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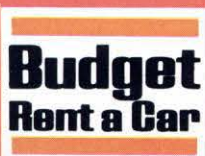
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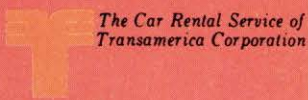
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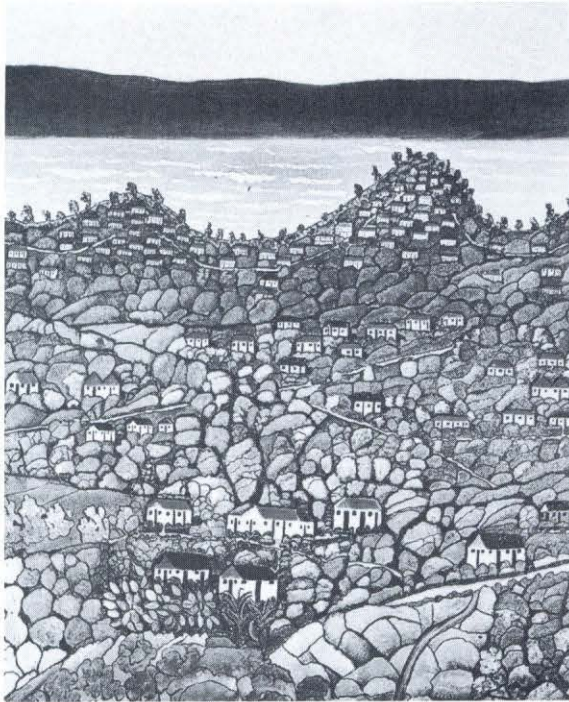
He was a very happy young man. He still talks about it. And flies a kite that reminds him of it. And mostly looks forward to the next time.

Which makes us happy. Because a satisfied you, is our happy ending. It is also the even happier beginning of your next "Love Bird" story.

Write it soon.


airJamaica

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Cover

The cover is of a painting by Jamaican Malachi Reynolds, who calls himself **Kapo**. A self-taught 'primitive' painter, Kapo is spiritual leader of a flock of highly religious cultists. His work has done much to bring prestige and acceptance in Jamaica for the Black poor.

He has received many awards for his forceful and visionary creations in wood and paint, as well as for such evocations of serenity as this view of the Hills. The galleries of Kingston, as well as all the smaller towns of Jamaica, are treasure houses for the art lover who wishes to buy, or merely browse among local pieces; from the surrealist to the simple, and from old maps to carved wooden masks.

A Little Bit of Jamaica

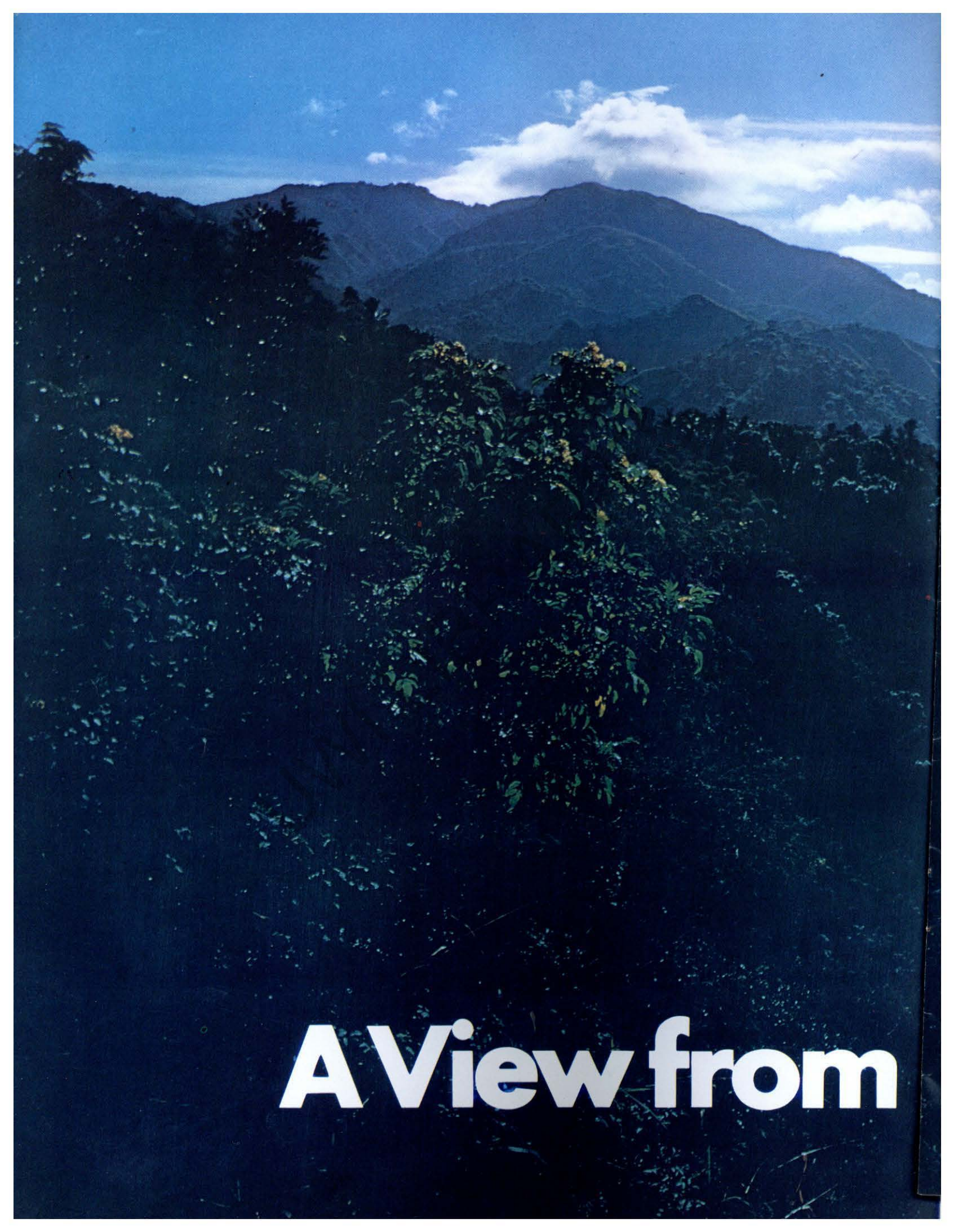
This is a magazine about Jamaica, a young and newly independent nation, and about some of the places we fly to. It's a present from us to you, to say how good we feel about having you aboard the Love Bird, where life is as Jamaican as the smiles of our stewardesses — friendly and straight from the heart. This is your personal copy of **Sky Writings**. It's written by Jamaican journalists in several fields who know the island well and love it.

This, our first issue, is mostly about the hills of Jamaica; because we think that every island has its beautiful beaches, but only this one has as well such various and ever-changing hills. They're special. Like Jamaica herself, and the Love Birds. And all the people who fly in them. Have a wonderful vacation.

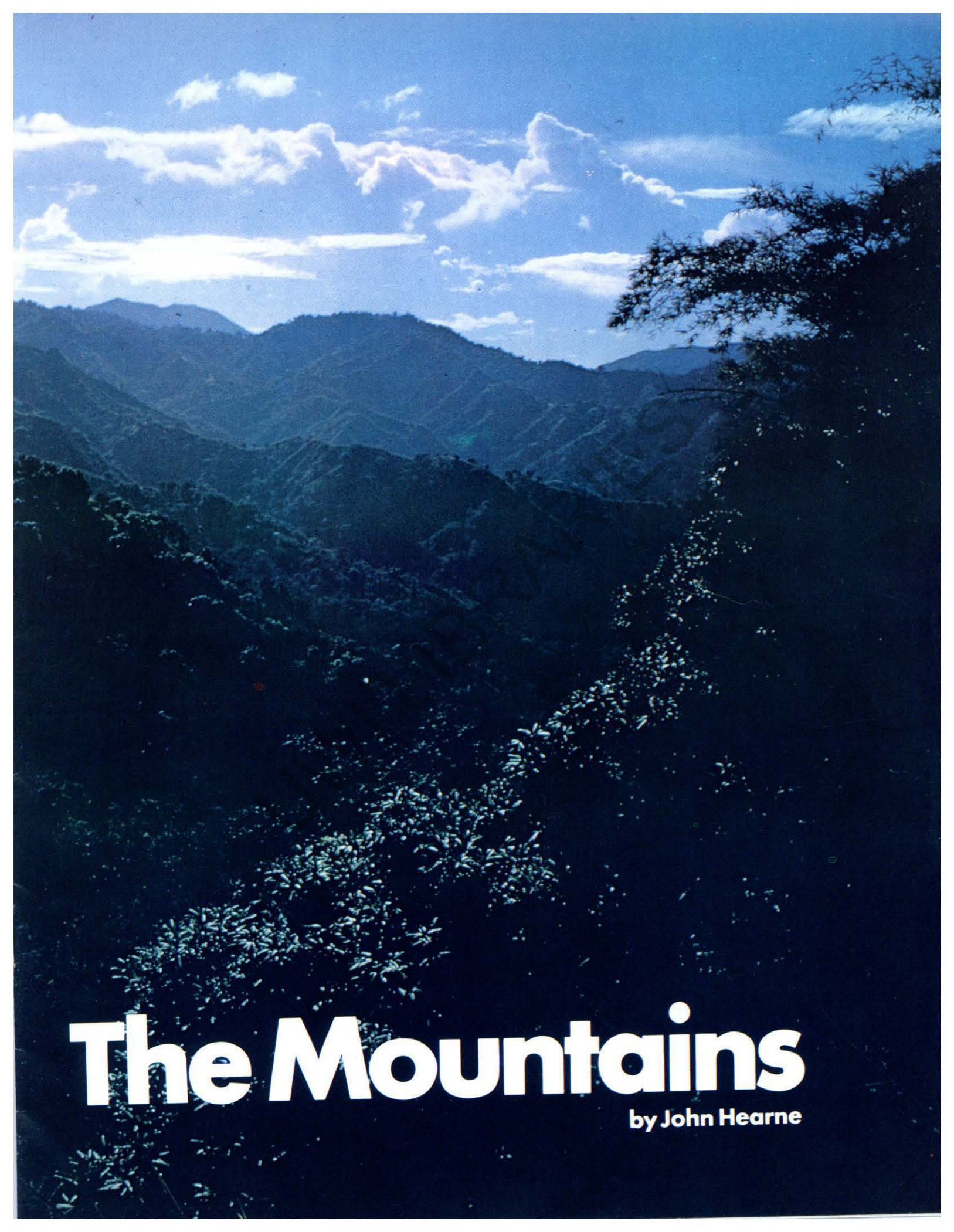
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A photograph of a mountain landscape. In the foreground, there is a dense coffee plantation with dark green leaves and small yellow flowers. The middle ground shows rolling hills and valleys covered in vegetation. In the background, a large mountain range stretches across the horizon under a blue sky with scattered white clouds.

