remember
The house where I was born"

and I could not rest content until I had sought and obtained the whole poem (through the ready courtesy of Miss Thorne of the Public Free Library). Thomas Hood's poem with its lilting cadence brings nostalgic memories of childhood and its dreams of one sort and another. It is of childhood we would think, when foundations are laid. Do share the poem—in part—with me:—

"I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now

I remember, I remember,
The roses red and white,
The vi'lets and the lily-cups,
The flowers made of light;
.

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing
.
My spirit flew in feathers then,
.

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now, 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy."

I may be farther off from heaven, but I am back in "the house where I was born" and the happiness of every room is enfolding me. What experiences do I remember, what lessons was I taught with loving forethought, that could be of value to the young of this atomic age! An age, in which, seemingly, parents feel that they must back down, as against an age in which the parent was more persistent and determined in his effort at guidance!

There were, first and foremost, Morning Prayers, which moments now appear in retrospect like a Desired Haven, and a benediction flows over me, as I remember. Though I also well remember, in a rush for school, having been furious at being gently but firmly detained, since the need for rush was of my own making! The first hymn I remember being used was "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild"—words and phrases easy of understanding to the child-mind. As I grew older, it was changed to "We are but little children weak, Nor born in any high estate; What can we do for Jesus' sake, Who is so high and good and great?..... When bitter words are on our tongues, And tears of passion in our eyes, Then we may check the angry word....." As far as I remember, nothing was specially directed at me, but the crescendo in my father's voice used to be most telling! It was a long time before I could sing that hymn peacefully—the battlefield of the "swelling heart" was too near—but the lessons had been taught. How grateful I am for the parents I had, who were not afraid to be persistent.

Having remembered the Home, let me now remember the Sunday School. What rich enjoyment that was! The sun could not have shone every Sunday, but I seem to remember only sunny days and crowds of young people of all classes wending their way happily and cheerfully to the school room or church hall. It seemed like fun then; now I know it was a happy, if unconscious, fellowship. And Children's Day! No, it wasn't the Dorcas Tag Day! It was the special united Children's Service with a special theme, a special form of service and special music which we had rehearsed for weeks each in our respective schools. It was thrilling to see St. Andrew's Scots Church packed with young people and teachers from top to bottom, and to hear the lovely pipe organ which inspired the hearty praise, for praise it was indeed!!

I remember the first Children's Day when I was 10. The story was told of the founding of the Sunday School in England by Robert Raikes, who had been overwhelmed by the sight of the unshepherded children in the Gloucester streets. "Your dogs sleep warm in their baskets" was an expressive line in

a poem recited that afternoon more than half-a-century ago. It sought to tell of the need for caring and teaching the young of the human family—a need that is as pressing and as great now as it ever was, even it be in different measure, since there is reason to fear that a generation is growing up that does not know that “man’s chief end is to glorify God.”

Emphasis is being laid on this and that—more and more education, for example, with science for preference. Yet despite marvellous scientific achievements, mankind has never, so far as I remember, lived in greater fear! Better and improved houses and housing conditions—yes, but are we and the children happier? Still more and more entertainment—again, are the children happier than they would be with less?

So, delving into the Land of Remembrance as I have done, what have I found of value for the children of today? I cannot improve on these words of wisdom:—

“Remember thou thy Creator in the days of thy youth. . . . Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter”, the wise man finishes; “Fear God, and keep his Commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.”

And did not a greater than Solomon, centuries later, sum up the matter without equivocation: “Seek ye first the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added. . . .” Therein lies the answer to our children’s needs and therefore, in the light of present circumstances, is there urgency for consecrated homes and schools, the media through which we can create a proper sense of values and responsibility.

* * * * *

AUDREY CHASE.

I do not think there is any doubt that the children of today enjoy better opportunities than those of 20 or 30 years ago. Living standards have improved, life expectation is greater, and the educational opportunities still amaze the older generation to whom university education was confined to the wealthy. At the same time, their problems are greater and they have no precedents or traditions to follow in meeting and solving them.

The child of the last generation was brought up, perhaps rather strictly, but in a clearly defined framework of childhood within the family. The importance of the family as a unit in the

community was accepted and the order and leisureliness of family life was traditional. A child grew up in the security of familiar rules and the affectionate atmosphere of closely knit families.

The process of growing up, a generation ago, was slower and more leisurely. One imbibed from infancy the principles of right and wrong, for in the old folklore and bedtime stories, right always triumphed over might, and good over evil; the hero was always endowed with gallantry and courtesy, and the lady was, without doubt, virtuous. And so, a child unconsciously grew up with certain fixed standards which were encouraged and confirmed by parents who themselves believed in these standards and tried by example and precept to inculcate them in their children.

But the leisurely process of character forming is now outmoded. Within a generation this pattern has almost disappeared. The emphasis on moral and spiritual values has lessened. The old folklore stories are forgotten and the ritual of the bedtime hour is fast falling into desuetude. The considerable increase in the number of working mothers has meant, to a large extent, the deterioration of family life. The various modern methods of child training has led to vacillation in discipline and the influence of low-grade movies has been distinctly harmful to manners and morals. As a result, the children rush eagerly, but unprepared, through their childhood into the greater freedom of their teen years.

Today's teenagers have all the outward trappings of adults. In addition, they are handling and controlling a much larger portion of the money in circulation than before. These facts, in conjunction with the greater freedom of the age, contribute to circumstances which pressure young people, more and more, into making decisions beyond their emotional or intellectual maturity. Their attitude towards money is illuminating. The primary issue is 'keeping up' with the gang. Consequently, their money values are distorted, and it is pathetic but true, that numbers of young people use the possession of worldly goods as the yardstick in their valuation of friends and acquaintances.

There is greater liberty and opportunity for today's young people but as many have not been taught that restraint is inherent in liberty, that moral and spiritual values are fundamental, that money is important but its proper place in the scale of values must be recognized, they cannot take full advantage of their opportunities. They lack a sense of purpose and dissipate their energies in aimless pursuits.

These are some of the problems that confront young people and their parents today. And they are problems which are common not only in British Guiana, but in many other countries. A re-acceptance of the family as an important unit of community life; education in which the concepts of the world's great religions are discussed; school curricula in which civics and philosophy occupy prominent places; a re-appraisal by women of the ways in which they take advantage of their emancipation, and the recognition that their primary responsibility is still as creators of happy homes. These are some of the ideas that come to mind in endeavouring to solve the general problem.

But I should like to venture a few words on what seems to me, an aspect of values in a changing society, that is particular to British Guiana at this period.

We have been quietly living through several revolutions, and simultaneously, most of us unaware of them and their importance, our ears deafened as they are by the political drummers. In the years between the last generation and this one, beneath the vociferous sounds of political and industrial progress, immense changes, too, in the social and economic structure have been taking place.

The old order of a privileged elite based on the English system of 'class' married to the West Indian one of 'colour' has been set aside almost overnight and the inevitable confusion of values consequent on such a swift change has resulted.

Racial barriers have been breached and the tide of integration is flowing.

The pace of political change has seemed revolutionary after the long slumber of the war and pre-war years. Unfortunately, the political divisions appear to run along racial lines and this has fostered sectional racial bitterness and antagonism.

The economic change-over has not been as dramatic as the political one but nevertheless its import is now being realized. One has only to stroll down Main Street or Brickdam or Camp Street, and it becomes obvious in which direction the wind of economic change is blowing.

Both political and economic power have been grasped by the two groups at the bottom of the 'class' and 'colour' scales, and it is inevitable that the standards and values which relegated these groups to the bottom must now be revised.

The set standards of parents who grew up 20 or 30 years ago have been broken before their astonished eyes and they have retreated in confusion and bewilderment to their cocktail parties and an unending round of sport and amusement. The accepted values of the last generation have been swept away and in this period before adjustment to the new outlook, the young people are left without guidance from their parents or from tradition to flounder uncertainly in the new social conditions. They need direction and attainable goals to give meaning and ambition to their lives.

Until the parents themselves adjust or come to terms with the new conditions which have arisen in British Guiana, it is difficult to expect children and young people to understand the significance of our "quiet revolutions," and formulate new values to guide them in the new world in which they will live.

* * * * *

CECILE BURGAN-NOBREGA.

