

Vol. 2.

No. 7.

# KYK- OVER- AL



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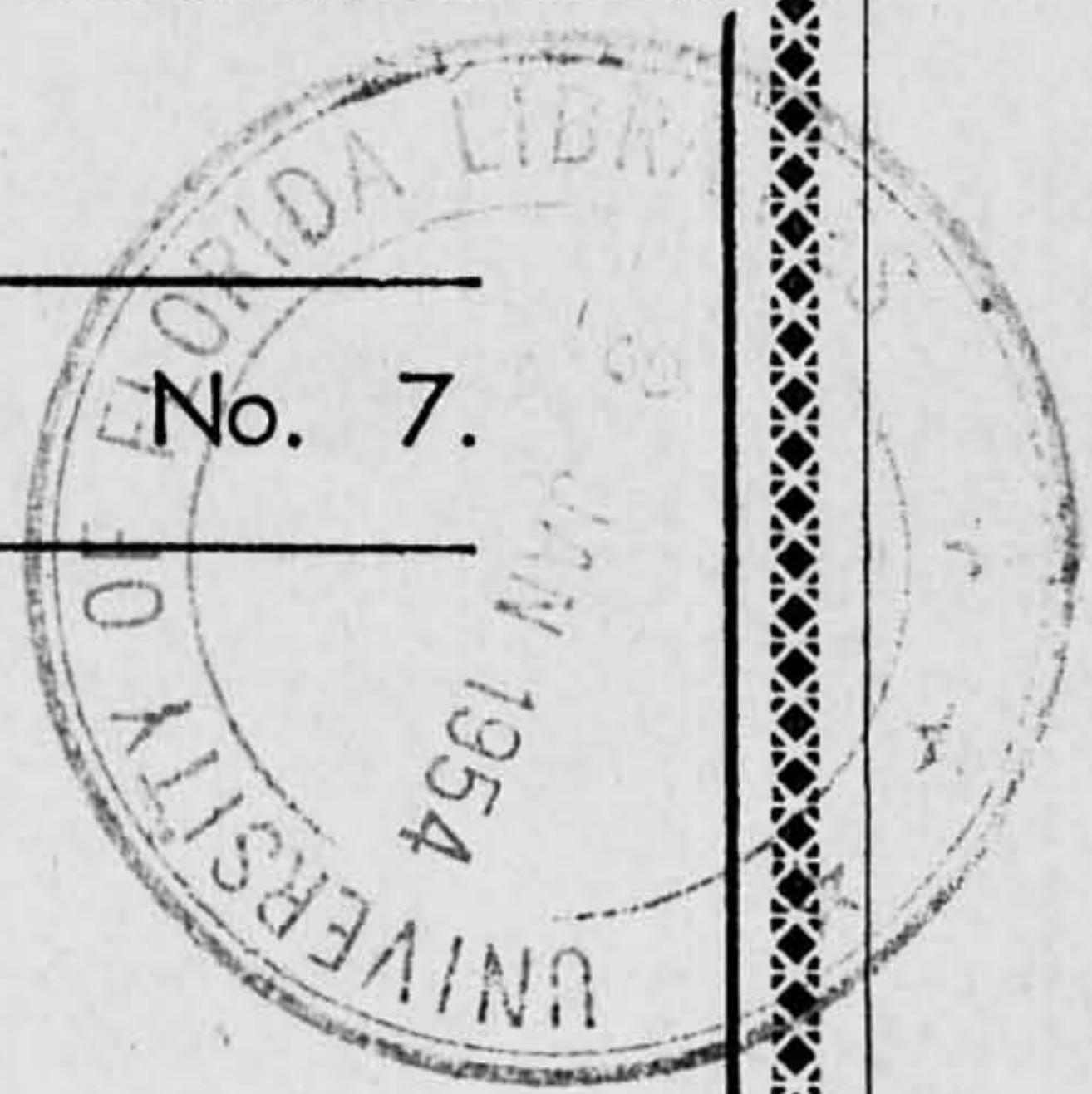
SIX MOST OUTSTANDING MEN IN B.G.'s. HISTORY (Vincent Roth).

CULTURAL LIFE IN JAMAICA (N. E. Cameron).

SIMEY ON EDUCATION (Lilian Dewar).

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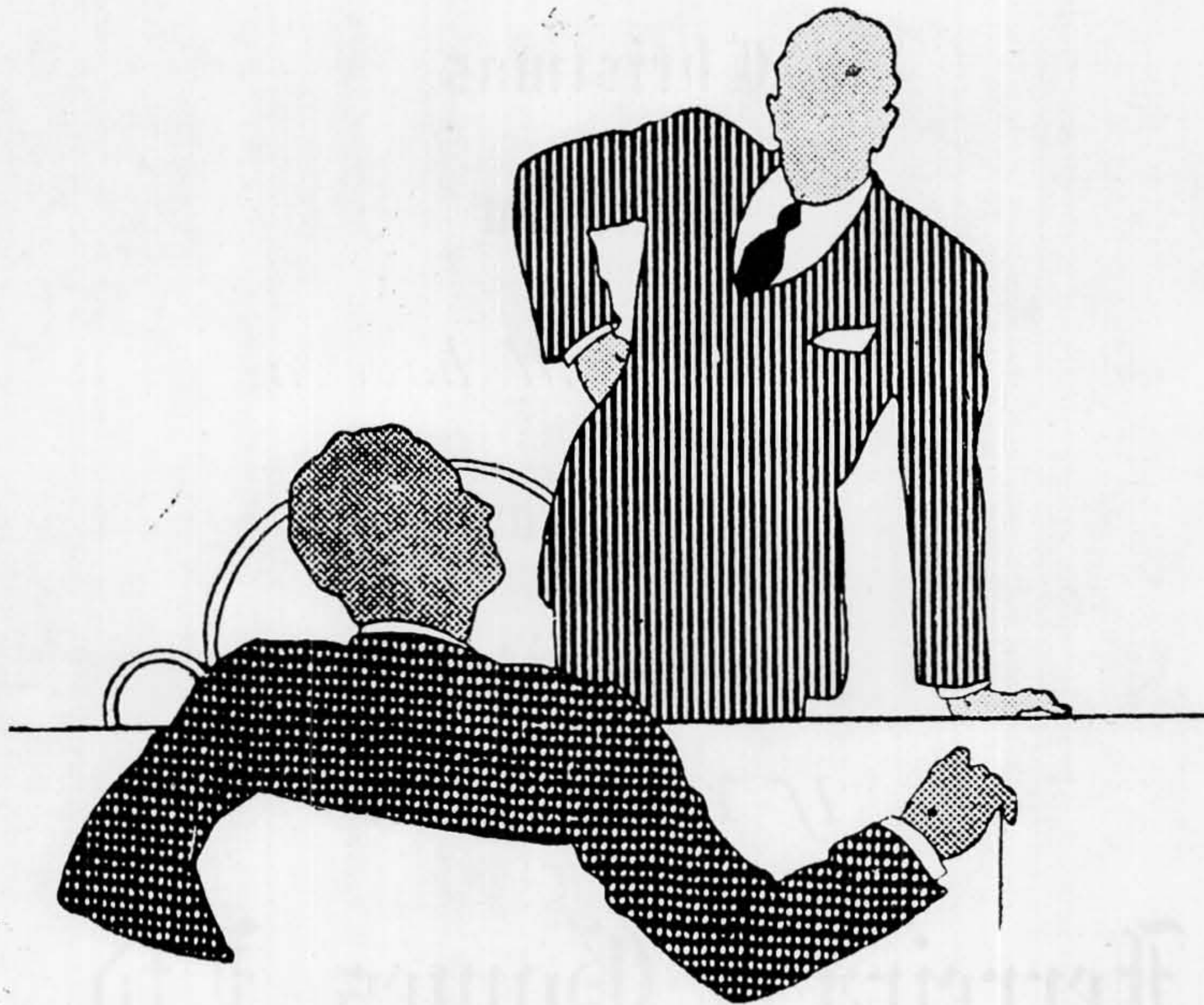
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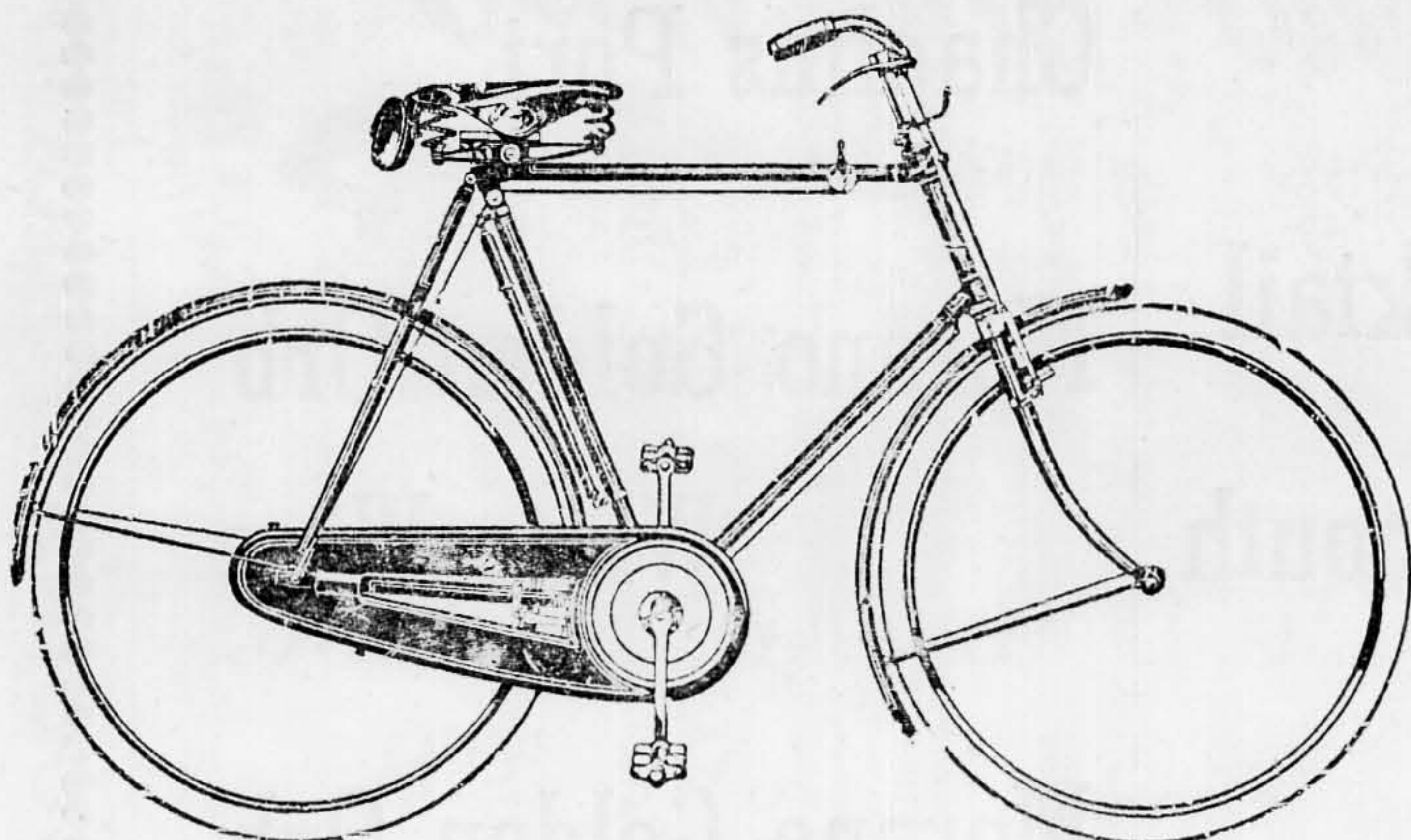
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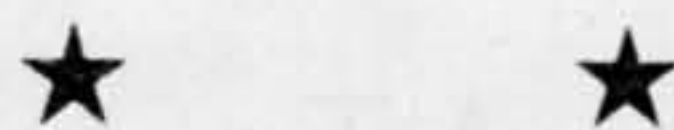


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# KYK-OVER-AL

*Edited by*

A. J. SEYMOUR.

*One Shilling Net.*

Published by the B.G. Writers' Association in conjunction with the D.F.P. Advertising Service and the B.G. Union of Cultural Clubs.

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Contributions and letters should be sent to the Editor "Kyk-Over-Al", 120, Fourth Street, Georgetown, British Guiana. Business communications should be addressed to J. E. Humphrey, Esq., Manager, D.F.P. Advertising Service, 4A, Hope Street, Georgetown, British Guiana. P.O. Box 267.

## Open Letter

---

Dear Mr. Editor,

Because of my many years of solitude in the great open spaces, I find the written easier than the spoken word. Thank you first of all for the privilege of being guest yesterday at the Union Discussion. I came away profoundly impressed and more than a little sad. Impressed by the evidences of the wonderful human machinery that evidently already exists for doing something really vital in British Guiana, and by the keenness and eagerness to do something. Sad, because of the unquestioned sureness that culture is something that can be communicated by us as a sort of high priesthood to a complacent and malleable populace.

It seemed to me that we were among the small proportion of those who pass through our traditional educational mill and manage to emerge with a love and not an aversion for the beauties of our Western culture. So many children leave school with a nausea and hatred for all that reminds them of the boredom and the thwarting of the years which should have been an exciting intellectual adventure.

The spirit bloweth where it listeth, and I gravely fear that our good intentions may be misplaced. I insist as an anthropologist that culture is not one, but legion, and it is only living when it is rooted in the soil, and when it embodies the soul of the people who empattern it. For us, effete representatives of a dying age, Western culture is all right, and there will always be a few sensitive people in any community who love and appreciate the world heritage of the ages. But we must not undervalue the wonderful vital force — a veritable Krakatit — which is there in the hearts and minds of common men. It is on the crest of this wave that we should try to build the vital and living culture of a new age.

I feel so strongly that we run the risk of driving our people back in a defensive reaction, to pleasure at the purely instinctive level, as the result of too intensive an effort to refine the sensibilities of those who are not temperamentally or intellectually inclined that way. Perhaps that might not be altogether an evil. The star in the east probably rises over Sam Chase.

For God's sake don't let's frighten our people, and especially our children and don't let's bore them. Culture begins when they're doing something, anything, because with all their heart and soul they want to do just that and not something else.

— IRIS MYERS.

### **EDITOR'S NOTE**

---

.....our people really have no "culture" (in the sense of a background of tradition and beliefs, a complex of centuries of gradual growth, out of which one's spiritual feeling springs spontaneously). Taking only one section, the African's tribal framework has gone, his self-confidence been shattered, his language and all that that means of expression betokens to the conscious and unconscious workings of his mind, (the terrible ravages Europe did to Africa, Hitler only repeated in part on the Czechs), and then his great-grandson comes to a consciousness of the great yawning gulf where should be tradition to strengthen his people, and he has to get his tradition through the English language.

We do so desperately want to be rooted in the European soil that is the only earth available. We must make an act of possession somehow of our environment and the faster the better. And so I borrow your sentence — there is a wonderful vital force in the hearts and minds of (our) common men. It is on the crest of this wave that we want to build the vital and living culture of a new age. We must transplant quickly and put roots in the soil.

We have an urge born of the sun and a faith that whether or not Western culture is dying, in some mysterious way, we of the African and other peoples, the hewers and drawers of Empires, still are waiting the cue to walk on the stage of history — if a stage still exists when it's our time to pass through the wings and say the opening lines of our part. These few of us believe that we can force our past history into becoming props for future purpose, and that the accident of forced immigration into the Caribbean has isolated us to the impact of a dying civilization so that we can pass on some flaming torch higher up the line. The seeds of the new race are germinating in us.

We want the creative few somehow to plough in their talents and forget what their individual talents might do on their own. It's a case of the community first and in perhaps another century or two we can afford as a people to grow our pcets.

RAYMOND BARROW

**Book Mark.**

Deep in the heart, beyond all sight, there lies  
 A volume of those long-remembered things  
 Which, in the gloom of sorrows and of sighs  
 Crept forth and sang of hope a stout faith brings.

And from these things has drawn, this heart of mine,  
 Comfort and succour that will prove full mead  
 When in the drought of aging years I pine  
 For sustenance in some small hour of need.

Clear on each page they are: a touch of hand  
 In sympathy; or laughter of surprise;  
 Or morn of beauty; or some romping band  
 Of children with adventure in their eyes.

And yet invisibly, a knife-like blade  
 Marks where one beam brought sunlight to my shade.

A. J. SEYMOUR.

**Love Song.**

I lie like Egypt in the sun  
 You are my Nile

Through the dry earth the living waters run  
 Here, there, all eager, brimming every one  
 The ravaged wrinkles of the sun  
 Until my parched lands smile.

Over my heart the death of drought would reign  
 Eternally, but blossoms spring and grain  
 Because you came.

You breathe and Egypt comes to life again  
 Nile is your name.

F. E. BRASSINGTON

**Daybreak.**

The perils of the night turn to roses  
 When the dawn comes up,  
 And the green grass drinks deeply  
 Of the Heavens' shining cup,  
 And the cattle with their keepers  
 Shake off the misty sleep,  
 That night, with its stars, throws round them,  
 The earth, and all the waters deep.

I awoke, and all the morning sky  
 With wassail-clouds and bright vermilion dye  
 Was filled, and filling to the brim  
 The ocean rushed upon the sands and in the bay  
 Full-tide, the emerald that in the waters swim  
 Dazzled in the sun, and it was day.

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HELEN TAITT

## Poem.

---

He shall touch God who reaches out and weeps  
 The poet in the valley, writing his homage,  
 With still small words upon a mountain side.

Dancers, taking the symphony's power,  
 Sad bodies making beauty on a stage  
 While lovers and dreamers and builders of words  
 Water their hopes with their tears,

Without glory forever are you among men  
 Who cannot weep —  
 Unhappy are they among women who love you  
 For you cannot love.

Oh boy with the soulless eyes  
 In the sunset no ecstasy,  
 Oh saint with the tearless soul  
 How soon thy Gethsemane.

---



---

GEORGE HARRIS.

## Poem.

---

I sat in the land of poets  
 Somewhere beyond the skies,  
 And beheld the roses blooming  
 In splendour with the wise.  
 And looked in the realm of wonders  
 And saw great mysteries —  
 Somehow with the mystics speaking,  
 And fell upon my knees.

I roamed in the fields of beauty  
 Somewhere within the sphere  
 Of knowledge with greatness breathing  
 In fulness on my ear.  
 And turned to the heights of rapture  
 Oft times of which I heard,  
 And felt for a while the breathing  
 Wrought by the Muse's word.....

HORACE L. MITCHELL.