A View from



The Mountains

by John Hearne

"Without it's mountains Jamaica would have been a trim but rather uninteresting sugar estate"

Without its mountains, Jamaica would have been a trim but rather uninteresting sugar estate. A sort of larger Barbados rather more plentifully stocked with industrious citizens of serious mind and a high regard for judicial forms, but essentially a place where the temperate Puritan ethic had 'taken' and produced a sturdy, tropical variant.

We have been saved from this by our mountains. A faithfully scaled relief model of our island shows that less than a fifth of our 4,500-odd square miles can be considered plain land in any real sense at all.

Except for a rough triangle of dry savannah in the south-west, one is never more than about four miles bird's passage from the sea to high country.

Give or take a mile or two, we are one hundred and fifty miles long by what is mostly about forty miles wide. Two promontories of lesser width — at the eastern and western ends — reduce our square mileage to the figure quoted above.

Most of this area consists of peaks, steep, misty valleys, long ridges narrow and bony as a mule's spine, terraces within shouting distance of each other but which are physically separated by a day's walk. In the Blue Mountains of the east there are over fifteen crests averaging five thousand plus feet, packed into a box only twenty miles by forty. A straight drive from the south coast at Bull Bay to Blue Mountain Peak (7,400 feet up) would take about ten minutes at fifty miles per hour. It would also take about fifty million dollars worth of engineering to build such a drive over the terrain that lies between the sea and our highest reach into the sky.

As we go west, the mountains are less spectacular in height, less lush, but they still dominate our landscape and our imagination in a way that nobody who has not lived a childhood under their influence — or in their recesses — can begin to conceive. They have

nurtured or separated communities of such incorrigible individuality that no politician can predict from year to year how his fortunes are going to pan out. The apparently instinctive allegiance to the democratic process in modern Jamaica is perhaps as much due to geographical conditioning as it is to any formal political education.

This direct influence is, I think, one of comparatively recent growth: one that began after the emancipation of the slaves in 1834.

Before that, Jamaica had been much like any other West Indian island: an area of sugar cane tended by purchased humans, supervised by a few other humans who were legally free but practically speaking as bound to the plantations as those they owned.

In the mountains that begin to rise nearly everywhere only a couple of miles inland from the narrow strip of sugar cane, there were only a handful of people for two hundred years.

These were mostly the Maroons, who were originally ex-slave guerrillas freed by the Spaniards during the English conquest. Later under leaders like Cudjoe and a formidable woman called Nanny, they were runaways from the new English masters and effectively controlled a great deal of the island's interior.

There were never at any time between the end of the 17th Century and Emancipation in 1834 much more than about 2000 - 3000 of them. Their fighting force in the Maroon war of 1792 was about 200 warriors. They lost this war; but up till then they had restricted the area of land development to the plains except for a few farms and towns above one thousand feet. Indeed their command of the terrain was so effective that the treaty made between them and the sugar planters in 1738 virtually acknowledged that the planters could use only those sections of the island where cavalry and infantry could deploy in European

fashion. The Cockpit Country, for example, in the west of the island, which can be crossed in twenty-four hours on foot, presented such an expensive military problem for those who held the island by international patent that they were happy to concede it as a state within a state to the runaways. Only along those few passes through the mountains where roads, watch-towers and forts could be built could the writ of the British Parliament be said to run. The failure of the Jamaican Assembly to establish white yeoman farmers on small mountain properties during the Eighteenth Century was not so much due to the selfishness of the sugar interests on the plains as to the impossibility of policing an interior where one determined man with a musket behind a rock overlooking a gorge could reduce an investment from a handsome profit to a disastrous loss.

All the same, we must not sentimentalise the Maroons. They made a cold-blooded political accommodation with the sugar-cane users of the plains. In return for a free run of most of the island, they agreed to restrict their fellow blacks to servitude on those same plains. Their war with the white owners of plantation Jamaica at the end of the Eighteenth Century was occasioned by a humiliation — a flogging — inflicted on two of their number by a black petty official in a town and not from any sense of identification with those of their own race who were enslaved. And even as late as 1865, a generation after Emancipation, the black peasant rebels from the plains surrendered to regular government troopers with more confidence than they did to the Maroon mercenaries recruited from the mountains. By and large, the treatment they received from the white or black militia from the plains was far less drastic and arbitrary than what was meted out to them from the

mountain men who had joined the fight for the fun of the thing.

But there is an overlap of history here, however. The concentration of population on the plains up to Emancipation began to disintegrate almost within a child's memory of slavery's abolishment. Whole communities abandoned the plantations below one thousand feet and established themselves in the mountains. The Nonconformist Churches and individual geniuses like Paul Bogle inspired one of the most astonishing transformations of a relationship between a people and land in all history. Within thirty years a slave people were metamorphosed into a hard-edged, responsible and sceptical peasantry. The male still had to offer his service — on his own terms, temporarily — to the plantations on the plains in order to service the plot he had acquired in the mountains. But, always, there were the mountains to which he could return and from which he could sustain himself when there was no work below or when he felt he had worked enough for another man.

This shift of population about one hundred and fifty years ago — the quirky, independent **personalities** it produced — are what we parley from now. Kingston, Montego Bay and the tourist complexes have begun to re-attract the best of our young and refashion them into either a **lumpenproletariat** or rootless metropolitans.

But the mountains remain. Two-thirds of our population still live, have their being and relate to those deposits of river soil, those worked contours, those valley heads between the high domes of forest.

The natural beauty of such a landscape can be captured by any transient with a camera. Almost any shot you take is going to look well providing you have approached the business of taking it with the care such a landscape deserves.

What is more important, however, is the sort of people such a landscape has produced. They look pretty good in a photograph too; but perhaps only a painter of real talent can capture the dignity, good nature and obstinate sense of **self** that are their common and enduring characteristics. (S)



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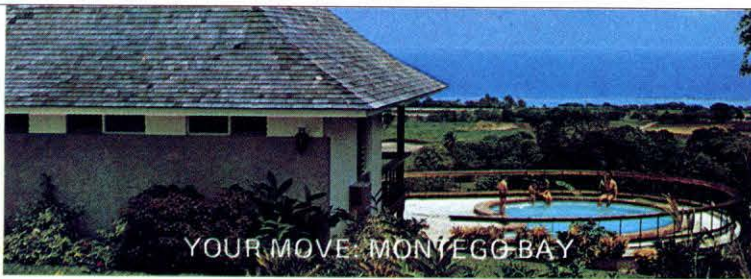
Reminiscences

by John Allgrove

There was a sort of special atmosphere, for instance, about going to Mavis Bank early in the morning, six miles away, to catch the truck. I must have been about ten, then, over a score of years ago. We would use the plane flying over every morning as our alarm clock. In those days the market truck ran twice a week; and when you missed the truck, you walked, all the way to Kingston; thirteen miles away. But there was something about going down to the village, so early, with the odd person getting up on his way to the fields; you know, the whole smell of the air, the clarity of the hills, the sun just barely coming over them, all the changing light...

The trucks very seldom left anybody though, and the police were always after them for overloading. But the drivers had all sorts of ruses for picking up people after they'd passed the police station. One time the police were smarter; they stopped the truck a long way out of town. That Friday evening they removed from the transport some thirtysix of us who shouldn't have been there, and left only the fortyfour the thing was licensed to carry.

Oh, in those days the vehicles could do some fantastic things — if the driver had to stop on a hill there wasn't any way he could start off again. He'd have to roll backwards to a level place first, down the twisting road.



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The nice thing about those market trucks was that all the people knew each other, you see; every week taking their produce to market and going back on Friday evening. The journey might take five hours from Kingston, and we would sing to pass the time away. I mean although you were being squeezed to death, there was a feeling about it. The usual method of collecting the fare for instance was to stop halfway between Gordon Town and Mavis Bank, and the driver would wrangle with the passengers about what the fare should be. It would take an hour or so sometimes, just collecting fares!