Looking back on the days when "Children were supposed to be like Old Men's Beards"—Seen and not heard, I too remember and mourn the loss of storytelling amongst parents and Nannies, but gone are the days when it was regarded the correct thing for a woman's place to be in her home. In that period her day was truly 24 hours and with the help of cheap and interested assistants she was able to have hours on end for planning the careful and sheltered life of her children. In fact her children were her only escape from boredom and she not only read stories to them but improvised serials which would maintain the child's interest and imagination day in day out.

Indeed that was the atmosphere in which most children of every class were reared in a warm and loving supervision of their elders a literal leading by the hand and spoonfeeding campaign was regarded as the only way in which to bring up a child. No child was allowed to argue a point—that would be regarded as RUDE—No child was allowed to dictate what clothes he or she would like to wear or be permitted to make. The Parent had the absolute rule and was the only thinking agent for the child in that society.

With the end of the two World Wars we found that womanhood as we knew it was changed and was now fully mobilised for total service. The impact of scientific developments and

industrialisation with the accent on raised standards pressed women into becoming equal wage-earners with men in the fight to earn more to acquire more for their comforts and for educating their families. It was realised then that the modern time-saving devices were made to enable her to run two jobs efficiently—keep a fine home and do a fine job outside the home. The impact on the children of this period prompted children to think for themselves. The working mother would have little or no time to fuss about her children in the morning. No time to have them narrate their dreams—No time to hear them say their prayers—no time for Bible Reading. This subtle upheaval from the calm religious way of life to the hectic scramble for material things mainly to keep up with the Jones' has had a pronounced effect on the child of today. Quite realistically he has to rely on his own resources and assert himself to think and do for himself all the things which were done for the child of a former period. The reaction of such a child having gained a certain amount of confidence in himself is, he feels a natural inflation of his ego—"I'm just as good as a grown up" sort of, "I can manage my own affairs"—The child of today has lost that sense of pride in his elder as he assesses him an equal and a par—He has no goal as the child of yore who dreamed up all things he'd like to be. . . . When I grow big. . . They honestly think they are there already and should not 'be pushed around as kids are' (to use some of their slangs.) How obvious! The grown up on the other hand assesses it as disrespect. The gruff short, *laissez faire* manner of the teenager we created, for it is only natural to hello a companion or equal rather than bow politely, taking a hat off to an elder to bid a "Good Morning". This attitude of today's child is a natural result of "throwing him on his own or making a man of him, rather than 'ordering him' to do as he is told'. We can do nothing but accept today's child as he is for he is the child of circumstance and one we helped to create.

There is no doubt that maturity is largely gained from years of experience—though it can be argued that a period of ten years can be spawned through the medium of films or a good book depicting human experiences. The use in this age of comics, Television Radio and a natural exposure to life enables today's child to build up a reservoir of experience consciously or unconsciously.

Whether we like to admit it or not—Today's child may have lost much of the old legends and fairy tales we of the

past thrived on and which in the words of one writer who said, "there has not been this nourishment of the springs of child-*imagination*"—perhaps too he may have been deprived of much *cuddling and babying*. All of these 'luxuries' may have produced a more suave and gentle personality, but indeed a more dependent one. His mind would have fed rather more on *fantasy* than on facts, and though we might dub him "forceriped" or "immature" because his growth has been pressured, in my opinion he is the correct specie of his time. He survives because he is a thinking tough product, because he knows the facts and faces them single-handed. He spends his money with the theme that tomorrow will take care of itself. He argues about religion, he adores science because it cannot accept anything as final, but must grope in further research for answers. He loves life and lives fully and carefree, enjoying the abundance of youth and health with an attitude that does not cringe and knows no fear or inhibition. When he fails it is surely because he has become frustrated by our sense of values as betwixt our time and his—a great gulf is fixed. The problem of adjusting without criticism or rebuke, or without tolerance from the elders whose only utterance is ridicule to the teenager or disparaging comparisons is a ghastly outlook. His only reaction is to rebel—and rebel he will against all authority or pattern of yore.

It would be difficult to have any hard and fast solution to a problem so vast as this, but in as much as statistics of the Jephcott Report show that in 1966 in British Guiana there will be 2 persons under the age of 21 against every one over that age, it would be worth trying I think to organize and sponsor a PARTNERSHIP RELATION in which the older brigade think kindly of youth giving him the utmost encouragement and guidance where it is felt necessary to bolster the weak elements in his way of life. Only with love and tolerance could we build the confidence he needs to "take over" successfully, for to pronounce him RADICAL, LAWLESS & IMMATURE he may grow complexed and opposed to any bargaining with age.

This would be the most unforgettable mistake of our time to be so shortsighted as not to acclaim him King of Tomorrow and give him the co-operation he needs to build a worthwhile society.

STELLA E. MERRIMAN.

The pattern of life is swiftly changing. Science, through television, radio and the telephone, has brought the world into our sitting room. This morning we breakfast here and tonight we dine half way across the world. Many fields of employment a decade ago, closed to the youth of the day, are now open and expanding, while others are becoming over-crowded. There is an increased demand for skilled, semi-skilled and qualified workers; the technician; the specialist. The career girl has appeared on the scene. She is here to stay. In such an age, the challenge to the young is unique, opportunities legion.

However, greater demands, spiritually, morally, physically and intellectually will be made on our teenagers. They will be expected to use wisely the greater measure of 'freedom to choose' that will be theirs. They will be required to make decisions, accept the attendant consequences and shoulder responsibility. If they are to fulfill these expectations and to take their rightful place in this changing society, occupying it fully and well, high standards of social and moral conduct, and of education are prerequisites. They must be grounded in obedience and integrity; guided into disciplined thinking and action, rather than allowed to emulate the latest fad; brought to the realisation and given a working knowledge of the implications of making decisions; taught the importance of loyalty and faithfulness, duty and responsibilities, in family life, for happy homes mean a happy society.

I remember my grandfather as my ideal of 'consideration for others,' 'of affection', of 'ability to listen, encourage and advise', of 'firm correction without nagging', who taught by wise withholding, the valuable lesson "You cannot have all you want when you want it." What strengths and weaknesses do our children see in our character? What is the measure of our authority in the home? I remember 'a curfew' that had to be kept; the 'May I' instead of the 'I am' of today; I remember with keen enjoyment "The story hour" for moral and religious instruction. But I see now that revolt against Victorian severity has gone so far in some quarters that lax discipline is producing problem children. Without reverting to severity and prudery, let us maintain a positive attitude to deep spiritual and moral values that our teenagers might develop well balanced and rounded personalities and not founder on the rock of compromise.

Youth has its ambitious dreams, its ideals and its problems, which must not be under-estimated nor ignored. One way to picture the situation graphically is to see them strung out on a

trail up a mountainside. Some, having pitched their tents, have given up the idea of climbing higher, while others are resting awhile, later to make the final assault on the summit. There are several precipitously steep points, where few can pass at a time. Between those difficult passages are broad gentle inclines with large numbers resting. They have arrived. Some find it beyond their capacity to go further, while others are unable to maintain the position attained, and are retreating down the mountainside. Going downwards can be even more painfully difficult than going upwards. That is the position of our teenagers—ambitions, a vision, starting the climb, resting, problems, discouragement.

Let us examine the existing pattern of society to see if it presents problems to our teenagers. Every society reveals a pattern of stratification more or less well defined. There has always been a group at the top that ran things—mostly a confident, energetic, ambitious group, well-educated, working with fairly large organisations or the government and the remainder professionals. They are the active civic boosters. Then, there is a supporting class of workers, outside the area of decision. Trends reveal that formerly there was a marked difference, but today there is a lessening contrast in the material way of life between these groups. Formerly 'brain' or 'clean' work though non-productive was glorified and sought after. But now, the technically skilled are sought after, hundreds of occupations are emerging, and productive jobs are coming in for prestige. The supporting classes are conscious of this.

Further, there is an increase in moving about of the population resulting in social status being established less and less by family background. The individual is judged on the current visible factors of his own actions and reactions, standards of behaviour, code or morals and so on—something the teenager away from home should remember. With this geographical mobility, choosing the proper address seems uppermost in the mind today, meanwhile creating a social problem for the teenager. "Will I be accepted here?"

