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Book A

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January 4th 1964.

An Saturday January 4th we flew from fog-covered London Airport to New York. The most memorable part of the flight came as we circled over New York. The night air was clear, and New York lay below like a mass of colourful jewels. Lights glittered everywhere forming all sorts of shapes, long ribbons of light, wheels of light, changing colours, but all very beautiful.

We spent a week in New York partly as tourists, partly as workers. As tourists we covered the main parts of Manhattan by coach. How strangely segmented the city is. One moves quite literally from one small area to the next. Chinatown is small, and in my opinion very much geared to selling worthless oriental knickknacks to tourists. The Battery, financial hub of New York was dead and deserted for the Sabbath. Greenwich Village looked fascinating and rather sleazy, clearly the haunt of artists and all Bohemian types.

who thrive in seedy atmosphere. The Bowery reminds one in no uncertain terms that something must be done about poverty in America. These the buildings look old and decrepit. The place is reborn of life, and the sidewalks were on this particular Sunday teeming with young and old beggars. They were in rags, then faced devoid of all hope. There they are now standing, sitting, lying on the sunny side of the street. Waiting for Godot, — or rather for the buses to open. It is a deplorable sight in so wealthy a city as New York. Perhaps we didn't see the worse parts of Harlem, but to my mind Harlem was not quite as depressing as the Bowery. The cold tall opulence of the apartments around Central Park — so close to Harlem where every face was black.

Memories of New York include the friendliness of the people, the cosmopolitan atmosphere, friendly, helpful Hotel Bristol with its bathroom

and TV in the bedroom. The intolerable heat indoors, the icy winds that can blow along the streets. Speaking French together in Le Relais. American TV. — masses of trash, an overdose of advertisements, good news coverage and political programmes. Concern about Presidential elections later this year. Much speculation. Rockefeller and Goldwater at each other's throats. Lyndon Johnson's sincere speech of the state of the Union. Sadness everywhere at President Kennedy's assassination. Records stalls in New York full of records of Kennedy, tributes, speeches etc, and of the singing Americans. Both snark, sadly, of American sentimentality. Another important feature to record is the fear and obsessive hatred of communism. Communism regarded not simply as another way of life, another ideology, but as an evil which must be eradicated if possible. Goldwater's views are horrifying! Evil rights very much in the air. Kennedy's death has certainly spotlighted

the urgent need to pass the Civil Rights Bill. Finally, there are some very fine modern buildings in New York, particularly Banks. Most unusual - Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, a surprise and complete antithesis to most modern buildings here.

Instead of being tall and angular it is short and round. I am not sure that it is very fine from the exterior, but inside it makes a very fine gallery. It is designed so that one can look at paintings, one by one without being distracted from that one function. The paintings are hung around a spiral gallery - very impressive.

We saw an exhibition of Francis Bacon's work there. It was a great and humbling experience. His works are tortured, in many cases grotesque and passing, yet he has a penetrating vision of man. Horribly what he is trying to portray, one is not sure, but somehow one can't help but feel the power and greatness

of his work. His paintings are largely of one central being, man, nude, ape, flesh, set against a stark and dramatic background. One's eyes are compelled to look at the central object. Distortion of perspective leads with Bacon to an even greater sense of perspective. Similarly his distortion of what he paints leads to an even greater understanding of the subject. He is deeply concerned with the relationship of man and animals, life and death, death and decomposition, religion, religious figures eg Pope as essentially frail as man, and just as much to animal as any other man is. Ghoulish, horrific, these pictures make you look at them, yet it hurts, it's a painful process. Bacon's imagination and his mastery of his medium are undeniable. It is important to see his work in the original to be able to appreciate it. Reproductions heighten only the hellishness of color and grotesqueness. They give no idea of the greatness of his work in my opinion.

Jamaica January 11th 1964.

Trinidad Arrived Port of Spain on Monday,
January 27th.

Jan. 28th. (Tuesday) How sorry we were to say
farewell to Antigua, in spite of so short a
visit. I felt really at home there, and was
reluctant to travel on to Trinidad, and to
reality.

Trinidad is much hotter, and, certainly at
first, far less beautiful than Jamaica and
many of the smaller islands. Just as in
(San Juan) Puerto Rico and Kingston you can feel the
fast pace of life. Things are intense and
savagely here, and consequently rather off-
putting at first. Now we both long to
settle in San Fernando and begin work in earnest.
But there is so much to do beforehand, and it
is not proving easy to find accommodation here.

Our crate of belongings which came on the
Sunfalcon is now being put through the
customs by a very helpful young man called
Mr. Alexander. Jack Harwood, who looks like a
twenty-five year old but is much older, will
I think be most helpful. He is very reserved,
but has shown us great kindness today in taking
us to San Fernando to try to find a home.
We have found a desirable flat in a real
old wooden house. The flat has in chaos - in
process of being painted and improved a little. But
it's expensive. 175 \$ ^(bmi) per month.

Port of Spain seems full of East Indians. -
certainly the areas in which we've been - airport,
kiosks, wharves, boarding house etc. Now elegant
Trinidad town houses are. Around Queen's Park
Newmarket the houses are mainly old, wooden,
and covered in fine fretwork. They are a
sort of tropical version of North Oxford. Port of
Spain is much cleaner and more elegant than

Kingston. Our boarding house is on Inmanval Rd. and a typical old town house - a bit decrepit with few mod. cons. but a very spirited manageress Mrs. Edna Roxburgh, who in spite of a bad heart attack recently, is full of life. But I'm depressed deep down - so too is Helen. Suddenly turning, seeing beautiful new places has all come to an end. We must work. Trinidad is to be our home for 9 months. We shall settle, soon, I'm sure, but today the enormity of the task in front of us seems insuperable. All the talk is of barn-raising, but we can't think that far. We are too concerned with finding a base, and fitting into our work. The landscape is no consolation. On our way to San Fernando we passed through mile upon mile of flat cane land. The drivers on that road are crazy. Their recklessness has done much to annoy me today. And we are both tired. I can tell Helen is strained

by his quietness. We must first struggle to keep our heads above water for the next few days. We are so lucky to be here, and I do hope that, God willing, we can do an honest job of work here. How can we come to grips with San Fernando? It is situated on the side of a much quarried hill. Roads are steep and tortuous, and the houses packed tight. But it is attractive, unexpectedly so, and the few people we met there were most friendly. I must first mention that Vera Rubin's predictions were correct. No sooner had we stepped into the taxi from the airport last night than the driver began to complain of Eric Williams. Our driver was an Indian, and fanatic at that.

We have the tarted up social editor of the Brooklyn local paper here. She is an almost white negro West Indian whose hair has been straightened and bleached, too much so. She has to cut a dash all the time, but unfortunately

is little more than a mobile puppet. After supper she fondly touched a plant on the table and exclaimed, "See, those flowers are so real, they almost look artificial!"

Today was memorable too because we received a lot of letters. How wonderful to hear from home - but it makes me feel a little sick inside, like I do. We don't talk too much about home at present as it upsets us rather. Really we're not very lucky or adventurous. We'd love to see them all in Worcester again. I wish in particular that we could be near Lucia to help her through this difficult year. She easily feels blue, and we feel so unable to comfort or encourage from afar - I just pray that things will go well for her. Now the miss cuts dear little hair. There are so many things she would love to do and see with us.

Wednesday
Tuesday, January 29th.

We've found accommodation in San Fernando. The little grey house we saw yesterday in St. James Street is to be our home during our stay in Trinidad. We decided to make our own way to San Fernando today to make enquiries about accommodation, and after a rough but interesting ride on the Express bus we contacted Miss Scott who owns the house. She is a negro woman, young middle-aged, and very helpful. Because of the contact with Mrs. Bonbrugh she has agreed to lower our rent from 175 B.W. dollars per month to 150\$. We are pleased with the house so far. It is modest yet pleasing from the exterior and fairly comfortable inside. Standing on concrete stilts, the main construction is of wood, with a fretwork surround. We have a large living and dining room, two bedrooms, a study, kitchen, shower and toilet. Enough, in fact for a whole family. The situation in the town seems good - we are fairly central, and not in a conspicuously wealthy area. I think

that some Hindus live opposite, judging by the faded prayer flags in the garden.

San Fernando is hard to take in mentally at first. Streets wind here and there, up and down and around. Unlike Falmouth, Jamaica's second town, it seems densely populated. Houses are heaped one on top of the other on the slopes leading down towards the sea. Most are on wooden, stone or concrete stilts - almost all look dilapidated and frail. The shopping centre is untidy, the gutters littered with garbage, banana and orange peel. Lurgent awnings tower out of gloomy food shops. Poorly dressed men and women squat on the pavement trying to sell their wares - corn on the cob, fruit, vegetables, and jewellery. Ragged beggars hold out imploring hands. And the sun burns fiercely down on the town. Compared with Port of Spain, San Fernando is dusty and old fashioned - but it is not without distinct character - and there are

lots of East Indians, particularly in business, on the buses etc. The rural area between P/Spani and S/Fernando abounds with East Indians. - as one would expect. Most of the land is under sugar and rice - but the rice looks poor and mangy compared with the bananae. Hindu temples, Muslim mosques etc. by side of road. - lots and lots of children around every little hut. If the huts are larger and better than Jamaican rural homes, and are almost all raised well above the ground - far enough to put a car underneath, to house tools, for a pottery etc. These are all surface impressions, but as yet we are groping - every little aspect of life and landscape is new and worth noting. I think that we have begun to get the feel of the place a little today.

Other things worth noting - lack of suspicion in San Fernando, respect for local person who has spent time in UK eg. Miss Scott. General helpfulness of people, number of times inspector looks at tickets on bus.

racial antagonism probably greater than would seem on surface of Dani dance from Pinaro. These kind of communities in Port of Spain - their wealth. Pre-natal talk etc. We had a lovely letter from Lucia today. I'm relieved to hear from her, but sorry to hear of Lucy's pregnancy and marriage. We got our 'sea' luggage today. All well apart from tape recorder, which we hope isn't too badly damaged. We badly need a car.

Thursday January 30th.

A busy day in which we collected a lot of information, and were given great help by Jack Harewood re. census data. Highspot of the day was the visit to Lord Kitchener's tent. The calypso 'tents' bear no resemblance to marquees etc. On the contrary all the main stages in the town are taken over and each one is dominated by one established calypsonian eg. Lord Kitchener, or Sparrow. There is one steel band, in this case a magnificent

Frankie

one led by ? Francis. And this one band accompanies all the calypsonians as they perform. The tent was not very crowded at first, but by the end of the evening the whole auditorium was packed. We heard a good range of performers, not all of whom were Trinidadians, eg. Calypso Rose (the only woman calypso singer) from ~~Port of Spain~~ Tobago, and Lord Fighter from B. Guyana. — and one from ^{Lebanon?} Canada. Most of the calypsonians sang once, or at most twice. They contrast sharply with modern 'pop' stars in England in that they make no attempt to be heroes in a glamorous sort of way. Many are pretty old, Lord Fighter is very ugly and yet perhaps the best performer of the evening and very popular. Roughly speaking the calypsonians divided into two groups with regard to dress. The majority shuffled onto the stage looking casual and dishevelled, — as if they had just climbed out of their vans to perform for a moment or two. The others wore suits and hats in the style of Frank Sinatra.

Fights was the only one whose appearance ^{Kitchener!} approached being immaculate. I shall never forget the long gangly Lord Spide, with his nose fitting pink suit, his placid white expression and his large brimmed hat tipped over his face. They are all ordinary people basically — apart perhaps from Kitchener, who has made it and is clearly a big timer. But he was disappointing. In fact none of the songs we heard were as good as the Sparrow record with May May, Benwood Dick etc. Kitchener was feeble. His songs were either colourless or crude in the extreme eg. The Hell. On the whole the smutty calypsoes were streets behind Sparrows because they were completely lacking in wit, apart perhaps from Lord Jongueiros, song about the cock fight. But Lord Hypier was an old man who was past it and had to resort to sex. In sharp contrast Lord Pretender was severe, straightfaced and violently didactic. His two songs dealt with

a) the race problem, (and his main point being that we all ultimately belong to the human race), and
b) the recent hurricane disaster in Toledo. B. he too is an oldish man, and like all the others negro. We saw no last Indian calypsonian last night. There was also a very moving tribute in calypso form to the late President Kennedy. But on the whole the calypsos were not very topical, nor was there a great deal of social commentary apart from digs at Sparrow who has stood down from the contest this year, and some mention of last Indian marriage customs eg. returning the daughter to parents if not satisfied. We enjoyed the evening immensely and understood much of what was said, though not all. eg. Sherry ^{Redington} ~~Thomas~~ ^{rescue boys}

The décor in the theatre was finer than I had anticipated. It captured the spirit of carnival with masks, huge sprays of paper flowers and brilliant colours, but it wasn't garish at all, and there was something delightfully home-spun

about the whole show, which is surprising in this day and age, when tourists and publicity grossly misrep all folk festivals.