Even this has changed. The operators today are much more business-like: pay as you enter. No pay, no trip. They have buses now, and vans and landrovers that go all the way up into the hills. A man doesn't think of walking to Kingston these days to sell his produce; not like then. They's walk both ways sometimes, twenty-odd miles with a donkey or a mule if they had one to carry the produce. Or carry it on their heads.

And the music! That was before the jukebox. A live band is different, you see. There were two bands in Mavis Bank alone. A man might have a flute or a guitar in his pocket or on his shoulder; sometimes both. I had a friend, a forest ranger, used to play his guitar all the way to the Peak, seven miles from Torre Garda where we lived. There was a trumpeter and a banjo player, I remember, in the district; they're playing in a band in Philadelphia now. That's a long way from home.

We'd make our own music too. To make a saxophone you'd find a young bamboo shoot, and you'd load it with a stone, so that it curved down. Then when it started to grow back up again, there you'd have the bottom part of the sax, the bending part. You'd use different sections of the tree to make the instrument — even the reed would be from a sliver of bamboo. And they made clarinets as well, and flutes out of the same bamboo that some called wild cane. At celebrations the bands would play square dances, and the schottische and the rumba — remember that? Everybody would dance, young and old, with the

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white rum tuning up the homemade saxophones.

I know the hills and the people like the back of my hand. Villages with names like Epping Farm, and Penlyne Castle, where I lived. And places with strange German names like Westphalia, which is below Cinchona Gardens about seven miles away — not as the crow flies, but by our tortuous roads into the valley 3000 feet down, and then that height again up the other side. And Hagley Gap that was far below: the nearest Post Office town three miles away where I used to go every other day for mail. Population: 800.

It was a rough life there, and a good one. I remember things like going to school in Kingston for the first time when I was nearly ten. I had to fight for that. That was a wonderful day. And the time the man who bought the property next door hired an epileptic, and one day the crazy fellow tried to drown me. But he wasn't from there, of course. He was a stranger.

Once however a group of us were cutting down a piece of forest, we were all there, I was about sixteen. You know the usual thing to do: you cut the undergrowth high enough so that you can see the stakes and don't step in them and bore your feet. And then you go through and cut down the bigger trees. I was cutting down a pretty tall fellow, sixty, seventy feet high. This tree grew up the hillside, made a bend, and grew vertical. Now normally you can control the operation — you give the tree a belly in the direction you want it to fall, and then you back it with an axe.

But with this tree there was only one thing to do with it, cut it. It was going to fall on the hillside no matter what you did. So I cut it, and it fell, slid down the hillside between my leg, and then rocked on the part where it bent to grow vertical, and it chucked me about fifteen feet into the air. Well, I dropped in an area completely surrounded by small sharp stakes. And not one of them touched me! Things like that, we took them as part of life, I guess. Like the loneliness of walking home from Mavis Bank. Five miles of dark and silence, all alone with not a man in sight for miles, when I was ten; passing the old great houses.

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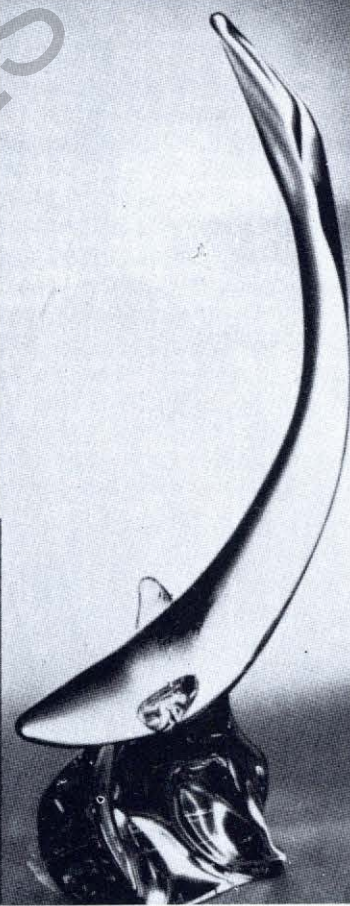
A collection of Crystal figurines: Animals, Decorative Pieces and Religious Subjects, by DAUM of France.
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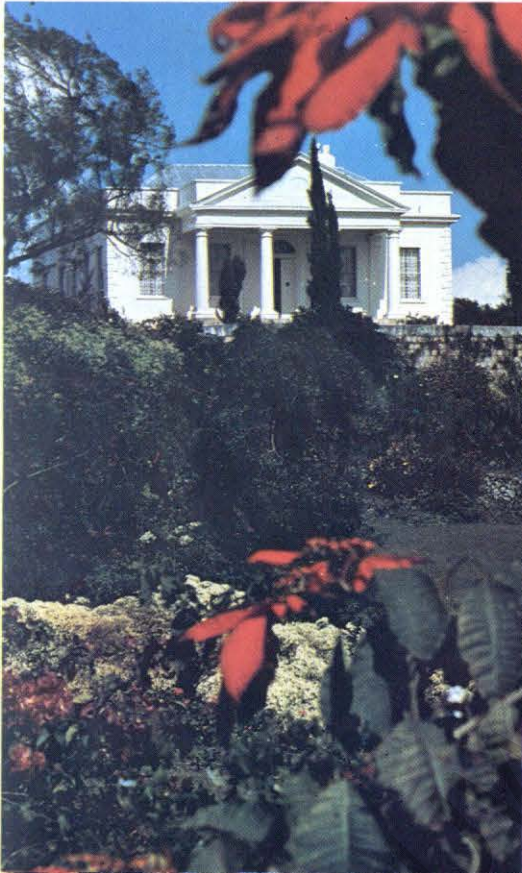
They had belonged once to the coffee plantations. We said that they were haunted of course: you know the kind of reputation empty houses have. It's difficult to tell who built them or how old they are exactly, but we know that the Spaniards came to these Mountains when they were here, because there are a couple ancient copper mines in the area, which they dug.

Then under the British, at the height of the coffee boom there were some forty properties in those hills, some as large as 1200 acres.

Those were wealthy men. They say that Devon House, in Kingston, was built by one of them. It was all part of a competition to see who could put up the handsomest house. One of the men who lost that bet is buried under a bamboo root in Sheldon, the coffee property he owned. John Bull, his name was. You can see the grave there today.

Most of those estates had their own factory, worked by running water; they used water wheels with great wooden gears, that

pulped the coffee and husked it and then polished it and even packaged it. But then time had its way, and there were World Wars One and Two, and, especially, a grass called wyne grass. They brought it into the area in the 1950s, and it spread like wildfire all over the Blue Mountains. Now this grass burns like anything, it really is beautiful fuel; but it grows over everything and strangles it to death. Tall and beautiful. What with this and people farming and using fire to clear their land and the fires getting



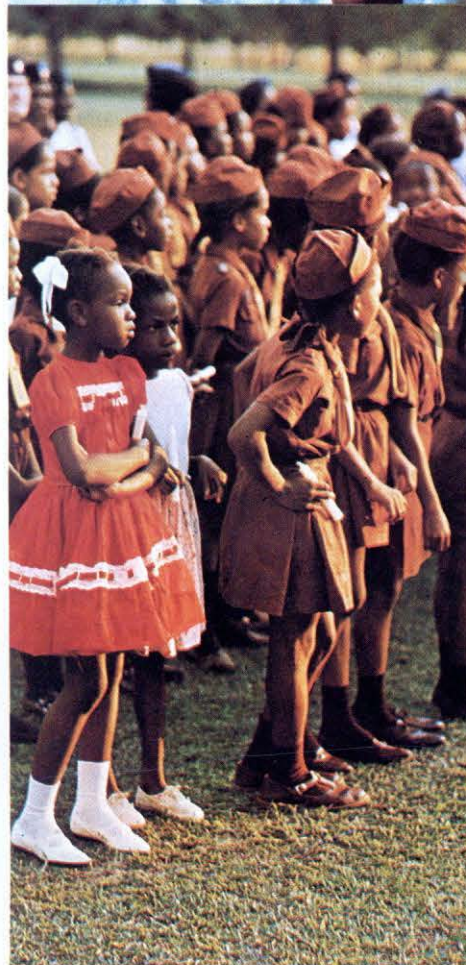
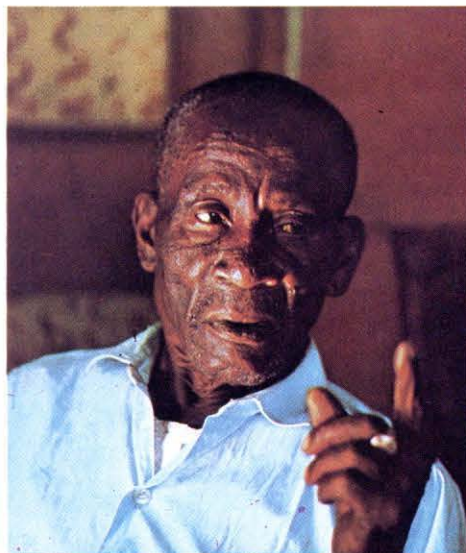
away and burning the coffee and the windgrass choking what wasn't burnt to death, I guess thousands of acres of coffee were completely obliterated during the last war. And all the coffee in the Blue Mountains today is pretty well on small holdings.

My father lives in one of those houses now. Whitfield Hall. We run a business there. Well, he runs the guest house, and I do a bit of farming, growing coffee; and I enjoy it, you see. I grew up with the land and I love the land.