What are the subconscious motives in building up new neighbourhoods? Each community has its own way of deciding where the elite can be found. There is another factor—people prefer to live near others as much like themselves as possible. Ralph Bodek, an American builder, adds a disheartening thought to that. "They do not seem interested in the possibility of new stimulating associations with people different from themselves".

What is the problem in this context? Class distinction. It begins in the cradle. Parents of one class warn their children not to play with 'people like that' 'they are not our kind'. Parents of another class try to prepare the child for the rebuffs they know will come 'you're as good as anyone' 'don't go where you are not wanted'. And so it goes on. Children, who if left to themselves would have sorted things out far more intelligently, on a basis of similar interests, experiences and joys shared, rather than on class. How does our educational system meet this problem? Does it resolve, nurture, or cope with it? If we face it, schools reflect the class feelings of the teaching staff and of parents. By the time the youngsters reach secondary school they are intensely aware of the social status of their class mates, the togetherness of the various groups, the exclusiveness of cliques. Later this difference becomes marked when the interest in the other sex begins. It is not just intelligence, or difference in standards of codes, behaviour, or dress that set up the barriers, initiates rejection and keep the youngsters apart. Often it is just class. If democracy is to be a reality in our nation, it should start in the schools. We should bear in mind that the 'meanness of class distinctions' is more painfully felt during school years than during any other period of people's lives. It can mar what should be the happiest period of the youngsters' lives, and feed roots of bitterness that later bring forth evil fruit. Let us not forget that we are all equal in God's sight, and that these teenagers will have to live and work together with one purpose in mind—the building of a nation.

Taking a glance at our mountain-side picture, we cannot ignore the problems of those, who have rested near the bottom, or those on the downward climb. Frustration, unfilled ambition, misdirected and unrewarded effort, would be evident. What inner strength have they? What hope left to light the remaining way? As they face the crises of life would they be aggressively hostile through remembered injustices and being ill-equipped for the climb through no fault of their own?

To combat this I think progress lies in the direction of 'turning inward' rather than 'outward' for inspiration in the creation of one's homestead. Economic and social conditions should enable the home of every one to be properly the private and very individual haven it ought to be. A place where the youth of every class could be fashioned and shaped by encouragement and guidance; given a feeling of security, of being loved and appreciated; taught the value of self-respect; of how to live with themselves without boredom or ennui, by cultivating interests outside of 'the job'; the importance of

hobbies whether recreational or educational; enthused with the idea of their capacity to make a worthwhile contribution to society in even the smallest sphere of activity; thereby building up inner reserves—spiritual, moral, and intellectual that they might face the crises of life with equanimity and dignity. It is quite possible for a country to have poverty without much delinquency, and another to have great wealth and a high incidence of delinquency. Let us fight the tendency of politicians to treat ethnic and economic groups as blocs and to base their campaign on assembling a winning combination of blocs. Let us not accent this frightening headlong trend toward social stratification by residential area—we might well take pattern from Surinam. But, instead, let us help to build a sound economic and social structure with equal opportunity for all.

Greater industrialisation in the near future promises for the teenager of every class, with a good education, a situation where several pressures will be working for more fluidity, more openness, and more upward mobility rather than rigidity, in our social structure. Namely, an increasing population presents opportunities for opening up and settling new communities. The higher birth rate in the supporting classes' group gives that group greater potentiality per family for seizing opportunities. Immigrants will be constantly coming in at the bottom of our society. This would tend to push upward in the status scale those who were here before. At the same time, immigration can be selective; skilled workers, technicians, professionals, etc., would enter on a lateral level rather than at the bottom. Technological progress will be the greatest factor in upward mobility. The trend to acquire specialized pre-job schooling as seen in our Technical Institute of today, will be intensified in the tomorrows. There will be the elimination of stepping-stone jobs in office and factory, therefore the youngsters must be trained and qualified at all levels, if they are to seek promotion.

With greater industrialisation, thousands of families will be better off and getting somewhere, but many social problems would arise. Choice of life partner could be a serious one. Upward mobility can put a severe strain on the marriage of one who is less skilled than the other in taking on new habits, new ways of life, attitudes and friendships. Our young people move across the horizon—commerce, executive posts; politics, ministerial posts; the professions; positions of authority; each with its varied demands and responsibilities, with standards of conduct to be upheld. How tragic 'as one moves up and out, the other is left behind'. This can produce tensions, insecurity and rootlessness in their off-spring, who find themselves in

new situations beyond their emotional depth. Our teenagers must be capable of recognising and resolving these problems.

Two principal approaches seem to emerge—one is to promote more understanding between people of the various class groupings in our society, for it has been established that genuine acquaintance (rather than slight acquaintance) lessens prejudice. The other is to lessen the burden of a class distinction by ensuring that those with real talent are discovered and encouraged to fulfill their potential, regardless of their station in life.

Education should be the enlightened measure for stratifying our society and not tradition, ancestry, nor family wealth. Our youths must realise that aspirations do not end in futility, but those who have capabilities will be allowed to rise. If they experience non-reward for their educational achievements, we can only expect disillusion and radicalism to become more prevalent. If education is the main key to a higher status of life, its availability to all becomes an essential, so that the educational have-nots of today would at least have the hope that their children could succeed through education.

But much brain power is going to waste in our supporting classes because the cost of higher education is beyond their means. Low motivation, caused by an environment of resignation to prevailing conditions is another factor in the 'no incentive' to higher education. Like their parents' "getting by" is their motivating force. The incentive is to earn at an early age in order to buy the things they always wanted but were denied. This is also largely responsible in some cases for a lack of a sense of true values and misplaced accents on material things that earn them the name of thriftless.

If the talent of our young people is to be channelled and made available for the challenging years ahead, there must be a movement toward intelligent guidance in the choice of career, and courses of study by well informed career counsellors, to prevent overcrowding in some fields; to meet fully the needs in expanding fields; and to eliminate dead-ends and blind alleys which lead to frustration and waste of valuable years. The number of scholarships now available must be greatly increased; loans and grants must be made in proportion to the income of the parents. There must be facilities for further education, higher education and adult education at all levels. We must broaden the channels of access to higher education, bringing it within the reach of those qualified for it. Business enterprises are demanding higher qualifications, therefore they

should accept the responsibility to help ambitious, capable people already with their company to get that degree of technical skill required for promotion. Demba and Bookers are already leading the way but we need far more to be done both by industrialists and by government.

These questions deserve the earnest attention of our religious leaders, our business leaders, our government leaders, and our educational leaders. Each has a heavy burden of responsibility, in achieving the goal of a genuine circulation of talent if the noble ambitions and aspirations of the youth of our land are to be realised and they are to occupy fully and well their rightful place in a changing society.

* * * * *

GLENN A. TISSHAW.

'Limit not thy children to thine own ideas. They are born in a different time'. The Talmud.

Limit not. Sound advice that could be augmented by questioning how often we pass on not only our own ideas but our own limitations to our children. In our earnest attempt to introduce them to a way of life we have led, we tend to imply that our findings should be the base upon which their lives are to be built. Often it is only as a young adult that we break the web of family limitations. It is then that resentment, an excess of experimentation, can change drastically the course of a career.

If we have had the advantage of education we try to show our children how it has enriched our lives. Too frequently we do not tell them of all we ignored and the opportunities we wasted.

On the other hand, having had no chance for education, does the parent see beyond the struggle for survival and hope to instil in his children a desire to learn? Should this "different time" mean that education will be made universally available then we may expect that the mass of the next generation will challenge the world. The zeal of the converted is limitless.

One can no longer approach the debate "Do the children of today enjoy better opportunities than we had when we were growing up . . ." from the comfortable plateau of the intellectual middle class. But we shall start from there. In the home, this group traditionally cultivated an atmosphere that fostered

respect for knowledge, often stressing the merit of pure rather than applied knowledge.

The pace of modern life has disrupted this pattern. Modern communications have broken the insular home atmosphere and added numerous forceful distractions for the young . . . from ease of transportation to the mixed bag of films and television.

Religion became a weakened link particularly in the post First War period. And to the new generation of the mid-twentieth century the god of applied science showed his impressive powers.