**Night's Kiss.**


---

Night kissed earth's lips  
 In the eastern lanes of light,  
 Just where the sun's flight  
 From heaven's air ends  
 And lends its gaiety to day,  
 Then she blushed into a russet sunset  
 Of myriad modesties;  
 Her dark hair of purple clouds,  
 Shifting shrouds of ethered ecstasy,  
 Falling across her face,  
 Enthralling her blush into twilight loveliness.

The scouting stars, ever-senseful, sleeping  
 The slumber of the day's obscurity  
 Sensed the magic of the kiss,  
 And waking in their silver bliss  
 Peeped the twinkling peep of piety peering  
 And saw the amorous earth  
 Steeped in the nectar of her joy  
 Dissolving in the delights of darkness  
 And of night's dreams;  
 The moon, another lover,  
 Hurrying slowly, lovely, from the sea  
 To whisper, "Good-night", in her ear, yearning,  
 And watch her sleep till morning.

---



---

 ARTHUR GOLDWIN SMITH
**Poem.**


---

My faith is stronger than circumstance,  
 There's no condition to bind.  
 I use my patience and work my hand,  
 Behind it all is my mind.

My faith is stronger than four score men,  
 My hopes are bright as the sun.  
 I labour away at the task each day,  
 And each job I have well done.

## In Memoriam 1948.

### *Death of the hero*

Broad sunlight distinguishes the world  
in huge shafts  
that shatter the humble shadowy room  
painted in ambiguous colours.

Sounds

multiply  
to reverberate

Clock ticking on the shelf of the factory  
is each unreal presentation of time divided

*The stars will remember* is the song someone sings on the radio  
yet we commit acts of murder

Who is the beautiful woman  
who passes

groomed to perfection  
swaying languorously? When  
we seduce her — is it hate? is it love?

Clock ticking on the shelf is time divided in the world

How shall the murdered live and preserve

the picturesque duel

in grim relief

like a dark statue that moves forever

### *Funeral Procession*

Borne aloft on waves of colour

we assemble the worn limbs, patches in the seat,  
tatters and the worn bearded inner meditation  
who crumbles to a beseeching prayer, who sells the beautiful  
colours — the bottled drinks flashing faintly,

who offers with grave and quiet courtesy  
gloomy shop, the quiet fury of fingers upon the spilt fruit  
of momentary departure into an unknown world

where

The green leaf is etched forever  
on the pale grey steely glitter of heaven

Lines and shapes are etched forever  
and now the calm rustle of shapeless

branches

move

faintly

whom the lightless spear forsakes at last.

### *Epitaph*

Commemorate dispersal of collective form.

The centre shifts. The person moves.

Each raindrop spatters

from heaven

to puncture

the invisible balloon of the world

livid like a mirror where steel is colour of the sky

and delicate waters perform the ordeal  
of reflection.

shadows grope in symmetry

too articulate for precision

like fluid and strange

discovery where the dim roar persists

and waters combine to glean

a passing vision:

funereal majestic mien

transforms this artifice of eternity.



## Good Wishes.

---

A voluntary association of autonomous societies such as the Union may, perhaps, seem to move more slowly and to produce less spectacular results than a single organisation with centralised control. It may also give its executive committee more work and more headaches. On the other hand, it certainly produces better and more permanent results in the development of initiative and a sense of public service in members of its affiliated clubs and societies. Those contributing most to the Union's activities will get most from it; the passengers, if there are any, will get very little. That is life all over.

The economists tell us that British Guiana needs capital and no doubt they are right, for that is what most countries need nowadays. Yet probably that capital is most attracted to those countries whose people have developed the character, initiative and capacity for sustained effort on which prosperity ultimately depends. It is just these qualities that the organisations represented in the Union foster. They are contributing more than may always be recognised to the development and prosperity of British Guiana. In many directions the Colony has already gone an astonishingly long way in a comparatively short time. The men and women who will carry it much farther are now developing their powers and widening their outlook in the societies to which the Union offers easier contacts and closer co-operation. One may hope that in time the rural areas may be as strongly represented in the Union as are the cities. Their need is at least as great.

— H. RISELY TUCKER,  
British Council Representative  
in British Guiana.

---

The Association of Cultural Societies of Barbados has been happy to learn of the success which the British Guiana Union has achieved and considers that similar efforts promoted by Caribbean colonies greatly assist the development of understanding and goodwill among West Indian communities. The cultural societies of Barbados look forward to the time when it may be possible for their representatives to meet with those from similar groups from other West Indian organisations dedicated to the fostering of culture and benevolence.

J. W. B. CHENERY, President.  
A. F. CRICHLAW MATTHEWS, Hon. Secretary,  
Assn. of Cultural Societies, Barbados.

---

A Convention Address.

## The Economic Basis of Culture.

by C. HOLMAN B. WILLIAMS.

---

In this community, where Africa, Asia and Europe meet in an American environment, we are beginning to sense a national pride and to strive for development, for a local culture, for economic progress, for self-expression and for self-government. Progress will be strictly conditioned by the measure in which these yearnings motivate those whom, for want of a better term, we call the masses, and I submit that your role and mine, as a group, is not so much to increase our own culture as to pass on to others some of the ideas and ideals with which we are imbued, some of the knowledge and skills which we have acquired.

What do these so-called masses lack and what are the lines along which, as individuals or as clubs, we can assist? The list is long, very long, but let us consider the four cardinal needs, *viz.*:

- i. Education in skills and trades and a complete reorientation of the common outlook on the relative standing of the clerk and the artisan;
- ii. Thrift, with which are associated regular work, budgeting and right-spending;
- iii. Improved health, which is largely a matter of sanitation and diet;

- iv. The focussing of attention on and emphasizing the importance to each and every person of matters of civic, colonial and regional interest.

Education in skills and trades comes first because, in my opinion, there cannot be the slightest doubt of forthcoming advances in mechanisation and industrialisation and a great number of the things which the individual lacks will automatically follow an improvement in his earnings and a great many of the things the community lacks will result from the provision of an adequate supply of trained farmers, stockmen, tractor-operators, machinists, woodworkers, metalworkers, electricians and the like. All of us can throw our weight into the campaign for more technical training, for agricultural education, for that reorientation of outlook which I mentioned a moment ago. Our allegedly better-educated are afraid of the soil and afraid to soil their hands or put on overalls. In our community, conditioned by generations of slavery and indenture, and by the class distinctions of Europe, the cloth salesman is Mr. Jones but the skilled blacksmith is Jones, and the sons of both hesitate to clean a stall or milk a cow. By precept and example we can do something about it.

Thrift is my second plank. Let us be frank. Times are hard, rents are high, food is costly, but the cinema population keeps rising, almost in geometric progression, sports events and tournaments come bigger and bigger and oftener and oftener, dances come by the dozen, we now need a cigarette factory with a capacity of 1,000,000 cigarettes a day. Do not misunderstand me. Recreation is essential to wholesome living but is it not our duty to put over the idea that too much of anything is bad, that some forms of recreation can be relatively inexpensive and more profitable to mind and body than others, that assurance of one's life, insurance of one's home and furniture, membership in a friendly society which will provide sick benefits, must come **before** costly recreation.

Sick people are a burden to themselves and to the community. Modern science has taught us that health is largely dependent on sanitation and correct dietary habits, and you and I know that most of the shortcomings in these respects are due to ignorance or indifference. Our masses cannot afford vitamin C capsules but they can purchase the type of inexpensive fruit in season; they cannot afford the B vitamins or phosphates, but they would hardly be deficient in these if their rice were so cooked that they benefited by its contents in these respects. DDT has put a new complexion on the malaria problem but it is surprising the number of persons who claim they cannot afford a net but who find the money to pay the doctor and buy drugs; it is even more surprising to see the number of nets so tucked in that the feet come in contact all night and are not protected from mosquitoes.

And my last plank is the awakening of interest in civic, colonial and regional matters. It is no use murmuring in homes and clubs that this is wrong or that is wrong. We must awaken the public mind to the fact; our criticisms must not only be destructive but constructive, we must suggest the remedy. I may be wrong, but visits to the neighbouring colonies leave me with the impression that the citizens of Trinidad, Jamaica and Barbados are better informed, **on the average**, on colonial and regional questions, and more determined to share in the shaping of things than is the case here. A Wakefield blueprints for Agriculture, a Hammond reports on Education, a Briercliffe on Medicine, a Benham contrives to report on the national income, on the sugar industry, etc., etc., after a visit of a few weeks, and so on and so on, and there is little discussion of the proposals in the Press, less in the homes and clubs and none in the street. No doubt, much of this frame of mind owes its foundation to the long period when the average Colonial knew he could exert little or no influence on the shape of things. This is no longer true. Two things should be obvious to all: firstly, the extension of the franchise places power in the hands of almost every adult and he or she must be informed and alert if he is to use it to the lasting good of the community. Secondly, no community of 400,000 or 600,000 people can form a separate and economic self-governing entity under today's conditions. In some matters, such a community must reach common ground and act in concert with one or more other communities.

Suffice it to say, however, that the World at large, and the American Republics in particular, have some ideas about the perpetuation of Crown Colony Government in the Americas, so much so that England, France and Holland all show a certain unanimity in trying to replace it in one way or another. We must face the situation as it is today and not blur the present picture either with dreams of what it may be in 100 or 150 years, when British Guiana may have a population more in keeping with its area, or with the mirage of "a South American destiny" in the lifetime of anyone already born.

And what is the bearing of all that I have been saying on this gathering? It is this. Among the members of your various organisations can be found persons with knowledge and interest in all the multiplicity of activities of the mind and body that make up human life; I am suggesting that there is no better way of utilising the gift, inborn or acquired, which each possesses, than in sharing it with those who are less privileged. The detailed techniques and methods I leave with you to work out.

# Cultural Life in Jamaica

by NORMAN E. CAMERON

---

These observations on cultural life in Jamaica are those of a gentleman at leisure made during my visit to that island on holiday with no intention of doing anything like serious research, and are not intended to be authoritative in any respect. I hope however to convey to you some of my experiences with the cultural activity of the country, which to say the least I found very interesting.

## LITERATURE

I think that a fair picture of the state of literary activity can be gained by referring to the Christmas Competition organised by the *Gleaner* Newspaper.

The departments of competition were:— Short Story, Essays, Poems, and Humorous Verse. The judges remarked on the absence of most of the leading writers in all of these departments, but their comments are useful in showing not only the standard of the contributions, but also in reminding writers of the objects to be borne in mind in their literary efforts.

Thus the judges reminded the literary aspirants that the short story is "the hardest of all prose forms; it needs a fine sense of characterisation, a vivid descriptive touch, above all originality and plot, all to be confined within a short space". The judges remarked that most of the entries lacked all of these qualities, the contributions reading more like essays than short stories. The winning story entitled "Mamma Sue's Box" was judged to have "good characterisation, a plot that holds you, and plenty of local colour". This was a story of obeah and witchcraft.

The essay competition reveals a characteristic of what I think is a present phase of Jamaican development in which there is a combination of the artistic and the useful. Thus there were two subjects for the essay competition, the first "Cottage Industries", and the second "Food Production". It is interesting to note that the judges found that in the competition on "Cottage Industries" there was only one excellent essay to which they awarded both first and second prizes. This entry was found to show "much thought and serious study of the question, regardless of whether the scheme propounded is in fact in that form workable or practicable". In the "Food Production" competition "none of the competitors was confident of any single method which could be relied upon for success, but the prize-winning essay shows a willingness to face the hard facts of the situation".

Of the poetry competition the judges reported that it attracted the largest number of entries, as it usually does. It is interesting to note that for the second year in succession the first prize was won by Mr. J. R. Bunting, Headmaster of Wolmers Boys' School. Commenting on the winning entry, "City", the judges thought that it "had not got the high poetic quality of his last year's winner, but was more ambitious in both workmanship and range of thought; and also had the additional recommendation (if one may term it so) of being written in what is now regarded as the modern style. The development of the theme shows power of imagination, and the handling of the free verse vehicle is at times rather appropriate". This poem was said to have been given a very close competition for first place by Lena Kent's "Island Home", "whose vivid imagery will bring up Jamaica more readily than any similar poem I have read. Actually in sheer poetic quality it would rank higher than "City", but lacks the scope of the latter". It is characteristic of Jamaican poets to include patriotic poems among their writings.

Of the humorous contributions the judges found the entries very poor, both in number and standard, and remarked that it was with great difficulty that they were able to find two prize winners. It shows Lena Kent's versatility that she was the winner of the first prize in this class.

I find that the short story was a very popular form of Jamaica literature. There are a good number of short story writers who have published collections of their stories, and in my opinion, these stories show a high standard of skill or technique. The majority of the stories tend to compel attention to the end, and thus one of the main objects of the writer is achieved. Also, I find that the stories tend to cover a great number of phases

of Jamaican life. Roger Mais' "Face", for example, is a story of an incident in a packed tramcar. (I do not think that a Demerarian can have any conception of what a packed Jamaican tramcar or bus is). The majority of the stories and writers seem to stop drawing attention to problems and not suggest solutions. The writers whose works I was able to secure were Roger Mais, Archie Lindo, and R.C. Aarons.

Of essays, apart from the newspaper contributions, I found Mr. J. E. Clare McFarlane's "Challenge of our Time" outstanding. The essays on poetry give one a very good idea of Jamaican poetry past and present, and his other essays give a fair idea of Jamaican thought on certain modern problems. I may here mention that Mr. McFarlane is the President of the Poetry League which does great work in encouraging Jamaican poetry, and in assisting poets to have their works published. I found that our newspaper Companies were doing more to assist local publications than in Jamaica.

With regard to the poetry, I have already mentioned one characteristic of the poets, namely, their patriotic fervour. They take a delight in singing of the beauty and attraction of their country for them. Mr. McFarlane himself is, I think, the present poet laureate. His romantic poem "Daphne" is very readable, and I think he attains a high poetic standard in some of his scenic descriptions. Vivian Virtue is regarded as the most promising of the younger brigade. His work "Wings of the Morning" contains some excellent poems, and "Villanelle", a poem which deals with Balkis' visit to King Solomon is regarded as a Jamaican classic.

I also noted a large number of women poets. In addition to Lena Kent, there was Constance Hollar, who was a very prolific poet, and there are others both among the indigenous population and among the English settlers or temporary residents. In passing, I may mention that this was a rather pleasing feature of the cultural life of the country, namely, that the English residents play a very important part in it, and tend to identify themselves with, or at least to sympathise with, Jamaican aspirations.

#### DRAMA

A general idea of the condition of drama may be obtained from Archie Lindo's review of the stage in 1947, which appeared in the *Gleaner* of January 11, 1948.

"1947 was not a very fruitful year for the legitimate stage in Jamaica. There were few productions. These were:—The Little Theatre's productions of George Campbell's "Play without scenery"; the Little Theatre's "Othello" at the Ward, directed by Vere Johns, who played the title role; the Junior Little Theatre's "Wuthering Heights" directed by Maurice Harty, the Little Theatre's "Pantomime with Cinderella", and the Jamaica Art Society's production of Archie Lindo's dramatisation of "The Maroon", directed by George Bowen".

The writer went on to mention the play "The Doctor Fails" produced by the Caribbean Thespians, and directed by Vere Johns, and mentioned also the *Gleaner's* competition for a story for a Jamaican opera which had been won by Miss Inez Sibley. The winning effort has been sent off to London for production. The writer also remarked on the success of mock trials.

It interested me very much to learn that the Ward Theatre had been given to the country by a Colonel Ward for theatrical and other purposes. It seemed as though during the year under review the theatre became a movie theatre, thus adding to the already difficult path of local stage productions. 21 days' notice now has to be given before a play can be put on at this theatre.

From that review one can form some idea of the various dramatic groups existing in the country, and I may mention that the schools and colleges put on very good plays from time to time. For instance, I have been informed in a letter recently that one college had shortly after I left, produced Gilbert & Sullivan's "Iolanthe".

Another noticeable feature is the use of the open-air stage by schools for their speech days. I was privileged to be present at a performance with an audience of some 2,000, and the hearing was good throughout by virtue of the admirable loudspeaker system.

It will have been observed that their plays are mostly by English authors, and include plays which have been screened. This is a good idea, as the actors have an opportunity of seeing the professional actors present their versions of the parts. Jamaica is also a country of organised competitions. There is a big annual dramatic festival at Port Antonio. I may also mention that elocution contests are held annually.

I witnessed a dramatic competition in connection with Jamaica Welfare Ltd., and the Lands Department in which country clubs had to write and produce their own plays, the idea being to combine dramatic activity with putting over the idea of the campaign "Food for Family Fitness." Eight plays of 15 minutes' duration were presented, and some were very original and all interesting. The propaganda play seems to be very prevalent, and while the literary standard may not be high, the educational value is unquestionable.

The only outstanding playwright is Archie Lindo. His work is interesting in that it brings out a point which I have made from time to time, namely, that the story writer should precede the dramatist, as it may be difficult for the dramatist to produce his own story. Story writing and dramatic work do not involve the same type of talent. Anyway, it is interesting to notice that Archie Lindo, in addition to "The Maroon" already mentioned, which was written by Captain Reid, has dramatised four of DeLissers' novels, and in addition has written some four plays with his own plot. DeLisser was an outstanding novelist who enjoyed the advantage of being editor of the *Gleaner*, so that publication presented no problem to him. "The White Witch of Rose Hall" — a story of Voodoo in the time of slavery — is one of DeLisser's most popular, and was very successfully dramatised by Lindo.

In closing the scene on drama, I should like to refer to the Mandeville Amateur Dramatic Society which was founded around 1902. This Society claims that since 1932 most of its subjects have been taken on tour. Another instance which shows its virility is its approach to the management of the Roof Garden Theatre on the subject of including a stage suitable for dramatic production, and its winning from the management the assurance that their submissions will get favourable consideration. These are some of the considerations with regard to the position of drama in Jamaica, which I hope will be found interesting, and also give food for thought.

#### Music.

With its Celebrity Concerts, Musical Competition Festival, Symphony Orchestra, Combined Choirs and Military Band (in picturesque Zouave uniform); with its large number of highly qualified music teachers and the public performances of their students; with its luncheon concerts and the part played by the British Council, the music life of the country is very vigorous.

Jamaica has the advantage of having a large number of middle-class people of very fair means and considerable appreciation of things cultural to support the Celebrity Concerts. In spite of this attendance varies considerably depending largely on the popularity of the performer.

The Seventh Musical Festival extended over a fortnight. All branches of music were thrown open to competition, and were Instrumental (solos and ensemble), Vocal (solos and ensemble), Sight Reading and Singing, Accompanying at sight, Original Composition and Action Songs; Folk Dancing, Jamaican Folk Songs, Verse Speaking; Essay on (a) one of the Folk-lore, Folk stories, and Folk-songs of Jamaica (b) Descriptive Music.

