

CARIBBEAN SCHEDULES

Effective April 7, 1964

MONDAYS THURSDAYS SATURDAYS

Arrive St. Maarten at 10:14 a.m.  
Depart St. Maarten at 10:30 a.m.

And on

SUNDAYS

Arrive St. Maarten at 4:29 p.m.  
Depart St. Maarten at 4:45 p.m.CONNECTIONS TO ST. CROIX

MONDAYS THURSDAYS SATURDAYS

Arrive St. Thomas 11:20 a.m.  
Depart St. Thomas 2:45 p.m.

SUNDAYS

Arrive St. Thomas 5:35 p.m.  
Depart St. Thomas 5:50 p.m.

For Reservation &amp; information call tel. 2244 or 3244

MIDNIGHT BLUES AT DELFT

By C.E. Morasse

Hard lumps of Latin-American music rock my senses into a frenzied rhythm and my body quickens in tone with its dark colour. In the fuffle of the bongo I see jungle rivers stealing their way under dense brushes: giant fawns and ferns. Then like the venom of a snake the crackling beat of the tambora surges under my skin and I am cramped into bleak surprise. My physical is now a reproduction of my sensation as my face is flushed with a thousand drops of sweat still oozing out my pores. The spectral vision of my eyes creates green, yellow, blue, red and lavender human beings.

And laughter is a silly giggle - a drunken whore. "Hi, hi ...." I am hearing myself laughing. "What funny coloured people .... No, not coloured! — COLOURED is biased — colourful, yes... a bouquet of archaic roses".

My now distinct laughter crawls over the back of tumultuous sounds and rings

out in stark horror through the blaring silence: Feminine chatter - male dispute - shuffling feet; gulps of beer, sips of wine and cooled drinks; laughter - love talk and secretive loveplay. Rhythmic beating of drums; drums ringing, muffled like the stifled cries of abortive children; pleading drums like broken sobs of distressed concubines. And I am the centrifugal point of this human mêlé. Oh barbaric explosion of civilized minds! In my frenzied state of mind I realized the combustion of cultures that is exhausted into this comparatively small hall in Delft.

White civilization adheres to my skin like carnival paint - so easily washed off. So are my red, orange, yellow, green and blue creatures.

To-morrow - a few years further they are not components anymore but black or white individuals — light skinned or dark skinned is the difference in hard coin. Civilization has drained this culture of its last drop of humanity and now like the prodigal son is timid to return home. Its heritage is frowned at, lost in all obscurity -