Discipline in the family unit has tended to become explicit rather than implicit. A young child desires discipline; an older one learns through respect to accept it and through experience to challenge it. In ethnic groups where the family unit has remained close knit, the bonds of authority remain firm, in a traditional pattern. In societies such as the North American, where this pattern has been abdicated, there appears to be a search for that which has been lost. Religion . . . this same "weakened link" in one context . . . is the ground being explored most earnestly. For the youth of today holding a belief that was sought after may prove more comforting, in a world faced with nuclear destruction, than the superimposed beliefs of an authoritarian tradition.

"Science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind", said Albert Einstein. As a parent with young children today I feel that they face a unique situation. For the first time in history the world is quite literally insecure. The void is real, and the annihilation of every aspect of civilization is frighteningly possible. To find a balance, any sense of security, they must have a religious belief, a faith in some supreme being. The form or dogma that this religion takes is not important. What is important is that their knowledge increases, they can remain humanists, even in a scientific era.

Next on my list of requirements is that my children be encouraged to be curious. If they are curious, and are given the opportunity for education, they will not be limited by parental limitations, by environment or by the spectre of scientific destruction. How much of our present world problem can we, as a generation, and that before us, blame on passivity? If our children are curious they will not be passive.

At home we can strengthen our children with love; try to make them personally secure in their family surroundings. Surely this has been the armour parents throughout time have given their young.

* * * * *

G.M.C.

The days of my childhood and adolescence were spent in the years leading up to the nineteen twenties, but realising how much change there has been, one might be thinking back for a century or more.

Children today have a great deal more freedom and opportunity, but on the whole I wonder if they are any better for it ? or whether they have lost a great deal too, because of the ways in which life has evolved? Perhaps it works out to a fairly even balance.

I do not think that my home in England was any more strict than most of that day, neither were my parents ardent members of the church, but there were certain standards of behaviour expected and enforced. When visitors were present it was not a case of "children being seen and not heard" for we were taught to greet them and converse with them, but we were not expected to raise our voices and monopolise the conversation as many youngsters do today, to the plaudits of their parents.

At all times there was an understanding that we went to bed at a reasonable hour and even in my later teens, I remember my parents did not allow me to be out beyond 9.30 p.m. unless for some very special occasion. I think the difference there was that the home was regarded as central and although we were encouraged to have friends and to go out with them, we had to give an account of where we were going; I feel that children today often miss the guidance which they should receive in this connection.

My father would take note of the books we brought into the home and would tell us if he considered them unsuitable for us to read; and similarly, we went only occasionally to the cinema and then to a carefully selected film. As I look back, I believe the general censorship of those days was far more rigid than it is today and certainly most parents imposed their own after that. It does seem a pity that so many films which give a wrong impression of real life, should be passed for gen-

eral exhibition and that so many children have easy access to as many of them as they wish to see. Surely it is in this way that very wrong conceptions of life are built up.

Part of the problem is probably created by the fact that some children do have a good deal of pocket money and that there is no enquiry as to how it is spent. I remember that the amount of pocket money I had was quite small, yet I had to give a rough account of how it had been spent — not as to an inquisitor, but rather to one who was concerned and wanted to know what were my chief interests.

Another part of my early training, for which I have always been very thankful, was to save for anything I particularly wanted. "Easy come, easy go" is a true proverb and many children do not value what they have, because it has been given them merely for the asking. To learn the excitement of saving, perhaps for many weeks, in order to buy some specially desired item, is to experience something of lasting value. The same applies to a child's clothes. It is true that clothing worn in England is rather different to that worn in these parts—it is heavier and more expensive, but often today, one finds children having little or no regard for their clothes and treating them most carelessly. The general attitude towards property of this kind is often unsatisfactory; and the same can be said of things which are borrowed. I remember being taught that whatever was borrowed, whether from a friend or from a public authority such as a library or school, must be treated with even more care than one's own belongings; and further, that as soon as it was finished with, it must be returned, with thanks to the lender. A good many difficult situations and bad feelings which arise today between one person and another, could be avoided if this teaching was given. Unfortunately, there is too often a complete disregard for another's property and not only is it badly treated but sometimes it is lost, or at best, is not returned until the owner asks for it. Young people who grow up with this careless attitude will hardly develop a sense of responsibility to fit them for taking their place in life.

I have also noted a lack of this sense of responsibility in some Club work. I remember that when I belonged to a Youth Club, the members took pride in looking after everything, the room, the properties, the refreshments and so on: feeling that they were indeed the hosts to visitors and the stewards in charge. This same attitude does exist in some Clubs today and happy are the young people who are growing up with a consciousness that they are in charge; but in some instances, too

much is done for them by well-meaning older folks and so the valuable lessons in responsibility are being lost.

It is right and good that young people today should have ever increasing opportunities of furthering their education, of building stronger bodies and of expressing their views, for these are the days when Youth is already taking the helm. But let those who are parents and teachers and leaders of young people see that a right standard is set before them, for the world does not only need people of brains and ability but it needs those who have a true regard for moral values and who will stand for the principles which they know to be right.

* * * * *

VIOLET GRAHAM.

What is different about the youth of today from the youth of yesterday? Are they really different? Why should we of the older generation worry about them? Perhaps it is true that every generation frowns on its youth and tells them they are going to the dogs. "Things are not what they were in my young days!" Does not that have a familiar ring? Is it, perhaps a sign of old age, when we begin to think the younger generation is incompetent, irresponsible, less capable of managing the world's affairs than we were at their age?

Perhaps we have cause to worry. Is it not our generation which has landed present day youth in this mess? If the youth of today is not at all certain where it is going, were we any more certain? We received a legacy of uncertainty ourselves. Old ideas of the last century were being abandoned. Science was making enormous strides—and the general outlook was, at the best, agnostic. We cannot know the ultimate truth, so what is the use of trying? Nothing is lasting. Nothing is eternal, or, at least it cannot be proved to be, and there are no ultimate values. "There is nothing good or bad, but thinking makes it so". From this position it was easy to drift into thinking that "what helps my country is right", or "there is no ultimate right and wrong, so let us glean what we can, for tomorrow we die". What a philosophy!

From this chaos many have had to pick up any truths we could see, and try to hammer out a new philosophy. Things turn out not to be so material, not so cut and dried, as we supposed. Perhaps there was room after all for the unseen, unprovable eternal things. Perhaps science did not have the final answer. We have seen scientific ideas change as the years passed. The so-called conflict between science and religion has dissolved, but an uneasy feeling remains, and most of us

are still reading the old books. We realise that religion is a man's driving force but what is he to believe? How much remains after we have pulled everything to pieces?

Now the new generation has to find its philosophy just as we did, but their attack will be different. They are different from the last generation as every generation differs from the one before. There are more of them, and they have, on the whole, less parental guidance. In some ways they have vastly more opportunities. The best literature is within reach of everyone. Anyone with sufficient native intelligence can receive a suitable education. The things we fought for, the opportunities for education, higher pay, better houses, better health, more food, equality of the sexes; they have all come. And now we have them they are apt to be taken for granted.

The question is, will the youth of today be equipped to seize the opportunity? Will it be able to see that every new privilege brings new duties? I think it is going to be hard for those who had to fight for a place to stop fighting for themselves, and begin to think of others. Yet it is perhaps the most important step of all. Multitudes of young people are now about to find themselves in a position of privilege they have never known. I wonder whether they will know how to use it, or whether they will fail for lack of moral leadership, and fritter away their new birthright. The older privileged classes had the traditions of the administration of wealth and authority. It was a stewardship, inculcated by generations of what was, in effect applied christian principles. The new ruling class is going to need such a tradition to guide them.

I believe there is tremendous potentiality in the B. G. youth of today. They are more healthy, and in many ways better educated than their forebears. But they are going to need strong moral guidance and leadership, for we cannot wait for them to learn by their failures. Far and away the most important influence is or should be the home. There are few growing pains in a happy, well-run home, where the parents are interested in their children, responsible and respected. It is the broken home which produces the misfits, the neglected children who fail to find their proper place in society.

We of the older generation must do our duty by the youth of today. We must provide the environment and opportunities they need for proper physical and spiritual development as future leaders of society. It is not the nature of man to be good, and no generation will be better than its forebears by merely growing up. What are we doing about it? The pattern of our youth's development must be set by us. If we do no do it, nobody else will.