The Festival was sponsored by the Musical Society of Jamaica. The Patrons were H. E. the Governor, Sir John Huggins and Lady Huggins. The chief Judge was Dr. Frederick Staton, successor to the late Sir Henry Wood. Other Judges included outstanding local musicians; the Honorary Secretary Mr. G. H. R. Clough, was given credit for his outstanding work in organising the Festival.

The prices of admission to the contests which were held in five different halls varied from 6d. to 2|-; and at the prize-giving concerts one saw a fair example of the behaviour of a democratic crowd seeking admission.

Jamaica took advantage of Dr. Staton's presence in Jamaica by having him, conduct Handel's "Messiah". After some postponements the audience was afforded the treat of having a "romantic" version of the celebrated Oratorio. Quite a few persons followed the performance from their own copies of the musical score. I also had the privilege of seeing Dr. Staton conduct a choir in Haydn's "The Creation" at the Scottish Kirk. At this Church also the Jamaican Association of Church Organists and Choirmasters presented their first Festival Service of Combined Choirs on January 21, 1948. Four choirs from Kingston and two from Spanish Town some miles away took part. Again was Jamaican utilitarianism illustrated by a sermon being preached by a former Vicar of the University Church, Cambridge, England.

A very interesting feature is the introduction of Luncheon Concerts run by the Jamaica Institute and the British Council. These not only assist working people to while away

the period between lunch and resuming their work but also assist in improving their musical appreciation and "concert decorum". This excellent idea is spreading. It has been adopted by the Y.W.C.A. and by at least one Secondary School.

One cannot help noticing the importance given to the folk songs. They enter largely in the social life of young people's groups, and are used to assist in fostering a Jamaican spirit and are being recognised as a feature of the new Jamaican culture. Incidentally I may mention that young West Indians or Guianese who will have an opportunity to travel in the West Indies will do well to have a stock of their indigenous folk-songs, folk-tales, proverbs, as well as historical or other interesting episodes for bartering at gatherings of representatives of various "Provinces".

#### PAINTING AND CARVING.

Painting is an art which is fairly widespread in the country. In various odd places I came across paintings which were done by one of the occupants of the home. The schools are very largely responsible for this, I presume, as a considerable amount of drawing is done in them and the scholars are encouraged to decorate themselves the walls of the classrooms. In addition, there is an annual competition in painting open to pupils of all schools, the entries being displayed in the Institute for public observation before the final judgment.

The Jamaica Institute provides an excellent "Gallery" for displaying pictures. I saw a very interesting exhibition of Chinese paintings. The Chinese seem to take more part in the cultural activities there than here. The Lady Huggins Rose Bowl for the best solo singing in any class at the Musical Festival was won by a Chinese male singer, Ho-Sang, who was awarded a British Council Scholarship, and the winner of the Senior Elocution Contest for the last three years was also a Chinese.

In all their activity the Jamaicans pay a great deal of value to originality, and seem to like to venture in new things. Hence "futuristic" and imaginative work is well represented. I was very pleased to see that the widow of Dunkley was endeavouring to make her husband's work better known by bringing it to the public from time to time.

Shortly before I left Jamaica I had the privilege of seeing Edna Manley's Exhibition of Carvings and Drawings. Incidentally I may mention that Mrs. Manley plays a very large part in encouraging cultural activity among Jamaicans. Of special interest was the piece of sculpture "The Land" representing the artist's idea of the new Jamaica, which was bought for £100 and presented anonymously to the West Indian University College. The collection which extended over a period of ten years was very highly spoken of and some of the items fetched prices ranging from £50 to £75. I think that one can safely say that the inspiration for much of her work was her husband Mr. Norman Manley, K.C., brilliant Jamaican lawyer and politician.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The Jamaica Institute houses the best West Indian Reference Library in the Caribbean and includes a fairly complete collection of the works of Jamaican writers. The Institute is a focus of cultural activity as it has a fine lending library, a historical museum and picture gallery, an auditorium and a small zoo. I found the Secretary, and members of his staff very willing to show one around and to help. Indeed, this was my experience throughout Jamaica, whether in Schools or Colleges, or Social Welfare or Cultural Institutions, the people were only too glad to meet a stranger who showed a sympathetic interest in what they were doing and to discuss their affairs and problems.

The Historical Society which publishes an annual Review will be glad to get in touch with the B.G. Historical Society.

Shortly before I left Jamaica, a scheme for a cultural centre for Montego Bay was put forward by a young master of Cornwall College who takes a keen interest in social work. The scheme was accepted and I look forward to hearing more of it.

Kingston had no public Library up to the time of my leaving. I think this is a reflection of the social set-up of the country with its strong middle class and large class of poor and illiterate. However such a library is soon to be established. I was pleased to see the number of bare-footed children from the country districts making use and apparently intelligent use of the Free Library at Mandeville. The British Council helps considerably with its regional library.

The British Council, which includes a Junior Centre, works in close co-operation with the Jamaica Institute and pursues a vigorous policy of promoting the musical and artistic life of the country, and also literary, debating and discussion groups.

# Six most Outstanding Men in British Guiana's History.

By VINCENT ROTH.

It must be very nice to be the Editor of a magazine. When he wants an article on a particular subject he simply chooses someone who he imagines has the necessary qualifications and then, with smiling countenance and honeyed words, he approaches his victim and explains to him how happy his readers would be if he would oblige — by the end of September at latest. Just like approaching one of those ornate and noisy contraptions known as "juke boxes", placing a coin in the slot, pushing a button and — presto — there's the noise. Although I do not pretend to any of the physical, vocal or mental qualities of a juke-box, that was the impression I got when the Editor of "Kyk-over-al" approached me some weeks ago—without the juke-box coin however — and suggested that I write an article on the Six Most Outstanding Men in the History of British Guiana.

There are in the pages of our history, both ancient and modern, many times six men of outstanding ability who, each in his own way, has left his mark on the history of the Colony. So whatever six I choose there will be readers who will not agree with my choice as a whole. Of this I am sure, for already I have tried my list out on some of my friends, not one of whom has seen eye to eye with me on my six. So, where angels fear to tread, I rush in. Here is my list:—

The first place I give to STORM VAN S' GRAVESANDE, the doughty founder of the Colony of Demerary, the Dutch Commander-General of the Two Rivers who, with his headquarters at Fort Zeelandia (Fort Island), had the vision to see the possibilities of the smaller but deeper river to the east of the old Colony of Essequibo. There is not the slightest doubt that to his encouragement, both private and official, was due the start and rapid development of the youngest of the three Guiana colonies to the position of first importance in the subsequently combined British Guiana. But for him Demerara might possibly today be but another Mahaica or Mahaicny, a small settlement acting as a province of the principal area of the territory, Essequibo.

Next in order of merit I place SIR ROBERT HERMAN SCHOMBURGK, the famous German traveller and scientist who, first on behalf of the Royal Geographical Society and subsequently on behalf of her Majesty's Government explored and mapped the furthest recesses of British Guiana between the years 1835 and 1844. It was mainly owing to Schomburgk's work that British Guiana came off as well as it did in the subsequent arbitration proceedings with Venezuela and Brazil. He it was who literally and figuratively put British Guiana "on the map".

Next I choose WILLIAM PIERCY AUSTIN the first Bishop of Guiana, described by Queen Victoria as her youngest and handsomest bishop and by others as the Nestor of the Anglican Church. From the ecclesiastical point of view he also put British Guiana on the map but his greatest claim to local fame was his exceptional humanness and spiritual qualities. It is recorded that at the consecration of St. George's Cathedral when, just before his death he made his last appearance before his flock the congregation wept unashamedly.

My fourth choice is WILLIAM RUSSELL for his driving energy in developing the East and founding the West Demerara Water Conservancies without which there could have been no prosperity in the greatest and at that time only major industry — sugar growing.

My fifth choice is GEORGE GIGLIOLI, M.D., because his work in this country as a malarialogist is world-famous and for being the guiding hand behind the D.D.T. campaign, the full effects of which are not yet felt but which it is easy to see will revolutionise general economic conditions in British Guiana.

My sixth and last choice is HUBERT NATHANIEL CRITCHLOW who has given the greater part of his life self-sacrificingly to introducing and encouraging Trade Unionism in this country, a task from which all classes of labour have benefited to a degree undreamt of fifty years ago.

These, then, are the six men I personally would choose as having rendered the most outstanding service to the country. But, as I said in my opening remarks, I shall not be surprised to have my choice criticised. British Guiana has of course benefited greatly from the labours of other outstanding men such as FREDERICK GARDINER ROSE in leprosy, PATRICK DARGAN and A. R. F. WEBBER in political economy, WILLIAM BEEBE in zoology, WALTER E. ROTH in anthropology, JAMES RODWAY and GRAHAM CRUICKSHANK in history, BARON SICCAMA in hydraulic engineering, CESAR ROMITI and JOHN GRIERSON in surgery, FATHER SCOLES AND CASTELLANI in architecture, Sir JOHN HARRISON in industrial chemistry and agriculture, BISHOPS GALTON and EDWARD PARRY in the humanities, DE SAFFON and TROTMAN in charity, EDWIN McDAVID in finance and SIR GORDON LETHEM in red-tapeless administration. Those who do not agree with my choice will no doubt substitute some of these names as amongst the six most meritorious men who have served British Guiana.

## Simey On Education

by LILIAN DEWAR

I must remind those of us who are not teachers and who generally think of education as the business of the Education Department, Schools and teachers, that "education is a function of the society it serves, unavoidably concerned with the environment in which young people grow up, that the community and its traditions (i.e. we as human beings) are stronger in their influence on personality than formal education". Therefore Simey's most basic pronouncements for education are perhaps these: "In order to make their way upwards in the social scale, the middle classes have to adopt patterns of behaviour fundamentally different from those of the masses. They are driven to demonstrate their relative superiority by cutting themselves adrift from their own people, and identifying themselves with the white middle classes as far as possible. Middle class culture tends to be white culture. The use of the local dialects is frowned on; remarkable instances of the rejection of the local surroundings can be seen in the art classes in schools, where it is more usual to find paintings of European flowers, than of the West Indian countryside. All that is beautiful and attractive in West Indian life, social and other, is rejected in favour of a stilted imitation of a foreign way of life". And again: "the most pressing task of the immediate future is to assist West Indian communities to build for themselves a culture in which they can rest and of which they can be justifiably proud. The chief barrier to stability in the social structure has come from the imposing of standards from the outside world, which are a crushing burden for West Indian peoples to bear".

Now, however much we may quibble, none of us who participate in that supreme rejection of ourselves by ourselves the bringing of ethical values to bear on hair formation: good hair, bad hair, etc., can deny the fundamental truth of Simey's diagnosis, and movements back to Africa and India are not yet of mere historical interest. But once we admit this rejection of our environment, once we admit that it is complicated by racial issues, it is healthy to realise that the West Indies are not peculiar in this respect, to realise that all colonisation may be studied as a problem in adjustment to a new environment to realise that Australia, New Zealand South Africa, on one side, Canada, the U.S.A. and Latin-America on the other, have gone through and to some extent are still going through this phase of rejection of local surroundings, of looking to West European civilisation for standards. As R. Frost puts it: "the land was ours before we were the land's."

And cultural dependence is to a high degree related to economic dependence. As long as a colonial territory exports only raw material and imports all its manufactured goods, standards and ideas tend to be imported too. That is because for the export of raw material there is needed only a large unskilled labour force; and because a single crop economy does not provide a wide enough range of activities for intellectual life, which must therefore seek its stimulus from without. A single crop economy means a restricted mental horizon. To quote: "we must be clear that thought is not an independent self-contained and abstractedly intelligible fact, but is intimately bound up with action. In actual fact, the existing body of ideas (and the same applies to vocabulary) never exceeds the horizon and the radius of activity of the society in question." What is more, until there is diversification of economic activity until there is a suitable framework provided in which it can operate, there can be no worthwhile reorganisation of the education system, e.g., until we commit ourselves to peasant farming, the Agricultural Bias Scheme is a mere tinkering with the problem.

What the educational system needs most of all is a sense of direction. Education can only be understood when we know for what society and for what social position the pupils are being educated. It is because we lack this sense of direction, as because of our predilection for English standards, that education has been out of touch with environment throughout the West Indies. Education, the content of which is so entirely divorced from life as we live it, education which takes nothing from the West Indian environment can hardly be expected to give anything back to that environment and it doesn't. It does not become part of a man's personality, it has no influence on his actions it leaves him at the mercy of his emotions, which are not at all engaged in the educational process, when he should think. That is at least a contributory factor to our emotional instability.

It is all the more disturbing, therefore, that a University College should have been set up which shows every sign of perpetuating the existing system of secondary education, and this before any social or economic policy has been mapped out. The lack of policy Simey makes abundantly clear: "It is obviously desirable that the responsibility for producing a general plan for the social, political and economic development of the West Indies should be placed on the shoulders of a single officer or agency of government, for it has become so diffused that the task of planning may be said to have gone by default."



I do not forget that Dr. Taylor promised us an intelligence trained in basic courses that is expected, I suppose, to adapt itself to any situation; but to this we may apply America's educational touchstone, often irritating, always provocative: trained for what? The great drawback about basic courses is that they are everywhere applicable: they constitute a body of learning which is not modified by the environment in which they are being taught: they offer ready-made problems, with ready-made solutions: they do not offer problematical situations: they therefore do not demand the use of the intelligence if we accept Dewey's definition of intelligence as "operations actually performed in the modification of conditions." And yet what we need most in the West Indies is the technical skill to modify our conditions.

I do not forget either that the Commission on Higher Education shook a warning finger at those who thought that all other stages of education should be perfected before the University is added as a coping stone. "Had this course been followed in the older countries, they said, their educational development would have been very different and very much slower." I only wonder that the Commission should have looked to Mediaeval Europe with its strong social cohesion for a precedent for what should be done in modern times in colonial territories that have to build up a community life from scratch. Why don't we rather look to development in the new countries, to the States and Canada, where I think we should find that the standards of academic education are not as high as those in the older countries, but where the communities have taken root because they have used technical skill in modifying their environment. We must take root, we must make an act of possession of the West Indian environment, before we can talk of West Indian culture.

When I speak of technical skills and the modification of environment, I have no grandiose plans in mind for a vast development of our resources, because it is natural to me to agree with Simey's gloomy pronouncement that the West Indies have no resources to develop. But I agree with him also that whatever we do "the work must begin with the masses, which lag so far behind". I believe "that the people are the most important fact in resource development. Not only is the welfare and happiness of individuals its true purpose, but they are the means by which that development is accomplished: their energies and spirit are the instruments; it is not only for the people, but by the people". And yet we largely ignore the people. We know that workers on the job are most open to educational influences, yet there is no single agency (except perhaps the Agricultural Instructor) that tries to reach the worker on the job. We do not realize that education is essentially an instrument for transforming society; that is, a programme of education is necessary before every undertaking whether the undertaking be adult suffrage, a land settlement scheme, or co-operatives. We neglect even those opportunities that lie nearest to hand e.g. we prefer to use our staff of school inspectors as apostles of an administrative code rather than as an extension of the Training College for the training of teachers in service; in much the same way we use our police force to enforce traffic regulations rather than to direct traffic.

Simey's tones are least mournful when he is discussing the possibilities of integrating the educational and agricultural systems: "Good farming is the key to the economic and social problems of the West Indies. The development of family life, again, has been recognised as the crux of peasant farming, and peasant farming, in turn, is seen as a means of establishing a secure economic status for the family". But the measures he approves of seem to me half-hearted if we really want to settle people on the land, people who have had no real tradition of farming, and whose education, if any, has left them functionally illiterate. These measures, the teaching of child care and an Agricultural Bias in Senior Schools, and Young Farmers' Clubs, are largely those in use in the stable rural communities of England. But I repeat we have to build up our communities from scratch and again the experience of the new countries, notably the experience of the Agricultural Extension Service of the T.V.A. in the States holds out most hope for us in our attempt to establish a sound rural economy. The work there is based on the demonstration of a better way of life and the demonstrations are carried out to the men and women of the community on a farmer's land and in his kitchen by 2 agents of the service, a Farm Demonstration and a Home Demonstration agent. The farmers learn terracing and other soil conservation practices, while their wives provide their lunch and at the same time learn how to prepare and serve a well-balanced meal. The District Nurse sometimes joins them, explaining how diseases are spread, insisting on cleanliness, giving advice on child care. Here is a method of attack against that apathy with which, says Simey, the average villager in the West Indies regards matters of hygiene and sanitation. The Agricultural Instructor, the Social Welfare worker, and the District nurse can form a similar team here, taking education into people's homes. For it is necessary to realize the creative significance of action: "Only a new type of action can give birth to a new type of thought". Simey says "the administrative problem has in fact resolved itself into one of generating a spiritual dynamic within the people, translating it into action and so guiding this action that, when mistakes occur, they may not be so serious as to destroy the work as a whole rather than a part of it".

Above all we need a purpose, a common objective towards which to work. Simey tells us little about planning, except that there is none, but he does provide us with working hypotheses.

## On Writing Creolese.

By D. A. Westmaas

When it first occurred to me to write a regular newspaper column in the local variant of English, I found myself up against a problem of considerable difficulty. From time to time in the past I had come up against the efforts of previous writers to evolve a suitable orthography, but none of them satisfied me as being sufficiently near to the words represented for the uninitiated to be able to make even an approximate guess. Within recent years there had been few writers habitually using the vernacular, and I found that spellings which more or less adequately represented local speech around the turn of the century were no longer satisfactory, as since that time popular education, the radio and the cinema had effected considerable changes in the local working-man's vocabulary. Cruikshank's little book **Black Talk**, which was published in 1916 but had been in process of compilation for many years, is an example in point. The reader will quickly recognize that the Georgetown labouring-man's speech has made much progress in sophistication since the days when, for example, the verb "to nyam" was in general use in the City meaning "to eat"; or the word "Massa" was the usual salutation accorded a superior.

Then again, I noticed that a mere matter of ten miles made a difference to the pronunciation of a word; the working-man of Buxton has a noticeably different accent from the townee labourer. Berbicians have another accent again. Generally speaking, there is a greater percentage of African words surviving in the country districts than in Georgetown which is what you would expect; And of course East Indian (estate) English is another matter again. Here also, Cruikshank's little brochure is defective, as it does not mention where his phrases come from or are in general use — whether and in which town or country district. The general impression I gained from it was that for the most part he has recorded the speech of country people.