On so far as audience reactions is an index, Carboy Gace with his yelling ^{was} ~~was~~ the highlight - not a Calypsonian!

Friday, January 31st.

Jang Bahadoor Singh ^{the son of Jang Bahadur} married a white girl ^{2nd son married off first} ~~the son of Jang Bahadur~~ ^{married a white girl} ~~2nd son married off first~~. Mrs. R.'s description of a Hindu wedding in Port-of-Spain. Wealthy townfolk. Big house opposite here on Maraval Road. Marriage of son (21) to Indian girl (about 16-17). Pre-marriage celebrations in true Hindu style for one week at boy's home - singing, drums, great festivity late into night. On day of wedding, smaller celebration at groom's home (about 600 people?). Food, Indian dishes, no meat but 4B alcoholic drinks, otherwise people wouldn't go according to Mrs. R. Then all drove off in cars to St. Josephs to be introduced

to bride's parents and Indian ceremony, 1500-2000 guests! Bride in sari and jewels in yellow. In country parts the colour is saffron, a sort of tangerine colour. So she looked Indian yet with slight deviation from norm. Groom not in usual dress, but white shirt - tight trousers, and fitting coat ^{primarily style} buttoned from top to toe in Malayan style? Ceremony performed with ring made from silver from back of bamboo leaf. Again food, Indian, and again alcoholic drinks! Finally return to groom's home of bride couple. Now a sort of Western ceremony where she wears white robe like Western bride, and receives a diamond ring. Interesting compromise by wealthy of Eastern and European traditions!

Groom's tent in the evening. Contrast with Lord Kitchen's. Open-air hall, with roof providing canopy, rough wooden ramp for stage, and masses of boughs held adverts very white. No attempt made to decorate in carnival style. The whole setting certainly

makes Lord Kitchener's presentation most sophisticated. But free hand-outs for the planters in 3 dollar seats - we got a free record of Lord Nelson, and a nicely produced book of lyrics and tunes of many of Sparrow's greatest songs. The best way to describe the impression created by this advent disc is to compare the calypsonians with Punch and Judy figures. They nod and shake and wiggle behind the backside of cardboard or hard board and are thus visible from the waist up. We heard a tremendous number of calypsonians, most of whom sang once. I recorded their names.

* Palm	Stiker (King 58, 59)
* Starling	* Compozer (part E1)
mighty clipper G1	Lord Black hat
mighty bungle (part G. Indian)	Scream onche
Beege	Mystery
mighty killer	Sparrow
* white	banance
* Lord Laro	tristo

Fish? (strange comedian from Barbados. couldn't understand a word)
Rambler? (part G.9)

Beaver

Lord Nelson

Lord and Lady Fluke?

The whole show was much less pretentious and much more homespun than Kitchener's. I had no idea last night just how sophisticated his was. Sparrow was most disappointing. Where is his wit, his sense, his clever variations of sound etc? He just stood in front of the microphone and shouted as hard as he could. But the audience still love him. He can cling his mastery as an entertainer. He's powerful, vital, explosive, but this all adds up to nothing now. His road march had a haunting tune, basically, but his second song The Village Ram in which he ^{parades} ~~parades~~ his sexual prowess is a disgrace. As complete he was simply lost. However, if Sparrow's day done, the future looks good for some of his fledgelings. Laro, an amateur calypsonian charmed

the entire audience with "Don't Buy." - a topical calypso dealing with the boycotting of a certain store in Frederick Street. Standing, clearly a close follower of Sparrow in his early days, sang a delightfully lamer little song about teaching someone to twist. Lord Nelson, another apt of Sparrow was futile. Duke, an erstwhile denture calypso king was ~~also~~ good. These three and many others outshone the mighty Sparrow. On the whole the songs were more topical and moral than last night's. Again we had the depiction of martyred Kennedy, who died in the upholding of racial integration. Race, Kennedy's assassination and religion are a frequent combination this year. Social commentary - picketing of Frederick St. store, sewerage scheme (one calypsonian claimed the Govt. should first of all provide food before providing means to get rid of it!). Race seen on an international rather than national scale. Identification of self with American negroes. Some comment on different racial customs in Trinidad,

mocking, in jest, of 'coolies'. Sen was of course the topic with the greatest universal appeal. sp. number of times the men complain of the ways of women. Housong opening song about the Young Brigade itself - whole show was put on by the Young Brigade. Interesting to note that the calypsonians in Sparrow's tent are on the whole much younger than Kitchener's group. Sparrow himself is only about 28. It was a great show, and the audience participation was strong and infectious. The audience several times joined in the refrain - this didn't occur in Kitchener's Tent. But what marathons these evenings are; scheduled to begin at 8.30 pm, but invariably starting nearer nine, the show ends at approximately midnight! Not so many L. I. Indians in audience tonight. Tante (from tantee) for aunt. sp. Miss Ida's phrase - Since Independence "They've got themselves well appointed in San Fernando". (meaning they've set up ^{or} reorganized Government offices etc.)

Ingredients in some calypso - American pop, country, religious revival hymns.

Saturday, February 1st.

DeLisser. "The White Witch of Rosehall".

P.B. "I can't tell a little now and a little more later on; but rub it in as much as you can". Aptly sums up his own story-telling technique!

In the evening we went with Dorothy, an aged friend of Mrs. R., who must be well into her 70s, to hear a steel band practising in the back yards. Part of the Silver Stars band, a group mainly of college boys, etc. etc. were practising. They were in a disused, rubble area behind two houses, not far from us. All sorts of people seemed to be milling around listening or playing. The tone of this band was lovely, rather mellow and less strident than some. And it sounds much better out of doors. The boys, who are strictly loyal to one band, rather like a gang, make and

time their own 'jams' from old oil drums. A band with all its followers can be 1500 strong. We heard only about 20-25 of the Silver Stars ^{orchestra} who were last year's champion band. Much practice necessary, prepared to play all the new songs of the year. We went some of the boys to hear Spunkie Stars, a rather harsher group, but again most friendly. Introduced to the captain of Spunkie, an extremely friendly young man. Dorothy, her two show women, making friends with all, and dancing around. She is American, the eccentric wife of a famous American painter. A queer old girl, lovely but not altogether likeable, like too many eccentrics, very self-centred. How wonderful it was to be meeting real people, not tourists, but real participants. This was a lovely evening, and we were all loathe to leave our friends.

Swam at Maracas Bay. Unexpected beauty of northern range. Luscious, tropical vegetation, patches of red immortelle. Breathtaking coastal scenery.

surrounding one of the balconies. Indian settlement behind houses beach, poor wooden shacks, little poor village settlements, but no antagonism shown to us. Bathing existing, surf pounding on shore, and on leathers. But the poor mangy dogs swimming round the beach. They would be better off dead!

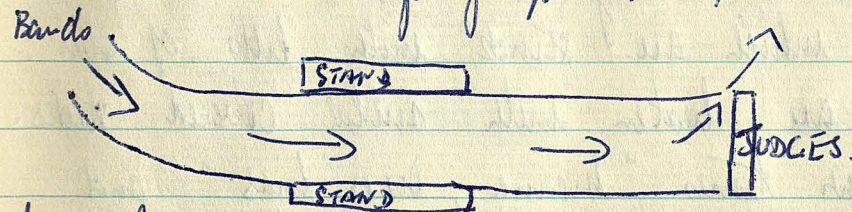
Sunday, February 2nd.

Another full and exciting day. Morning walk around Masaval Road, Queen's Park Savannah, St. Clair area, looking mainly at houses. All imaginative, some grotesque and heavy, reminding you of Victorian municipal buildings in England, but some beautiful. I find the wooden houses with jalousies, fretwork, little verandahs etc. quite delightful. They are ornate, but very delicate with it.

On to the Hilton by taxi to an orchid show of all things. Very beautiful plants. Most of

people there light or white - all seemed well acquainted with each other! Most exciting was seeing the Hilton itself - known as the "upside down Hilton". A fine, sumptuous building, remarkably well frequented by the people of Port of Spain. What a magnificent vantage point with panoramic views with the hills, away over the bay (half of Paris) to Venezuela, and down to San Fernando's demerol hill.

Afternoon walk in blustering sun to hear preliminary round of still hand contest on Savannah. After great deal of difficulty we found somewhere to sit in stand, and listened to the hands going past in turn.



Some hands, mostly only about 50 strong on this occasion, had their pans painted in their own particular colors. All pans mounted on

wheels, and played as they moved along. Among the players were people, mainly boys, whose job was to push or pull the pans along, to allow players to put most of his energy into playing. Rounded gongs, but I can hardly differentiate one from the other. Silver Stars were scruffier, but they claimed that it's not what they look like that counts! They sounded good, but not as fine as the Star lift, a small group of youngish boys. heard posturing, munching, drinking. Sometimes hands of fans rose to applaud. But main feature was the constant drumming of the hands. Some very harsh with a lot of steel - eg. hulos which are struck with bits of steel. The pans are beaten with rubber covered sticks. Most popular tunes "Mama, Dis is Bras" and "Kokicko"? "Come leh we go". Unfortunately some of the hands were so close to the tent that all sound became a blur. It was so

interesting to be there before carnival has really got going. Few last Indians in hands, and few in crowd. But some E1 boys helping to push drum racks along in hands. Silver Stars known as the fair boys band. True enough, considerably lighter on wheels than most bands, but some very dark, some E1, and one white. This mainly because hand is a college affair. Most bands formed by groups eg. trade groups. Silver Stars very popular with teenagers according to Michael Lopez, who plays for them, and who sat with us this afternoon. He was one of the boys who drove us round last night. He reckons Silver Stars are popular partly because they are the sort of group that is not likely to get involved in trouble - street fights etc. If once a member of a band, always a member. Bands seem to spend most of their time during the year playing at hotels, dances etc. That's where they get popularity.

After competition, "Starlight's" playing as they came up Inarawai Road. Wonderful sound, but promptly silenced by police. Each band must be registered, and have a permit to practice out of doors. Southern bands, Southern singers were to the fore this year.

Loyalty of John, the "yard boy" to Mrs. R. in spite of the fact that his accommodation is little better than that of average English dog! Emphasis put on Beauty Queens here - thoroughly unnecessary.

American Satellite reached the moon today.

Ate ballales, and it tasted rather shiny!

Yumidashan artists. 1) Art Berry, living in Delphshire, Engl.

2) Leo Basso. 3) Birdlife bling. (mural Town

Hall, Port of Spain - very good - imaginative and carefully executed in what I think are local materials.

Tuesday February 18th.

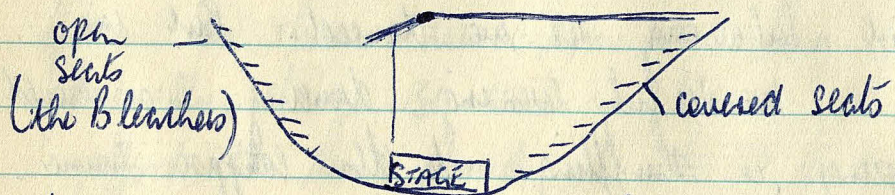
A long gap in which nothing has been written, but much has been done. We moved into our house, which is charming, but still rather bare as we have hardly any belongings of our own. We have purchased a Volkswagen (1958) which has already given us a lot of pleasure. (PA 4203). The house, has brought worries already. It was so dirty, deep down, and needed polishing and scrubbing from top to bottom. Raches were nicely settled in nearly all the drawers and cupboards, and a plentiful number of mice scampered round the living room and kitchen at night. Remedies have been sought for both nuisances, and now we think we are fairly free of both. But we're hoping to get a kitten nevertheless. Mosquitoes nibbled us mightily, and finally compelled us to buy a mosquito net, an expensive, but very useful item. From my point of view things

an fairly hard. I had intended cooking West Indian style from the start, but found that impossible. It takes me all my time to cook in solid English style! Food is expensive here, and the quality, unless you're very careful, is poor. You can spend a fortune on roast Mutton, prime Mutton etc! The housekeeping is not easy. Large expanses of wooden floor need polishing, and we have a lot of rooms to keep clean. But we are managing. A lady from the town does some washing for us, but she charges 30 cents a time. He can't afford to send lunch. So I find myself trying to juggle all sorts of jobs, and help in the research. Between us we are just about managing to keep things moving. But we're so tired by evening!