MILTON WILLIAMS

ICARUS

(i)

*Cloudcapped on the tallest building
In a city Metropolitan.
Beneath atoms in vision's orbit.*

*The seashore, a woman she laughs
Babble of brooks on being's floor.
Above, a squadron —
Around and about us
Bombs stick unexploded.*

*In a wood to a pagan ritual
Old one-eyed and grey and bloodsmear'd
A severed head is presented.*

*I dreamed this dream long long ago
I took ship's wings I flew.
Blessed by the rich and everliving heavens
I crossed the vats of ocean's elegance
Surfaced on distance shores
Oyster pearl searching*

*Until
Summer'd on the sun's disc.
At the feet of the world's heart
Lace-edged gently billowed
A hem of the first morning.
Ah was a sun's summer
Beneath the loft of rare London's sky.*

(ii)

*Slow drift of pain is my currency
Upon me asphalted are time's wrongs
Bend, break or fall I will not
But like all the earth's trees
Will flower to Pacific manhood
A lion and an angel
Astride the strand of time.*

(iii)

*Like autumn leaves in the wind
Eternal-rooted seeds
Are stones drifting
in my world's ruin.*

*But the coalescence of perceptions disparate
Is a prism of pristine illuminations.
Eolithic in the sunlight's
Man and his world.
Truth's Judas in History's
A raw sore
A filament of radiations obnoxious.*

*O in the unchartered waters of my deep
rivers of silences await their Columbus.*



THE AGONY OF ICARUS (PRAYS TO THE MUSE)

*There are certain laws that are infallible
My death the day of my death
And the unknown.
A virgin conceived without knowledge
Thus I am
And silent as speechless stone.*

*Forsythias,
Cherry and apple blossoms
Green deep deep green
Spring sings.
Gates open and close
Glimpses are irreverent
The temple of silence is projected
Then withdrawn, withdrawn and projected
O elusive, I flounder in exasperation.*

*My eyes see
God-like all I comprehend
But heart is a closed gate.
And the immediacy of perception
Paralyzes action.*

*Is the shadow of sundown
Darkness and night
Voiceless the heavens
Voiceless the unfathomable*

*Only the jagged rocks
Vulgar in the daylight
Only the daylight
On jagged shining rocks.*

*Rags of waste and of desolation.
The soul sleeps and the spirit
Is unready is unwilling
Eli Eli Lama Sabathani.*

*In fens and marshes
I have lost my way
And life has become
Unto me a stone.*

*Henceforth these reins
I hitherto usurping
Into your hands surrender
For uterus's ejection's
A virgin voyage of shipwreck
And all roads outward
Point towards home
The rediscovery of Genesis and Eden's soul.
A white bird miracling its way sunwards
Till the barbed fences and Azoics of pillory
Stretched shorn and barren fields unending.*

Mother look to thy son, son look to thy mother.

*O let them shine the stars and dairy fields
On the colliery of my pain
My cross of dispossession.*

Into thy hands I commend my spirit.



Spirit of the Sea Wall

By WILSON HARRIS

I stood on the wall of Godstown facing the maternal forgotten sea; the ocean had always been grey and sorrowful here lapping the wall guarding a buried city. Like a heavy spotted shawl the sea had always blown restlessly and churned furiously on the beach and ground before Godstown.

I stood in my habitual place, with sudden alarm and consternation beholding the sea as if for the first time higher than the city's ground: the blowing restless flag and shawl was all around me and about. Indeed the wind blew anxious sea-spray upon me wrapping my empty trouser-legs around my scarecrow feet. I felt I was a ghost standing in a vain exposed position, the true everlasting spirit blew on one hand, and an archaic roadway and field stood on the other; the field stretched a full mile away and the traffic of Godstown crawled at the distant extremity. My alarm grew on beholding my toy city, the mechanics of an old buried town, buried long, long ago it seemed beneath the flag of the sea. Buried so deep I had had to excavate alien and higher ruins to find it. And now that it was seen, and empoldered, and guarded at last, I was filled with such alarm. Which Godstown was it indeed I beheld beneath the sea, was it the first or the last? Ruin after ruin was its fable and history. And a grave displaced verticality was its haunting alarming and ruinous and confused place and position.

I raised my scarecrow head and stood braced against the first and the last sea-wall confused by the blowing wind and sea. I wondered whether I should feel proud to stand this way—not knowing truly where I stood—threatened by the ancient sea and shawl and mother of man. I knew my defences would sooner or later be rendered useless. I had driven new sticks and shafts to secure my foundations and situation, a gaunt scarecrow standing before the sea. All was slipping slowly into the ruinous well: at last nothing remained save my cocked hat, blown a little to one side, resting perilously on the sea-wall. It was so sopping and wet it had acquired weight to stand against the spirit in the wind. A mythos began to grow and appear around my cocked puddle and head. The first Godstown marched forward in space and looked backwards with the raining eye of constellations and stars. The last Troy stood on Argo's mythical beam or upon another equally drenched constellation in the heavens. No ruinous wall and grave could contain my cocked hat of such dimensions. The wind and sea blew

steadily into and out of my head. An old woman was approaching: she was mumbling to herself beneath the sea's shawl. She came to me and lifted my shopping hat and head like a child cradled in the sea's hands. I felt the wind blowing in the roof of my skull hither and thither as she cocked my head upon her head.

She was one of that curious sea of beggar-women, patrolling Godstown like conscience and muse, who floated and devoured pennies and scraps. She knew how to hug the debris of the world to her bosom. She mumbled and sagged and moaned to my cocked scarecrow hat— I know you wouldah fall down. Neither man nor god can fight the sea forever and for good. You don't know that? Sooner or later the old lady got to get you . . ." She was mumbling all the time a little crazily.

The wind in heaven tried to blow my hat off her head but she held it fast with her grey seas' hand that smelt of salt-fish and rum. The rank suffocating odour rose and almost devoured my head and her nostrils too, I felt. The seas' cruel death-smell grew wholesome and life-giving again as though life had turned to death and then returned to life again.

"Me hands smell and taste like if they dead and they living still", she mumbled, a little crazily again. "They hold life and death over and over again", she said, "that's why they smelling and tasting so. I borning and I burying man all the time: I is an old mother and a young bride rolled into one". She cackled with a sea-bird's swift racing cry.

She grew mournful and silent, looking anxiously towards the horizon. "I wonder why me man hang up he hat and he clothes pon a cross-stick deh?" she suddenly cried to me and to herself in one cunning breath. She continued in the same cackling strain—"He lef' this behind like a fool's head and skin to show he risking he neck all the time for the fun of it. I can't understand he at-all at-all". She spoke with a baiting livid look.

"Who is he?" I whispered shrieking and shrill where the wind whistled in the crevices of my cocked hat and skull. "Nobody here but me and you".

"Is me dream man lef' you behind, old cocked hat on a stick, is me wild loving fisherman, me adventuring child, me flesh is he gone flesh, me blood is he spilled blood", she cried, a sea-gull's incomprehensible ghostly cry. Her appearance turned romantical and voluptuous. A magical bewitching change had

occurred. She straightened her back. The wind and water blew and filled her limbs and bosom generously. Every wrinkle puffed and vanished and her eyes widened and sparkled. I saw her full breasts rising and swelling beneath my starred and cocked hat. The smell in her sea-self no longer revolted but turned keen as a knife slicing the air.

Is I mek me gone lover's Christ cocked hat into every ghost of a stick and a shell like you"—she rolled her eyes toward her swelling thighs in the sea.

The wind blew and the seas heaved and turned. I suddenly realised an important crowd stood on the sea-wall confronting the curious horror and the spectacle. They saw a vulgar old woman, the wind and sea billowing and distending her drowned dress, and they saw my cocked scarecrow hat stuck rakishly on her skull. It was a common sight and yet it disturbed them to the very marrow. The sea had risen high near the top of the wall and over at times when it had swept the cocked hat from where it had first fallen and blown.

One of the men in the crowd stretched forward and tried to reach the billowing woman in the sea but she tossed and danced and evaded him, nearly dislodging my cocked hat. The man's empty face grew greyer than ever with horror and the sea. "She's dead", he cried, unable to encompass any other living thought.

My old cocked hat bowed to the sea-wall.