For convenience therefore, out of all these dialects I was forced to pick the one which I heard around me in Georgetown, and which was always available for study when I was in doubt. I then found it necessary to evolve my own spelling. None of the previous writers had considered creolese sounds on their own merits; they were content to adapt the English by insertion of inverted commas and apostrophes, so that, for example, the sentence "What kind of thing is this?" became "Wha' kin' o' t'ing (is) dis?" I found several objections to this procedure. Firstly, the townee working-man does not say "Wha'", but "Wuh". Secondly, the reader seeing the word "kin", is tempted to give the short vowel-sound to the "i", and pronounce it as in the phrase "kith and kin". Again, whenever creolese drops the "f" of "of", the resulting sound is short flat "a" rather than "o". Yet another consideration was that most creolese sentences have a rhythm and swing about them which is very poorly conveyed in the example of spelling given above. I therefore felt that the sentence was far better rendered as "Whu kynna-ting dis?" And finally a not unimportant point was that the elimination of as many inverted commas and apostrophes as possible made the type-setter's job ten times easier. I made it a rule to represent the sound phonetically whenever I could do so without going too far out of my way. Local speech drops so many endings that to scrupulously put in every curlicue and seriph would have been to create a type-setter's nightmare.

Phrases that were in vogue thirty years ago are no longer so. Even in my own boyhood I remember quite well hearing the phrase "among-you" used to indicate reference to more than one person. This particular idiom was in use even among middle-class groups, but as a rule they preferred "you-all". Thus, a working-man of thirty years ago might say "Among-you din go to school," where the middle-class man would say "You-all didn' ....." Nowadays "among-you" has all but vanished from the common speech, its place being taken, so far as I can discover, by the equally amazing "Ayou-dis" ("All-you-this"). "You-all" is still heard occasionally among middle-class youth. (I understand, by the way, that it is in common use in the Southern States of the U.S.A.). The use of "me" for "I" was quite common in the City when I was a boy; today, reflecting the general educational advance, it is used only occasionally in Georgetown, but has a vogue in the country.

It is impossible to deal satisfactorily with the subject of creolese in a single article. Remembering all the phrases worth remark would alone take a month. To mention only those that come to my mind as I write, there is the **Elliptic Marvel** "Is who.....?; is you.....?" Translated into English, it goes something like this: "Who is it that.....?; is it you that.....?" There is

the **Swinging Wonder** "A had-was-to..... (do something or other to meet an emergency)"; I still have no idea how the word "was" got into the set-up. Likewise with the **Trapeze Performer** "An-to-besides"; where the "to" picks you up up at the top of the swing from the "and", so to speak; and pitches you clean over the bar of the "besides" coming up to meet you. And what about the **Classic Response** to an enquiry after one's health: "Adeh-maan-Adeh!" (I'm there, man, I'm there!" meaning "I'm still in existence")? Or its variant "waan-waan!" ("One-one," meaning the speaker is just about creeping along through this life step by step)?

This double word "Adeh" (pronounced swiftly, as one word), will also serve to make a most important point in another connexion. There are two ways of pronouncing the First Personal Pronoun in creolese. You may say "Ah", or you may use the ordinary I-sound. But in some phrases one particular use seems to be obligatory. "Adeh" would lose all its peculiar **bouquet creole** if the ordinary I-sound were substituted. On the other hand, in the sentence "I en kay" ("I don't care"), use of the A-sound would be equally out of place, — and by the way, most writers when representing this A-sound spell it with an "h" thus: "Ah". I preferred to write the plain capital A, because I considered that the average person reading "Ah" aloud tends to aspirate the "h", and because the normal pronunciation of the capital letter alone exactly represents the required sound.

Then there is my friend **Elastic Egbert**, the double-word "eh-eh", which can mean "yes" or "no", or be a mere exclamation of wonder, surprise, contempt, anger, — in fact, nearly anything. In normal spelling of this word, the "h" is only there to show that the "e" is short; it is not pronounced. The word means "yes" when an aspirate is sounded in front of the second syllable, which receives the accent and is a semitone higher, thus: "eh-heh." It is then equivalent to the English affirmative "Aha." It means "no" when the accent is equal and the second syllable is a tone or two lower. It is an exclamation when the stresses are equal and the tone is the same, or the second syllable is drawn out.

Yet another fascination is the number of pronunciations of the simple word "Going." When making a special effort to be correct, as in reading the newspaper aloud, the average working-man will give you a full-blooded "going". Normally, pronunciation ranges from "goin'" through "gwine" and "gyne" to "gun." There is even a tendency to slur the ending of all these words, ending them up in the nose. In creolese "Are you going home?" may be "You goin'-home . . . gwine-home . . . gyne-home?" (Note the hyphens; they indicate a very definite phrasing). But in this usage "gun" may not be used; thus you never hear "You-gun-home?" All forms of the word, including "gun," are used when intention in the immediate future is meant; but in this use "gun" is far the most popular form.

These are only some of the things I discovered as I began to write. Of course there was no conscious formulation of a set of rules before beginning to do so; I simply listened to the phrases and decided as they came along what was the best way of putting them on paper. Let me conclude with the anecdote about the planter who found creolese so expressive because every morning when he was still in bed there would come a knock on the door.

**Planter** (rolling over sleepily). Is who?

**Maid.** Is me.

**P.** Is wha'?

**M.** Is cawfee!

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### Afro-American Poet

## Paul Laurence Dunbar

by Cleveland Wycliffe Hamilton

"NATURE, who knows so much better than man about everything, cares nothing at all for the little distinctions, and when she elects one of her children for her most important work, bestows on him the rich gift of poesy, and assigns him a post in the greatest of the arts, she invariably seizes the opportunity to show her contempt of rank and title and race and land and creed." In such a philosophical interpolation which was itself part of a magnanimous tribute did the late Hon. Brand Whitlock, former Mayor of Toledo, express his opinion of Paul Laurence Dunbar, American patriot and the greatest African poet ever.

Paul Laurence Dunbar was born on June 27, 1872, approximately six years after the American Civil War, to parents of humble circumstances and showed at an early age an enormous literary capacity and potential. It is said of him that he wrote bits of verse when only seven. At the age of eighteen he graduated from High School with honours and the class song composed by him was sung at the commencement exercises.

At the time when it devolved upon Dunbar to strike out into the world and maintain his own (and incidentally the existence of his mother also) the U.S.A. was still writhing under the throes of an unconscionable race discrimination and prejudice. The theory of superior and inferior ethnic types loomed large in the immoral codes of a nation which was later to become a formidable bastion of the democratic cult. Negroes (or preferably, African progeny) were still in a measure "goods and chattel" "incapable" of the noble or highly intellectual. Paul Dunbar, as a few Negroes had already done, rose opportunely to confound the critics and bring a message of hope and inspiration to his African brethren. Poets are messengers: no poet better justifies this truth than Paul Laurence Dunbar. In his "Ode to Ethiopia" he says—

"Be proud my race, in mind and soul  
Thy name is writ on Glory's scroll  
In characters of fire.  
High 'mid the clouds of Fame's bright sky  
Thy banner's blazoned folds now fly,  
And truth shall lift them higher."

And later on in the same poem—

"Thou hast the right to noble pride,  
Whose spotless robes were purified  
By blood's severe baptism:  
Upon thy brow the cross was laid,  
And labour's painful sweat-beads made  
A consecrating chrism."

And in another poem—"Beyond the Years"—perhaps one of the greatest in the language for pathos—facilely carted pathos—and linguistic purity, the same notes of prophecy and admonition are struck. But though the feelings that are dominant in "Beyond the Years" are the same as those dominant in the "Ode to Ethiopia" there is a greater subtlety and restraint and a complete reaction from violence in the former poem. The images the poet conjures up are poignant and potent images—images of "grieving skies" and "smiling Faith." Dunbar is in this poem weeping for the castigation of his race but there is optimism in his tears—the same optimism which is the poet's song but the yearning is valorously attempered with faith. There are pathetic utterances of "blood and tears" but there is also sight of an endless peace for the pining soul. The first and last stanzas are characteristic and pregnant—

"Beyond the years the answer lies,  
Beyond where brood the grieving skies  
And Night drops tears.  
Where Faith rod-chastened smiles to rise  
And carping sorrow pines and dies  
Beyond the years."

Beyond the years the soul shall find  
That endless peace for which it pined  
For light appears.  
And to the eyes that still were blind  
With blood and tears,  
Their sight shall come all unconfined  
Beyond the years."

"Beyond the Years" must be one of the greatest pieces in cosmopolitan poetry.

But Paul Laurence Dunbar was no narrow-minded bigot who fed on supercharged draughts of racialistic poison: his magnanimity comprehended a virile patriotism. In his "Ode for Memorial Day" this patriotism is a seasoned delicacy served up in dishes of high poetic profundity. Con over the poetic imagery and tap your toes to the music of—

"Out of the blood of a conflict fraternal,  
Out of the dust and the dimness of death  
Burst into blossoms of glory eternal  
Flowers that sweeten the world with their breath.  
Flowers of charity, peace and devotion  
Bloom in the hearts that are empty of strife;  
Love that is boundless and broad as the ocean  
Leaps into beauty and fulness of life."

And we get a peep into his capacious mind in his eminently philosophical disquisition in verse—"Not they who soar."

"High up there are no thorns to prod,  
Nor boulders lurking 'neath the clod  
To turn the keenness of the share  
For flight is ever free and rare;  
But heroes they the soil who've trod,  
Not they who soar!"

His religious views were practical and tinctured with the highly rationalistic. His detestation of hypocrisy and cant is incisive and fundamentally the poet's: In his "Religion" he is only superficially heterodox when in one stanza he writes—

"Take up your arms, come out with me  
Let Heav'n alone, humanity  
Needs more and Heaven less from thee.  
With pity for mankind look 'round,  
Help them to rise and Heaven is found."

This is not cynicism; it is integral of something more munificent and ethical.

The Negro poet, Dunbar, was versatile. He treated of themes of love as facilely and with as much skill as he treated of themes of philosophy and religion or creed.

"Love me, and though the winter snow shall pile,  
And leave me chill,  
Thy passion's warmth shall make for me, meanwhile,  
A sun-kissed hill."

His "Dawn" is evidence of what the craftsman poet can achieve with the single quatrain:

"An angel robed in spotless white  
Bent down and kissed the sleeping night;  
Night woke to blush, the sprite was gone,  
Men saw the blush and called it dawn."

It is among the mightiest quatrains in English Literature **that I know**. Search among the great poetic pieces of the language for a parallel and you peruse long. It is unostentatious and free, and probably, the greatest tribute to the author's genius is that it was spontaneously written on the fly leaf of one of his books in a few minutes for the entertainment of some visiting friends.

I have culled from a pretentious Dunbar volume a few of his best poems. But I am sensible that the operation makes bad surgery from both the point of view of the surgeon and the victim which is Dunbar's impressive anthology. No short article can do appreciative justice to the work of one of the greatest poetic minds of all races of all times. It is for this reason that I have consciously omitted comment on his dialect pieces which are so beautifully wrought in a fabric of sincerity and humour. It will be difficult to find in other places poetry so richly woven in a native home-spun.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, Negro (or African) as he was, was (and still is) a strong argument in favour of the universality of intellectual and other endowment in so far as endowments are gifts of God and Nature. His achievement is the best refutation of the preposterous and fallacious argument of race superiority and the inherent universality of his poetry (he wrote for the race of mankind) is the most imposing testimony of African greatheartedness. Are there sceptics on the question of Dunbar's achievements? If there are, then their scepticism must be answered in terms that appropriately reprehend their unbelief"... There is a kind of sacredness attached to the memory of the great and good, which seems to bid us repulse the scepticism which would allegorize "their existence into a pleasing apologue and measure the giants of intellect by an homoeopathic dynameter."

We may well say of this great poet  
"Rapt tho' he be from us,  
Virgil salutes him, and Theocritus..."

# The Cloisters

by CELESTE DOLPHIN

Now that I have spent a day in the Cloisters, I think I know what the Middle Ages had to offer to a spirit needing peace.

It was a place where one could think one's thoughts out aloud in one's mind, where one could overflow with peace so much that tears would have been a relief, where one could fill with quiet and a wistful happiness until one could take no more.

Outside Fort Tryon Park, New York roared and went about its business, but the Cloisters had something set apart about them. Here was a haunt of peace for the weary hearted, some of the grave quiet of the cemetery of Cabacaburi, and all along the length of the slow stream of people one would come upon monks walking with their breviaries intoning Latin in low, modulated voices. Between the monks and the quiet-voiced assistants who knew the history of everything in the Cloisters, they set the Cloisters apart.

At the mediaeval concert in the Cloisters, all around me sat the women and men of the United Nations—Cingalese and eastern women with veils under their eyes as a child sees them in picture books. A woman beside me spoke and I wondered what language it was she was speaking. Even now, I remember the Gregorian chants—and my programme notes remind me—the Kyrie from the mass "Lux et Origo" sung by the Monks of the Solesmes Abbey and the Ave Coelorum Domina sung by the Dijon Cathedral Choir. It was a mournful music moving around one or two notes and everything was in keeping—the haunting mediaeval spirit, the women in their national dress, the students so intense, and the solid marble columns through which one passed.

It seemed the marble columns would be there forever, to shelter for ever and ever the beauty that lay behind them. Yet, in a curious way, if the whole of New York should be destroyed, the columns affirmed that these treasures transplanted here would still show themselves and their beauty under another sky.

Beyond the solid marble columns there was green, plenty of it, the orchards and the groves that surround monasteries, and students walking along the paths much as monks walked past these stones centuries ago in another land, or they sat intent, near to the fountains playing. One cannot overstress the green, the fern and rocks, the trees lining walks, and the trees framing the view to the Hudson.

A branch of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Cloisters guard a collection of mediaeval treasures, part of the beauty of Europe. Themselves constructed from large sections of the cloisters of long-abandoned and ruined monasteries from France, they were peopled now with life-size statues, in all exquisite detail, of the Apostles and the Saints and replicas of extant mediaeval altars and cathedral doorways. Particularly the group of the Baptism of Christ carved in stone and marble stood out, for the faces had life and breathed out of the stone.

Two life-size statues of the Virgin and Child of the fourteenth century troubled me, one because the Blessed Virgin was smiling and the Baby Jesus had a large apple in his hand (for me, she should have had a face, lovely but sad, thoughtful perhaps, meditative, resigned, but not smiling). The eyes of the other Madonna were very large and fixed and staring, and the longer one looked at them the more fey the eyes appeared. As if the sorrows she foresaw were proving too much for her, and at any minute she would leap down from her pedestal and go out running, demented. Her eyes looked mad.

There was a life-size Spanish crucifixion piece and the stone eyes of the Man of Sorrows were so real and alive that they followed me wherever I went in the room feeling eerily uncomfortable.

The Middle Ages believed that the unicorn could be caught only by a virgin. This wild and unconquerable animal became tame when confronted by a maiden; he would lay his head in her lap and thus be easily taken by the hunter. The unicorn is a symbol of Christ, the virgin is the Virgin Mary, the huntsman is the angel Gabriel, and the story an allegory of the Incarnation.

There is a special set of six French or Flemish tapestries with their colours as rich as they were four hundred years ago and showing The Hunt of the Unicorn. A large white unicorn at the fountain, sighted by the hunters, tries to escape, but the hunters surround him. The Unicorn defends himself but is killed and brought as the prize of the hunt to the lord of the castle and his lady, and the sixth tapestry shows the resurrection of the Unicorn.

And the chairs, tall, straight-backed, hard uncomfortable. But one sat in them, because Abbots and Popes and holy dignitaries had sat there. And little kneeling stools with their intricate detail reverently carved had worn to a cup in the middle with centuries of use until they were no longer praying stools but symbols of devotion.

The mediaeval concert ended with the playing of the Church Bells of Zurich. They were of all kinds and of all timbres, the high and the low, the solemn, the sonorous, the tinkle and the gong. Then the resonance hung in the atmosphere vibrating and leaving only the **ng** hum behind them, the sounds stole away, back over in Europe where they belong.

## Through Other People's Eyes (2)

—Experiment in Criticism

Six years ago, I sent to my friends who I thought would be interested, a copy of a version of a poem by Gerard Manley Hopkins but without his name attached. Would they please tell me what they thought about the poem, I asked, and at any length.

To the replies I received then, I have added one or two more solicited much later but they now cover a fair scope. Three of the commentators write poetry themselves, with more than average ability in that field, three others are very musically minded people, two are teachers of primary schools and one taught in a secondary school. The remaining two are well read people, one with a legal training and the other interested in many branches of the aesthetics.

Here is the poem :

Margaret, are you grieving  
Over Goldengrove unleafing ?  
Ah ! As the heart grows older  
It will come to such sights colder  
By and by, nor spare a sigh  
Tho' world of wanwood leafmeal lie,  
And yet you will weep and know why.  
Now no matter, child, the name  
Sorrow's springs are the same.  
Nor mouth had, no nor mind expressed  
What heart heard of, ghost guessed.  
It is the blight man was born for,  
It is Margaret you mourn for.

....There is a village "Golden Grove" on the East Coast, Demerara and knowledge of this fact affected the writer of the first comment rather seriously. I. A. Richards (to whom our commentator refers) would call this difficulty to proper understanding a "mnemonic irrelevance".

1. One has to enunciate principles I daresay before criticising As a matter of fact the mere citation of principles is implied criticism.

Now what is the function of a poet ? What is poetry ?

A poet is a man or woman with fine sensitivities, or is it sensibilities ? However he has keen and unusual insight into things, he can perceive similarities where the other person cannot, he can feel more deeply than the ordinary mortal. But this is not all. He has a corresponding feeling for words ; he can weave word patterns to mirror the deep sensitivities ; when he does this well enough, he what you call writes a poem. And a poem fulfils its real function (I deliberately avoid **good** and **bad**) the more accurately in so far as the reader is able to feel the feelings first born in the poet.

This is not an easy undertaking. Words have different contexts for different people and the poet must realise this and so limit words by other words that he succeeds in focussing the mind of the reader on that aspect of reality that had been his unique vision. (There is much more that can be said, say on use of language (qua use)).

Now to the poem under review.

I would say that it fulfils its function in one sense and it fails in another.

If it were by a foreigner, I would say that there is merit in it, but if by a local poet then his use of **Goldengrove** well nigh ruins the piece.

It introduces a factor Richards calls "Stock Response" I think, which as it were throws a hammer into the machine of communication which is even more delicate to manage in poetry.

One thinks of the place Golden Grove and this colours his whole reading of the piece with, to my mind, fatal results

It is true that the poet attempts to limit this response by comparison—"world of wanwood leafmeal lie" and "unleafing" but I do not think them strong enough to remove that irrelevant entity introduced by "Golden Grove". I note even the spelling of Grove with common g but still I cannot acquit him or her.

Briefly I think of the theme as follows. The poet observes someone moved at the sight of the

fall, person maybe a child, who sees the favourite tree or grove unleaving. He opines that as she goes through life she would become inured to sorrow, would become either callous, sceptical or stoical.

He suggests that it is part of the human make up to mourn for these passing disappointments etc., but he goes on to say that in reality she mourns for her dead self—that self that she left behind her and that she continually leaves behind her in the dynamic of living

This last line gave me the value that I look for in any poem I read

....(We learn about Shakespeare and Milton. We see the way in which a man may make a successful after-dinner speech, but this writer has not said much about the poem we are examining. But this is characteristic of a type of criticism)....