I do a fair amount myself, not all, but things like the pruning I do, and the planting ... It's hard to explain to people who are not of the land, not of the country and the hills. They think you're mad. "After all you're a qualified engineer!" they say. "It's a lot of work, they're a lot more easy ways to make a livelihood."

But there's something about it that holds you, far above what you may make out of it. Where my father is now, we haven't got any electricity, and we don't intend

to put in any. We still use Tilley pressure lamps. The hiss of these at night, and the noises outside; the sound of the solitaire, the bird that you hardly ever see, but it whistles a tune that sounds a little like a hymn you've heard; and sometimes the wind blowing the "winter rain" fine and nearly horizontal. There's something very special about it that I can't get where I live in town. And in the country I can open my windows when I want. I walk where I wish. ❸



The Blue Mountains
The 7402 ft. peak — highest in the West Indies — is north east of Kingston and can only be reached on foot or mule. But to get among the clouds, tree ferns and breathtaking views in a car requires only the will to negotiate 10 - 15 miles of snaking but passable roads.

Mavis Bank
On the Gordon Town Road — is the usual starting point for the arduous climb to the peak on foot. Best to allow 24 hours to and from, with overnight stop at

Whitfield Hall Hostel
4,300 feet up. "Great House" of an old coffee property, 6½ miles below Blue Mountain Peak. Hike to the Peak from here, through beautiful country.

Newcastle
Nearly 4,000 ft. up — is a military training depot and rest station with historical significance back to the 1900's yellow fever days. Popular with honeymooners — British type fire-placed cottages and all — it is best seen from Kingston by night as a twinkling necklet in the lofty darkness.

Hollywell National Forest
A neatly laid out bird sanctuary picnic ground and starting point for paths leading further afield - on the slopes near Hardwar Gap.

Blue Mountain Inn
A few miles out of Kingston, in the rich green of the lower Blue Mountain slopes. A superbly elegant, comfortable small hotel beside a rushing stream. Internationally famous cuisine.

Hardwar Gap
Two miles beyond Newcastle on the Portland-St.Andrew border. Rent a furnished cabin — fridge, stove, etc. — from the Forestry Department in Kingston. Further on at Chestervale is a Forestry Department camp and even further Cinchona Botanical Gardens.

Hellshire Hills
An area of St.Catherine believed to be the long ago home of many Arawaks, those first settlers of Jamaica who were harrassed by the warlike Carib Indians and finally wiped out by European colonists.

Arntully Great House
At Arntully Gap in St.Thomas. An hour from Kingston and from the sea. Built in 1791. Now has every modern convenience but remains a world away in spirit. Gracious and friendly as the nearby villagers and set among magnificent tropical mountains.

Cockpit Country
Scarcely accessible by car. Miles of unmapped country riddled with cockpits like inverted cones from 100 to 150 feet deep. An endless, tempting maze of limestone cliffs and nearly impenetrable forest.

Windsor Cave
Largest accessible limestone cave in Jamaica. On the edge of the Cockpit Country — via the Goodhope (Hotel) Road from Falmouth — and explorable for some distance. Good lantern and company recommended.

Castleton Gardens
29 miles from Kingston on the winding "Junction Road". Established 1862. Fifteen acres of lush botanical gardens on the banks of a mountain stream.

Mount Diablo
Road starting near Moneague in the "Garden Parish", St. Ann, with pine aforested slopes rising to 3,000 feet in places. Bauxite mining pits and aerial ore-carrying ropeways vie for attention with road-side vendors of local produce. Road plunges from 2,250 feet, through hairpin curves, to Ewarton — site of the Alcan works.

Cave Valley
Atop the 7-mile long Vera Ma Hollis Savanna in St. Ann. Famous for its regular Saturday market for horses, donkeys and mules.

Mandeville
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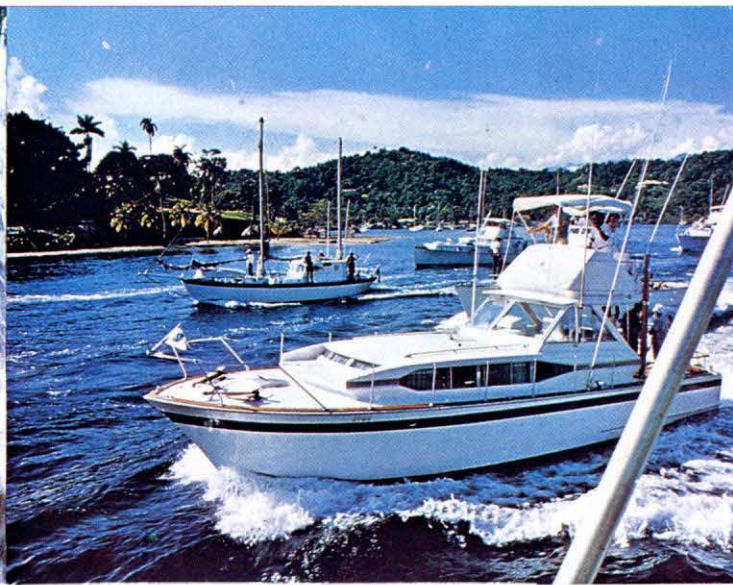
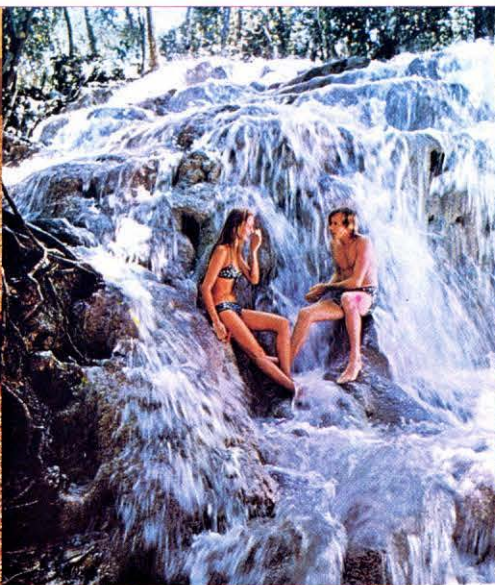
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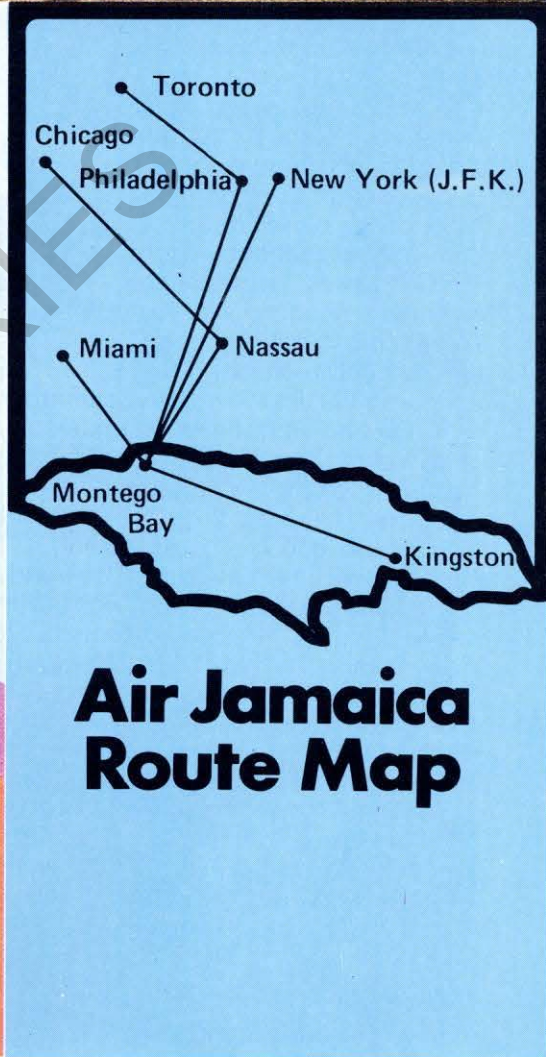
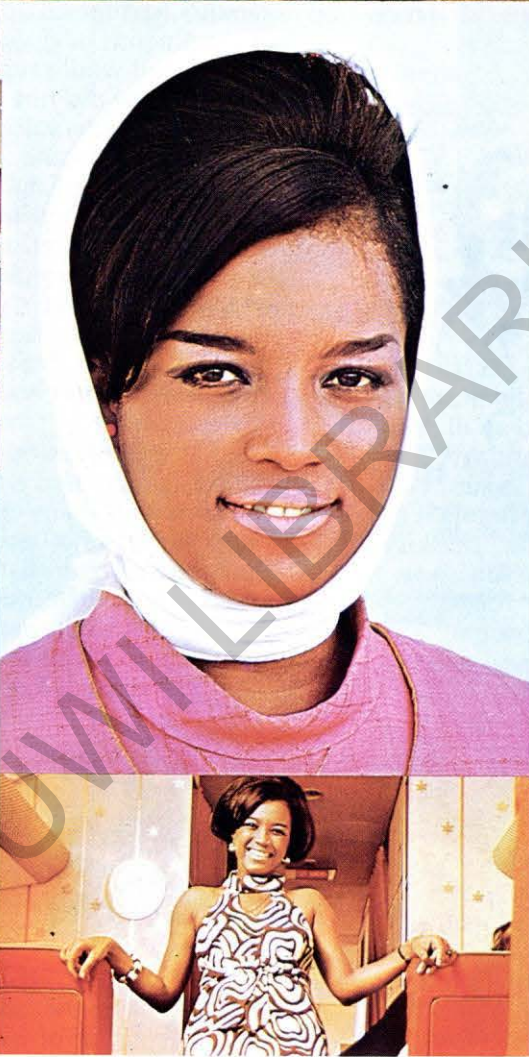
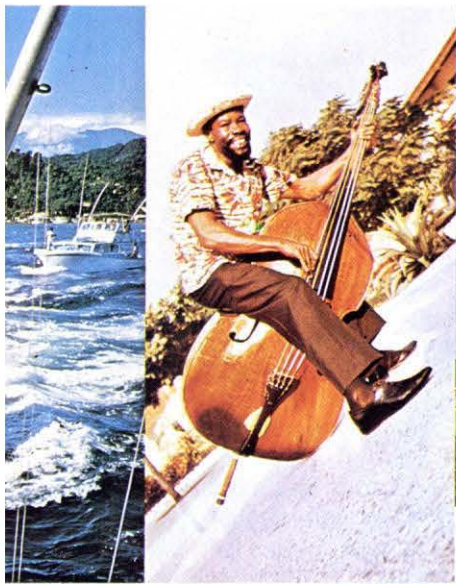
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Fe We

by Louise Bennett



Meck me tell yuh bout
fe we Jamaican dialect.