IAN McDONALD
PINEAPPLE WOMAN

*Selling pineapple is her art
Sad old woman pushing cart*

*Near Dutch Stabroek every day
You can find her minding tray*

*Full of sunripe 'Quibo pine
"Come an' buy me God-ripen pine!"*

*When the sun is hot and gold
O! woman get a lot of pineapple sold*

*Rich lady come with palmolive skin
Then the bargaining fun begin*

*Rich woman probably good at heart
But she got to bargain to play the part*

*So while silver shilling bursting her purse
She letting fly with less pence than curse*

*And old woman with her age and pine
Have to cut the price down fine*

*So she squatting down beside she tray
Twelve hard hours by the end of she day*

*Pineapple ripe smelling sweet of sun
Turning she belly by the time day done*

*Dollar fifty profit from the fat gold pine
If a day make so much she doing fine*

*And go down Stabroek in Maytime rain
Look for that old pine woman again*

*She old grey dress bursting away
Rotting and fade in the rains of May*

*But she under the branch of a saman tree
Still working out she destiny*

*Selling pines from 'Quibo fat and gold
Until the heart inside she chest get cold*

*Forty years by Stabroek rain and shine
Sad old woman selling pine*

*And when she dead by a 'Quibo charcoal pit
Nobody bother or care one shit*

*She was buying pine to sell in the morning
But she never reach to sell that morning*

*Stabroek looks the same old way
In suns of March or rains of May.*



SON ASLEEP-AGED SIX MONTHS'

*Before our own sleep of passion, dreams, and clocks
Warm wife and my proud self watch by his sovereign bed,
Over the child our smiling eyes like emperor's shine,
In his warm life our hopes spring tall as spears
Pray God he find a destiny well-designed.*

*Against the terrific future how can he sleep so soft?
He is not golden-armed, he is not tall or strong
So gently born, so sweetly grown, so calm
He rests soft beyond birth only half a year
Deathless he must be, no pains will visit him
He breathes quiet as white leaves of moonlight
His fist clenches like a young rose in his sleep
My son's face is serious for peace and good intent
His small heart is burning like a star.*

*That is not so, he is not safe forever
Death rages in man's bones all the days he lives
My son's not singular, death rages in him too.
Long time to come, long years past this proud present watching
He will find agonies enough, he will be hurt
The flesh kingly is but kings' dethronement comes*

*Yet let him sleep so soft as this
Give him some sweet preliminary of life
Do not warn him too soon of cruelties and sleepless lusts
The bribery of habits, red wounds, the iron nations' wars.
In this raw age of jealous total moods
When men soon march to orders behind dogmatic whims
We watch and deeply love and we determine this :
Take childhood's time and make a dream of it.*

MAIS OF JAMAICA

*His own life died but he has not truly died.
 There, man ! Look, look at him, the writing man,
 Muscles of Jamaica's hills carved in his face,
 His skin coloured above the blood in brown drought sun,
 His hands strong like a carpenter's, his eyes strong,
 His work strong, his writing a good thing for his land.
 His theme was the terrific future of the poor
 Commonplace and powerful as the sea's green weight
 Do not forget him in your ordinary days
 See his paintings there gaunt as starved oxen
 He put his hand to them in no search for praise.
 His own life died but he has not truly died.
 Man, you have seen a great tree put to the flame
 How it roars up red as blood above the land
 And nothing will stop the red and fiery tree
 Until the red flames eat the tree-heart out.
 And then it dies, it dies, the good fire dies
 But no dying can put the glory out.
 So ! Touch his life, your heart burns like a fire-tree.*



BROJO BHATTACHARYA

THE TWO SHORES

*Who knew these shores one day to me would come
Like home-spread carpet soft and cosy, smug;
Who knew my sun would kiss a sky blue-dyed,
And languid life on soft savannahs slug.*

*.....There the days are dusty blazing flames,
Mercury climbing hundred seventeen;
Monsoons break in maddening tropic pour;
December dawn with dusky winters keen.*

*The change of seasons hangs there like a chain
Round a country's bumping harvest-heaves;
Village belles swing on songs of rain;
Farmers garner golden autumn sheaves.*

*Toilsome soil, though soft, yet dry as dust;
Blazing white noons melt in copper eyes;
Nights bedazzled with a starry fray,
A new-born day a hope-born blessing gives.*

*Here the lazing barometer rots
By swinging hammocks, rocking to and fro;
Twixt ninety-eighty ambling mercury moves
Hamlet like, — to go on or not to go.*

*Speed and hurry, haste and struggling life,
Empty outcasts from these careless shores;
Crowds, and elbow space through civic strands
Unknown here; life's Halcyon sinecures.*

*Shades of cane-fields, easeful trenches long;
Patchy fields where brown cassava bores;
Winy creeks where alligators bask :
Nut-brown maidens bathe on sleepy shores.*

*Fanning travellers' trees preserve a drink;
The easeful South Winds swing banana groves;
Nights ooze love that talks in starry winks,
And bring solace to dozing cattle droves.*

*The ferer'd soil pants in heavy breaths
Out along the broad savannahs old
Sticky mud, and blade-sharp razor-grass
Forbid a march to Eldorado's gold.*

*Who knew my beads of life would scattter here,
Here asunder on the palmy sands;
Who knew to pick and string them back to form
Scarce would care this pair of listless hands.*

*To be, to feel, and roll in waves of dope,
To feel a steady feelinglessness creep
Over will, life, love, determination, hope,
Is innui that lulls all life to sleep.
Sleep, eternal, that's the aim of life;
That's the post where all this toil would end.
If so, why not now, here, forget
The long long road, and the turn around the bend.*



THE 63 BEACH

*This grey beach
Washed by muddy grey waters
Rumbles day and night.
From far savannahs
And distant Orialla,
Tiger falls, Akarai and Kamuku
The Corentyne brings her homage
And her revenue
Of twigs, brown sands, nut-shells,
And feathers of drowned birds;
Of tons and tons of silt;
-And this firm beach is made.
And we rejoice.
We play on this beach.
Firm and wide
It stretches on and on.*

*On Sundays, holidays,
Gay crowds,
Men, women, children,
In gay colours,
Drink, sing, play and drive.
A happy, full, lively noise of the crowd
Mixes with the deep
Constant, far away roll of the Atlantic.*

*The silt accumulates.
New land grows every day.
This crowd hardly feels gratitude for
The tributes of distant
Orialla, Akarai and Kamuku.*

RICE-HARVEST

Soil of golden ends.
 Her widow sighs groan is raped loneliness,
 Her widow sighs fill hungry horizons.
 In foetal depth of dreams, in virginal secretiveness,
 Grain by grain,
 In joy, health, life and fragrance of being,
 In sublime self-sacrifice,
 Grain by grain evolve golden dreams.

Dreams of golden strains, golden stalks, golden sheaves,
 Grow like many coloured soap bubbles,
 Spread from here to far,
 from hut to heaven,
 from present to posterity,
 from ancestors to descendants,
 from Guiana to China and Ind.

In shaping those golden sheaves, the golden dreams,
 Have gone many young nights and old days,
 many centimes and sentiments,
 many drops of dews asleep on lids of night's droop-
 ing eyes,
 many kisses of forgotten stars,
 many prayers of hibernating roots,
 many and many atoms and molecules,
 striving to get together into an irresistible shape.
 Then the golden dreams stoop with heavy bearings
 From end to end of a prolific soil.

But then
 Come the hands;
 Hands of the covetous,
 of the greedy,
 of those who thieve by law, and plunder without it.
 Hands of the hungry one-eyed Polephemus
 Start the harvest,
 And cut the golden dreams,
 Cut the bending sheaves,
 The loaded sheaves,
 And collect them,
 And carry to yawning bonds,
 To proud granaries, to mad store-houses,
 To gluttonous banks and sickening millionaireing masters.

That green luscious soil,
 Those life growing acres,
 Lie now widowed in deadly peace,
 And tomb-worthy coma.
 Empty are the life cells.
 Empty are the dreams.
 The harvest is done;
 While another spring broods.