2. To express in musical numbers and undivided breath, this, it is said, is the prime function of the Sonnet. "It is a fee-grief due to the poet's breast; it is an aspiration, born and dying in the same moment!" And it is a good poet who can make a philosophic ending, thus—

"It is the blight man was born for,  
It is Margaret you weep for"

It also makes you feel, that the author poet feels strongly and sincerely about his subject. In those two lines, he crowds all the tragedy of the theme.

It has been said, also, that to succeed, a poem must have originality either of theme or treatment. The theme of this poem is not new, and Milton has expressed a similar thought in his. "Cyriack, these three years". But in the matter of technical detail, the contrast of youth with age made by the testing ground—the barometer—of a single individual, first filled with enthusiastic youth, and later crabbled with cold, old age, viewing one and the same thing at an interval of time—

"Ah as the heart grows older,  
It will come to such sights colder  
By and by"

this gives a vivid sense and reality to the individual who sees the tragedy of "unleaving Golden Grove"—cold, dispassionate,—intense, human. And again, who can gainsay the potency of the lines—

"Nor mouth had, no, nor mind expressed,  
What heart heard of, ghost guessed."

Sorrow, indeed, but of a dispassionate quality.

....("My friend who writes next was rather afraid that perhaps I had written the piece of verse—at least so it seems. However he says "Obscure".)....

3. I have read and re-read the poem. Perhaps my work has dulled my intellect and sense of appreciation, but I doubt if they would have so dulled them—One word describes the effort—"Obscure". The "Mechanics" of poem seem all right, but I am afraid there has been no emotional reaction to the vehicle—a work of art or literature to be such **must** produce on its reader some emotional reaction. Upon me there has been none. There are two lines which discovered in other context would be powerful—even in their weak supporting structure I find potential greatness—"Over Golden ....." (1) "Tho' ....." leafmeal lie" (2) There seems to be an over striving for effect permeating the whole work, and a certain overtone of immaturity! Perhaps I am mistaken; or too carping, but my criticism is sincere.

(On the other hand, this lady who writes next is most refreshingly herself. Perhaps, for the first time, we begin to see how the poem looks to a reader.)

4.    Lady, are you grieving  
  Over Seymour unbelieving?  
  You say you cannot do it,  
  He ups and drives you to it,  
  And by 4 it must be through,  
  Nuts to Seymour, Marge and you.

That's just about how I felt, but the comment must go on. (Not really as reluctant as all that. I quite enjoy doing it).

I like it only 10% until the sixth reading—and then it is 50% but if I didn't have to comment on it I wouldn't read it twice, so it's almost safe to leave the average public appreciation at 10%. It's 50% value as far as I am concerned is due to the wistful atmosphere that I find particularly appealing, and the fact that it makes me want to write a verse or story around it. (Inspirational worth—what).

Here's what it means to me—Margaret is 'growing up,' she begins to see the "underneath" of life,



and finds it rather jolting. As she gets older she will merely shrug her shoulder at the harsh realities, but sometimes then she'll be sad, no longer because of what happens, but because when she looks back she will realise how she must have changed to be able to take for granted what she formerly found so upsetting. We've all got to change with time, and it is the realization that she is slowly and imperceptibly doing so, that worries Margaret. (It seems to express the pessimistic view that age always means deterioration and not improvement).

There are two lines I can't tag with definite meanings:—

(i) "Tho world of **wanwood leafmeat** lie."

The only meaning I can give, in relation to its setting is—"though you find life strewn with upsetting affairs." The underlined words are unfamiliar).

(ii) "What heart heard of, ghost guessed"

This just seems to be a very vague way of expressing vagueness. It seems to be describing a thought which is dismissed before it is well formed. But "ghost guessed" still beats me.

Other phrases that could stand discussion are "Goldengrove unleafing" (this may have an alternative meaning which would change the whole idea), "sorrow's springs are the same," "the blight man was born for."

I find the rhythm too irregular. As soon as I get into one "feel" of time, it changes. In my opinion a poem of this atmosphere should be smooth. In the 9th line a beat seems definitely lacking. Of course if set to music jerks could be attractively rounded off. This types it with those Elizabethan ditties, e.g. "(Sigh no more, ladies" (Shakespeare)). Lines 2, 6, 10, and 11 smell Shakespearey. The form of the poem—question at beginning, confidential motherly chat in the middle, ending with a firm self made answer—seems to have been a favourite method of the times.

"Ghost guessed" I find jars. The gh and gu are too harsh to go together in such a vague atmosphere. It would fit well into a mystery with wind hissing through the shutters, but it seems wrong here.

(He raises the problem of the mass reaction to poetry, the writer of this comment. But then this is Walter MacA. Lawrence, himself a fine poet. I have lifted the corner of the veil of anonymity in honour of one of Guiana's worthy dead).

5. After reading it twice I captioned it, Psychoanalytical, and what a name for a poem; but it just goes to show my subconscious reaction though I do think a lot of the poem. When you see what is being done with words within such a small compass you must admire the work. You dare not throw it aside for suppose there was a whole volume of it, what a splendid collection of concentrated thought there would be; but is poetry really going to get there?

I have found pleasure in the reading of Tennyson, Swinburne, Longfellow, and that great Canadian poet of the backlands and wild woods, whose name I cannot remember now; (Savage?—Ed.) and I have all that pile of music from them—all that wonderful descriptive music in words which has a way of so getting into the being that one lives with it and for it—That is why I ask if, truly, poetry is going to become pure art and so scientific, yet so good that one cannot despise it although one cannot write it.

Into how many hands can I put a poem such as the one before me and hope to have an appreciative smile? How many will be able to see what is being slowly done—look at that line where all the wood-world has shaken out into 'grandmother's sugar'—if that is really what the author would express! Would it pay any collector to get up an anthology of such verse? But take the fine simple poetry of the past—take "The Shooting of Dan McGree"—any one of them at random, and give it to your cook and ask her to read it and see how glad she is you let her. Everybody could understand such poetry; but not so this streamlined literature meant only for the educated few who like poetry—with trained brains quick enough to grasp at a flash what is being done, and laugh. Look at that last line—"It is Margaret you mourn for." If you have not heard—not read, I grant—about the psychoanalyst you wouldn't understand what was being said. That is not poetry, truly, is it?—to teach? or to delight? Yet one who knows would be delighted with it as I have been, which brings me back to where I was, that such poems are good but can be appreciated only by the few

(What Lawrence says is a real difficulty.... the next comment is a personal paraphrase and the writer likes the music).

6. I like it, especially "It is the blight man was born for". Poets usually harp on the dark cloud with its silver lining, and darkest hour just before the dawn, but this man is honest and true to life.

I like what he says and how he says it. Another line—"What heart . . . . . ghost guessed." "Ghost guessed" is definitely good. There are so many things that one could never put into actual words.

There's music in the man's poem. What I mean is that I've read it about six times and unconsciously one's imagination seems to fill in the background music. Though that may mean that I am musical and not the poet. Still I think it is.

Anyway I like it.

(Too much contraction but yet grandeur of style—recognition of these two elements is the contribution of the next section).

7. My general impression is that the specimen is the work of a young writer, a member of the school of Modern Style.

There is too much contraction of expression. If, as I gather, the writer is comparing someone's disappointment with the change in the seasons, then I'd suggest a slight alteration in the second line, which will result in a certain amount of expansion, and yet not change the metre. Here it is:—

O'er a golden grove unleafing?"

Of course, this expansion of expression may be just a fad of mine.

On the other hand, there is a grandeur of style which cannot fail to penetrate even my dull sense of appreciation. For example, I consider the passage:—

"Ah! as the heart . . . . . leafmeal lie."

very good poetry indeed. I think it the highlight of the poem. The line "Tho' world of wanwood leafmeal lie" conjures up a picture of autumn that is perfect, if I may say so, and the style is indeed unique.

(In what follows, we have the story of the poem retold in simple language . . . . . And yet is the writer correct about self pity and the cold stare?)

8. The author seems to be thinking of a tender-hearted young girl who is grieving over the unleafing of Golden-grove. He tries (in this poem) to console her as she grows older such sights would pass unnoticed, so trivial they would be; nor would she spare a sigh "tho' world of wanwood leafmeal lie".

But as she grows older she would weep and know why.

Whatever it is, 'sorrow's springs are the same.' The heart will always ache over something or other. "It is the blight man was born for"—it is herself that she mourns for (self pity).

It is a beautiful poem. After reading it several times one is left with the music in one's mind. The opening and closing lines are very striking; they seem to be always turning up in your mind at some unbidden hour. The vowel sounds in "Margaret" and "Golden Grove" lend beauty to the first two lines. On the whole the poem is like a song that leaves a melody in your soul.

"Margaret, are you grieving over Golden Grove" unleafing?

Now no matter, child the name, Sorrow's springs are the same"

It is the blight man was born for, It is Margaret you mourn for."

These lines seem to me to be the best lines in the poem. They are very comforting lines; like some kind old man giving counsel to a young girl. That's the way with life. Things that seem to matter now, as we grow older, won't even give birth to a sigh.

"Nor mouth had, no, nor mind expressed

What heart heard of, ghost guessed.

I haven't quite understood those two lines I suppose they have their place in the poem, but I can't quite see their meaning.

"Tho' world of wanwood leafmeal lie"

This is a very pretty line too. The w's and the l's make the music in the line.

And now we come to the philosophical part of the poem.

"Ah! as the heart grows older . . . . . leafmeal lie"

Why worry, why grieve over something that is an accident of nature. There are bigger things in life, harder hits that you'll have to grieve over, and then such sights as the falling of leaves will be viewed with a cold stare.

Nor would you spare a sigh even though the world be left bare of all its beauty—green trees, beautiful flowers.

(This next comment touches off theology and the after life. Death is not all, is it?—so it seems to ask. But the whole comment is definite and well balanced).

9. There is something elusive about it, something beyond the sad acceptance of the brevity of life and the inevitableness of death and decay. I like the tender simplicity of the first few lines.

"Grieving over Goldengrove unleafing" is very pleasant. "Tho' world of wanwod leafmeal lie" is good alliteration, but seems to be a striving after originality. Perhaps it is meant to contrast with the simple clarity of the next line.

Ghost guessed! Alliteration, yes, but it conjures up pictures of restless spirits of the dead haunting the abodes of the living. I suppose "or spirit guessed" is too obvious and too similar in pattern to "nor mind expressed." Unfortunately I have a perverse preference for parallel rhythms.

I like the last line, the effective and unexpected close of the poem. But I wish he had gone on to comfort Margaret with the hope of Life after, even out of death.

I forgot to mention my gratitude to the poet for his use of rhyming couplets.

(This comment is intellectualized and one wonders whether here too the poetry has not been missed. The wood for the trees?).

10. This little lyric of wan regrets strikes its note of yearning at once in the opening couplet where the rather long vowels and feminine rime produce an effect of wistful langour. A measure of consolation, albeit intellectual, is offered by the reminder that familiarity and age will assuage the present regret. But this consolation, presented in an ideal parallelism culminating in the subtle and felicitous line—"Tho...lie," in which the consonants, w, l and f and the repeated vowel sounds, first o and later of a, are pleasantly intermingled, is deceptive, since there is no cessation of tears. There is weeping still for grief which, we feel sure, has a deeper cause than the unleafing of a bower.

The rime-pattern which is that of the riming couplet is saved from undue monotony by the interchanging of masculine and feminine rimes. While a unity and form is given to the whole by making the 13th verse a somewhat distant repetend of the 7th, which is itself a variation of the 1st.

The simple diction and sedate rhythm help to create an atmosphere of grey tonelessness appropriate to mourning. But that the writer could have allowed himself to produce anything so toneless as the line,—“Sorrows . . . same,” which comes near to blighting the whole poem is also a matter for regret on the part of the reader.

(I was glad to have this as the final comment, with its acute end remark. The weeping Margaret is a figure that stands over against the sorrow of the world).

11. The poet is philosophical, even slightly cynical—yet with a tender cynicism not intended to hurt. One can imagine him as a father writing to his beloved daughter, now in the impressionable spring of her life, seeing a time when moulded by convention and becoming accustomed to the inevitableness of life and death, she

“ will come to such sights colder  
By and by, nor spare a sigh  
Tho' world of wanwood leafmeal lie”

and here the philosophy comes in—

“And yet you will weep and know why.”

A lovely alliteration in the sixth line—this line also creates a very realistic visual impression.

The obvious desire to create an unusual ending as expressed in the startling climax of the last line, stamps the poet modern. Yet the effect is not unpleasing—certainly it is thought—provoking.

The form of the poem is strange—one would expect it to be a sonnet.

It has the feel of Debussy.

-:-        -:-        -:-        -:-

Here is the poem again for you to read it for yourself after seeing it through other people's eyes.

Margaret, are you grieving  
Over Goldengrove unleafing?  
Ah, as the heart grows older  
It will come to such sights colder  
By and by, nor spare a sigh  
Tho' world of wanwood leafmeal lie.  
And yet you will weep and know why.  
Now no matter, child, the name  
Sorrow's springs are the same.  
Nor mouth had, no, nor mind expressed  
What heart heard of, ghost guessed.  
It was the blight man was born for  
It is Margaret you mourn for.

## When I Go I Shall Remember.

By NEMO

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I shall remember how trees soften the ugliness created by men to whom green grass and black earth are things to be covered with concrete and sawn timber and corrugated iron; and remembering I shall wonder why people in Georgetown do not plant more of them. For Georgetown's trees are half its beauty and the lack of them half its ugliness.

I arrived here my head stuffed with miscellaneous information about the Colony: I knew that the coastlands were flat, that the water was brown, that houses were built of wood and stood on pillars, and so on. I arrived here, too, looking for a tramway system that had been scrapped and almost forgotten years before, and, like better informed men since, for birds of gorgeous plumage flying over Georgetown and for numerous monkeys for sale on street corners. The consolation at the time was that I was "interviewed" by the Press. I can think of no easier and, to the interviewed, more gratifying way in which any country can make a good impression on the newcomer — particularly if he be one in whose existence journalists have previously shown a complete and distressing lack of interest.

People in cities tend to behave in similar ways, and cities tend to resemble one another. Georgetown, I will agree however, is different. I shall always remember Camp Street as I saw it from my window the first week after my arrival, in bright sunshine, with the flamboyants a long and brilliant splash of red and orange against a background of white houses. I shall remember Main Street on a Sunday morning, representing, I suppose, only one side of Georgetown, but giving the impression, with its trees and its white houses and tended gardens, of order and peace and gracious living.

I shall prefer, however, to remember Guiana by what I have seen of its Interior and its coastlands. Not so much the long ruffled ribbon of Kaieteur, impressive and lovely as that is even to one brought up in a land where natural loveliness is within a half hour's drive of all, but the tree-colonnaded road from Tumatumari over which I walked at midnight, laden with five dozen eggs of varying degrees of freshness, in search of the six-wheeled truck soon to hurtle us through the forest night towards Garraway Stream. I shall remember, too, the skipper of the boat that brought us down the Essequibo, and the man from St. Vincent who built his home with his own hands and lived on a high point jutting out into the broadened Potaro a few hundred yards below Amatuk, with a view such as few views on earth can equal. Ten thousand such men as these and Guiana's troubles would exist no more. Leguan Island, and lying in the sun on its beaches; its leaning tower, and the schoolmaster who led us up it; its churchyard waiting, in the shade for the future to bring a Guianese Thomas Gray; the quiet courtesy and ready good humour of people whose troubles are more the age-old ones of wresting food from the earth than those of twentieth century rents and wages and cost of living. Suddie, too, on a bicycle and away from the dust of the main road; and drinking beer and swapping opinions with the Chinese store-keeper who sold everything from cutlasses to castor oil and had learnt arithmetic, like a thousand others before him and since, from Mr. E. O. Pilgrim when the latter's hair was different in colour and quantity from what it is now.

A thousand other things I shall remember — the City at 11 a.m., on a Saturday morning, with a solitary and athletic cock making up his silly mind in the middle of Water Street about the rules of the road; the wail from my wife on arrival when she took her first shower in Guiana, and turned on the tap expecting water, only to get — Lamaha; the Elizabethan robustness of beard and voice with which Nature endowed the vendor of "Sweet Cow Manure"; the variety and charm of many of the place names — Uitvlugt, La Bonne Mere, Anna Catherine, Providence, Cornelia Ida; Monday afternoons at Thomas Lands, listening to tales of cricket battles long ago as told by Hynds, the groundsman, future stalwarts batting before us; mangoes and shrimps, and avocados eaten on the sly with a spoon; friendliness; hospitality;.....  
I shall remember.

## A Happy Week-End

by MARGARET LEE

Because he speaks so well for me personally, I like Mr. Collymore's work, and for the same reason I hear his voice reinforced by those of older favourite writers. Like so many people today, Mr. Collymore does not see anything particularly inspiring in modern living. We have made a new god whose angels

"...have peculiar ways  
As one might well infer  
From legends of the ancient days  
About proud Lucifer.

And now we are their wretched slaves  
Nor do we dare deny  
The sacrifice their godhead craves  
Beneath the darkening sky". (De Angelis)

There is something of Mr. T. S. Eliot's earlier voice in this and in such poems as "Search", "Lost Eden", "Salvage". We are lost, we travel we know not whither.

We have scorned the proffered prospectus  
Of heavenly bliss, we have missed the bus:  
And soon shall this desert of loneliness  
Be engulfed in the tide of nothingness,  
End and beginning, nothing less  
Or more: at the end of the road". (Terminus)

This quiet pessimism flares out occasionally into cynicism at the artificial proprieties of living. Our guardian angels—"the tepid smile, the suave indifference" — preserve its brittle surface; but underneath, what murder is done:

The old unheeded ghosts  
Peer from their shrouds and sigh  
In vain, the Judas kiss shall sneer  
Again, another die." (By Each Let This be Heard)

The poet's cynicism, like his pessimism, is never savage; it is, rather, the well-bred sadness of the aristocrat:

"For we are bound about with ghosts  
And fool our hearts with compromise,  
And from the shadow of our love  
Mirages rise". (Mutability)

Neither does he seek a refuge; the latter voice of Mr. Eliot is not heard. Mr. Collymore is essentially a lyric poet and he sings the eternal themes.

He is haunted by the loss of childhood when

From the bougainvillea hedge  
A princess would appear  
Wrapped in a dusty cloak of green  
With flowers in her hair".