Carriacou, the high spot of the year here, was upon us before we had time to think. Ina, our landlady was unusually kind.

Without her we may well have had a lonely couple of days. On the Saturday before Carriacou she took us off to a "jump-up" at the Promenade Tennis Club in San Fernando. This is a solidly middle-class (or rather upper-class?) club here. But it was so friendly. Ina, in fact left for another party in Port of Spain, and we were looked after by an old Mrs. Donawar and his daughter. I found them more interesting than I did. I was embarrassed at the old man's rather amorous and extorted behaviour as we danced. But we all had a wonderful evening dancing, or should I say stepping, or shuffling to the calypso music. So many different people danced with me, a great change from English dances. But I was always glad to be back with Ina. Being physically close to another man, even just when dancing, is rather repugnant to me. Pardon! There were quite a lot of Indians there - in fact a surprising number. But this may simply be

the result of the houses being down at Carnival time. One says that all houses, social, racial etc. are dropped during Carnival, only to be re-erected on Ash Wednesday. In San Fernando, on the Thursday before Carnival we went to the Queen string of the Bands Show at the Mapiamán Bowl. The latter is a natural amphitheatre on the far side of the General Hospital in San Fernando.



The show was most enjoyable, but so long. It lasted from 8 pm to 12 midnight. And it was pretty packed; most of the white and lighter people sitting in the covered seats. And all others, as included, in the bleachers. But we had a wonderful view. There were hardly any Indians there. Another remarkable

thing was the way in which the women, and many men, had some sort of covering on their heads to protect them from the sun. But their arms were ~~like~~^{as} usual. The costumes were magnificent, but the general taste of the crowd deplorable. One queen, the winner several times before, was dressed as Elizabeth I. It was unfortunate, but the fuzzy marmalade wig made her dark face look strange. The materials of the dress were floppy instead of firm, and the colour scheme completely unsuited. The crowd loved her, and were so disappointed when she didn't win. I thought her costume quite the poorest. Some of the other things were exquisite. The men's costumes were particularly fine. Julius Caesar, Richard Lionheart and the Indian chief stood in my mind. But some of the head-dresses were most finely made, wrought in brasses, gold, silver. They can't be described. Another

memorable feature of the the evening was the band. It must surely have been the best in Trinidad. It was tragic watching Lord Kitchener, Rose, and highly Bitter bush all struggling to sing with that feeble accompaniment.

The greater part of summer we spent in Port of Spain, apart from a rather gloomy journey in San Fernando, where people with long tired faces lined the pavements and waited for the bands to pass. Somehow we felt very out of place in San Fernando that morning. Dark white faces looked us out as tourists, and possessors of money. Time and again we were threatened by the money-grabbing molasses or oil covered jab molasses. I found them hostile. For us the most wonderful part of journey was making up to the thick of the steel bands as they rolled on into San Fernando. No recording can half capture the beauty and strength of the steel band band

in the streets. Again, at about nine in the morning we had to stop having breakfast and throw open the doors and windows to capture the powerful surging of the bands on their way home. But this time the players were beating out hymn tunes, and the followers were singing too. It was a beautiful moment, the air so filled with music, and the sky full of light, and the rust and salmon buildings of San Fernando glowing in the freshness of morning.

But we fled to Port of Spain, to the heart of big-time celebrations. These tourists (that is to say white people) were welcome and expected. We regained our relative anonymity and enjoyed ourselves. The first day was subdued, but cheered for us by a jump-up in Diego Martin. We danced till we nearly dropped, on a crowded, ramshackle wooden dance floor, laid out in a private garden. My main memories are of terribly aching legs, perpetual thirst, and despair of finding a seat. We arrived

too late to find a table, and simply had to stand, or squat on the chalky dance floor. Another thing that sticks in my mind is that we rarely seemed to be introduced to a married couple during carnival. Married people galore, but invariably operating apart from their legal partners. There were several English people there, of a rather humptious, obnoxious variety. I'm thinking in particular of a M.A. town-planner who sniffed somewhat contemptuously at our research, at the same time admitting that it would probably be a matter worth looking into. And the Attorney-General (Belvidere - General) sneered openly. His brother, on the other hand, Mr. ^{Kersick} ~~Hendricks~~ was interested and helpful. We spent the night, or what remained of it, in Eva's sister's home. She is quieter than her brother (Justice Scott) and kinder. They're both a couple of cheerful extroverts. She seems cooped, subdued, but very kind to us.

Is she a widow? Again there is no husband in sight, but she has several adult children, all away from home. Devoted terrified of the two savage dogs she keeps to guard the house at night. How could she let them turn on any human being?

Tuesday was the big day. We sat for hours in our seats in the Grand Stand watching, glutting ourselves on the magnificence paraded before us. But in the middle of it all I began to feel ashamed and sorry. One becomes so accustomed to looking at the lovely costumes that one only claps when something quite extraordinarily grand comes onto the stage. They all deserved claps and cheers. As a crowd we were bestowing our appreciation only on the rich people who could afford to buy the grander costumes. This is not the true spirit of carnival. Why should we all watch and clap those people who are getting all the money in a society where poverty is all too evident. Suddenly I decided

that I much prefer to see a band passing along the street. Even the poorest man looks good on the street. Put it on the stage and it looks shabby. For us the most exciting part of all was hearing and seeing the bands passing Miss Patrick's house, as they went along Trappete Road. That was something quite indescribable, and something so completely Trinidadian. Every thing is commercialized nowadays. Is there any thing which can escape the eagle eye of the schvitz? I doubt it, and I don't want to find it, or else I'll be exploiting it too.

In the evening we went along to jump up with Starlight, with her and a friend of hers. ^{Rogal} There was already an element of melancholy and sadness in the air as the band beat its way through the streets of St. James. By now the masqueraders had changed hands in order to be seen a girl friend or boy friend.

Some were in full costume, others half in costume, and the rest like us in slacks and bright shirts. Wearily we danced along, slowly jostling one against the other, forcing all traffic on the streets to a halt, and bringing people out of their houses to see us. We all lived this evening, but were astonished how young the masqueraders are. They were nearly all young teenagers. By about 10:30 in the evening, ^{when objects do not appear} carnival was almost forgotten and Ben took over. Couples danced along, tucked closely. Some stopped to sing against a wall for a while. My last memory, before we finally went back into the house, is that of sleepy young couples making up for the park, and of ^{one} drinking fizzy beer lager on the pavement outside the house. I must add, I suppose, for the purposes of documentation, that there were as far as I can remember, no Indians jumping up with us.

After carnival, a period of sleepiness and

general preparatory work began. We have spent hours going through old newspapers and hunting any relevant articles. Lina has introduced us to several kind and interesting people, one Indian couple. But we have a lot of reading and writing to do. Church on Sunday was interesting, but we found Canon Farquhar very annoying. The service took place at 6 am. and the church ^{was} remarkably full. All he did was to talk to us as if we were little children, and chide us, saying that we, with our disregard for Lent, have driven him into the wilderness. He is a light negro, old, with grey hair, and an impeccable English accent. - and the father of Peter Farquhar MP for Trinidad. Another annoying practice is that of renting a place in the ^{on the same part of} ~~front~~ the church, which is a beautiful new one, there are little places on the pews with a home and the number of places

reserved eg. Lina Scott Jack. 2. I find this practice quite against the spirit of the church. What happens to those who are too poor to pay? Presumably they stand, or go ^{home back} ~~back~~ here. The congregation was almost entirely negro, with only a few Indians in sight. Of course, almost all Christian Indians are members of the Presbyterian Church. The congregation was eminently respectable, both socially and financially. I went again to a Lenten service with Lina on Monday. The church was packed, and it was a service only for women. The services are a strange combination of bathism and Methodism. In some cases the service is high, and every woman is certainly expected to have her head covered. I have even bought a black Spanish mantilla, so as not to offend anyone, particularly Lina, but it seems most unnecessary to me. On the other hand hymn singing is an important part of the service, and greatly enjoyed by all. The Bishop of Trinidad

is to make them to take ^{the} ~~the~~ communion, ^{as whites sit at front} ~~as~~ - hyphene?

took the Lenten service - a white man, clearly from London. There were more Indians there this time. I think so anyway, because several were getting into taxis, their "uni" presumably serving as valets! It is most inspiring to see a church so full, in spite of a gummy vicar!

The most Indian areas around here would certainly seem to be the rural areas - of Larani, and then Debe, Penal. We drove around Dili and Penal a few days ago and were astounded by the number of Indians we saw. Dark eyed, dark haired children, mostly looking very poor. Indian houses are mainly larger than average and on very tall stilts. Underneath there is invariably a hammock. This recalls strongly Nelson's travels, with Mamiela rocking her child in the hammock. In Lhaxe Village, on the way to Top of Agui there are a lot of huts, ie several families exhibit their unglazed pots by the side

of the road. We have bought several items, one of which is a mixing bowl with a mustard coloured glazed interior. We hope to find out more about this pottery, and why the pots are not glazed. Apparently it is common for people who buy the pots to paint them themselves. Mrs. Patrick has pots in her home, used as plant pots. Ours are so far for display purposes only.

Further notes. JB. Hindi books on sale in Big St. San Fernando's Hotel. And Hindi films in several cinemas. Indians strongly difficult to come across. Nearly all our contacts are negroes! Herman Griner, only person whom we really know. He should be very helpful to us, and he's a charming man. The come farmers' conference we attended in Montrose was most interesting. Largely Indians there, and one from Felicity - Class's Amity. Indians seem most friendly when contact is made, but how can we really make contact? There are so many groups among them eg. Cam Farmers Conference. ⁶⁰ attending ^{Ramadan} Ali fasts for Ramadan ended with Lodi's Prayer (company) negro

wooded cliffs - a truly beautiful sight.

The court was a long room, with officials and all involved at front, and rows of benches for onlookers, or waiting participants.

The windows were flung wide open, as were the doors, which resulted in a dispersal of sound. He sat, squashed on a bench at the back, and heard scarcely a word. He gathered that all those with cases pending were called before the magistrate and either dealt with on the spot, or ^{had their case} adjourned. In fact few cases were dealt with. Most were petty crimes - obscene language, petty larceny, one concerned the beating and cursing of a dog, another, one woman beating the other.

The accused in this last case (an I. Indian) was drunk when giving evidence, and caused some mirth. The court room was packed all morning, and during the afternoon until the coffee stealing case, clearly the

case of the day, was finally dismissed. There were many Indians there, some looking terribly poor. But most people had on their Sunday best, and clearly enjoyed a day in the court. Women

all had their heads covered, even if it meant wearing a crumpled little 'hanky'. He was astounded at the number who failed to appear for their case. But this caused no consternation, and seemed a regular occurrence. The local rum shop opposite the court must have had an excellent day, for the greater majority of those who were not actually involved in a case, and who didn't have a seat inside, spent their day drinking rum. As soon as the magistrate wanted a particular person, he would call out the name, and this would be relayed verbally to the two policemen at the door. These then shouted the name over to the rum shop, then said whether the person was present or not!

In spite of the fact that most people lie steadily in the pitress box, great care is taken to insure that each denomination serves in its own way. eg. ^{Don't version} Protestants (Anglicans etc.) on Bible, Roman Catholics on the Bible, Muslims on Koran, Hindus on metal pot (kotah), and very devout Chinese take a sinner and smash it. He didn't see this happen!

While took us into the local store, a vast rambling Chinese store, entered by David Lee Chow, an odd but charming man with two legal wives. One Chinese, married in China, living with him in Kwang. Family by her. Second wife, living in part of Sham with her family by him. Both wife moves in vac. to Kwang, and Chinese moves to little house in the village. An amiable arrangement.

Over behind Kwang - much illicit hush rum or "mountain dew" distilling.

Lee Chow must be worth a fortune, but to look at his premises you would think him a pauper. Bare wood, clean but spartan, outside big, but excellent food neatly served.

At the beginning of the morning session there were approx. 65 people in court. At the outside there cannot have been more than 20 & 2nd class.

Thursday February 20th.

Late afternoon drive to Siparia, through beautiful rolling countryside. Very wooded, but a scrubby sort of forest compared with our own. From the Asponche Lagoon onwards the whole area becomes intensely l. Indian, apart from negro pockets particularly in the oil region of Fyzabad. cp. to Bux. This Indian area is very different from the basom area, and at first sight anyway, these Indians seem more prosperous. In the evenings

There is a lot of sugar cultivation, but we saw only one spot of rice cultivation in Thick. So far, however, we have seen very little rice grown in Trinidad. It must possibly be grown mainly away from the main roads.

Again the whole countryside was enhanced by the vivid red flowers of the immortelle.