Reviews

Thunder Returning

By EDGAR MITTELHOLZER

Secker & Warburg — 16/-

In *Thunder Returning*, the second volume of the projected trilogy upon which Edgar Mittelholzer is now engaged, we have a tragedy following upon the comedy of manners which is the essence of *Latticed Echoes*. The emphasis is no longer upon the "social follies" of the characters, Richard and Lindy, but the author apparently takes as a text the line from Hamlet—"this Way madness lies"—and provides a study in imbalance leading to madness, arising from the obsessive jealousy working in the mind of a pregnant mother. There are flashes of Sophoclean pity and terror in the Oedipus cycle of plays, where indiscipline and circumstance dehumanise an attractive personality.

But let me outline the story. Richard Lehrer, the Guianese architect with the German ancestry working in Georgetown, finds that both his English wife and the German wife of his friend, the English Engineer, with whom he had an affair some months ago, are pregnant by him at the same time. His wife Lydia cannot forget his unfaithfulness with Lindy her former friend and nurses her jealousy to a pitch of hysteria which leads her to make an attempt upon the person of Lindy to cause her to lose her baby. (This attempt is made when Lindy comes to Georgetown from her home in New Amsterdam on a visit with her husband, Tommy Rowleyson). It is now clear to Tommy that he is sterile and he seeks solace in rum drinking and in orgies of self-pity.

The author also engages on a parallel study of Tommy's disintegration by self-pity as he broods upon his lack of manhood and we have an extraordinary picture of two households, seventy miles apart, in occasional communication by letter and telephone with one another, but the well-being of each progressively destroyed by cankers of thoughts and memories. (This is what Blake meant when he wrote the poem, "Oh, Rose thou art sick"). There are many complications and eventually after Lindy is delivered of a boy and Lydia of a girl, Lydia takes her own life in a fit of aberration while she is by herself in hospital. Tommy is involved in a struggle to make the housemaid drink with him and Lindy's baby has a fall which decides Lindy that she must leave her husband.

The book is relieved by the introduction of a new character, Richard's aunt, a spinster of 65, who has devoted her life to looking after her father (now in his nineties) and finds that as her father passes into his dotage and his death, increasingly he exhibits contempt for her and this causes her to reassess her own sacrifice and dedication. Aunt Emily finds she is called upon to act as a mediator between Richard and Lindy and to become a confidante and adviser to Lindy in her trouble. This exposes her to the hostility of Lydia and the

peaceful backwater of her life is suddenly converted into a rapidly seething maelstrom which forces her to make unaccustomed decisions. Aunt Emily grows up before our very eyes, and it is her development which to a certain extent makes the book bearable and relieves the overall picture of disintegrating personalities. She stands for life where nearly all the others stand for death. It is extraordinary how the character of Aunt Emily becomes the main image of New Amsterdam as the story progresses and how the leitmotiv which is herself in the story ("tide — turns.....yearning years...withering tensionssad birds chirp and twitter.....Crab Island....ebbs..... Vrymen's Erven") becomes mellowed as she acts as mother confessor and adviser in lives of greater complexity than her own. Life suddenly has purpose and this takes her mind off her own perpetual analyses of failures.

As always with Edgar Mittelholzer, this is a book you must read to the end as quickly as possible. The action and the dialogue are compulsive. What might keep us back is this new technique of the Leitmotiv. The author takes his technique from Wagner's "The Ring" by describes the characters in the story by symbols. These passages provide a pleasing musical effect and are adjuncts to the dialogue which carries the complete story. The leitmotifs tell you, if you care to study them, which characters are involved in a scene and often the emotions and conflicts which you will find. But of course, no one will study them and everyone will be inclined to run rapidly along the compulsive story. It is surprising, however, how much we are conscious of towards the end of the book as we learn the hang of the technique and as the story itself accumulates its tensions.

When the book is closed and we think back upon the effect, we may be inclined to congratulate the author on the great (Germanic ?) industry he has displayed in the technique which we realise has been there all the time, like music in the cinema, affecting our moods and determining our responses. We will be grateful also for the "secondary dialogue" he has provided as scaffolding by way of the thought-passages included in brackets.

—A.J.S.



Season of Adventure

by GEORGE LAMMING

Michael Joseph — 21/-

In this fourth novel of his, Lamming returns to the island in the Caribbean which he has created, San Cristobal, and depicts the life of the republic after it has attained its independence. Those readers, who remember "Of Age And Innocence", will miss the long vistas of the sea, and the turbulence of the court scenes shown in that novel, for the geography has changed, or at least changed emphasis. Here the attention is directed to the Forest Reserve which is the home of *barrackyard life* and the place where the leaders of the steel bands live and devote their talent and time to greater skill on the drums. The island is an amalgam of the British Caribbean territories having Half Moon Bay, Spanish Town, Belle View, Sam Lord's Castle, and the mangrove swamps of Essequibo; but these districts are evoked only to produce steel bands for the splendid and incredible march upon Independence Square in protest against the Government's ban on steelband music after the murder of the Vice-President.

The story of "Season of Adventure" is centred around the evolution of a girl born in the island who goes to a "ceremony of the souls" (a rite in which the author merges Haitian voodoo with W. I. pocomania and obeah). The spirits possess her and she is a changed person ever afterwards. The remainder of the novel is the account of her search through the barriers of class to her unknown roots. Who is her father, she asks, and what is the meaning of herself as a person? Her stepfather is the Commissioner of Police in the Republic and as a result of her friendship with a painter from the Forest Reserve, she becomes involved in the hunt for the murderer of the Vice-President. To save the painter and his friends from being manhandled by the angry police, she confesses to her stepfather that her own father may have been the murderer, and so diverts the searchers to make their focus upon a painting purporting to be that of her father. The steelbands are banned, but the ban is broken by a determined music-hungry tenor who invites all the silent bands to play their way with him to the centre of the capital. The long bridge to the city is manned by police with gleaming bayonets, but at the last moment, the size of the invading musical procession forces the authorities to countermand the order to fire and this leads to the fall of the Government and the election as President of a prototype of Eric Williams, Dr. Kofi Baako.

This is an exasperating book. At times it is beautifully written with the compulsive cadence of Dylan Thomas, and at times it is obscene in a non-Lady Chatterley way because of its emphasis on the excrement of cats left deliberately upon the top of a polished table—the significance in an amorous episode of the bursting of a boil on a woman's bottom. It is repellent also because of the author's Swiftian and obsessional desire to ridicule and expose upper and middle class foibles, discerned over and above his championship of the steelband leaders in the Forest Reserve. It is attractive because of the success-

ful comic touches such as that of the distressed Chief Justice's wife overlooking the potential massacre by the police in Independence Square, but keeping time, posteriorly, to the rhythm of the steel bands marching in from the rural areas. So often the writing rises to an admirable pitch of psychological analysis and style which places Lamming in the forefront as a novelist writing in the English language, and so often one is put off and exasperated by pettiness in the author's outlook and what are perhaps personality failures. There is a most improbable story of ambiguous parenthood (how Thomas Mann would have contrived this!) and this reader is not convinced of the acuteness of the psychological examination of feminine motives which the novelist displays.

In the first half, under the wracked vision of the heroine, the reader will feel that the author is playing with communication and doesn't desire perhaps fully to be understood, but the integrity and clarity of style in the second half is eminently successful.

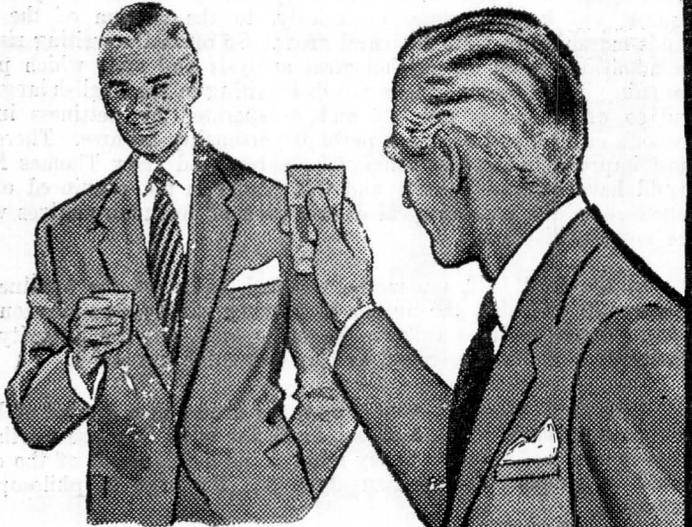
Lamming's views on money, love, the drums as a symbol of W. I. artistic endeavour, etc. are all set forth for what they are worth, but what is new and valuable to my mind is the development of the comic talent in proper West Indian style, not the urge to philosophical statement.