One of the charms of convalescence is that too-familiar surroundings take on again their old air of friendly intimacy. He is equally sensitive to the power and mystery of beauty. This is the gift for all men to cherish and he calls for its praise as zealously as ever Mr. de la Mare does:

"Do homage to beauty whensoever  
She calls. Let not the heart's desire  
Or the mind's obsession or the body's claim  
Shut out the message, dim the fire

In all this talk of beauty where is Keats' voice heard? In the title "But Those Unheard", but more clearly in "Beneath the Casuarinas". Here, in smaller compass than in the Nightingale Ode, is the same sense of being rapt away, the same awareness of the centuries past, of a power outside man, the same baffled return to our mortality. Mr. Collymore could hardly be a lyric poet and not sing of love, but he does so mainly in quiet tones. The grave voices of Hardy and Housman are heard in such poems as "The Culprit", "Mutability", "Who Took Life Gaily"

"Let's take love gaily, you and I  
The blossom of an hour, soon to die;  
But perfect neath the summer sky;  
Let's take love gaily, you and I.

We look love gaily, you and I  
But now apart, we yearn and sigh  
Who thought Love's power to defy  
And take love gaily, you and I".

I closed Mr. Collymore's book, envisaging him as the lyric poet—the nightingale singing with his breast against the thorn—but on turning the pages of "Bim" I discovered he was quite a different bird, no less than the Teatea bird whom ladies dote on

for he displays  
A fund of chatter which they find  
Instructive to the curious mind".

I dote on Mr. Collymore's whole menagerie of strange creatures, both in verse and drawing. Earlier he had written of "wild words" plunging and galloping; here they certainly do, in the maddest mental gymnastics, in verse forms simple and elaborate, in rhyme schemes of amazing agility,—reaching its breathless height perhaps in "Pullus Magnum Pumpum" with only one rhyme throughout—and all in the highest spirits. Behold the Pimmity:

<p style="padding-left: 40px;">"Gaze on the Pimmity With equanimity; Let not proximity Cause you to quell;</p>	<p style="padding-left: 40px;">To show the Pimmity True magnimity, Pusillanimity Must not in you dwell".</p>
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And the solemn fooling in "The Gaga" is no less clever. Amid all this nonsense Mr. Collymore still speaks on my behalf, and nowhere more earnestly than when he speaks of the cockroach:

"I don't like how I feel  
When with my heel  
I broach  
The cockroach".

If I still believed in Santa Claus, I should ask for Mr. Collymore's nonsense verse in a companion volume to his serious work.

If Mr. Collymore is in the general succession of Keats, Mr. Vaughan may be said to be in the line of Browning, for it is his vigour and confidence that strike the reader first. Possibly he himself realises the needs of confines for such vitality, for he writes mainly in sonnet and epigrammatic forms, and raps out these short terse pieces with gusto; the very titles are challenges—"To the Unborn Leader", "The Call", and the epigrams are addressed to men who have made their mark as leaders.

True, there is the backward glance at boyhood's pleasures, "to be The Wind skylarking", but there is plenty of enjoyment left—rain, voices, the names of labourers' houses, the excitement of the steel band:

Disdain the donkey's dancing you who may,  
Reach for your trim sophisticated art.  
But I, I cannot scowl or turn away  
When naked rhythm ravishes the heart".

Beauty is a miracle, equalled only by the grossness of those who see it not who go

"..... swaggering, crashing through  
The goddess Beauty's vaulted calm abode,  
Knowing nowhere to ease their secret load  
Of weariness, no ritual to renew  
Lost faith, no mystery to change the heart".

It will take death to silence this ecstatic singing of the joys of the world.

"..... but until that fateful hour  
My feet shall find wherever Beauty is  
My voice from her alone draw all its power...."

All this delight does not blind him to the ugliness around us; poems like "The Inquest" are proof of that. But there is always hope.

The strength which gathers when the first young shoot  
Rises and heaves the earth apart and flings  
Its glory to the sun;

It is interesting to compare the work of the two poets when handling the same theme—rain in the street. For Mr. Collymore it provides a "Minute's Magic", which he interprets in lines of sharp and fragile beauty:

"Bells of water air and light  
Unfold, expand and fall  
To rise again petal upon petal;  
A myriad dancing small  
Rain flowers, rain fairies  
Leaping, sparkling....."

For Mr. Vaughan the transformation of the dreary street is a promise of eventual triumph:

"If all this heaven-sent loveliness must pass,  
Why doubt the end, beyond all grim mischance,  
Of all the dreariness that men amass?"

Virginia Woolf with her usual penetration has remarked in one of her essays that American writers find themselves in the position of having to interpret a vast new civilisation with its crudeness and vigour by a language grown old and rich in a life almost the direct opposite: it is this incongruity that explains the wrenchings, sometimes joyous, sometimes exasperated, which are producing the American language. It may be that something of the same condition is felt by writers in the West Indies. If it does, both poets have concealed it from the reader; the southern image fits smoothly into the northern frame. Mr. Collymore has used the comparison of the two islands most happily, and in "Farewell to the Islands" has developed from the descriptions of England and Barbados the natural metaphor of the islands of human personalities.

This, then, was my happy week-end. And since I have no poetic talent to voice my praises, let me avail myself of the poet's voice once more:

So I, acknowledging this day's gift conferred  
Upon me, must perforce be content with happiness' unspoken word."

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## The Heart of Goodness.

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.....There is a world-mind composed of the richest and best experiences that the human spirit has ever acquired, and all down the ages the outstanding personalities of each period have contributed to that world mind. The visions of Moses and Isaiah are a part of that mind, the sayings of Socrates and Plato and the teachings of Jesus. To that mind Beethoven and Bach have added their melodies, Michelangelo and da Vinci their arts. Statesmen of all races too have brought their creative insight, the Indian Emperor Asoka and the American Abraham Lincoln. Those are only the great names, but in a word, every thoughtful action, every deed that has the character of beauty and truth and makes similar deeds spring in others, all that is noble has contributed something to the growing heart of goodness and spirit in the world.

Some people have described this world-mind as the creative part of civilization because of the way books and music and art inspire us to be our better selves and others have called it the theopsyche, a compound word that means the God-seeking spirit. But whatever you want to call it, there is this power of goodness working in history, achieving victories for the human spirit, building hospitals or the Boulder Dam, assisting the surgeons who perform an operation of mercy in an out-of-the-way village, or trying to control natural forces for the sake of man, malaria or the atomic bomb..... -- A.J.S.

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## Looking Back.

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.....Historians place 1748 as the year in which the brandwagt was first erected, probably on the site of the present St. Andrew's Church, and at night anxious men peered out into the darkness from the guard house to see if smugglers were sweeping down the Demerary. The first building in the precincts of the City of Georgetown was therefore precautionary and coercive.

The bicentenary of the brandwagt finds largely unconscious of their history, the people who buy and sell in the Stabroek Market and who throng the commercial places within a stone's throw of the site of the ancient smugglers' guard house.....

" . . . . your doors are ever open . . . . "

## Nineteenth Century Georgetown.

By ERIC ROBERTS.

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At dawn the City of Georgetown has the appearance of a rural village, with its many trees and palms through which peep the many towers and steeples boasting of all creeds and denominations. Here could be seen the shrines and mosques representing the religions of the East, in close proximity to the edifices of its Western neighbours, a symbol of religious tolerance. Alongside of these are the many schools primary and secondary, endeavouring at all times to make Citizenship for the future the fundamental part of the Curricula. In the City's oldest street, Brickdam, stands the Catholic Cathedral, which destroyed by fire in 1913, has been rebuilt over an extensive area. Reminiscent of the monasteries of the Dark Ages, its grim walls, boasting of no ulterior magnificence, have ever been the centre of relief to destitute families. To the south and running in an easterly direction is the Cemetery of Le Repentir,—

"each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep".

Here among thousands of graves, within vaults and beneath marble tombstones are the remains of our City Fathers, whose early exertions, vision and courage have not only helped in laying the foundation-stones, but have built on them. Here at rest in the sublimity of the morning's sun, they seem to be ever happy and pleased at our sturdy growth and development.

From 1782 until '96 when it passed into British hands the Dutch did what they could in making the new town of some importance. In the possession of the former, however, some real progress was made during the six years which followed from then until 1802, when by treaty it passed again into Dutch hands. The change in itself proved disadvantageous to the planters, who enjoying prosperity under British rule, came into ruin. It again changed hands the following year, and since then has remained British. In 1812 in honour of the Prince Regent it assumed its present name.

The town, one mile in length ran in an easterly direction from the river Demerara with what is now Brickdam as the centre of activity, and on both sides of the road were to be found the homes, offices of government, as well as the residences of the planters. Cess-pools and quagmires were to be found in every yard, while mosquitoes and frogs were a constant nuisance to the population. Conditions of health and sanitation were negligible concerns. In 1831 the three counties, then under two separate governments became one, and six years after, the Municipality came into being.

Within a few years some changes were made on an appreciable scale, and many muddy tracks had been converted into moderate-sized streets along with the building and repairing of bridges which spanned the many canals. Slowly with an increase of the town population, areas adjacent to what was formerly Stabroek, and termed as wards, were amalgamated within the limits of the City, of which Cummingsburg and Robbstown are leading examples. But the greatest problem to be solved by the new Corporation was the encroachment of the sea on its northern coastline, where were to be found the Eve Leary Barracks and the little village Kingston. Flooding at intervals was not uncommon or infrequent in those early days.

In 1864 the Municipality had its great baptism of Fire, which caused considerable damage to both houses and commercial centres. Impediments though there were, the City continued to make sure its progress. In 1872, gas-light replaced lamps, amidst open consternation of the inhabitants, climaxed by an evening of discomfort at the Assembly Rooms when it held its first Gas-Light Ball the same year. It is here recorded by Henry Kirke, one time Sheriff of Essequibo, "the hall was swarmed with cockles and dancing was almost impossible, everywhere cockles were to be seen, on clothes as well as in the drinks".

The final decade in the last century may be considered the most prolific period throughout the brief experience of the Corporation. The Sea Wall was completed in '92,



St. George's Cathedral was also completed and Bishop Austin celebrated his Golden Jubilee. Here for half a century, he remainy. He died the same year, at the ripe age of and beloved by all sections of the communitied head of the Anglican Church, respected eighty-five, well remembered for the tribute paid him by Queen Victoria in 1842, as "the youngest and most handsome bishop in her dominions".

Five years after his, the Queen celebrated her Diamond Jubilee, and as ten years earlier the Colony joined with the rest of the Empire in the pageantry; the City recovering from the effects of earlier sufferings ran wild with jublations, climaxed by the discovery of gold and diamonds in large quantities. With these memorable activities, a century alive with the memories of Stabroek, then Georgetown, nurtured among vicissitudes, riots and uprisings, among epidemics and deaths, passed away within the records of history.

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..... her place in .....

## The Heaven of the Heart.

by O. S. W.

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The story of her life would read like a fairy-tale. It was anything but, believe me!

I don't know how old I was when Nana became a part of our household ..... I could easily find out of course but it really doesn't matter now ..... to me there was no one like her before ..... there has been none like her since. In the good old days of the tramcar; of Brother Sonny; of Atom and Patrol; when Willie McCowan was teaching us how to play Cricket and the one and only Alfred Athiel tutored us in his well-loved Vergil, it was Nana who really saw to it that our lives should be more or less as we would have it.

Nana was strict, but only to a point ..... where two eyes of a parent, naturally more exacting, probed, she let but one stray; when anyone interfered with us unnecessarily and suffered the inconvenience of a mud-ball in his back or even a BB shot on his neck (or elsewhere) Nana was always sure that it was only our aim that was at fault. And before any tribunal she would most convincingly take that stand and no other. In these circumstances it was Nana who was in effect the judge, the heads of the house were merely the executioners. Which made things very easy indeed, for once Nana was on your side you were safe; otherwise you were in for it and could make such preparation as you **and Nana** could devise to offset or postpone sentence.

At table, however, it was a totally different matter. The slightest misdemeanour brought Nana's wrath with its unquestioned authority and undeniable force upon your head and it often took hours of sidling up to and under her long skirt before you were forgiven.

Junior was her favourite, Missey her pet and they both knew it so well that they took the most inglorious advantage of their enviable positions. At the same time Junior was ever trying to rid Nana of her pearls or ear-rings and even her clothes and was ever-ready to share whatever mud that accrued to him on the Sea Wall with her. The muddier he was the more tired he became but never was the spotlessly clean lap denied him as he slept his weary way home in the tramcar. Missey was never, never allowed out of Nana's sight and when I look back and recall the days of which I write, I can honestly say I have known nothing to equal the adoring and protective love which Nana bestowed on my sister in her youth.

But that was Nana. She took a pride in everything she did and she was most inordinately and — I might add — at times most unjustifiably proud of her wards. She was part of the family and the name we bear was as wonderful to her as she helped to make it to us. We in turn were equally as proud of Nana and she has with due formality been introduced to all Governors, Members of Parliament and other notable visitors who visited our home.

Nana retired many years ago; that was temporary; she has now retired permanently leaving with us reverent and respectful memories that time can never dim. The contentment and pride which was hers in her closing years was an object lesson of the faith which can be gained from constant reading of the Word of God. .... Nana has at least earned her place in the heaven of our hearts.

## Dance of the Sea.

By J. A. V. BOURNE

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A bell struck twice and awakened me from a deep sleep. I sat up in the bunk and peered into the sky-light. It was still dark. That would be five o'clock, I said to myself.

My first night on the schooner had not been a happy one. I stepped over the edge of the bunk and went up on the deck of the vessel.

The keen breeze rushed over me cooling my fevered cheeks. Astern, clutching one of the davits for support, I watched the far horizon where the sky was overcast with heavy clouds. I hoped they would disappear and the morning break fair.

The schooner was rolling and groaning, much more so than on the previous evening for we were already in deep water. Only yesterday morning the "Manuata" with my wife, my young son and myself as passengers had dropped moorings at Georgetown and hoisted sail. During the day brown water had changed to green and now the ocean was dark blue. We had made good time on the first day's run.

Leaning on the poop I gazed thoughtfully at the horizon for Barbados and a long holiday lay ahead.

The wind freshened. It blew steadily from the east where a thin moon and a single bright star faded slowly into the grey as dawn broke.

The schooner began to dip along briskly cleaving the waves. Four bells struck and the morning watch was changed. A fleck of smoke coming out of the galley forward sail. The cook would soon be coming along with the coffee.

I hoped land would be sighted on the morrow, for I was anxious to relieve the misery of my wife and little son. They were ill in the cramped cabin below. John had been the first to be sea-sick and it was a sorry experience for him.

Why did I venture to take this risk when I could have travelled by airplane? I should not have counted the cost for in a few hours time I could have reached my destination. Now I was surrounded on all sides by water . . . and there was no escape from the waywardness of the wind.

The schooner lurched suddenly and a big wave broke over the side. The spray of the sea was blown against my face. Now and then frisky waters threw themselves glittering against the blue air. A huge fish leaped and dived gracefully into a wave. The sun crept over the horizon and the clouds were dissolving. It would be another hot day.

I wondered if the wind would fall as it threatened to do the afternoon before. I didn't like to hear the captain whistle for it as I had read of sailing vessels becalmed for days on the tranquil ocean. Would this happen to the "Manuata"?

Last night a passing storm had frightened me. Vivid flashes of lightning and the crash of thunder mingling with the creaking rigging had awakened me.

The schooner had rolled heavily in the tumbling water. Back in my bed I had lain listening helplessly to the noise of the storm and watching apprehensively for each flash of lightning.

And in the blackness of the night I had seen in my mind's eye this lonely vessel on the vast expanse of surging water — a tiny speck tossed hither and thither by the winds and waves.

Suppose it sprang a leak! What chance an open lifeboat on the lonely ocean.

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The sun was well over the horizon when I went down the steps that led to the little cabin. The others were asleep and I was glad for that because the night had been awful.

I crept silently into my bunk and lay down. It would be another day of misery for all of us but the longest day must end.

Strange how time seemed to stand still when anxiety grips the mind! Each tick of the chronometer seems to be an hour. I sank into a profound reverie. The range of my fancy grew and grew. Came an illusion that I was lost in a timeless world — that I had somehow slipped into the **fourth dimension!**

I tried to conceive time, and the idea appalled me. Could time be expanded or contracted at will?

The monotony of just waiting and listening to the movement of the schooner, while seconds and minutes moved slower and slower, was terribly agonising. One could experience a lifetime of misery in a few hours. I must have swooned slightly.

Suddenly my apathy was shattered by something falling upon my face. Brushing it off quickly I found it was a cockroach! Mad with anger my hand smashed it against the side of the cabin. I didn't care what happened now. The last straw!

Death would be welcome. It would be a release from this misery. I would rush upstairs, jump into the sea and end it all. Tears rolled down my cheeks. Others had gone and done it, why shouldn't I? It would be a pleasant death. Water over me . . . . clogging my nostrils . . . . and then . . .

I sat up in the bunk, but the sea sickness had caused a subtle paralysis of my muscles. I could not move. Beaten and resigned, I lay back down.

Presently, I turned my shut eyes to the light of the cabin window and the lids inside glowed redly. I seemed to see mirrored **within** them strange scenes. Visions formed up in the glow awaking macabre dreams of the distant past.

The face of a demented man I once encountered in Nigeria formed up bringing back an awful memory.

**Midnight at Lagos** . . . . pitch dark. Back home from a party I am about to unlock the door of my house when . . . . suddenly I hear a wild shriek come from within my house. I stand hesitant before my door. What unseen horror is haunting my house? Fearful, I insert the key. The door springs open. In the dark passage a hideous face glares at me with baleful eyes that glow like hot coals! Terrified, I back away. Horrid cries again issue from the Thing! . . . . **in my heated imagination the dreadful scene was acted over again** . . . . and the cries, mingled with a creaking noise kept pounding into my brain!

Slowly the phantasmagoria dissolved, noise faded and I became aware that John was crying in the bunk below.

My delirium vanished and I sat up quickly in the bunk. Poor little chap. He must be thirsty.

The sails flapped loudly in the wind and the schooner dipped drunkenly as it breasted and clove the waves. Eight bells chimed and a sound of footsteps came pattering on the deck above.

I picked up a glass and went out of the cabin door. The captain was outside with a sextant in his hands. As I poured out the water I asked him our position.

"You look as if you'd seen a ghost," he growled. "Sea sick? Don't worry! Cheer up! we'll be home tomorrow."

"How can you be sure of that, captain?"

"Go up on deck and look. **Dolphins**. Hundreds of them. Leaping and diving and sporting in the brine. Sign of good weather. Land not very far away. Cheer up, man. Home tomorrow!"

-:-       -:-       -:-       -:-       -:-       -:-       -:-       -:-

IT was fascinating and yet unbelievably soothing to watch the approach of that little green island . . . . Barbados.

At first, it looked like a purple cloud on the horizon; then the shape of the land crystallized and objects such as the lighthouse became clearly discernable

As we approached nearer, the wide sandy beaches with dazzling-white breakers curling and foaming and riding towards them contrasted sharply with the green vegetation.