Just as you enter Siparia on the main San Fernando road (not Thick one) you can see mile upon mile of immortelle growing in the forest area.

The main aim of our visit was to see La Dama Pastora, an RC church which has a black virgin inside. This is an effigy of the Virgin Mary which ~~was~~ is in some strange way, either due to the action of the paint on her face, or due to a miracle, has turned black, or rather dark brown. Highff writes about this in his book. - See for reference and details.

We found the virgin, unexpectedly, in a fine new church. Her effigy is very small, and she was exquisitely dressed in a fine white wedding dress, with a dainty crown and veil on her head. Around her neck these being countless strings of pearls, gold chains etc. The whole ~~figure~~ ^{had} an air of an elite, but well earned - for appearance. We could not help thinking of the virgin of Les Familles Indes de la Mer on the bannière. Although the settings differed considerably, the one being hidden in the candle-blackened walls of an old church, and covered in pilgrims' rags, and the other well-dressed and carefully displayed in a side chapel, the general air surrounding them was the same. Both are the subject of strange pilgrim interest. The French virgin believed of the Gypsies, and the Trinidadian one followed by Spanish, Venezuelan and Trinidadian RC's, and at the same time by non-

Illustration Indians. See Niehoff. There is something welcoming and inspiring about Roman Catholic churches. Yesterday I felt welcome there, and felt compelled to kneel down and pray, humbly and sincerely. Perhaps it was because there were several people kneeling and praying there, before the main altar, and before the Virgin. It seemed to call out to the ordinary person and to the minor in a way that the aloof Anglican church never does.

Friday February 21st.

My birthday. John has been so lovely. He's trying so hard to make it an enjoyable day for me, with a picnic of food kitchen, and a sweet little birthday card. He makes me really feel like a Helmsleys kind! And it's so nice to have cards from home too.

THE JUMBIE BIRD by ISMITH KHAN.
First novel. Macgibbon and Kee London 1961
For brief outline of plot and main char. see back.

This book is well-written for a first novel, and infinitely better written than many W. Indian novels eg. White Witch of Rosehall by de Visser. The title The Jumbie Bird is highly significant and symbolic. The jumbie bird is considered a harbinger of death, and when it is heard calling twice, twice, twice at night from the calabash tree, you can be sure that someone is going to die. And it's no good hurrying stones or abuse at it to get rid of it, for he who tries to kill it will himself die. The theme of the jumbie bird is skilfully woven into the story in a poignant and poetic manner. Khan is capable of writing very lyrical prose, with a beauty and love of words rarely found among

Barakhan authors. But he can too be flowery and indulge in poetic passages for the sheer love of it. This is tiresome, and apart from slowing down the pace of the novel, detracts from much of his better writing.

The plot develops slowly, and somehow the development of the story lacks spontaneity. Khon clearly writes with authority and understanding about business in Trinidad, but one feels that he has compiled the story from a selection of fragments, which he has pasted together. One never feels that the book develops of its own accord. At times one feels that the plot is diffuse, and one wonders who he is supposed to be concentrating on, if anyone. The spotlight shifts from Rahim and Meena, to Kale Khan, to Jamini, to Binti, almost like a series of individual character studies. This

technique is of course a deliberate one, in that Khon is preparing us for the final reactions of each member of the family to Kale Khan's behaviour on the day of the Messay, and his death. In fact, having been so diffuse at first, the book finally winds up neatly, with every end tied. Too neatly perhaps. This too adds to the impression that it was carefully fabricated.

As a novel it is very readable, and gives us an interesting, and clearly authentic view of three generations of Indians in Trinidad. First of all there is the old warrior and craftsman grandfather who can remember his youth in India, and who justifiably feels that he was duped when he came to Trinidad. His one concern and dream is that of an organized return to Hindustan for himself and his fellow Indians. Rahim, his son has never known India, and consequently does not really share the old

man's dream of return. Like his father he is a goldsmith, but whereas this brought in a reasonable amount of money for his father, it is no longer lucrative. Large stores produce cheaper, shoddy jewellery, but make all the sales. The demand for skilled craftsman is rapidly dwindling. Rahim is therefore in an awkward position. He hasn't had enough education to enable him to turn to anything else, and his inability to read and write makes him easily fooled, and finally causes him to lose his share in his business. His ideal ^{if any} is that of being educated as a way to fulfil a useful role in modern society. But he himself is the obstacle for this.

Jamini the young boy is for a while attracted to his grandfather's dream of return, for he is at an impressionable age, and deeply influenced by his grandfather, who is a

far stonger character than Rahim his father. At the end of the book, though, father and son draw closer once the old man is dead, and Jamini begins to face the reality of the situation, and realise that he must just settle down and try to find some place for himself in Trinidad. Education is the road for him to follow. cf. working class England in 1920-30s.

Some interesting comments eg. Indian Club, Port of Spain. p. 183.

Stick fighting scenes. p. 199 ff. and p. 95 ff. Wonderful descriptions of Binti - the old Indian wife of Kale Khorn, living apart from him because he as Pathan proudly asserted he had no need of women. They make a man soft. Scenes in which she is trying to set out a living for herself selling coconut water, coals, few vegetables, winegar. Binti and her arrangement with the hog-raiser. See attitude and comments on this from her Muslim friends and family p. 45.

early marriage. Jamsini and Lakshmi about 12 - already whispering and proposals being made in the hope they might marry. p. 67.

Description of Rahim's marriage to Indira - an arranged marriage. p. 71

Meaning of the Red House, Port of Spain for Indians p. 76.

Rahim's attitude to marriage p. 72

Comments on Islandford Square with its vagabonds p. 28
 vB. The Pathans were the rebels of the hills, and all fair skinners - but Kale Khan dark.

Description of the old Town Hall. p. 61 and ff.
 Outburst by del. known of injustices suffered by Indians p. 109.

Laying-out and funeral of Kale Khan p. 202. Good description of his death and funeral.
 Somehow it recalls Lawrence's story Adams of his son's death, and the father's death in Sons and Lovers.

In conclusion, there is a wealth of local colour in this book, and I think I ought to read it again. I would certainly like to - which is a good recommendation for a book.

Monday February 24th.

I went to church with Indira in the evening, whilst Rahim did a land-use survey of the High Street area. He agreed that it is probably better if I don't go with him on this survey, other than when he's doing high-class areas. It's funny, but I feel there is a great deal of latent antagonism to white men. This same suspicion and hostility is portrayed particularly in Mitchell's "A Morning at the Office." Rahim can make for greater contact with ordinary men e.g. ^{Hon. Justice} Duncan Hallis, who does odd jobs for him, and I feel that Hari Lal, the young Indian who polishes our floors on Saturday,

is much happier when Ishin talks to him and shows him what to do, than when I do. So far the only person (male) not to treat me with suspicion is the young Indian postman. On the other hand, when we are both together, e.g. shopping, saleswomen are very friendly. I think particularly of the Indian women in Prince's Town, and of the sellers in the market in San Fernando.

It is when we are working that I'm regarded oddly. From now on Ishin will first of all contact new people alone, tell them his business, mention me etc. And I will go along with him afterwards.

Lura introduced me to Canon Faguhar after the service. I frowned miserably when he said "I'm always particularly pleased to see English people in church". But much to my surprise, he continued, "They really are such pagans!"

NB. Mr Pooran's son became a Catholic last year married a girl from Comana. There was family opposition!

Today Ishin went into the town to contact Mrs. Pooran, an Indian, whose name was handed to us by Pandit Turi. He was not in his shop, but in B.G. His son was however there, and was most friendly. He asked where we are staying, and with whom. When Ishin replied that we live in a house owned by one Bett-Jack, the Indian did not know of her. This is the first time we have mentioned her name, and got no response. It is significant that Ishin was talking to an Indian.

Last Saturday, when Dori Lal had finished polishing, with the hand polisher — long heavy brush on end of stick, — we mentioned that the best way to keep the polish up, would be to go over the floor several times a week. He looked surprised, and said that we'd have to borrow Mrs. Jack's electric polisher because

the other would be too hard for him! And this came from a tiny, thin Indian, who doesn't look half as strong as him. But he clearly believes that the English (or whites) are not strong enough to do manual work of this sort.

I must add that we are very much addicted here in that we look clean and wash our car ourselves. I also do most of our washing myself, and by hand. St. James Street is a fine old sort of middle class area, but as far as I can see, most of the families have a maid.

In church the majority of the white people sit at the front. Sp. Antigua and general W.D. pattern. Room? Taking communion first?!!

Mr. Poon's son has married an R.C. and despite opposition, become a Catholic himself. He said that his father will

know a lot about Hindus and Hinduisms, but that he himself knows little. Is this typical of the new generation of urban Indians? I expect it is.

We are at present preparing some maps of San Fernando eg. population density from 1946 census. And him explores a little more of the town each day - on foot. Again I don't go with him the first time. We go together, later, for a second look.

~~Wednesday~~ Tuesday February 25th.

Suggested titles for him's thesis and present work.

- ① The social and economic development of Kingston, Jamaica, 1692 - 1960. (or 1962?)
- ② East Indians in San Fernando, Trinidad: a study of cultural change in an urban environment.

- ③ Paper. Residential and social mobility in Kingston Jamaica; a geographical analysis.
 a. h. geog. anal. of resid. and soc. mob.
 in K, J.

Wednesday February 26th

A day in Port of Spain, spent largely trying to fix up our tape recorder. It is still not in working order, but should be seen!

Rural East Indians, particularly those in the Caroni and Orapouche areas, invariably own large concrete houses. Wooden & concrete houses are constructed to the same design — the rest on stilts, at least. And even the wooden ones in the Orapouche Lagoon are occasionally built on stilts under the house. The new, concrete houses are mostly identical — the expensive &

the poor. The significant difference between them is that those belonging to poor people are rarely finished. The bricks are raw and the house is soon made to resemble the shack it succeeded.

Thursday Feb. 27 (Phagua Othori)

Today is the Indian celebration Phagua Othori. It seems an opportune moment to look back on the time Indians we have met during the past month.

On our arrival at the airport we met an Indian tax-driver named Singh, who took us into Pokhram. He was, in his own words, 'very alien to the race situation'. He clearly saw all political & social issues structured in terms of Indian & Creole. He bitterly attacked the lock-joint sewage scheme & government's failure to hold 3 by-elections in areas held by P.O.M. He was also convinced that entry to the Civil Service was extremely

difficult & now impossible for Indians. Indeed, Singh was putting the classical ^{and} point of view that Vera Rubin had ~~foretold~~ told us to expect.

Singh was extremely proud of race IQ; scattering about the Negroes & 'small-islanders' living in Shanty Town (Indians live there too). He was quite determined to condemn Eric Williams on any imaginable ground. I told Singh that I had been told by an ^{Canadian} American business man whom we'd met in Antigua (Norman Langhorne) that many N. American business-men suspected Williams of being Communist. Singh misunderstood thought that I had said anti-Communist. Nevertheless he began an all-out attack on Williams for his anti-Communism. I pointed out his

Mistaken Singh then swung into an equally violent attack on Williams as a Communist. Singh thought that things were going to get so bad that he was preparing to go with his wife to England or Scotland. A new sort of East or should I say West? Indian migrant!

My next memories are of what East Indians on the road between Port of Spain and San Fernando. I'llian I have written on comments elsewhere in this journal.

An interesting source of local information relating to Indians was Eric Kelsick. 'I am not a Trinidadian, so you can take my news as those of an unbiassed observer. Surely, most of the Indians

here must have come from the two lowest castes in India. The absence of a really good Indian restaurant is a clear indication.'

According to Eric Kelsick racial pride among Indians is comparatively recent & goes back only 5 or 7 years. Before that they were pleased to marry Negroes. (really!) This no longer holds true. People are proud of being Indian, & sophisticated (acculturated) Indian women in Port of Spain frequently attend cocktail parties wearing saris. I noted one Indian woman in a sari collecting goods at the Hi Lo Supermarket! An interesting comment from Eric Kelsick was that Indian mistresses are popular - presumably among the elite.

This is, I assume a function of
urbanisation, sophistication &
social aspiration acting on
the young E. Indian girls. Perhaps
they are replacing the mulatto
'leptness'.

William Clayton Appleton an
friend of Ona's & born an highly
Cremised - to the extent of eating
meat (pig's flesh) & spending time
in England. Clayton, whose
father was a doctor said
that William was E. Indian -
but he was 1/2 Indian.

Ona has two more party E. Indian
friends - 'Yolice' ^(Miss Ramsden) & Grace
Kangaroo. 'Yolice' is 1/2 Madagascan
& 1/2 E. Indian. Grace 3/4 E. Indian
- her mother's mother was Scottish.
Both are proud of their E. Indian

forebears, as are the Appletons.
'Yolice' claims to know a lot about
E. Indians, but we know 3 know
very little indeed.