You notice the title of this article? Well that's how we say "our" in Jamaican dialect: "fe we". When we want to say "this is ours," we say "dis a fe we" — 'mine' is — "fe me", "yours" — "fe yuh" and "theirs" — "fe dem". You get it? Alright-me dear, (we like to call people 'me dear' when we like them, it's a term of endearment and "me" — means — "my".) Well as I was saying the Jamaican dialect is the language that most Jamaican people ("smady") talk, most of the time, some Jamaican people talk some of the time and all Jamaican people can understand all of the time. Most of the words in the Jamaican dialect come from English words, but it is not easy for any outsider or foreign person to recognise all the English words in the Jamaican dialect when they listen to Jamaicans talking.

Oh no, it's not easy to understand at all, but it is nice to listen to and as we Jamaicans say, "it sweet fe talk". You notice the "fe" again? Well this time "fe" means "to" — "It sweet fe talk". Don't bother to feel confused about "fe" because "fe" has only two meanings "to" and "for".

When we want to say "For better for worse", we say "Fe betta fe wussa". Yes me dear, "worse" is "wussa" and "worst" — "wussara". Some of our Jamaican dialect words sound just like whatsoever we are talking about looks like. For instance, if someone is "out of order" and behaving badly, we say they are "boogoo yagga". If someone is sweet and lovely and kind, we say they are "boonoonoonoos". If a place is untidy we say it is "chaka-chaka". You hear the vitality in the words — boogoo yagga, boonoonoonoos, chaka-chaka. Don't it make you feel to laugh to?

Well the Jamaican dialect is full of humour and wit and vitality and the whole thing started during the slavery time, when most of our African ancestors who came to Jamaica as slaves were from the Ashanti Tribe

and talked the Twi language.

But our English forefathers, who were the slave owners, couldn't understand what our African ancestors, (the slaves) were saying to each other when they talked in Twi, yuh se (you see). So the English started to force the Africans to stop

talking their African language altogether and to learn to talk only the English language. What a jeopardy to freedom of speech! Lawks! How could the African slaves mock and jeer and pass remarks about the English slave owners in the English language without the English understanding them? Wat a ting! (What a thing). But our African ancestors were crafty you know, yes mam; they decided to disguise up the African language inside of the English language, in such a way, that the English still would not be able to understand them, if they did not want to be understood!

Yes sir, the Africans would speak the English with the strong accent and word-construction of their native tongue, and when our English forefathers (the slave owners) thought that our African ancestors (the slaves) were backward and illiterate, our African ancestors (the slaves) were really being creative and ingenious! That's how the Jamaican dialect was created and through the centuries all the people of many different-different nationalities who have lived in Jamaica, the Spaniards, East Indians, Chinese, Jews, French and so on, contributed more and more words and phrases to the Jamaican dialect. We were even able to save a few Arawak words for our Jamaican dialect. For as you know the Arawaks

were the very first inhabitants of the island when Columbus discovered it and the name Jamaica is an Arawak word meaning "Land of Wood and Water". So anytime we hear anyone call our Jamaican dialect "corruption" of the

English language we just laugh after them and say that if that be the case the English language must be a corruption of Norman French and Latin and all the other languages that the English say English is derived from. Wat a joke! So walk good fe now, yes "walk-good" means "good-bye", and we have a little Jamaican song what go say :—

Walk-good on yuh way an good spirit walk
wid yuh —

Walk good.

Walk-good, good fallow yuh, if yuh jus'
walk-good.

Ah gone! (I am gone). ☺



Photographs by Mark Weinberger

Seawind

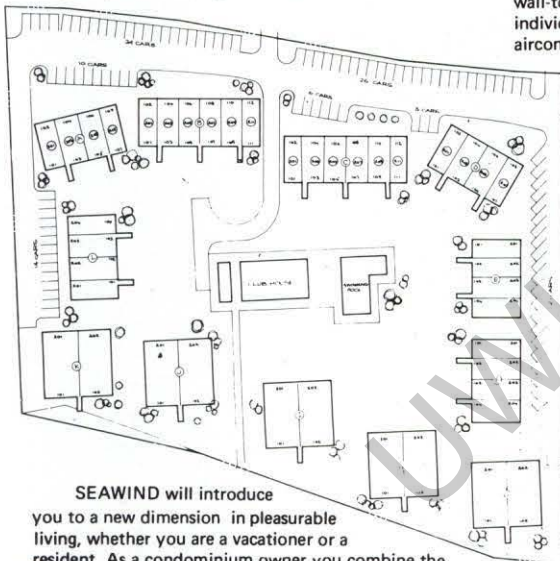
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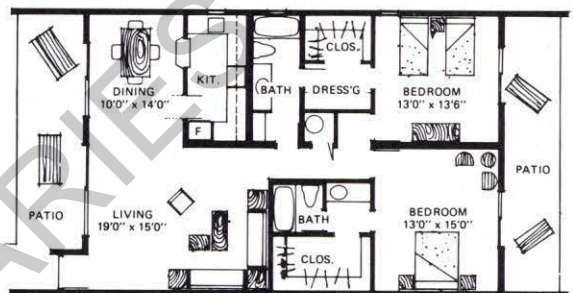
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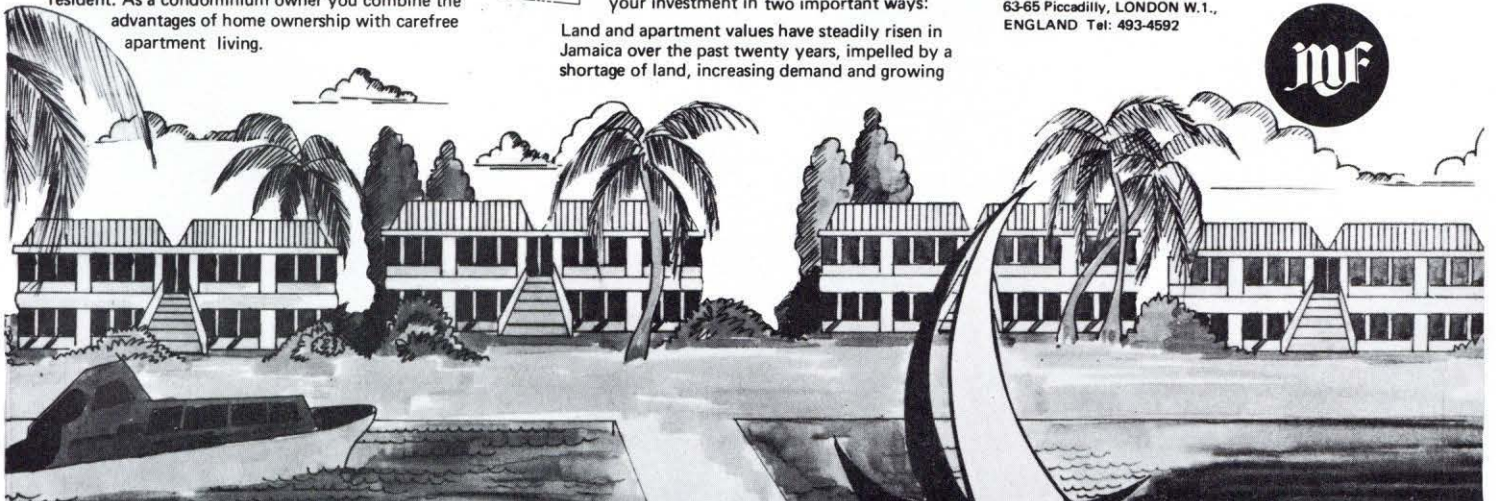
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KINGDOM OF GREEN

BY PETER ABRAHAMS

We are hill people, my wife and I, and we have been so all our lives. My earliest and most persistent memories are of the green hills of Africa going away, one after the other, each higher than the one before, as far as the eye could see and beyond into the haze of distance. And for her it is the towering green volcanic mountains of Java among which she spent her formative years. So it was natural that when we came to rest finally, to put down roots and to rear a family, it should be in the hills; and because of our nature and our needs it had to be the hills of St. Andrew in Jamaica, physically as far away from Africa as from Java, yet very reminiscent for each of us of those other faraway hill countries. She grew up eating a succulent-tasting but foul-smelling fruit (when fully ripe) called Durian; she met it here half a lifetime later in the shape of the Jamaican Jack Fruit, and at once the gap of oceans and cultures and time was bridged.