It was a magnificent morning. The air was clear and crisp and there was a cold nip in the breeze. On the ocean there was a spangling of tiny white waves, like sequins on blue velvet, and here and there in the far distance venturesome fishing boats could be seen bobbing up and down on the amethyst water. In the wake of the schooner a school of young porpoise was jumping playfully.

I borrowed the captain's binoculars and scanned the shore. Strange shapes among the mounds of sand and rocks gave the dunes a fantastic appearance. On the slopes Dutch-locking windmills could be seen dotted here and there in the green fields. The whole island appeared to be under cultivation.

Soon I began to recognize the seaside houses and the white road running along like a ribbon skirting the coast. The schooner glided on and on and on and rounded a point. There in the distance was the wide harbour of Carlisle Bay.

The **MANUATA** glided smoothly to its anchorage.

It was certainly a fine morning, cloudless and sunny, with a mild breeze that rustled in the sails. Row boats were coming out to meet us but the water-police kept them at a distance. The schooner must be inspected by the Health Officer before the passengers can be taken off.

On land, peacefulness seemed to sleep upon the quiet wharves. It was Sunday, and there was a distant drowsy sound of bells. A church called to worship. Nearby, a motor-boat chugged rhythmically, and against the somnolent warmth of a perfect day came the chimes of the Public Building clock tolling the hour of **ten!**

Soon we would be ashore; and there will be breakfast, sweet-smelling and crusty bread, butter in ice and new milk. There will be a heaped plate of fruit and a crystal jug filled with cold water, and clean table napkins.

## The Cultural Scene.

### "Amateur Theatre"—Georgetown Dramatic Club.

Due to the absence abroad of the dramatic director for most of the previous year, the project that should have been undertaken in 1947 was commenced in 1948. This project, the presentation of plays at various places in the rural districts, had been suggested by Mr. Risely Tucker, Representative of the British Council.

The first presentation by the Group was made on March 31, 1948, at Plaisance Village. It consisted of a few choral items by the Singing Class Group and a one-act play, "The Lovely Margaret", with a cast of five. It was enthusiastically received by a packed hall.

Following upon this, the members wished to have at one of their own fortnightly meetings for entertainment and criticism another one-act play. It was desirable that the cast be a small one and the play such as would lend itself to critical observation of dialogue in all its aspects, of movement and of adequate and appropriate gesture. For this purpose Alfred Sutro's very excellent dialogue "A Marriage has been Arranged" was chosen and presented on June 17, 1948.

It was then planned that the next production would be, as was the first, presented in the rural areas, and with the enthusiastic cooperation of the Group, three one-act plays were presented at Buxton on July 28, and at Beterverwagting on July 30. These plays were also presented in Georgetown on July 29. Both here and in the village audience reception was gratifying.

The expenses incidental to presentations in the villages were, for the most part, borne by funds provided by the British Council. Its representative, Mr. Risely Tucker's ready cooperation and quick perception and understanding of our problems contributed considerably to whatever success was achieved. At the village shows no admission charge was made, but, working through the Village Chairman, invitations were issued so as to enable the attendance of a representative section of the community. In Georgetown the entire net proceeds of all three shows were donated to charity.

The "season" is now closed as far as this Group is concerned. It is pleasant to be able to say that its enthusiasm and cohesion has been excellent; that an enlivening spirit has been imparted by their zest; that they have at moments shown competence and, at all times, patience and enterprise. It is, therefore, reasonable to conclude that when the "humours" of the year's end festivities and fuss dispel themselves, the ensuing year should find us enlarging our contribution to the Colony's Amateur Theatre.

A. A. D. MARTIN,  
Director, G.D.C.

### Art . . . . .

Looking back on that week of Art, October 25 — October 30, 1948, I must say that I thoroughly enjoyed it, and found that the more often I visited the Exhibition — the more I saw. If one only went once, one should not be surprised if all the pictures I mentioned cannot be vividly remembered. These things grow on one with each visit, and perhaps there were other favourites. In Art as in everything else, we are all entitled to freedom of thought, and every eye forms its own beauty.

The week of the 4th Annual Guianese Art Group Exhibition opened by Hon. W. L. Heape, Officer Administering the Government, can truly be described as a week devoted to Art. It was enjoyed from the onlooker's point of view, and successful for the Art Group. The attendance was much better than before, and sales broke all previous records.

One of the factors that helped to make the Exhibition a success was the work of M. Huze, the guest artist. His impressionistic treatment of water in particular, and the novelty of the expression of a mood rather than distinct form were all part of his characteristics and he also showed versatility in his colourful caricatures.

The Working Peoples Art Class was another important factor that helped to draw the crowd. Some interesting work was submitted for instance the drawings of G. Wharton often called our "local Picasso". The Newcomers Open Competition was won by a member of this Class, Hubert Baptiste — "Self Portrait". Mr. E. R. Burrowes is to be commended for the good work he is putting in.

Mr. Burrowes' work this year showed noticeable change in style, his "Picture of the Year" Fort Groyne for example is painted in shades of grey and has a smooth finish unlike any of his previous work. His "Jetsam" on the other hand, was particularly attractive though somewhat abstract. This picture calls for imagination, as with each change of mood it might mean something entirely different.

Claude Hoyte, a newcomer from Berbice, won a deserving prize for his "Gay Revellers", which I like the best of his work. It put over the feeling of a holiday morning with boys sallying forth

to enjoy themselves. It was an interesting study made more so, by the use of a bright red ground.

Miss Seymour, who herself had a number of attractive Bartica scenes is to be congratulated on the high standard of work submitted by her pupil — Carlotta Croal. Her exhibits had balance and good colour sense. Her "Horses on the Beach" which won a prize was an effective attempt at space filling. "The Market" however was a group study, and well depicted in colour.

Francis Smith's flower studies exuded a cheerfulness that was sometimes accentuated by white frames. Among the portrait painters, Sam Cummings deserves mention with "Josh" and "Doreen". "Bathsheba" by S. G. Stevenson reminded me of a jig-saw puzzle, but was by no means unattractive in its simplicity.

I rather liked Moshett's "Timber Punt" in gouache, and Phang's "Kitty Market" was colourful though small. Pestano submitted quite a few oils, but somehow lost some of the warm tones he had in pastels, though he did achieve a certain amount of harmony. Carlton Allen was successful in pastel, and submitted an unusual view of "Leguan from Hague's Beach". Godfrey D'Ornellas excelled in his "River Side Hut" in pen and ink. Philip Wong's "self portrait" would have been interesting if there had been more highlights. S. G. Stevenson's "Self-Portrait" on the other hand also in pencil, put over effectively his rugged individuality.

S. K.

### Schools Musical Festival

Official and other guests filled the capacious Astor Cinema, Georgetown, on Friday morning November 5, to hear the annual Schools Song Festival where the massed choir of more than 1,000 school children sang to the accompaniment of the B.G. Militia Band, under Major S. W. Henwood, Director of Music.

Twenty-seven schools in the City and adjacent rural areas provided the 1948 choir, which was trained under the general supervision of Miss Lynette Dolphin, L.R.A.M., the programme included groups of Shakespeare songs, folk songs, bedtime songs (the delightful A. A. Milne "Vespers" was included here) with pairs of songs to the music of Bach and Handel.

### MUSIC

Three evenings in one week, in November in the Town Hall, Georgetown, Major Hajary, a young Dutch musician with considerable recital experience in Europe as well as in other parts of the world, delighted music lovers with her pianoforte playing.

Ease and brilliance characterized her recitals and Guianese agreed that it had been a long while since a performer combined youth with rich virtuosity and mature stage presence.

Miss Hajary played Schumann in two of her three recitals, the Symphonic Studies and Scenes from Childhood but Liszt also recurred on the programmes and so did Mozart. Composer as well as performer, Miss Hajary interpreted some of her own work and at the close of the third recital she played for an appreciative audience Martin Sperry's Russian Dance.

### EVENING WITH SHAKESPEARE

The October 25, 1948, meeting of the B.G. Union of Cultural Clubs held at the British Council, Georgetown, was very successful, from the viewpoints both of attendance and of quality. In a room that had seating accommodation for 50 only, more than 120 persons crowded and remained during the two hours programme of song, dramatic readings, poetry-reading, illustrations of the plays, incidental music and film.

The programme began with the music of Mendelssohn written as background to the Midsummer Night's Dream and the reading of Matthew Arnold's sonnet of tribute completed the introduction, while Shakespeare's picture was flashed on the screen from the epidiascope.

After the sonnet "Like as the Waves" had been read, the well-known but still enjoyed Balcony Scene from Romeo and Juliet was dramatised, the actors reading their parts.

A recording of "When daisies pied" was followed by the speech "The quality of Mercy" and then for contrast there was a scene from "Much ado about nothing", which displayed high spirits on the theme of lovers and their love, including the song: "Sigh no more ladies".

Shakespeare has given us many portraits of "the infinite variety" of Cleopatra. The programme selected from the play two studies, coy and tragic, followed by the dirge — "Fear no more the heat of the sun". Then came the calm of Prospero's speech, "Our revels now are ended", and the songs "Where the bee sucks and Come to these yellow sands".

The remainder of the programme included the display of examples of Shakespearean illustrations and paintings, with the aid of the epidiascope, the song with the haunting air by Quilter "Take, O Take those lips away" and recordings of John Barrymore as Hamlet unpacking his heart with words and Sir Laurence Olivier as Henry V delivering a battlefield address.

The century's new art-form, the film, next displayed the architectural beauty of two scenes from Macbeth and finally music from the Tempest concluded the programme.

## HISTORY

In a public lecture at the Georgetown Public Free Library on November 15, 1948, Mrs. Jean Low, M.A., spoke of the great civilisations of the past and the lessons that might be drawn from them to apply to a young country like British Guiana on the threshold of development.

Mrs. Low enumerated the civilizations that had passed over the stage of the world and the pottery and fine work they have left behind them and declared that each civilization owed its coming into being and its maintenance to the dynamic ideas and the spiritual and mental forces generated by each community in the process of overcoming natural conditions. Whenever the spiritual and mental growth of a people ceased for any reason the civilization had begun to fall away and die, although a certain section of the community would refuse to admit the decay and would cause the ideas to harden into dogmatic assertions. That the flowering of a civilization did not depend in exact ratio upon its economic security, she instanced from the glory of Elizabethan England which without resources had yet achieved a marvellous outburst of spirit in drama and poetry.

The danger of Western Civilization in its present phase was its belief that mechanization was a solution for the world's problems. Mrs. Low called on Guianese to expand their mental horizons.

Mr. Justice J. A. Luckhoo, K.C., First Puisne Judge presided over the well-attended lecture.

## Working at the British Council

# “ Off The Record ”

by PAT LEWIS

There is, at the British Council among other facilities, a library which caters for all classes and so many varying interests. Some persons come to glean knowledge from the books or else and are oblivious of everything but their information, others come to spend a morning or afternoon in our comfortable office chairs, others again come just to be associated with the institution or to visit the premises and lastly there are those who are curious to know what others come for.

Sometimes I look up from my machine and observe the manners, expressions and, in some cases, technique with which overdue books are returned to the Librarian. It is only by taking notice of these persons and the effect their manner and attitude have on others that one can see and compare one's self, make mental notes for future use and so apply them in bettering one's self. There is the indifferent person who returns the book a week late never thinking, or perhaps not bothering, to make an excuse; the casual one who mentions that the book is overdue and is most unperturbed about it. As a matter of fact he might even treat the whole issue as a joke! Then there are those who are highly indignant at being sent a notice and think they will cause lots of anxiety lest they cease to borrow any more. On the other hand there are the well-mannered who are very apologetic, in spite of the fact that they may repeat the act; and the really pleasant and clever ones whom one never gets round to reprimand.

Every year at least three Guianese leave our shores for England either as scholars or visitors and there is nearly as much excitement in following up the names and qualifications before the final selections are made and after that in lending a hand in making preparations for their journey. One should be in our office to see the luggage going out, and the bright faces of the successful persons as they receive advice from the Representative and good wishes from the staff. Then there is their return to look forward to — how will it affect them? — one, two years or perhaps more working in a strange land among strange people. In the majority of cases it is delightful to observe the finish, the rounding off they acquire during their stay; that is, if they did not leave with it.

I am not behind the machine all day. Occasionally I exchange a library book for someone, put through a phone call for the boss and help in preparing books for the shelves. I best enjoy making placards for the library so that the borrowers may, at a glance, distinguish the sections and also in writing in indian ink at the back of each book the section in figures, for example, the Fine Art section is 700 and the history section 900.

At my typewriter, typing matter is full of variety. I really can sympathise with the typist who types letters or figures all day. When I am tired of lists — whether they are of records, books or films — my boss is ready to dictate letters, when I have had a stream of dictation and have said good-bye to the letters, I am faced with making copies of book review scripts to send to London and then, to vary typing even more, there is the script for our weekly programme of classical music over ZFY which the Secretary|Librarian passes to me for fairing. Towards the end of the month shortly after pay day comes a huge dose of figures in the form of accounts and so the cycle goes — never, never dull.

# The Guiana Book by A. J. Seymour.

Review by Wilson Harris

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A. J. Seymour's poetry marks to my mind the completion of the ornament in a century of poetry in the West Indies and British Guiana. In fact, it is to be associated with the contemporary artifice of a closed union, a finished work, a collective loyalty that one finds today so strenuously upheld by critics as the only criterion for great art. Seymour's work, however, though within this school of tradition, is no such strenuous organisation. The poet is unaware, as it were, of internal weakness, and therefore uses his scope more leisurely in a gracious dream of the past. That group of Guianese poets and prose writers, however, who intend to add ineffectual ornament upon ornament to reinforce a puppet society can no longer hope for such ease and leisure in a work of tradition. If they insist they will now have to become strenuous and forceful to achieve any measure of distinction. A measure of distinction which will be purely an imposing facade. This temptation to impose is already at work so much so that most writers in British Guiana are completely devoid of anguish or real passion, and experiment is frowned upon by them as too personal, ugly and sinister. But the poet of the moment has to accomplish a leap. He can no longer secure himself in a collective fashion but must surrender himself in actual symbols—as distinct from recollected symbols—even though the shock of his surrender presents great difficulty to an audience whose "encased lives before the Infinite" have found their measure in collective dreams and whose formula for existence has always evaded the actual world.

Seymour has fulfilled the ornament in bringing to finality—to impersonality, the complex individual role of a reflective and impassive temper, the temper of history. He has explored the name without committing himself to the person. The few poems where he has attempted to commit himself to the person are cautious statements without the strict unity and severe refinement of poems like "For Christopher Columbus" or "The Legend of Kaieteur." It is in the raw material of the living situation that the conscious refinement of temper—so evocative and full of the epic of the past—becomes a strain and the formula can no longer be adequately sustained. For instance compare

..... his vision had driven him from home  
And that as architect of a new age  
The solid world would build upon his poem.  
with  
The efficient engineers dam the conservancies  
Design the canals and the sluices  
The chemists extract their sugar to the ton.

The poet here stands on two legs both epic, one truly epic and grand and the other diplomatic, cautious and evasive. The formula is the same but its applicability, so spontaneous and eventful in the first instance, has begun to wear. This may mean simply of course a degeneration in the hero and not in the basic myth. But I think it goes further than this superficial cover and indicates a weakness of petition, a static approach that cannot be overcome by appealing to the individual at a time when no decentralization of resource or transplanting of the myth is able to free itself from collective disaster unless escape is really the abandonment of formula in search of an open mind to new and constant form.

But more significant than contemporary loss of direction in the formula is the failure of over-refinement within the truly epic tradition where it has begun to show deep signs of strain. This of course is a very definite indication of the leap that the new poet has to make if his work is to achieve ultimate form. Because it is within the legend that the art of conscious refinement operates most justifiably, and its failure here is symbolic.

Listen to this :

Children dying in dozens below the decks  
The women drooping in clumps of flowers, the men  
Standing about, with anger carved upon their foreheads,

There is to my mind no passion here, but only artifice. Passion brings about a different refinement, so to speak, a spontaneous refinement that is defiant and immeasurably grand. For instance George Campbell's

Women stone breakers  
Hammers and rocks  
Tired child makers  
Haphazard frocks.

is full of the strange and actual anguish of nobility.

The failure of conscious refinement—wherever it occurs—in Seymour's poems, is not so much individual but of universal interest because existing side by side with real artistry and the fulfilment of ornamental beauty it reveals simultaneously a completion, a synthesis, and a reversion—a failure in synthesis—a necessity for a different type of synthesis altogether.

Seymour's genius lies in the spirit and exploration of the name, the epic tradition, the historical monument.

Kykoveral.  
Strange name for stones, a heap of stones  
But a strong name to take imagination  
And tie it to a peak in Time  
Above lost plains, drowned by the later names,  
The English names which still come creeping in  
On the slow gathering of the years.

And the strong name winds up the centuries  
And builds again the fort to hold the sentry  
Standing upon his picket in the night  
Thinking of Holland and of home,  
While the full everlasting winds stretch out,  
Straight as a board and stiff without a flutter,  
The Dutch pavilion overhead.

or again

But still they have their dances and at nights,  
When the drums trouble the dark with rhythm  
The violin takes a voice and patterns the air  
And then the Indians find their tribal memories  
Of victories and war and dim old journeys  
That brought them from beyond the Behring Strait.

Form is always the most elusive and indescribable power of art. No technique in the poem can claim supremacy. All great writing is finally a liberation from formula. This liberation is to my mind the only true indication of form and is a completely new thing, a strange chaos and surprise whenever it occurs. This surprise is all the more miraculous in the bonds that seek to hold it attendant to an external mould. The Romantic movement while subscribing to the tyranny of matter—to collective rules—recognizes this phenomenal release. But this acceptance of freedom seems to be a disguised application of the myth wherein the formulative approach now invites the tyranny of the external world—the tyranny of force—without completely abandoning the colourful leap of tradition. This evasion is twofold. On the one hand it is an effort to sustain a paralysed gesture, on the other hand it is an unconscious and blind liberation, though such realisation of freedom is still constrained within an ominous bound figure, whose leap into the unknown is deemed romantic because it has not yet been granted an actual justification, an ever-changing centre, new form and spontaneous fusion release from classic Platonic memory. Essentially it has not yet been seen as a new thing, a surprise, revolution and constant abandonment of the collective myth. This conclusion of the abandonment of the myth is of course controversial and I do not wish to press it further at this stage. What is however indisputable is that the poem always must have this sense of leap, whether it be interpreted as an airy, formless, unactual recollection of God by the fallen creature or whether it be the Romantic crisis of the modern poem.