To-day, Feb. 27. has been
the Hindu Festival of Holi. This
morning I asked Mr. Raghunath of
Maraballa Bay Rd if there would be
any celebrations with streets of
San Fernando. He said that
street celebrations were not allowed
by the police. He is going to
celebrate in Peral tomorrow. People
from Peral then sprinkle with abir

This evening I went to the
Hindu temple in San Fernando.
Mr. Wanchanan, Samuel Supersad,
& Musum, showed me the temple.
It is very modern - large enough
to seat 60-100 people. Suvai is held

at 8.30 am on Sundays. The altar
~~area~~ has a large wooden dais
 in front of it & in the middle
 a stone lingam surrounded by
 petals. The lingam is painted green
 - except for the top portion. Two crucibles
 (pottery ones) burnt white altar.
 There were several wooden statues
 set against tiles, the back wall
 was decorated with illuminated
 pictures of Krishna etc.

I went to a house behind the
 temple to meet Mr. Suddhan was
 told to approach by a girl of about
 14 or 15 who called him bap. Mr.
 Suddhan was dressed in dhoti &
 kurta wore a janey round his
 neck - his hair was shaved
 into a forehead-brush. New cut.
 He was about 60 & spoke in a way
 actually his paternal
 grandfather

much suggests that Hindi was
 his mother-tongue. Fortunately I
 remembered the greeting 'namaste'
 - which we exchanged. He would
 be pleased if we went to the service
 on Sunday. I asked about the
 festival of Holi & Phagua. He
 said the Indians would be
 celebrating it in India but
 not in San Fernando.
 'Our businessmen here are too
 busy making money to celebrate', he
 said rather bitterly. His daughter
 said that there would be no
 celebrating in the streets here
 - but even agreed that there
 would be in San Juan, Puerto
 Rico & the Canary Islands.

The difference betw. them & the
 Indian festivals is summed up here.

On Carnwale one goes to town
(San Fernando or Rio de Janeiro)

For Hori one goes to the country.

I asked some of Indian
girls at the Scott's Commercial
School if they knew anything
about Hori. How did, although
the way Hindu. But most did
know when the teacher referred to
it as 'Indian Carnival'. All
agreed that it was not celebrated
in the streets of San Fernando.

~~But~~ Very little is known
about Indian festivals in Ceylon
circles. The Indians cash in
on Carnival as tailors & sellers
of dry goods. Some Indians jump up
as pre-Carnival dances (there were
none in Diego Martin or Romenade
Jinnas Club). ~~for~~ many go to watch.

But a few participate in the bands.
Singh said he would not go because
he was afraid that some incident
might lead to racial strife.

29th February - I went to see Mr Dyaldas
in his shop in High St. He sells
Indian dry goods - wedding dresses,
sarees, dhotis etc. His wife - 'Edu' -
was wearing a sari. Mr Dyaldas
was born in India & went to Jamaica
in about 1932. In 1938 came to San
Fernando & because of outbreak
of war stayed on.

Mr Dyaldas has 2 children -
boy & 1 girl. - both in early teens -
both at college in S.F. (I think that
they live near their shop) Mr Dyaldas
says that his father taught him his
business - but his formal education was
very limited (he speaks Hindi better than English)
(CONTINUED.)

THE GAMES WERE COMING. by Michael Anthony.

A first novel set in and around San Fernando at the time of the Southern Games. It is a portrait of an ardent young sportsman, a cyclist, who is preparing for the 15 mile blue ribbon race. Anthony portrays the training, the fears and hopes, the necessity to deprive oneself of pleasures eg. sex until the race is over.

As a record of the thoughts of an athlete, of the way in which his whole life becomes one-track, the book is good. He starts off in a crisp, clear Hemingway style, but fails to keep it up. Brevity and preciseness of impression are achieved - but the result is sadly, that we are left with nothing in the end.

The plot is held together by the theme - the approach of the Games, and the story can

at no time be described as diffuse. It is unconvincing, largely because the relationships of each character to the other are barely plausible. Particularly odd, and very European (I), is the relationship between father and brother. They are too demonstrative, too affectionate for this society. Somehow affection or desire is shown differently here than it is in England. The character of Leon, the cyclist, is sound. We learn very little about him as a person, other than what he feels about the games, but that is perhaps enough in so slight a novel. Dolphin, Leon's little brother, is in my mind the most attractive, and most lovingly portrayed character in the book. Anthony lets us know just what the boy is feeling. We see his complete devotion to his successful brother, and his unrequited longing for some return of affection.

When the conflict began ~~1947~~ Hindu & Muslim in 1947 Mr Dyaldas' family had to leave Sind & went to Bombay. They lost their home lands. This has been a lesson & Mr Dyaldas hopes that his 2 children will get a good education. After school certificate they may go back to India for training!

Mr Dyaldas has been back to India & plans to go again this summer. His brother went in his place last time: he had received a promise for marriage (Mr D's brother has a dry goods shop on Frederick St)

Mr D'sells saris & white European wedding dresses to Indian brides. An sari is usually of cotton or silk worn for the Hindu wedding ceremony. An white bridal gown is put on after the bridging part of the ceremony

useless to say this is not done in India - according to Mr D. But it appears that a small but increasing number of brides are wearing the sari throughout the wedding.

Mr Dyaldas was the Chairman of the Committee that built the Shivala - 'Ghandi Ashram' which erected the Ghandi memorial on Harris Promenade (this statue of Ghandi stands very close to that of Columbus). He now seems to have very little to do with the Shivala, which is ~~the~~ run by less wealthy Hindus. In latter, I suspect, an grateful for the businessmen's financial support, but suspect their social domination. Mr Dyaldas, for his part, of course is a businessman par excellence & is pleased to withdraw from the active support of the Shivala on his good deed

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NB. gill placing sandalwood thicka on brow - 3rd eye
little girl. carrying hand with diss - collection. Place
shows me they have grass to feed.

He concluded by welcoming Julian & me to their service. Another mantra was

sung the congregation dispersed
 at 10.00 am. As they left they took
 (coconut) dried pines, raisins, sugar bananas
 from a wooden tray handed round by
 the Sadhu. (Prasad)

he has introduced to several
 members from congregation. They were
 extremely friendly Mr Gopi - a
 rather waspish man who works for the
 sugar welfare board - offered to take
 us into the country parts. Mr Gopi is
 an MBE. An significance prize award
 will become evident later.

The older women all wore the orahi - the younger girls, white mantillas. When does a girl take on the orahi? At puberty?

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*
2 must also mention that on February 29th her nephew Purnal told her if Hori was still being celebrated. Mr Raghunath had said that it would be. He saw children throwing abir & a man with his shirt almost dyed magenta on our return journey (3.00 - 3.30 pm at Debi) but we do not know what was going on in Purnal. Next day Mr Raghunath said that there were celebrations in Purnal, but that they did not start until 3.30 pm. & Bands of men singing corals & abir was thrown (see class).

Monday 3rd March

At 6 pm we went to the Shwala to
hear a reading + explication de texte
from the Bhagavadgita conducted by
Mr Battacharyya. He is the Principal of
Tagore College at Puri, an undenom-
-inational

private secondary school. Mr B. has already established a similar institution in Belg. Mr. Battacharyat read from the Gita in Hindi, explained in English the shade of meaning of each significant word, & drew philosophical parallels with our great world religions, especially Christianity. He is very familiar with the New Testament & rightly assumes that his B. Indian audience (about 60 strong) ^{is} too. One must remember that all adult B. Indians who have ^{had} any schooling received it at the hands of our Canadian Mission School teachers.

The standard of Mr B's scholarship is obviously first class. It may go over the heads of his class pupils, although they represent the cream of minds from the neighbouring areas (Mr B. has just started a second class as

Débat. Then, he says, his scriptural analysis is less intense). On the other hand, the men are full of admiration for Mr B. - the Pandit - for India's sake that they have been able to put up with the pace of 6 chapters in 14 months testifies to their genuine interest in the subject & their philosophical ~~power~~ ^{turn} of mind.

Mr Battacharyat's is a reform movement, purifying & Sanskritising the local Hindu religion. He aims to give it philosophical status & a sophistication that can enable its adherents to cope with the challenge of Christianity. Mr B is at pains to indicate the rites & dogmas assoc. with Christianity & to argue that certain basic principles underly all the sects of Christianity - that these same principles

are part parcel of the teaching of
the Bhagavad gita.

Tuesday 3rd March

At 2.15 pm we set out for the house of
Sampet Pundit at Usini Cedar Hill.
We found it after several inquiries.
The pundit was sitting on a table in
the verandah of this small wooden
house when we arrived. He was
welcomed by him & his wife (who
looks very much like an old Sean Franc)
seven offset seats in their sitting
room. The room was extremely bare.

The walls were of wood & were
the unpainted ~~by~~ carefully
swept floor. (The house was raised
on low seats which must have
become quite high at the back
when the ridge dropped down to the

can-fields). There was a settee,
one long chair, a rocking chair &
one or two upright chairs. The walls
were covered with brightly coloured
pictures of Rama Krishna, Ganesh
etc., & calendars showing similar
scenes. The calendars are distributed by
prominent & good firms; framed pictures
of religious importance for Hindus are
sold in the arcade & in street stalls
in San Fernando. The only piece of
modern equipment was a very fine
looking radio, although we
understand that the pundit's only son
has a motorcar.

I asked the Pundit to tell me his
name. He went into the adjoining
bedroom & brought me his certificate
to practice as a priest. Dated ^{24th Nov} 1937
& was signed by the then Colonial Secretary.

Neither the Pundit nor his wife can read or write English. But both can read Hindi written in Devanagari script!

Sarbjit Pundit was born in a village about 30 miles south from town of Gorakhpur in the ~~North West~~ United Provinces of India. In 1911, when he was 21 Sarbjit Pundit went on a pilgrimage to Benares. He was met by a recruiting ^{agent} who promised that he would be able to make a lot of money if he signed up a name to Trinidad as an indentured labourer.

When he landed in Trinidad he was sent to the sugar plantation at Cedar Hill where he worked in the cane for 4 years. Then he worked a plot of land at Penal (^{which} still living at Cedar Hill) where he grew coffee, cocoa & sugar. During this period he must have

married Sookdayia, ~~to his wife~~. She lived in Penal with her parents until her wedding. It seems that from the time that he finished his indenture, Sarbjit Pundit was working as a priest.

Sookdayia's father, also, was born in India. His name was Benares. She too, she claims, was tricked into enlisting for Trinidad with the tale that a fortune could be made there.

Sarbjit Pundit's household contains him, his wife, his son & daughter-in-law, & their 5 children (3 boys). The daughter-in-law is pregnant. She is very fair-skinned (as is Sookdayia), very quiet, & very much the Hindu daughter-in-law. The children are quite beautiful, & the youngest son is obviously a favourite

with his grandparents.

Sanyat Pundit was wearing a dhoti & kurta - but no ^{ghanti} jama. His wife & daughter wore the sari. It was interesting to see that in spite of their apparently quite poor circumstances they did have an Indian servant.

She spoke Hindi, too, & had tattoos in devanagari on her forearm.

When we left, Sanyat Pundit offered me 2 dollars to pay for our taxi fare, but had great difficulty in persuading him that we had a car & could not

possibly take his money to cover the cost of our petrol. He was each given Rs 100 from their prayer house.

Thursday 3rd March

By 7 pm we were ready to welcome our two E. Indian guests - Mr Maharaj & Mr. Ramsanoj. To our surprise & delight

our guests' members & - Mr 2. Mr Ramsanoj brought his daughter, Miss Rampar, Miss Hanyal, Miss Ramkisson & Mr Soorkoo from Rangoon, Mr Jackson from Yaspaville. Julian was given a beautiful bouquet of pink roses & carnations & all were in the sitting room.

I asked about E. Ind. participation in carnival. Mr Soorkoo claimed, & the others agreed, that most E. Indians who are still Hindu do not take part in the festival. In them it is essentially Negro & Catholic. Acculturated Indians, especially the youngsters, do jump up, but virtually none play mas. Heba added that he stayed at home. All agreed that there was great danger of racial conflict at carnival & that the safest policy was to keep us far away. Several times

during the evening this policy of withdrawal was mentioned. Our guests also agreed that the Carnival should not really be regarded as a national festival: a more festive would be more appropriate.

Mr. Sookeo is a schoolmaster in the Presbyterian school at Puncis Town. He was educated at a Con. school & at Kaparua Training College. He is rather unusual in as much that in spite of his close contact with church schooling he is still a ^{or in staff} ~~murder~~ ^{murderer}. Indeed he is the only ~~murderer~~ ^{murderer} in the Puncis Town Con. school.