What does he have to say on Independence as he follows the fashionable timetable of colonial liberation and studies the situation in Ghana. These views he gives to Dr. Baako, the President-designate—"Independence is only a freedom to clear the air, to make the abortive life you've known more livable; but it's then the problem of being alive and trying to be alive in a state of freedom, it's only then the problem begins . . . you can change constitutions overnight . . . but freedom or no, if that crowd ever give way and go berserk, you can't clean up the result of that madness overnight . . . We've got to report on what's out of place and attempt what must be done. The result can be left to God or the Devil, or whatever agent chooses the contingencies of our life."

—A.J.S.



KYK-OVER-AL



Whenever friends meet
the occasion calls for ...

Haig

SCOTCH WHISKY



Agents :—

WIETING & RICHTER, LTD.

Water Street, Georgetown,
Telephone 62151

KYK-OVER-AL



You should start saving

N O W

For your future security

YOU CAN SAVE \$100

In 2 years	by	monthly	payments	of	\$4.00
" 3	"	"	"	"	\$2.61
" 4	"	"	"	"	\$1.92
" 5	"	"	"	"	\$1.50

Interest at 4% per annum compounded is paid by the Society



PAY YOUR FIRST SUBSCRIPTION

NOW

NEW BUILDING SOCIETY, LTD.

LOT 1, HIGH STREET, GEORGETOWN,

DIAL 4664 & 61982

P.O.B. 14

KYK-OVER-AL



GOLDEN BARGAINS

ARE ON SHOW DAILY IN OUR
WINDOWS AND SHOWCASES

**Come in and inspect them.
You'll marvel at the
exquisite designs.**



GOLD JEWELLERY

adds to a
woman's personal
charm.

And what's more it's really the

BEST INVESTMENT AT

Portuguese Pawnbroking Co., Ltd.

16, Robb & Hincks Streets.

The place which gives the **HIGHEST**
ADVANCES on Pledges

Phone

Dial 6 1936



KYK-OVER-AL

IT'S ALL YOURS!

ONLY

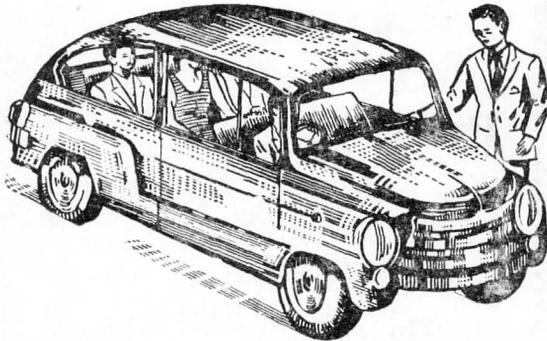
\$ 875

DOWN

2 Years to pay the balance

FIAT
600 D

The Great
Little Car —
and the fastest
Selling CAR
IN B.G.



The 600 D Model brings you superb quality, spaciousness and dependability plus all the pleasure of luxury motoring in all kinds of weather. Its increased performance is due to higher power-weight ratio. This permits smarter acceleration, a livelier pick-up and higher maximum speed—75 m.p.h. Fuel consumption—53 m.p.g.

AGENTS:—

A. MAJEED & SONS (1959) IN/VTS. LTD.—34 Robb St.

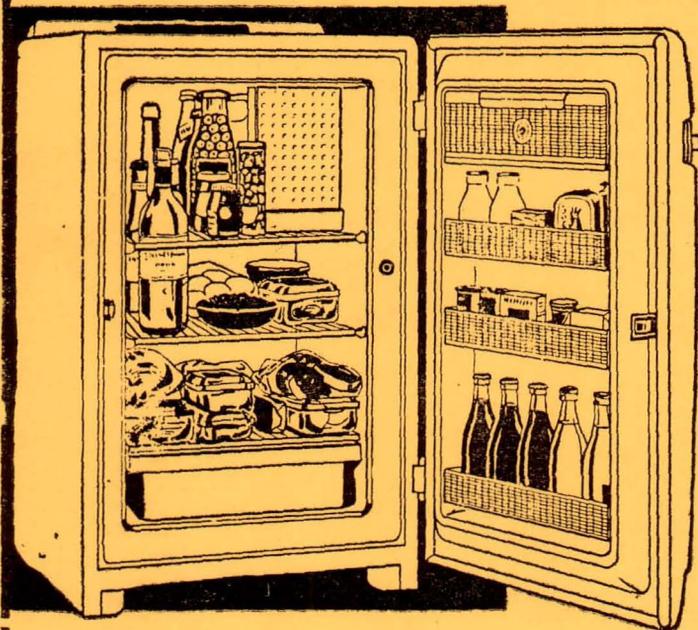
The **NEW** Economical

Electrolux



takes up
little space
- fits anywhere

low-priced
- uses little
electricity



This new Electrolux refrigerator offers:

- Generous capacity
—48 cu.ft. giving
7 sq.ft. of shelf
area
- Large frozen food
compartment
- Big vegetable
drawer
- Rubber mat work
top
- Sealed compressor
unit guaranteed
5 years

EVAN WONG & SON LTD.

3, High Street

Georgetown

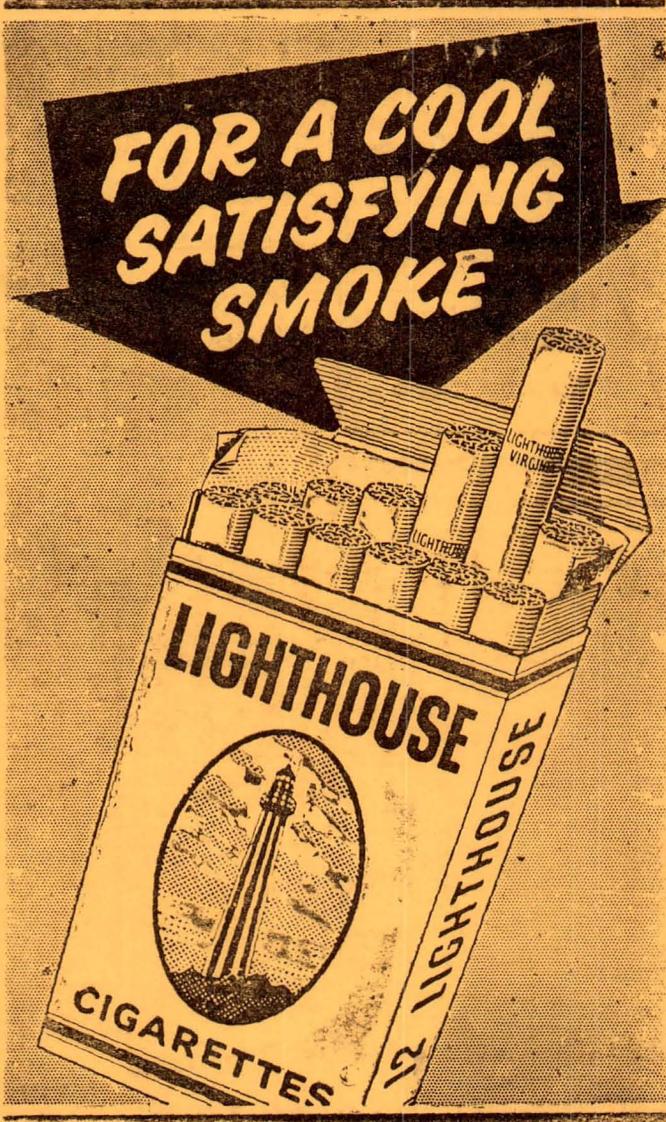
Telephone 5454.

Also Agents for

The famous Electrolux Polishers and Cleaners, Kitchen Machines,
and

Archimedes and Penta Outboard Motors

Money-saving, space saving—here's real economy for you in this roomy electric refrigerator
See the magnificent
Electrolux S 48 NC W'



MANUFACTURED BY

Demerara Tobacco Co., Ltd.

The "Daily Chronicle", Ltd.—Printers.