To a great extent the failure and ineffectual ornament of West Indian and British Guiana verse has been the supplanting of surprise, of leap, by moral. This is essentially the failure of Guiana poets and an examination of the anthology "Guianese Poetry (1831-1931)" reveals lines like these:-

When there shall be no restless sea  
To picture forth infinity—  
But endless praise.

or

Where yonder restless sea  
Joins with the northern skies  
Where glint the Polar stars  
The north wind takes its rise.  
That's why the wind is fresh  
And bears health in its blow.  
'Tis savoured with the sea,  
Whence greatest blessings flow.

or again this priceless gem

We're proud to be a living branch  
Dependent from the parent tree,  
As Englishmen with Englishmen,  
True-hearted, loyal and as free.

In a final analysis of this anthology, however, we cannot escape signs of great promise. We have a genuine release from moral, a genuine anguish and nobility in poems like Cob Cotton's meditation "Not The Same" and in the sheer ornamental grandeur of Lawrence's "Concluding Stanzas of Ode to Kaieteur." And now seventeen years after the publication of the anthology Seymour's "Guiana Book" has not deserted this promise of ornamental beauty, but has closed the cycle of the hundred years with a gracious power and leisurely contemplation.

And so the day beginning.

In the vast Atlantic  
The sun's eye blazes over the edge of ocean  
And watches the islands in a great bow curving  
From Florida down to the South American coast.  
Behind these towers in a hollow of ocean  
Quiet from the Trade Winds lies the Caribbean  
With the long shadows on her breathing bosom  
Thrown from the islands in the morning sun.  
And as the wind comes up, millions of palm trees  
Weave leaves in rhythm as the shaft of sunlight  
Numbers the islands till it reaches Cuba  
Leaps the last neck of water in its course.

Finally in a review of the Guiana Book the failure to accomplish the leap lies only in a certain type of poem, is not individual but is in method, in ornament, in the living raw material which is defiant and no longer consenting, which cannot be shaped by artifice. This failure is particularly noticeable to my mind in **Tomorrow Belongs To The People**. Here the factor of consent — the fact that governments exist on the consent of the governed—is dull and late in the day and uninspiring.

They are all heroes,

They make history

They are the power in the land.

greet one with a peculiar sense of refined uneventfulness. The poem is forced, the centre is too laboured, the heroism becomes doubtful because it is the type of heroism that is conceded within certain terms of reference, like the canned heroism of the propaganda machines. This is the penalty of formula asserting itself in the living situation where the living raw material has not been gathered up with a symbolist leap or unity. To understand the peculiar assertion of form over formula, in the living situation, listen to Laura Riding

Earth is your heart

Which has become your mind

But still beats ignorance

Of all it knows

As miles deny the compact present

Whose self-mistrusting past they are.

The original substance of the poem — collective and individual — is broken down by the strange, spontaneous chaos of surprise. And this power of the living form, this chaos of a moving or changing centre is the new generation which confronts us.

I am reluctant to close off here, though perhaps it may be fitting. But something more must be said about a poem like "Tomorrow Belongs To The People". There are indications of satire creeping into the West Indian poem. Humour has become deep and hidden and full of strange forms that are close to terror and yet are deeply purifying. "Tomorrow Belongs To The People" — in this light — becomes interesting because its very lack of synthesis is satirical. Its failure has a grim weathering possibility in a line like

They will make a hammer to smash the slums.

A grim unconscious humour seems to lurk here and change the current of this heroism into an indictment of the self-same hero who has consented for a century to this "..... Empire, on which the sun never sets, quantitatively the greatest imperial power the world has ever known — its characteristic architecture is the industrial slum". (Herbert Read — *The Grass Roots Of Art*) However, to be fair this presumption of satire becomes an unwarranted forcing of the texture of the poem. And we are compelled to go elsewhere in Seymour's work to find a grand and sustained formulation of heroism, that is close to terror like satire and deeply purifying. The strange response to hidden and powerful forces of heroism lies close to the secret of great abandon. Can Seymour's poetry in a final resolution of statuesque nobility, of figures carved in ornament and dance, convey this motive of abandon and therefore of heroism? This is the test of the ornament and is not to be discovered in the canned formulative hero "Tomorrow Belongs To The People" but rather in a poem like *Drums*

The old man beats the troubled rhythm faster  
And music jerks the dancer's head and arms  
In puppet-action. The tension grows  
Movements come Bacchic and then half obscene  
Drums, African Drums.  
Then like a leaven, see the madness spread,  
Drums, African drums.  
Caught in the mounting wind of passion  
Others come stamping in the hard-earth circle  
With eyes now half-slit and now shut and blind  
Drums, drums, African drums.  
The old drummer tightens the frenzy again  
The drum notes pursue each other fiercely  
Climbing the curious archways of the blood  
Snuffing out the brain — dancers topple balance  
And running down the scale of evolution  
Write like the snakes from sea or ovum seekers  
Dancing upon their bellies on the ground.  
Others are music-drunk — drums, drums, the drums.  
Then the old man unwinds the dancers, lays  
That wind of passion to rest within his drums  
Right to the last note of the octave  
Drums, African drums.

So the last note recedes finally in memory like a communion and an eternal possession

-:-      -:-      -:-      -:-      -:-      -:-      -:-      -:-

### SIMEY'S BOOK

What I like most about Prof. Simey's book, *Welfare and Planning in the West Indies*, is his avoidance of both sloppy praise of and hostile attacks upon any of the social groups. Although criticisms are of a radical nature, and are usually forcefully expressed, they are always accompanied by reasonable and sympathetic explanations. Result is — one is impressed that a good attempt has been made by Simey to understand the mental attitudes and psychological problems of West Indians.

As a sociologist he is naturally very much aware that, whether we are thinking of West Indians, Americans or Europeans, the mental attitude of the individuals of a community determine not only quantity of effort but direction of effort. and, of course, no effort (or misdirected effort) means no economic development, and therefore no Social Welfare. It was therefore logical for Simey to pay adequate attention to the forces, past and present, which have produced and are preserving undesirable attitudes and social values.

Middle class men and importee Government Officials will find in this book references to themselves which should be useful, even if not always pleasing. LEADERSHIP might find inspiration therein. I think this is the purpose of the book.

— A. P. THORNE.

# Publications Received.

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Kyk-over-al attaches great importance to the resolution of the Caribbean Commission to foster the exchange of information in the Caribbean and its emphasis on the exchange of bibliographies between libraries and the Commission. The Commission also hopes "to compile a general bibliography of Caribbean titles; arrange for an exchange programme with newspapers and periodicals in the area; and make the Commission library available to the public for reference purposes".

In its 1947 Report the Caribbean Commission gives full indication of its emphasis on information services (press releases, library exchanges, compilation of statistical data,) the establishment of a library of Caribbean literature at Kent House, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, and the distribution of publications to Universities attended by West Indian students, other institutions, libraries and individuals in the area and without.

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Inevitably but unfortunately, the information on individual British colonies in the United Nations publication "Non-Self-Governing Territories" with its summaries and analysis of information transmitted to the Secretary-General during 1947, suffers from too great compression.

Of the government policies on Education (in the section showing the analysis of information transmitted) the objectives of the French and Dutch Governments are impressively stated. Especially does the Netherlands Indies report contain a hope for all dependent peoples..... "the general aim of the new educational policy is to raise the cultural, social and economic level of the people, to educate the child to become a citizen of his country and of the world by promoting a healthy patriotism and a love for his country's national language, its history and civilisation, as well as by developing his personality, and the understanding of his rights and duties as a citizen....."

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Kyk-over-al congratulates Maurice Kurtz on his appointment as Secretary-General as from January 1, 1949, to the I.T.I. Executive Committee.

The Report on the First Congress of the International Theatre Institute (Prague, June 28 to July 3, 1948) makes very stimulating reading. The great theatre tradition of Czechoslovakia, inspired by Shakespeare, formed a genuine background to the international understanding I.T.I. plans to promote, based on the importance of theatre as an art and an organ of society. As Mr. J. B. Priestley, President of the Congress stated, international theatre is at least one thread in the fabric of a world society and the attempt to link theatres together and to ensure that people enjoy the best of the world's dramas shows a movement towards international understanding.

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From Malta comes Michael Kissaun's call "my personal idea of the National Theatre (cf Malta) is a Temple in which the soul of the Nation finds expression of its philosophy and way of life", (*Times* of Malta, March 4, 1948). In his article, Michael Kissaun outlines the administration of a National Theatre, suggests a possible building or a site, and plans a Mediterranean counterpart to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Kyk-over-al is grateful for the programme of the Children's Drama Festival with the list of the ten plays (with the dramatis personae) presented in the Floriana Primary School, Malta, G.C., on June 16 to June 19, 1948.

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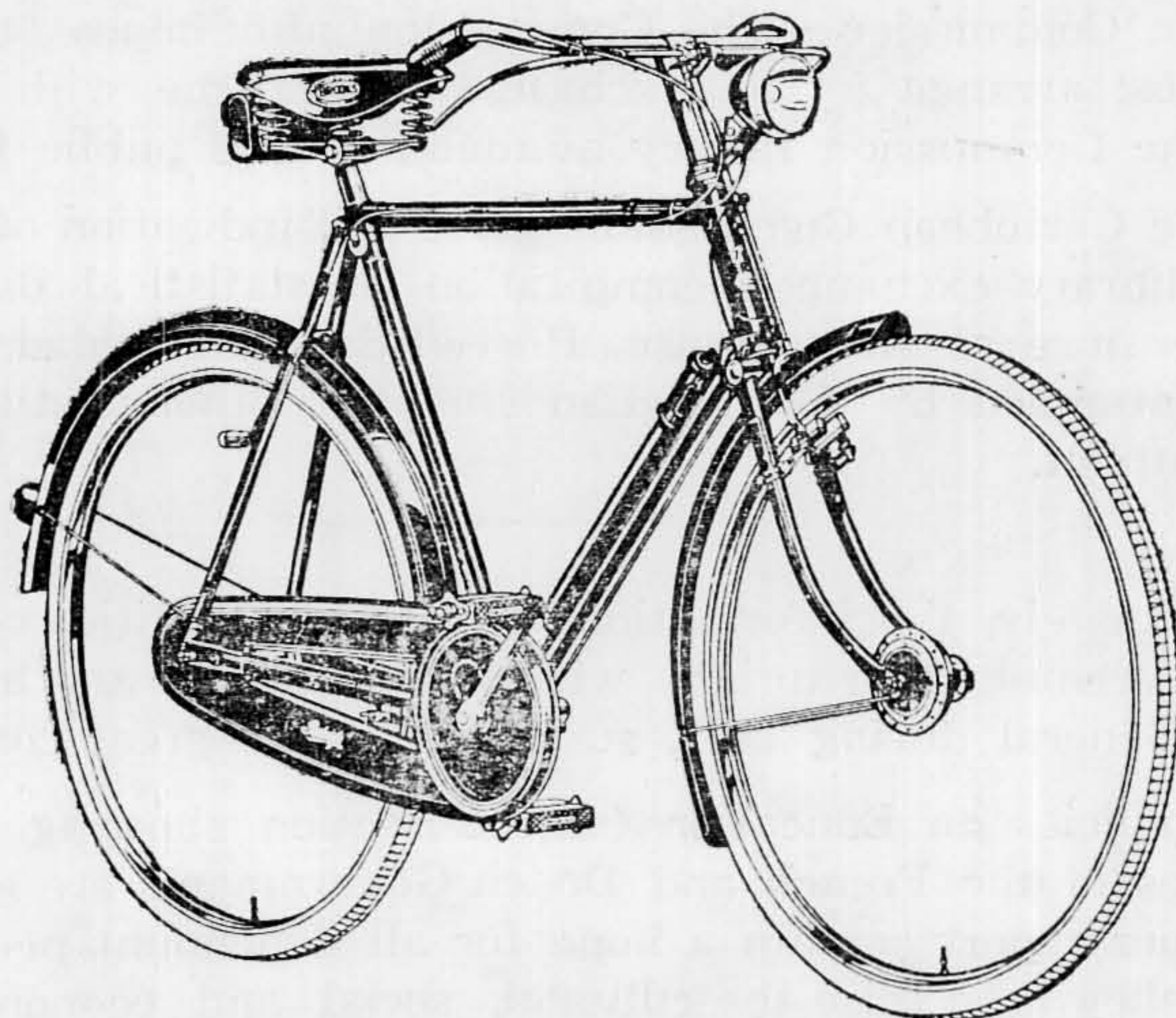
The 1947-1948 Report of the British Council shows the importance and the continued success of the link of the arts and sciences of Britain with those of the rest of the World. That the Council's financial restrictions limited its work is evident from the pages of the report but the valuable library service now afforded by the Council to the rural areas in British Guiana and its work mainly through the Combined Cultural Committee deserve and receive the grateful approval of all discerning Guianese.

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Kyk-over-al is grateful for the gift of the finely-produced Official Souvenir Programme of the Bath Assembly, April 21 to May 1, 1948, with its magnificent photographs of the City of Bath and of its historical and literary personages, and of the musicians and players who made this period a festival of the arts in England.

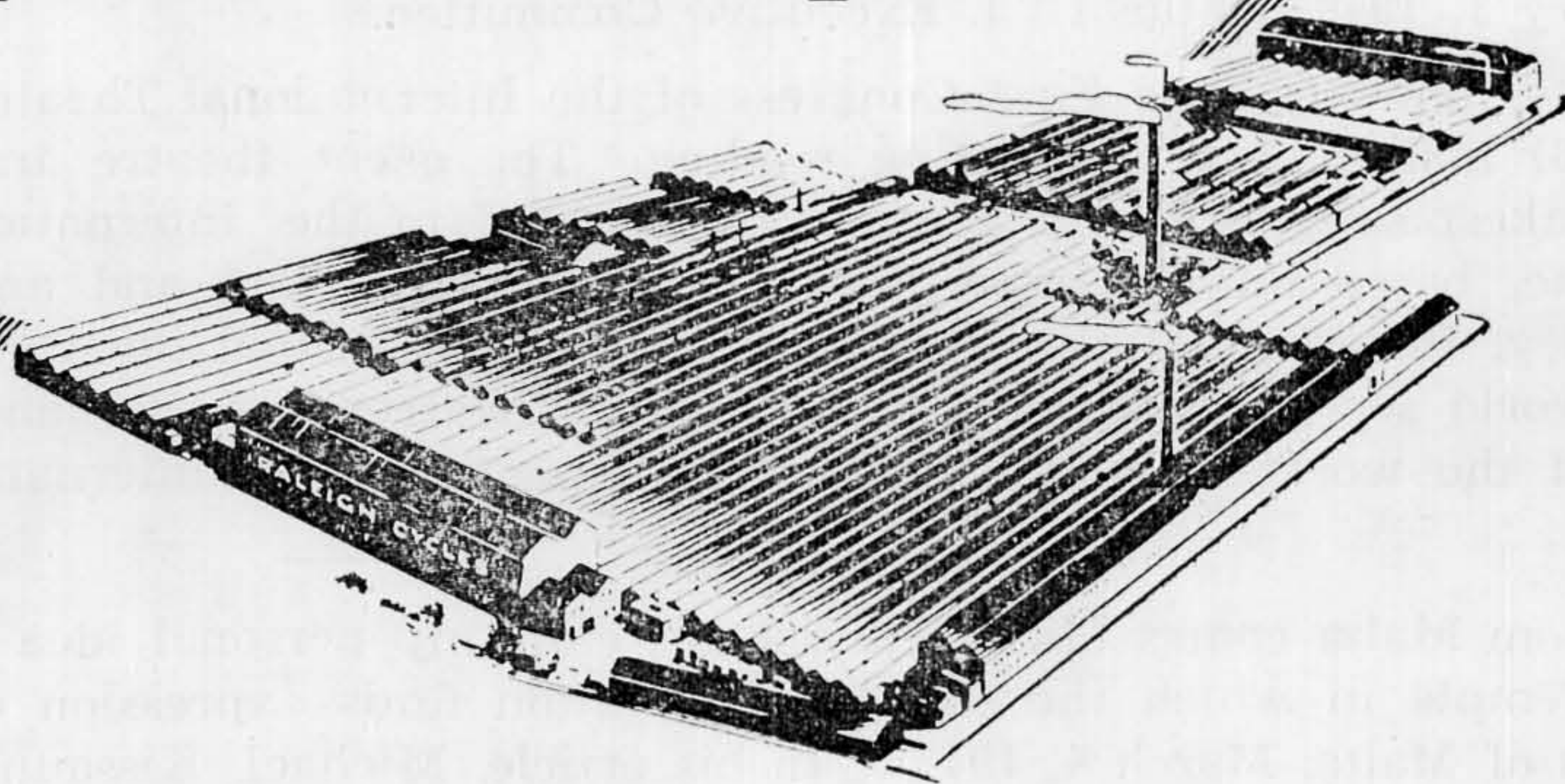
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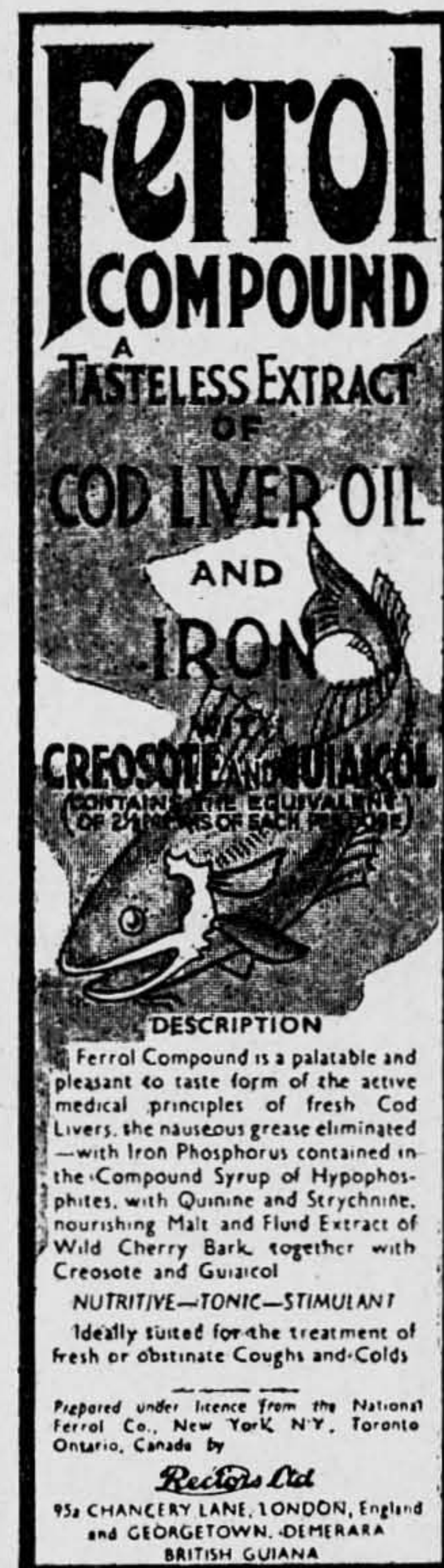
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