(Mr. Batadharigat Panis).

Mr. Sookeo was the only guest to accept a cigarette from me. None would accept alcohol, so we all had orange squash & biscuits.

Mr. Ransamooj & Mr. Maharaj. Both

pointed out that political parties were run on strictly racial lines, with no appeal to policy & effectiveness whatsoever. Both felt that Eric Williams is non-racist, but that his speeches must have racist undertones to satisfy his followers. e.g. 'Massa day done' & 'Widen employers of Negro labour!'

Mr. Maharaj supporter of D.P. After last election believed that D.P. not government: wonders how this would be accepted by civil service & Negroes generally. Some say have brought down new government (ep. B.). All agree that it is better to play 2nd fiddle than to quickly in their own way. This is another example of withdrawal. Both Mr. Maharaj & Mr. Ransamooj say it is a good thing for the Negro to be top-dog here at last, for a while at least - but that our race

should be treated with the same respect that they expect of others.

Mr Mahanaj says that race & employment promotion are closely linked - even at Dexaco, where the policy of management is racially neutral. Negroes get rapid promotion into supervisory jobs: they are prepared to belly the men into activity.

Mr Ramsamooj is an electrician at Dexaco, Mr Mahanaj works in the pits at the laboratory.

Mr Ramsamooj has 11 children, ranging from the age of about 17-18 to 3. Mr Mahanaj, who is estranged from his wife, is the father of 3 boys & 3 girls - all between the ages of 18 & 11. The eldest boy has several GCEs, 'O' level passes - the equivalent of a grade II Cambridge. The youngest is an apprentice electrician in the fields.

5 children are all at secondary school. The East Indians are increasingly aware of the importance of education if they are to improve their competitive position in this society.

Both Mr Ramsamooj & Mr Mahanaj are keen supporters of cricket (Mr Ramsamooj's team plays for Northamptonshire). Both note the absence of East Indians from the side: & of spectators generally!

No, East Indians seem quite firmly to believe that the indentured labourers were very poor, low class, & that the old pundits are extremely conservative (perhaps not fulfilling the religious needs of the young, at least). Although no one can remember when they & their parents were born they seem to be little knowledge generally of the source and from which East Indians were drawn. Mr Sooboo, eg. thought they were

mostly from the south. (Madrass)

Also Born in Madras R. very impressed by the learning of the old Indians - by their healing powers. 6 or 7 yrs ago there were still firewalkers men who could climb the sword ladder.

Mr. Maharaj's father came from India & practised in Trinidad as a pundit. His friend for life was a shipmate. According to Mr. Maharaj, the two families were so close they were almost one. His father's shipmate is still alive whenever Mr. Maharaj meets him he bends down touches his feet, as he did when he was a boy, & calls him dada (or uncle) - as father's man brother?

Mr. ^{Ramdas} ~~Atkinson~~ Samp & Co. very peaceful & easily led. But they can be pushed to a stage when they go completely wild.
(cp Cultings & Stubins)

Monday March 8th 1964

I must first recall the events of last ~~Thursday~~ ^{Wednesday} evening. Una, Helen and I went along to the Hapama Bowl to hear part of the Southern Music Festival. The preliminary rounds of the music festival are held in Port of Spain, and San Fernando, then the finals take place in Port of Spain. The adjudicator in the Hapama Bowl was John Russell, one time leader of London University choir - and an immensely confident insensitive man.

The audience was completely middle class, and predominantly negro (ie almost white - negro!). There were few East Indians in the audience and even fewer participating. The audience was as bloody minded and cruel as any audience I have ever seen. Many of the contestants were very nervous, and consequently sang quietly, hesitantly, and sometimes made glaring mistakes. But this was fussed with

complete scorn by the audience who giggled and tittered, and regarded the whole performance as a comedy show. The whole disgusting episode reached a climax when a young, small slightly deformed man with a protruding bottom, walked onto the stage. He was wearing white flannels with a dark blue blazer - and looked very much like an old English music hall actor. To make matters worse the poor boy was clutching a copy of the song he was to sing. The moment he opened his mouth it became blatantly obvious that although by no means mentally incapable, he was not in control. Instead of remain respectfully silent - for he was trying really hard to sing well - the audience simply roared. I felt, and so did he, completely sick at the ruthless cruelty of those people. The young man clearly was not aware that he was

making a fool of himself, which poor soul he was, until the audience ruined his attempt to sing. But he was aware enough to look disgusted at their treatment of him. And Mrs. Russell was no kinder. He too, in his comments later, made a mockery of the young man, and gave him marks many below those gained by any other singer. I think that those of us who are fortunate enough to be mentally sound should show far more respect for those less fortunate.

But we enjoyed the evening. We had imagined that we would hear renderings of Tinidachain, or at least West Indian songs. On the contrary we were back in music England, with wandering, quavering love songs etc., which no matter how well sung, can not be sung as well as at home. The last song solo was Passing By. I find this a lovely song, but incongruous in this setting. Similarly

Robin Hall and Jimmie Macgregor can't sing
 negro songs as well as ~~but~~ Eddie Connor. I'm
 expressing this badly. Somehow the singing was
 disappointing because it was all trying to
 be so very English. Singers even tried hard
 to sing with an English accent - a further
 mockery. For us the high spot of the evening
 was the drum competition. Two groups
 of three played rhythms for approx. 2-3 mins
 each. Both of the groups played with a
 vitality and conviction which was missing in
 all other items. It is worth noting that the
 English adjudicators had to enlist the help of
 a local person in order to judge this event! I
 wish we could have heard more of this
 sort of thing. But here, and some of her
 equally middle class friends around her, found
 the drums nothing more than a deafening
 sound!

Last Thursday evening, as Robin has already

* MB. not one of them goes out to¹⁰³
 work.

recorded, we were visited by a group from the
 Hindu Temple. There were four girls among the
 gathering, two of whom are seamstresses, and
 two who remain at home to help parents. None
 of them is married, though at least two
 must be in their late 20's and early 30's.
 Apart from the general discussion, we women had
 a long talk. They were trying to encourage
 me to wear a sari. They claim that Indians
 are happy and regard it as a compliment when
 foreigners wear saris. The girls were all wearing
 western dress, but all had a few saris
 which they wear on special occasions, particularly
 religious functions. eg. last Saturday at the
 puja, all wore saris. They all spoke with
 great admiration about an English woman in
 San Fernando with a Bombay friend, who always
 wears a sari, even to market. Miss Waidal
 told me something about her family's religious
 life. They are, of course, staunch Hindus -

Mukamsamaj?

? and all the girls said they have a special prayer room at home esp. Pushpi. Six o'clock in the evening is prayer time for Hindus, and at that time the incense is burnt before the gods. Miss Varilal says that the incense light is always lit in her home before any light in the house is put on. In answer to tentative enquiries about the importance of caste to them, they all agreed that the most important thing for them is to be a good Hindu, rather than be of high caste.

Miss Varilal apologetically asked me if she could use our toilet, and when I said, 'of course', she added that she only wanted to urinate. Presumably it's bad form for a Hindu to do any more in someone else's house! She is clearly intrigued by white people's use of birth control, and our small families. We were talking about family size, and I confirmed their suspicion that

we have no children even though we've been married for over 1 1/2 years. At this Miss Varilal leaned to Miss Ramsamaj and said "All they has to control themselves"! I don't know whether she meant self-control, or birth control. But there was a great note of sympathy in her voice.

Monday March 9 contd.

Second class by Mr. Bhattacharya on the Bhagavad gita. Again we sat and listened for a good two hours. He is an intelligent man, a confirmed Hindu, and doubtless a gift from God for the Trinidadian Hindus. But after two hearings I can only say that he is a remarkably fine mental acrobat, a non-do scrupulous scholar, and above all a Schumann feger. His exposition of the Gita is interesting, but we both find his hysterical denunciation of Christianity unconvincing. But he knows how to talk and hold an audience

and his talks are immensely stimulating. It is quite remarkable how he continues to draw so earnest and keen a class from the ranks of very ordinary people. For the most part they have had very little, if any, formal education eg. Mr. Ramasamy and Mr. Mahasay, and yet they do follow and understand these intensely philosophical talks. Their achievement is amazing. For us, they provide a remarkable insight into Hindu (partic. modern Hindu) thought and philosophy, and I find myself jumping to the defence of Christianity. In fact we find that in a strange way we talk draw us nearer to Christianity. All in all I would rather listen to Mr. Ramasamy giving a short simple sermon, which is ^{imbued} ~~imbued~~ with spiritual sincerity, than Mr. Battacharya's and philosophical dissertations. Mr. Ramasamy is a truly fine man and completely self-

effacing. Mr. B. is self-confident, and I suspect very sexy. He has a sort of voluptuous feminine face, and is at times quite feline. But his skill as an orator is great. He has a wonderful gift for poetry. His speech is poetic, his imagery well-chosen and beautiful. Again he sat cross-legged on a sort of table ~~too~~ draped with material. He wears a dhoti, an elaborate form of Kurta and a fine silk scarf - all white. He leaves his shoes on the floor when he climbs onto his table. During the lecture the temple sadhu comes in and "cleans up" the gods. i.e. he removes the faded flowers of the day, and lights the incense in the dias, clay lamps. A lighted diya is moved around in front of each god in a clockwise direction several times, and finally placed in front of the god. Before leaving the sadhu prays, particularly in front of the lingam, which

is like a huge blue mason. He then
bowed his head, touching his thumb and
fingertips alternately with his nose. *sp.* This
may not be an accurate description - but it
looks as if this is what he's doing.

Mrs. Mahraj again was so kind to us.
He is one of a large family, and his father
was a pundit. His elder brother, as his
mother's first child, was claimed by the
grandparents and reared by them. He therefore
has grown up apart from the rest. He said
that this was a fairly common occurrence among
C. Indians in Trinidad.

Tuesday March 10th

Uma took me to the hairdresser's
this afternoon, a Chinese woman with an
English surname. She is early middle aged
like Uma, and thoroughly superficial and
socially ambitious I would say. In the salon

were three customers, a white American, a
Scottish woman and myself - all white. The
interior was modern, and could well have
been found in Paris, London, New York, or
Birmingham. Her down to the elaborate
arrangements of artificial flowers, and the best
poodle with some pretentious French name. One
and the hairdresser are clearly friends, and
for a while conversation revolved around hairdressing,
parties, dinners, Social Workers' meetings, England
etc. The hairdresser never mentioned her
husband, but mention was made of her
"friend" Peter. *sp.* Mrs. Patrick. She then
spent ages talking about Inglass and her
new house at La Ramie - architect designed
with fish pond, landscaped garden etc. She
too has a big match dog prowling round
at night. She is a perfect example of
the empty headed beauty conscious nouveau-riche
social elite of Trinidad. She liked my hair

She added that straight hair is so fashionable! because "it's so off-beat!!" Up. the salon was littered with English and American magazines eg. Vogue, Woman and Beauty etc. and old copies of The Daily Mirror^(English). However, even these serial bastards welcome you to their ranks - as is this because we are white and clearly middle class therefore respectable - anyway we now have an invitation along to the La Roman house with love.

Up. Last night in the temple we met two Indian Christians, who regularly attend this course on the Bhagavadgita! (Mrs. Sammy and Mrs. ^{DUBE} Donet.)

Last Saturday we had lunch and a drink with Lina, and Will and Lina Hercules. We discussed class snobishness in England and Trinidad. I said that I thought education could rule out class barriers to a certain extent eg. a working class and middle

class lawyer would surely regard each other as equals. All three Trinidadians denied this, saying that family background is of immense importance. Lina Hercules says she is sure that if her daughter and a girl from a working class home with the same qualifications were trying to get a job, her daughter would get it. They all agreed.

Will went on to say that family background was certainly important. If for example you brought someone (eg. lawyer) from a poor home to your home, and they were to say a rude word (I assume he meant fuck) in front of your parents, you would be ashamed. Therefore you only have among your friends those who conform to certain standards of behaviour. The word conform was used many times. All agreed again. Yet - Will Hercules was killing himself with laughing at the filthy jokes of

Ray Lopesen (member of a top San Fernando family)
only a few weeks ago. What's the difference?

Thursday March 12th

Questionnaire -

If I were to offer you a drink of whiskey or rum
would you accept it?

If so which would you take? (cf. whiskey very
much drink of whites.)

- 1) personal & household questions (race, income, occupation, family structure, religion, education etc.)
- 2) racial attitudes.
- 3) cultural attitudes eg. early marriage, festivals, after life.
- 4) political attitudes
- 5) family (household) budget.

where do you sleep? Supermarket?