'WE NEED THE HILLS FOR MORE THAN JUST FOOD'

Today, and for the last two weeks, on and off, we have had a high whistling wind coming in across the sea from the south. It reminds me of the Mistral which I encountered many years ago in French Mediterranean hill country; it is also reminiscent of the Harmattan of West Africa, though much gentler on the skin and not as dry. One feels exhilarated watching the John Crows riding the high wind. Suddenly they are the most beautifully graceful creatures in the world; and the most free while riding the wind. It comes as a surprise to find, on going down to the plains, that the wind has passed so high over the city that the people there are hardly aware of it. You have to be somewhere above a thousand feet to begin to feel the wind. We are more than two thousand feet up and on the crest of a hill and with no windbreaker between us and the sea, so we feel it strongly. Behind us are even higher hills and the people who live there feel the force of the wind even more strongly. The land here rises steeply so that less than a mile away from us, as the crow flies, the altitude is 3,300 feet. The road between our hill — and the ones behind that rise to more than 300 ft. — is not far off a thousand feet below us, which should give some idea of how steeply the land rises and falls here. Yet because these hills, the Red Hills, are old ones, the rise and fall of the land is not the steepest in the island. In the Blue Mountains which are geologically newer the rise and fall of the land is much steeper. And because of the very high hills and the very deep valleys there are times of the year when you wake up in the morning to look down onto cloud-covered valleys, or when you have to travel through a thick evening fog that reminds one of cold industrial countries; but this is a cleaner, less damaging fog, than the fogs I have known in cold industrial countries. And in the winter, around Christmas time, it can get very cold in these hills; and the higher you go, the colder it can be. So it is not strange, or pretentious, to find, in the hills, homes with fireplaces. But more than anything

else, in good weather or bad, whether the wind is high or the air is still, there is the pervasive comforting green of the hills interspersed here and there by riots of colour as when the delicate petals of the yellow pouie fall and transform a patch of earth into a joy forever, or as when the ginger lillies and wild orchids and the wild pines are in full bloom. There is the fragrance too, of mango time, of when the citrus are in bloom and the bees and the birds keep up their delightful din from daylight to darkness. Living in these surrounds, whether we appreciate them consciously or whether we take them for granted, does influence the lifestyle of the hill folk and how they look at the world about them.

They are, on the whole, a proud and independent people; they are resilient and clear-eyed realists. The African strain is strong in them, stronger than it is with the folk down on the plains — that is apart from Spanish Town which has always struck me as the most African town in all Jamaica. But no matter how strong the African strain they are distinctively Jamaican, a people unto themselves, bound together by generations of shared living and working in these hills. They all speak the same language which some people call English and others call Jamaican; whatever you call it, it is a kind of free enriched language that does many things that standard English cannot and that is spoken with the kind of lilt you find when Welshmen speak English.

When slavery was ended and the apprenticeship system was brought in and proved largely unsatisfactory, the ancestors of today's hill folk withdrew in large numbers from the life on the plains and created for themselves self-contained and self-sustaining communities in the hills and grew their own food on the hillsides or in the fertile valleys between the high hills. In time they carried food down to the plain to sell in order to earn money to pay the hated taxes or to buy the few things they need from the city. In time, too, and in increasing numbers, the young people refused to remain

on the land and work it with their parents. Instead as soon as they could, they joined other young people from all over the island in the drift down to the plains and the city and the bright lights. The result is that today the Jamaican small farmer and the man who works the hillside land in particular is rarely under thirty. More often he is in his forties and fifties.

But we have noticed an interesting new development in the past few years. We have been in our particular little hill community for something like eighteen years now. In that time we have watched many youngsters go to the local village school till they were fifteen and then disappear from the community. Whenever we enquired after these youngsters, parents would tell us they had "Gan a town". Recently, some of these youngsters now grown into young men and women have started returning, often with a partner and a child or two, to their hillside communities. It is a very small heartening sign because unless some of the young people come back we will not have people to work the land when the present generation of small farmers pass from the scene; and if we do not work the land and work so efficiently as to feed our growing population then all the progress we may make in other fields will be reduced to nothing. So the return of at least some of the young people to the hills after they have had their fill of the bright lights of the city is very important. The people who now handle the country's affairs have shown themselves aware of this. They talk and plan now of making small farming a reasonably profitable undertaking, which is what it has not been for the older generation of hill folk. They have begun to offer small farmers guaranteed outlets and guaranteed prices for their crops. They plan, too, to take piped water and electricity to all the villages throughout the country. When these things are done, when electricity will bring the blessings and the curses of radio and television within the reach of each rural hillside home, and when the members of the household will

only have to turn a tap to have all the water they need for washing and cooking and watering their crops in dry times, and when these crops bring them enough money to pay for all this and then leave something over for the luxuries that enrich life, only then, it seems to me, will our leaders have any moral right to call on the young people to return to the hills and undertake the backbreaking task of making them what they naturally and logically are and should be, which is this island's food basket. To do this we will also have to do a considerable amount of rehabilitation work on our hillside land. The older generation of small farmers have traditionally cleared land by burning it. This is by far the quickest and easiest way to clear difficult terrain of thorny bush. And after the burning you usually get a good first crop of corn or yam or cabbage or pumpkin. The trouble is that when the rain comes, it is torrential and comes very fast down these steep hill-sides, and it usually carries all the topsoil away and down to the sea. I have watched this washing away of the good earth during the rainy season when the rivers leading into the sea are swollen with life-giving earth and it has made me despair over the unwisdom of man. We must at the very least arrest this annual erosion of the good Jamaican earth if the hills are to sustain the people of this land. A handful of people are committed to this important job but thus far political considerations have stood in the way of an outright and total prohibition of this destruction of the Jamaican earth through fire by good men who know no better. We must hope that the people who now handle the nation's affairs will see the urgency of this problem and will put a stop to the firing of the land. If the green hills are allowed to turn brown and wither and become barren rock all Jamaica will suffer grievously. There is no need for this. We need the hills for more than just food, though that is crucial. We need the hills for the sturdy breed of balanced human beings they have bred who have had so much to do with this country's stability; and we need them because they help men to be tranquil and at peace in a troubled world. ☺



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D.Q. The Fastest Man in the World.

by Jimmy Carnegie

Illustration by Ruel A. Hudson

He's a small man, only 5'8" tall, and weighing 155 lbs. But he's very well-built, with enormously strong thighs. When he runs, his knees are right up at the end of a race, and his head does not swing. A twentyone year old student in California, U.S.A., he's quiet and gentlemanly; the word 'handsome' might not be out of place except for a crucial missing tooth. His name is Donald Quarrie, known to the cognoscenti of the world of track and field as "Don", or, simply, "D.Q".

He just may be the fastest man alive.

That label usually goes to the record holder for the 100 yards, or more accurately, the Olympic distance of 100 metres. In the last two years Don Quarrie has won the 100 metres title at the 1970 British Commonwealth Games (Edinburgh, Scotland), the 1971 Pan American Games (California Colombia), and the Central American and Caribbean Athletics Championships (Kingston, Jamaica); in fact, all the leading international competitions for which he was eligible. The final challenge will face him this year in August and September at the Olympic Games in Munich.