6) Recreation, evaluation of social status, cliques.
eg. club membership. Other people admitted.

Do you eat meat?

If so - do you eat

lamb

pork

chicken

goat

beef

eggs - etc.?? sea foods.

Do you know what your caste is?

Are you prepared to say what it is?

Do you consider caste important in Trinidad today?

Is caste considered in a) choosing bride

b) choosing friends

c) choosing occupation (or

following ancestor's occupations.

Politics - nationalization, world leaders.

Belonisation, independence

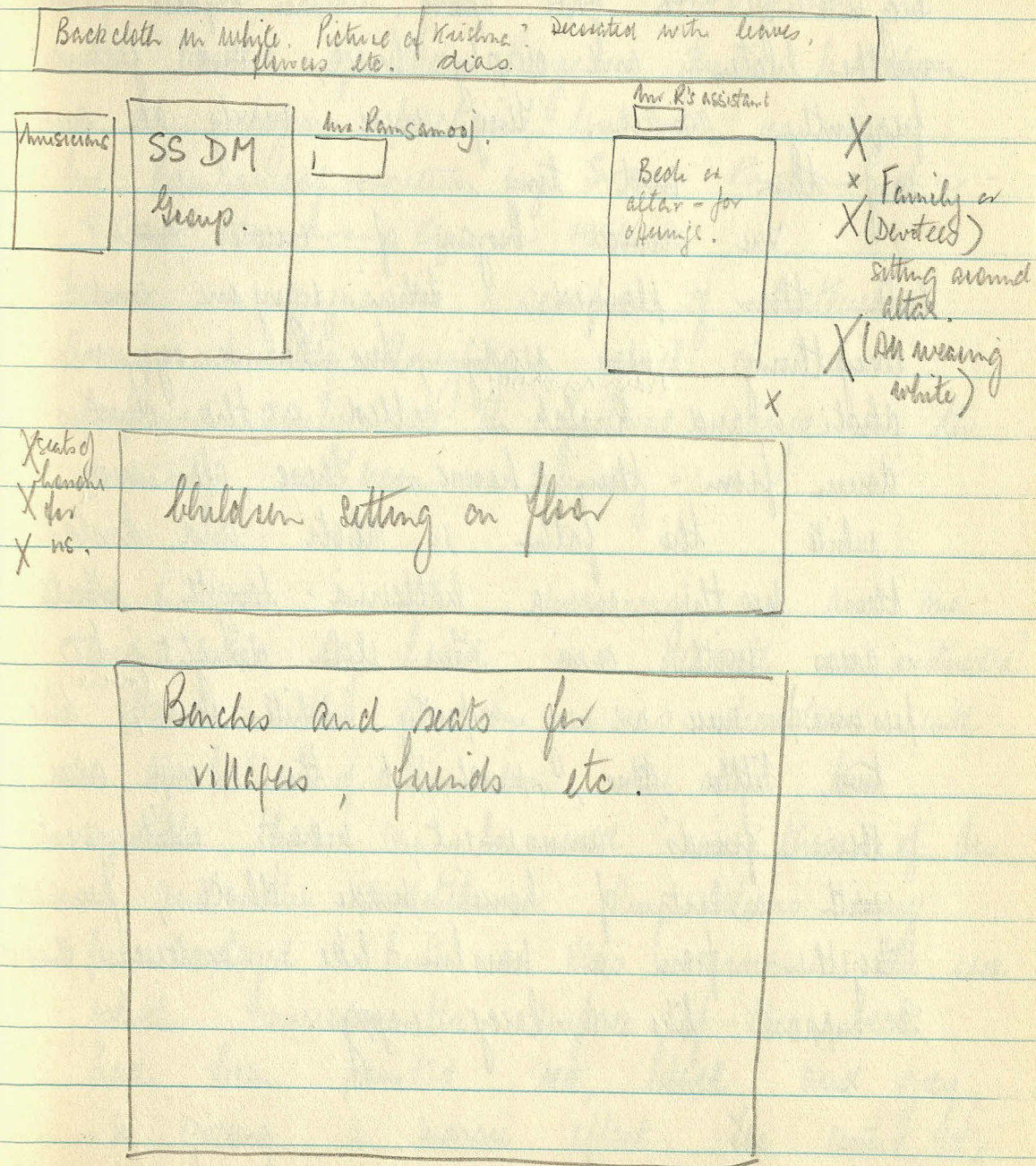
sp. political section - questions about the law
eg. legal aid, - Should the Governor General
be above the law.

PUJA. Hermitage. Saturday March #7th
(Written up on Friday March 13)

Description of 'puja' at Hermitage, just outside San Fernando in the same area (off road to Delé), which we witnessed last Saturday night. Mr. Ramsonog and his group of Selfless Service divine mission frequently go out into the country parts to hold house or village pujas there. These pujas usually take place on Saturday nights, though the form of service they follow is designed to be performed in the early morning, noon, or evening. Night time is the only time available to the group, and best suits the men who are out in the cane all day etc.

In this particular case we were to witness a house puja. When we arrived we found that the yard before the house had been transformed into a temporary temple for the occasion. Rows of benches were set out in front of the altar, and blankets, sacks etc. had been spread over the ground

(incidentally well-tanned with pitch from La Brea!)
 for the children to sit on. Many villagers, and
 I think relations had gathered for the occasion,
 and there were a lot of children present. Few
 people from the village wore saris. There was
 as far as I can remember only one local woman
 in one, and one of the daughters of the
 family concerned. But the girls from the
 SS DM group all wore saris. All but one
 wore a white sari. Before the puja began
 the devotees i.e. host family were nowhere to
 be seen, but villagers and friends gathered
 for a long time in advance, and chatted
 excitedly to each other in Hindi, and
 English. It was mostly the older people
 who spoke Hindi together. Some of
 the old Indian women looked fantastically
 worn and poorly dressed. Their clothes
 had clearly been washed over and over
 again, and in several cases were



beginning to fall apart. Their faces were weather beaten and deeply lined, and features frequently sunken. They were nearly all so very thin and tiny.

The service began of course much later than planned. When everyone and everything was ready, Mr Ramsamoy, in dhoti and ^{rainy shirt!} Kurta, called the devotees down from their house. These all wore white, the father in dhoti and Kurta, the mother in a knee-length white dress with sari. The elder daughter (3 persons) wore a very pretty white Sari ^(wife), and two little sons, much to their own and their friends' amusement, wore white vests with a sort of home made dhoti, pinned together from a muslin-like material, shaped I suppose like a large nappy.

Order of service, taken from AUM HINDUTVAM, a small booklet of Hindu Prayer, Hindu Customs and other religious practices, lent to us by Mr. Ramsamoy & written by Swami Paramahansa - E. Coast Deendar, Sey. in 1956.

"Havane or yajna is a sacrifice of material offering to the Almighty, which can be performed daily or on festival days in the morning or noon or evening.

Make a bedi or altar measuring one and one third cubic by hand and decorate as instructed." [The altar on this occasion was decorated with the symbol of the sun. The other two symbols that can be used are those of the cross and the swastika. Any colors may be employed, but on this occasion the rice which covered the surface of the bedi had been painted red, black and grey, so giving a mosaic effect. The entire of

the sun was painted grey, its projecting rays red and the background black.]

"(AACH MAN - each time you recite one mantra, take a sip of water from your right palm)

① Touch the following parts of the body with water from your right palm respectively with each mantra.

② Let my tongue have speaking power, ears hearing power, nose have inhaling power, eyes seeing power, arms and thighs strength, and let all the limbs be full of energy.

(The fire is to be ignited with camphor reciting this mantra)

③ These three worlds are as vast as the sky,

and they are to be regarded as mother earth. I ignite the fire on this altar on this earth. (This fire is to be fanned with hand whilst reciting this mantra.)

④ Oh fire, flame up. You are the life of work and you receive all offerings of sacrifice. Let the gods and the ancestors sit on the northern side.

(Three pieces of Bel wood, each as long as the breadth of eight fingers are to be thrown in the fire one by one dipping in the ghee reciting the following mantra. Offer the first piece.)

⑤ Oh fire, accept this piece of wood and blaze up and develop us and give us children, cattle, divine knowledge and food-stuff. This is not mine, this is for fire.

(Offer the second piece).

- ⑥ This mood and clarified butter are being offered to you, develop yourself, your powerful luminous body. This is for fire, the messengers, not for me.
(Offer the third piece).

- ⑦ Oh messenger, arise with these offerings, you mighty luminous. This is for the messengers not for me.
(The following mantra is to be recited for five times along with the offering of clarified butter. From now each time you throw clarified butter from the spoon, remain of butter in the spoon should be thrown in the water from where you have performed the aachman.) "

- ⑧ [Repeat mantra no. 5 " Oh fire accept

this piece of mood, etc."]
" (Sprinkle water on the eastern, western, northern and all sides of the altar respectively after each mantra).

- ⑨ Oh brother of gods conceive, Oh goddess of learning conceive. Oh sun, grace the yajna and the performer with prosperity. Let the gods grace us and the god of speech purify our words.
(Offer clarified butter with each mantra.)

- ⑩ Let the sun grace the sacrificer its performer, let the heavenly beings grace us. Let the god of speech sanctify our tongue.
Offerings to fire. This is for fire, not for me.
Offerings to soma. This is for soma, not for me.
Offerings to lord of progeny. This is for him, not for me.
Offerings to the sun and his lustre, let

no be blessed and be free from sickness.
Offerings to the fire, the sun, principle of earth. This is for him, not for me.

⑪ Offering to the vital energy. This is for vital energy, not for me.

Offerings to the secretory energy of the body. This is for that energy, not for me.

Offerings to the sun, the vital energy of the body. This is for the sun, not for me.
Offerings to Agni, Vayu, and Surya which are corresponding to three regions, this is for them, not for me.

Offerings to immortal Brahma who is the resting place for all.

(Three times you must recite Gayatri Mantra).

Let a lamp of ghee incense offered.

⑫ (Every body should stand up before this offering)

⑬ Let everything be offered. *Coconut offered.*

(The water and remains of butter thrown from the spoon should be taken in the palms and rub the different parts of the body whilst reciting Mantra).

⑭ Oh fire, giver of longevity, give me that,
Oh fire, giver of speaking power, give me that,

Let all deficiency be removed and everything be supplemented. Let the sun and the goddess of learning and the two divine healers grant us merit.

⑮ All offerings to Brahma, clarified butter is Brahma, fire is Brahma, sacrifice is Brahma, it is through self-surrender to Brahma, one can merge into Brahma.
(Vedic prayer complete). "

126. additional points to note about service.

Description of altar has already been given, but one of its outstanding features was the decoration with small clay lamps, known as diya, which were carefully kept alight throughout the service. The dishes and jars which were used by the devotees during the service were made of brass, not of pottery - good Hindu practice. The devotees cleaned their hands with water lifted out of the lota on a mango leaf. This again is good Hindu practice - on banana leaf. (127. The ring used during a Hindu marriage is a mango leaf.) The ritual of the puja was quite complicated, and the devotees relied heavily upon the directions given them by Mrs. Ramasami's assistant. The assistant also made the necessary preparations for the offering of rice, ghee, and camphor, which was mixed in a broad bottomed

brass dish, and ladled onto the fire by all the members of the family of devotees. The assistant and the male head of the family between them also made the offering of the young coconut at the end of the puja. After the final offering had been made Mrs. Ramasami, wearing the wooden cord and pink tassel which ^{denote} indicate the strict vegetarian, explained to the congregation the meaning of the service. It stressed that the offering of material goods on the altar and the cleansing of the body by the family (devotees) was only symbolism. It was not an end in itself, but was a means of preparing the individual for communion with God. He explained that camphor was used to light the fire. It leaves no ash, and likewise every individual should burn his life like camphor - i.e. be pure. Similarly fanning the fire was

symbolic of the individual's life and God's significance for that life. In other words, fanning the fire meant keeping God alive in the human heart.

Finally he explained the sacrifice of the young coconut as symbolizing ^{an} offering to God of a humble object which was nevertheless part of God's creation.

When the ceremony was over the hosts handed out to each member of the congregation a small brown paper bag containing powder. This is a Hindu sacrament, and is made from flour, ghee, sugar boiled into a syrup, (and perhaps some ground rice, but I'm not too sure about this). Mr. Ramsamoy had some fig in his pocket, which he rejected in no uncertain manner.