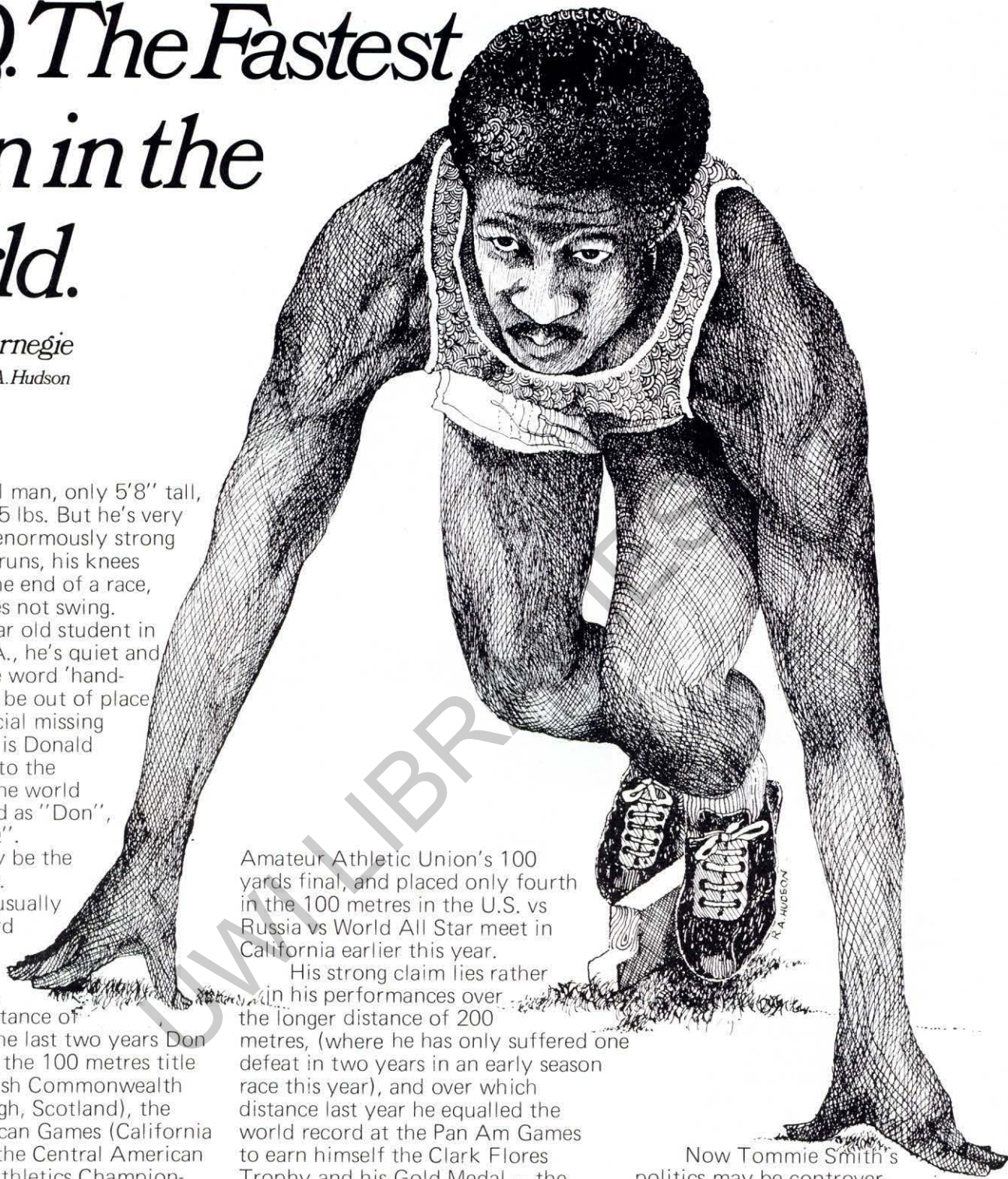
Yet his strongest claim to the title doesn't really lie in the times he's chalked up over the 100 metres. His fastest "legal" time (that is without substantial wind assistance) is "only" 10.2 secs., a whole point three of a second outside the world's record of 9.9 secs. What's more, he was beaten into third place last year in the U.S.

Amateur Athletic Union's 100 yards final, and placed only fourth in the 100 metres in the U.S. vs Russia vs World All Star meet in California earlier this year.

His strong claim lies rather in his performances over the longer distance of 200 metres, (where he has only suffered one defeat in two years in an early season race this year), and over which distance last year he equalled the world record at the Pan Am Games to earn himself the Clark Flores Trophy and his Gold Medal — the outstanding sportsman at the Games. It was particularly impressive for two reasons. First, simple arithmetic tells us that 19.8 seconds for 200 metres is equivalent to 9.9 seconds for two successive 100 metres — the Olympic record. Secondly Don equalled the world record set by Tommie Smith at high altitude during the Mexico Olympics of 1968. You'll remember Smith's particular celebrity at those games, earned by the "Black Power" salute he gave along with his compatriot John Charles at the victory ceremony.

Now Tommie Smith's politics may be controversial, but there's no question about his athletics talent: he is universally regarded as possibly among the three greatest all-round sprinters of all time, in the 100, 200 and 400 metres. The other two are Henry Carr of Detroit Michigan, U.S.A., and Herb McKenley of Clarendon, Jamaica.

Rivals for the title? There seem to be only two, Valeriy Borzov of the Soviet Union, and a fellow student of Don, the unpronounceable Jean Louis Ravelomantsoa of the Malagasy Republic. Both were unbeaten in their short-distance races in 1971.



That year **Track and Field News**, the "Bible of the Sport", named Don fifth in their list of athletes of the year, one place behind Borzov. What's more, Don was the only one of the three to have equalled a world's record (for the 200 metres), in addition to setting a new indoor world record earlier in the year — 100 yards in 9.3 seconds.

A few miles from Palisadoes International Airport, Jamaica, going towards Kingston, is Harbour View, the housing scheme where Don lived with his family. In fact, much of his early training was accomplished in the hills around Harbour View. Don's coach at school, Mr. Harold Scott, found him a receptive and faithful student. Perhaps he got his patience from his mother, reputedly an accomplished seamstress. His father, Mr. Wilfred Quarrie, a police non-commissioned officer, is said to be an extra-ordinarily determined man. Obviously this quality has been passed on.

Jamaica's leading sports journalist, Foggy Burrowes, a senior official of the Jamaica Amateur Athletic Association, has also noted two things in Don's training. No sprinter can train harder than Don does, says Foggy; and he takes a long time to complete the assigned programme of work at training sessions. This probably explains his very high "pain quotient". His extraordinary self-discipline, that high knee-lift, the fact that he has never been discouraged by illness or injury — these too are factors that have contributed to the development of his championship calibre, as well as the stiff competition that surrounded him during his school days.

Despite Don's quiet and introspective nature he was a popular student leader at Camperdown High School in Kingston, one of the leading co-educational schools in Jamaica. It has less than 300 boys, but it's produced several fine athletes. The list includes Godfrey Murray, for example, well-known collegiate hurdler in the U.S., and medallist at the 1970 Commonwealth and 1971 C.A.C. high hurdles. One of Don's own brothers, Eric, was the Senior Class 200 metres champion at the Jamaica Inter Secondary Schools Athletic Championships ("Champs") in 1971. Local experts

feel that he too has the potential to represent Jamaica.

Understandably, Don's schoolboy record of triumphs, which began at Champs when he was thirteen, has set a standard by which both past and future performers are judged. In spite of frequent injuries it has been consistently good. Even before he left school in 1969 he had proved his quality as a track star. That June, representing Jamaica at the U.S. A.A.U. in Miami, Florida, he failed by the narrowest of margins to reach the final, being beaten by the defending A.A.U. champion Charlie Greene of the University of Nebraska. Greene had won a Bronze in the 100 metres at Mexico City, and a Gold on the sprint relay, and is still a co-record holder for both the 100 yards and 100 metres.

Don's performance was doubly impressive because he had edged Greene in the first round, and Greene went on to take third place in the final. The performance guaranteed Don his athletics scholarship to the University of Nebraska; later he was to transfer to the warmer latitudes of the University of Southern California.

Meanwhile, in 1970, running at Edinburgh in the Commonwealth Games, he won the 100 from Miller, who had started training very late; he took the 200 metres from Edwin Roberts of Trinidad, who had been third in this event at Tokyo and fourth in Mexico; and he beat the Mexico Silver Medallist, Australian Peter Norman. Don then crowned the triple by leading the Jamaican team to a comfortable victory in the sprint relay. At age nineteen he had emerged internationally and at the end of the year was rated fourth in the 200 metres by **Track and Field News**.

Now in 1972 at the time of writing (near the end of May), Don has shown somewhat mixed form, considering his own high standards. This is not surprising, however, since he has already announced his intention of a slow buildup for the Olympics in late August. His running was, and remains, characteristic: a slow start; smooth, beautiful development and an almost blinding acceleration at the end.

He has equalled his own indoor record for the 100 yards,

but had little luck at the shorter 60 yards, failing to make the N.C.A.A. indoor finals in Detroit. He has been defeated at both 100 and 200 yards by an eighteen year old sensation named Steve Williams of the University of Texas, at El Paso. Williams, with times of 9.3, 20.3 and 45.7 at 440 yards, shows promise of developing into another really great all round sprinter.

To counteract these defeats, though, Don has been running some tremendous relay legs for U.S.C., beating 20 seconds on more than one occasion for their 220 yards team. That team has already twice beaten the world's best time (without official recognition, since international rules now state that all runners on relay teams must come from the same country for world record purposes.)

Don has a dilemma, however, and sports fans in Jamaica and outside, as well as all his fellow sprinters, are wondering what he'll decide. Should he attempt the 100 metres as well as the 200 and of course the relay? The physical load would be well within his capacity — a possible eleven races in ten days. He's done this (and more) with less rest between races than he will have at Munich, ever since his school days. Repeatedly. But the nervous energy expended at the Olympic Games, particularly by favourites like Donald, is something else again.

If he does run the 100 and wins, the psychological lift may make a victory in the 200 that much more certain. On the other hand, if he loses the 100, his confidence for the 200 may suffer a crippling blow and the relay too may be affected.

History seems to warn against the attempt. Since Jesse Owens' unbelievable four Gold Medals in 1936, which included the long jump and the relay as well as the 100 and 200 metres, only one other man, Bobby Morrow of the U.S., has ever taken the sprint double (Melbourne in 1956). Few great sprinters, including favourites like Don, for both races, even attempt it.