After the service Mr. Ramsamoy and Mr. Mahanay led us upstairs into the house, where

the host offered us a meal. In fact only Mr. Ramsamoy, Polly and Helen and I ate. Mr. Mahanay acted as chief waiter and intermediary between the host and us. For example he made detailed inquiries about the content of the food in order to make sure that it was strictly vegetarian ^{see later}. He ate nothing himself, but hovered round instructing us what and how to eat. ⁱⁿ In the Hindu fashion we all carefully washed our hands, Mr. Ramsamoy blessed the food, and we began to eat with our fingers. A novel experience for us. Mr. Mahanay confessed that he felt embarrassed when he has to use cutlery in a restaurant. We ate roti, rice, lettuce, tomatoes, a sort of pumpkin mayonnaise, hot pepper mayonnaise, and pea mayonnaise. The latter two were particularly hot. But we enjoyed the food, and it was a great experience sitting eating in an Indian home. We drank a fruit juice, pineapple &

*
*
it cold
water
poured
over
hands
from jug.

think.

It is interesting to note that the host, Mr. Mahum, referred to Mr. Ram Ramooj as pundit. He is what one might describe as a lay-pundit. That is to say that he performs many of the duties of a pundit. But he is not a Brahmin, and Brahmins alone are traditionally pundits. I would say that Mr. Ram Ramooj is a true Christian, though he doubtless would hardly regard it as a compliment!

Mr. Mahum's sister's daughter (therefore niece) helped serve the food. She had come over from Pond for the occasion, and I suspect that a large number of other relatives had gathered too.

* On being questioned by Mr. Mahasoj whether the food was really strictly vegetarian, Mr. Mahum replied, (emphatically)
"strictly vegetarian. Perhaps not on other

days, but today strictly vegetarian". Mr. Mahasoj, I believe thinks, suspected that Mr. Mahum was not a strict vegetarian, and this caused his searching inquiries.

Thursday March 12th

We had a surprise visit from Mr. Blegghorn of Penal in the morning. We had first met him and his wife at the Promenade Tennis Club pump-up on Carnival Saturday. They are both Indian (with five young children) and they knew the trickoffs well when they were working in Penal. He is a Government Sanitary Inspector, and is working at present on the Agricultural Census in his spare time. He and his wife are very Christian Indians. She spends much of her spare time doing church work for the benachian mission bluneh in Penal. Mr. Blegghorn accepted alcohol (rum) and told us in the course of conversation that he is a great meat eater with a particular liking for a good beef steak. This is very significant because beef alone all is the meat to be avoided by Hindus.

Mr. Blegghorn prefers whisky to rum. (v. sig!)

He was most interesting and told us quite a bit about sanitary conditions in country areas. At present he seems to be particularly concerned with the incidence of hookworm. This is passed from one person to another by treading in human excrement. The worm attaches itself to the skin of the feet and makes its way into the intestines. The problem can not be solved simply by providing latrines, holes in ground etc. People are much happier crapping in the cane fields etc. He told us of an old saddle for whom a new skirt was built. The old man locked the door of the latrine and told Mr. Blegghorn that it would remain unused as he preferred the fields. One thing I find strange is the paradoxical attitude towards hygiene in Hindus. They are so fastidious about clean hands, clean food etc. And yet when it comes to excreting their standards of cleanliness are appalling - or so

it would seem.

Mrs. Maharaj dropped in in the evening to make arrangements for Saturday's puja. He is so informative and interesting that I hardly know where to begin to record his conversation. We spoke a lot about Hinduism, and the remark which sticks most in my mind, is that he is sure that Hinduism in Trinidad is doomed. This makes one ask why he devotes his life so untiringly to a dying religion. He regards Hinduism as so meaningless and unimportant that he, and Mrs. Ramaswami, likewise, are willing to do all they can to keep Hinduism alive for as long as they can.

Mrs. Maharaj's father was a pundit, and clearly had a deep influence upon this, and his other sons. Yet none of them is a pundit. Mrs. Maharaj explained that he, from a very early age, became convinced

Mrs. Maharaj's father was trained as a Pundit in India and returned to Trinidad when he was 18 or 19.

that he would never be able to live up to being a pundit. So strong was this feeling of inadequacy (and I think it still exists) that he abandoned all idea of becoming a pundit. As a child and young man he was more deeply influenced by Presbyterianism than Hinduism, and although he was never actually converted to Christianity he claims to know much more about the Bible than the Hindu scriptures. Hence his ardent desire to read and understand the Bhagavadgita. He attends Mrs. Bhattacharya's course on Monday in San Fernando, and again later in the week at Debe (Pond?). Mrs. Maharaj reckons too that quite a few Hindus who were converted to Christianity, are now drifting back towards Hinduism. In his opinion Indians tend to be converted to Christianity for social and economic reasons. He deplors the rift which results from these conversions, because as soon as Christianity

has been unlearned, Indians tend to lose their identity as Indians. This, presumably, is when they become creolized. He wishes that there were more head-minded Indian illustrators, like, for example Mr. Sammy, who still have time and sympathy for Hindunism.

Mr. Maharaj regards himself as being of low class, and financially very inferior (in spite of the fact that he must be a Brahmin). His father's name was not Maharaj, but something like Rampeisay. When as a boy Mr. Maharaj (commonly known as Bum) went to the Presbyterian school, the teacher, because the boy's father was a pundit, assumed that he must be called Maharaj. This name has stuck. - was been attached to Mr. Maharaj's brothers

As already stated, Mr. Maharaj has, particularly in his later life, been deeply influenced by his father's advice. His father seems a really great old man - he has been dead for a long time now. ¹³⁶ but the memory of him is still very much alive.

day continued in Book Two.

El. lacc. black. *

El. lacc. *

Resuming ad. * Kachanillo

lacc. 7

El. lacc. Vill. * car that

El. (f) *

El. ad *

El. Banckpore * in low for 10000

lacc. q

lacc. q

stone for. q

nd. . 8

nd. . 8

nd. . 8

Marabella nd. . 8

nd. . 7

nd. . 7

el Marabella shop ls. *

lanc. . 9

el haffer st. assault. for robbery *

Marabella lenc. & lanc. . 8

nd. . 8

false det. . 7

Freeling St. S/Fdo. nd.

nd. . 7

Marabella store ls. & lanc. . 8

nd. . 7

nd. . 6

lanc. . 7

Lipio St. S/Fdo. grand . 9

Humapuma nd. . 7

nd. .7

L1 Les Effort. Denham St. nd. *

L1 larc. *

Marabella larc. .8

L1 larc. *

Marabella
larceny, breaking .8

L1 Duncan Hill. In low fuel possess. *

Les Efforts West. nd. .7

St Madeleine Vill .7 nd.

Duncan Vill. larceny .8

(f) L1 Forest Reserve larc. *

Tabaguite larc. .7

fowl thief .7

L1 Gasparillo receiving. *

Distabella false put. .6

Rushworth St. S/F do. steal. .8

L1 Blasket Bay shopl. *

larc. .7

Magnumas larc. .7

dangle. nd. //

San Fernando St.
Lancing - 8

h1 Masaj. (no data)

n. d. . 8

dengla. n.d. Masabella |

dengla? n.d. Masabella |

store h. larc. . 6

Penal . 6 larc.

larc. . 6 Masabella

Masabella larc. . 8

(f) mdfwful posses. lancing. Victoria Vill.

ho f. a. ho d. . 7

nd. . 8

larc. . 7 mowant

Pof S larc. . 8

nd. . 7

(f) h1 mfa. larc. *

h1 nd *

h1 Masabella larc. *

La Romani larc. . 8

La Romani lancing . 8

La Roman. . 8

* Walter Jones
Monte Grande, Tmapuma . 9

Marabella
Rape . 41.

Shop lift . 9

San Juan
Lanc. store h. Portuguese

Marabella
Lanc. 41. *

buffer St.
Lanc. . 4

P/O S. . 6
(from City Synap.)

Coffee & Cipuro St. . 7

no data . 7

False pret. . 7

Female
St Vincent St. S/F . 5

false pret. . 8

false pret. . 8

41 false pret. *

41 false pret. *

no data . 7

store h. Lanc. . 8

John
Larceny of person. .8

Gaskin
Rape. .8

Paul
In police. false pretences .5

Joseph
thief, false pret. .6

Baladon
Marabella
Thief C. Ind. *

Samuel
In - police. false pret. .7

Gulcharon
Marabella
Break. larc. *

Smith (15 yrs.)
140 Laffer St.
Attempted Shop break. .8

Charles
Marabella
Shop br. .8

Antonio
Marabella
Store br. larc. .7

Ken Wright
Store br. & larc. .9.

Become
La Roman
blomding .7

Lloyd Brithwaite
by Joseph St. S/F do.
Bucking and larceny .7

Carl Cooper
Coffee St. S/F do.
Steakbreaking, larceny, rape. .8

Leslie Gordon

larceny
theftlifting .6

L. Gordon man. *

Harold DeLong
San Juan

larc. of car. L. Del? *

Tongie Gordon *

no charge - assoc. w.
car thieves.

Malcolm Brandford
La Romani
Assault police. ?

Yeanwood.
Steal. shirt. .7

Dennis no data. .9

G. Antoine.
false pretences .10.

Abdool *
Carlton Lome S/F.

Green
La Romani
Inhabitant damages .10.

Lake no data .9

Francis Richardson - alias Griceham
- Macai - larceny from Person
no photo.

Staffas Rahamut Ali - Robert Hill
Tabliland - larceny 82nd *

Leslie Ayres - interfering with couples
in parked cars. .8

Deo Caladin - robb. with violence *

Jocelyn Marie Francis St St
house break + larceny. 82nd *

Ruby Grandal. , Ruby Ramcharan *
7 Puella St not charged 82nd

Anon 82nd girl - not charged *
no name

Atzyrothamson al - dozie - non Reps
Housing. Stone break, rape, robbery
.8

Joe Sancar - St Augustini
attempt - larceny. 82nd *

Vernon Otley Stone break .9

Sylvester Mc David attempt stone break
.8

Saydar Muhammed. *

San Juan.
larceny of motor car. assault.

Selwyn David .8

Chui Affing - larceny of shirt.

Randolph de Fous.
Europe. no data .7

Keith Bassarath false pretences
£2nd *

Babwah Kowlessar - larceny of
 handbag £2nd *

Maniam Boodram - Larceny
 larceny motor car. £2nd *

Ramdeo Soodeo & Augustine
 Attempt larceny £2nd *

Sony Gattam - £2nd *

Lucille Wilson alias Joyce James
 76 Reading St P.O.S. - larceny of
 shoe + unlawful possess. Negro *6

Frankie Francis - alias Flat Top
 Shop Breaker's larceny *8

Ralph Taylor ; rape, robbery with violence
 *7

Anastasio Joaquim - above *5

Louis Min Sam Scam. & Negro.
 & Russell St. - SF - not charged
 but assoc with car thieves.

Shaffie Monahan. - Innapuna
 store-break larceny £2nd *

Wilson Nathaniel Zonnanjelle
 larceny bicycle. *7.

Lincol Arthur - House break star.
 *6.

Lloyd Howard - Casenape - larceny
 from Person - no photo.

Scott Cooper - alias Pumpay larceny
of fowls etc. Negro. .6

Joseph Mansueto - alias Bay Blue
Blanton Bay, San Juan P.O.
violent attack with weapons. Donkey.

Henry Ellis - assoc. Mansueto Negro. .6

Lloyd Thomas - alias Jack - Panco Lane
St. Stone-breaking larceny.
Negro. .10.

Carl Loney - Morant - alias Sailor Boy Dumb
- Stone breaking Negro. .7

Winston Baptista Panco Lane St. Stone
breaking larceny. .7.

Winston Thomas - Morant - no data. .10

Ray Bertrand - Thief .8

Winston Briston - .8

Aston Henry - Prince of Wales St.
Regular Thief .8

Rece Lansam - Thief (see above) .8

Kenneth La Touche - .6

Carl the Right .7

Winston Ouellette - alias Mickey Mouse
.5.

Carlton Cunningham - no fair add.
possess grouse-breaking equip .4

Thomas Rodriguez - breaker .8

163 persons Criminal Cases

42 E 2nd 25.7520

4 Douglas 2.4620

117 Negro mixed.

A U

Sketches of Trinidad Life: People, Events.

41

Joseph Gomez Alias Pandancer
no fixed address (lyric crossed. '4)

Clarence Yuesha Alias Geo Bailey
no data - Negro. '7

Aga Khan - al. Dr. Awalkhan - Union
Brit. Coast. Bay - false pretences - E 2nd. *

Uxice Samuel. sepolice - no add.
false pretences Negro. '7

Thomas Perry - no add. larceny from
person Negro. '6.

Harold Byrnes - larceny motor car parts,
no photo.

Sahadeo Balchison - E 2nd no data *