But only he will be able to decide. And whatever the results, there can be no doubt that as of mid-1972 Don Quarrie, Jamaican, has as good a claim as any on the planet to be called "the fastest man in the world"

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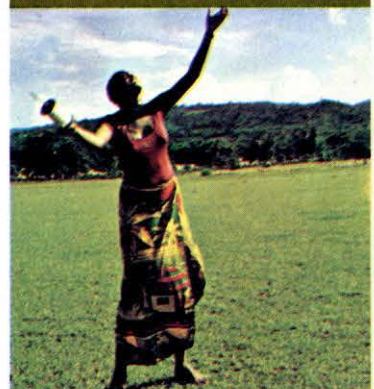
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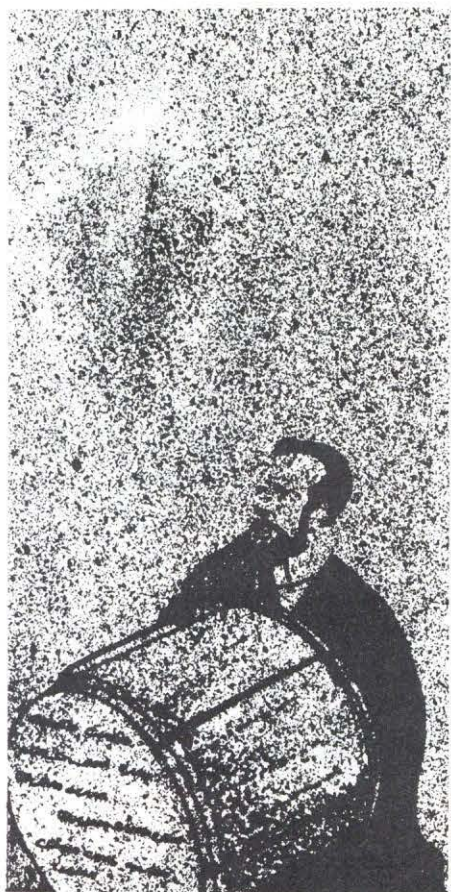
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COUNTRY



Count Ossie and The Mystic Revelation of Rastafari

by Marjorie Whylie

Illustration by Lloyd Robinson

The 'Rastafari' are a Jamaican millenarian cult whose doctrines of social rejection postulate a promised land in Africa in general (and Ethiopia in particular) where their earthly deliverer and leader Haile Selassie lives.

Rex M. Nettleford: **Mirror Mirror**, William Collins and Sangster (Jamaica) Ltd., 1970

In late 1970, a number of concerts took place at the African Cultural Centre in Kingston, featuring Kenny Terroade, Cedric 'Im' Brooks and the Count Ossie drummers. Together with other horn players, Brooks and Terroade and the drummers produced a fresh, new and exciting sound. It was out

of this 'marriage' of drums and horns that the Mystic Revelation of Rastafari grew.

The music of the MRR is as Jamaican as the Rastafarian 'brethren' themselves. The rhythm owes much to Africa; the brass owes much to the liberalising influence of people like John Coltrane. But the total sound of the group is wholly indigenous — the combination of a driving pulse and a profound emotional conviction that their music speaks truly for them. The result is an erotic, pre-rational statement in music about a particular life-style. It is as multi-faceted and multi-textured as the society that is Jamaica. It's not surprising that the group has been acquiring a large following among Jamaicans of all walks of life. Already the MRR have a three-record album — **GROUNATION** — to their credit. It's rambling, like their live performances, but there are intensely satisfying moments in it. And the word is spreading: the group has toured Trinidad, and there's a tour planned for the U.S.A.

This 'Rasta' rhythm first came to public attention in the early sixties when Count Ossie provided background rhythms for the Ffolkes Brothers' **Carolina**, a song which had a long stay at the top of the charts, and even today can still change a sedate party into a churning athletic mob — in Jamaican terms, 'a spot'.

Oh Carolina! Oh Carolina!

The appeal of the music exists at the deepest level of the senses, for the MRR go back to ritualistic roots. The poly-rhythmic 'beat' is predominantly African. It seems to be a variation or a simplification of the 'Kumina', an African-based ritual still thriving in the East of the island. The guiding hands are those of Count Ossie, who devised the whole rhythmic structure. If you can bear to listen to these drums analytically, instead of with the whole body and heart, you'll hear how complex that structure is.

First the **repeaters**, the smallest drums: dull beats on the third and fourth counts of each measure, played with the hands remaining on the drum-head for a moment after they fall, to stop the vibration. Then the **bass** drum, playing on the first beat only, but alternating between a deep tone and

a note three or four semi-tones above — the drummer gets this variation by changing the position and attack of the single stick he beats with. And above all this steady pulse, Count Ossie plays the 'cuts', heavily syncopated, quick hands commanding a range of tones from the edge and tip of the drum.

Written in clean letters on the skin of the bass drum are the psalmist's words:

BEHOLD HOW GOOD AND
HOW PLEASANT IT IS FOR
BROTHERS TO DWELL TO-
GETHER IN UNITY! IT IS
AS THE PRECIOUS OINTMENT
UPON THE HEAD THAT RAIN
DOWN UPON THE BEARD.

They say that music is 'the art and science of expression in sound', the 'interaction of the basic elements of rhythm, melody and harmony'. The music of the MRR grows out of rhythm insistent and repetitious, hypnotic, — leaving room for complete freedom of melodic line, for improvisations for and meanderings round simple themes. A performance is an hours-long experience. It moves through gutsy singing, saxophones, trumpets and trombones played in abandon, and a driving beat.

The Narrator is Ras Sam Clayton, who tells the audience what the group is about, and treats you to a little history and Rastafarian philosophy. The Musical Director is 'Im' Brooks. His range on the tenor sax is startling; and he also plays a satisfying flute. The style of the playing is loose, it makes for free experimentation. Sometimes the sound will be oppressive: it will talk of suffering and despair. At other times it will be plaintive, an expression of the faith of the 'Brethren' in their singular and moving vision of 'peace and love'. This music grows out of the deeply held religious, cultural and political beliefs of the people who play it. Perhaps that is why the group, splendid in informal surroundings, loses some of its fire on the concert stage. The music is personal, and the group doesn't ever rely on audience reaction; their enjoyment of the sound they make is total and complete. If you get to hear them, sit up close. You'll find it easy — and warm — to share their own experience of their music. (3)

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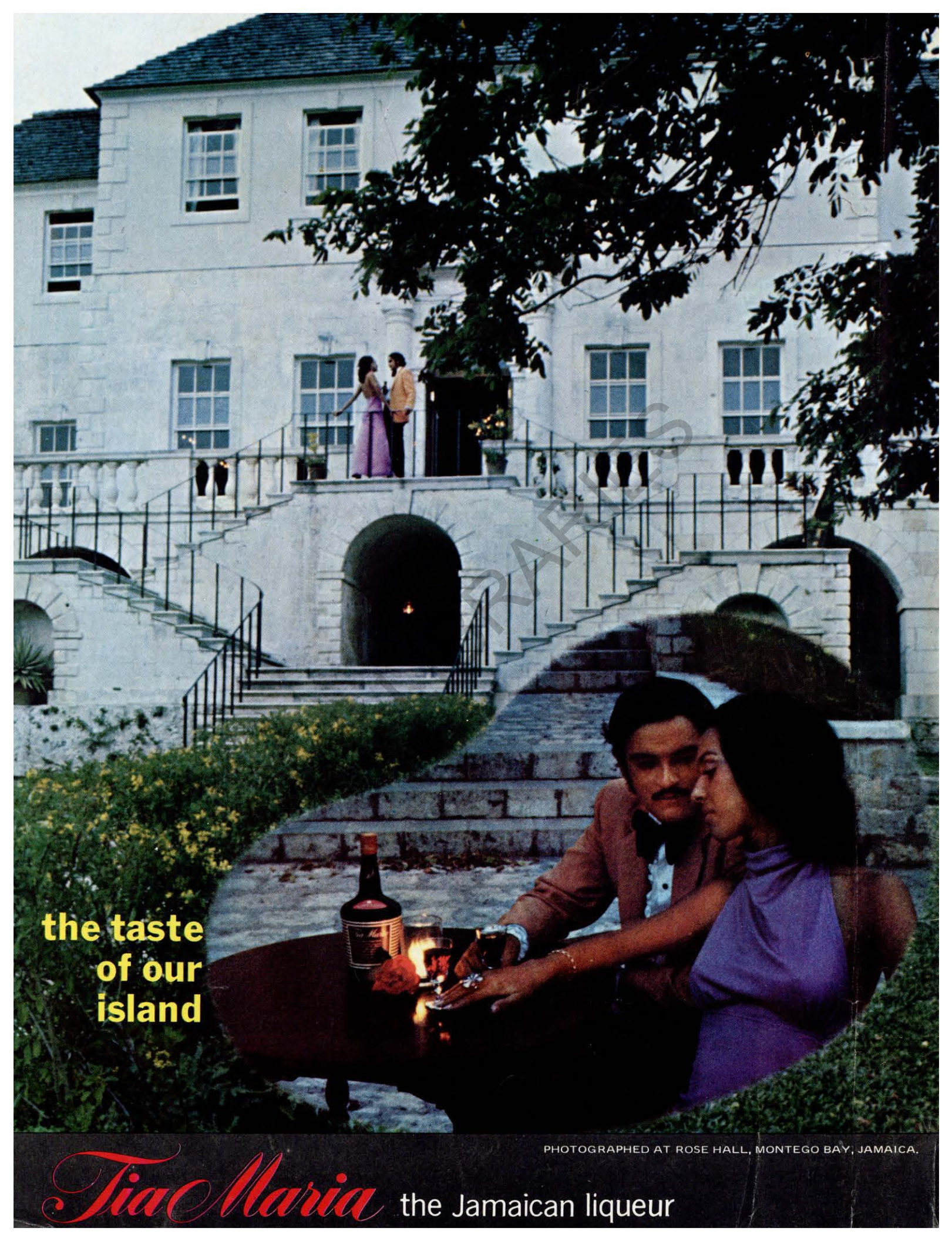
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Tia Maria the Jamaican liqueur