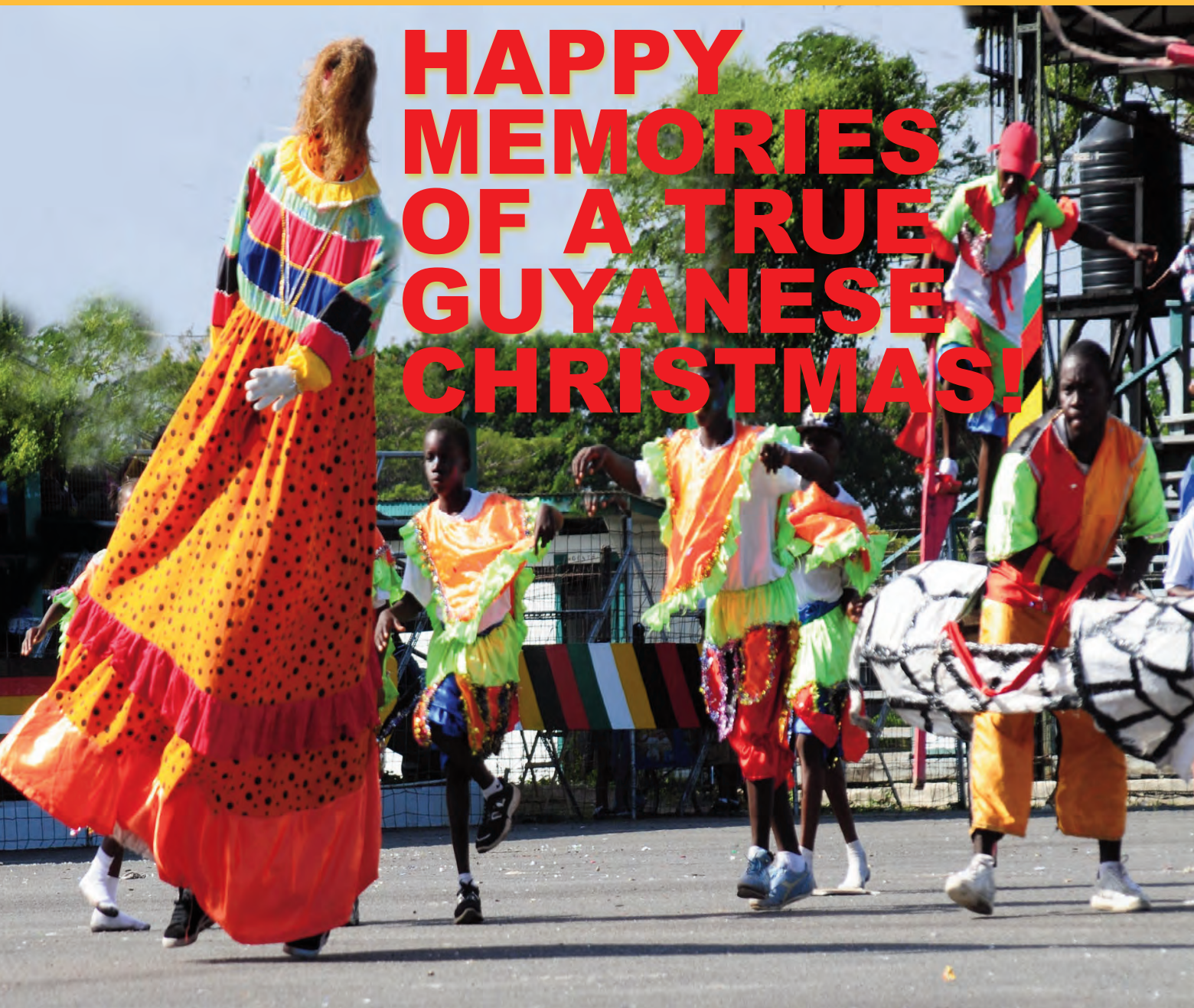


Guyana Cultural Association of New York Inc.on-line Magazine

# GUYANA FOLK

*And Culture*

Dec. 25  
2013  
Vol 3  
Issue 12



**HAPPY  
MEMORIES  
OF A TRUE  
GUYANESE  
CHRISTMAS!**

**CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM THE GUYANA  
CULTURAL ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK, INC.**



## IN THIS ISSUE

- PAGE 3-11: Nelson Mandela  
 PAGE 12-19: Memories of the  
 Guyanese Christmas  
 PAGE 20-21: Kwanzaa  
 PAGE 22: Christmas Cheers  
 to Baronians  
 PAGE 23: A.J. Seymour  
 PAGE 24-25: National Drama  
 Festival  
 PAGE 26: Chuckles Corner  
 PAGE 27: Christmas Recipe  
 PAGE 28-29: Tributes to  
 Muriel Glasgow  
 PAGE 30: Tribute to Isabel  
 Cummings  
 PAGE 31: In the newspaper  
 PAGE 32-33: Jonestown  
 Revisited

**December Editor**

Juliet Emanuel

Cover Design - Claire Goring  
 Copy Editors-  
 Edgar Henry & Lear Matthews

**Layout and Design by**

Claire A. Goring &amp; Ashton Franklin

**Contributors:**

Juliet Emanuel, Edgar Henry,  
 Vibert Cambridge  
 Lear Matthews, al creighton jr.  
 Percy Haynes, Eric Phillips  
 Patricia Jordon-Langford  
 Angela Massiah  
 Godfrey Chin, Derrick "John" Jeffrey  
 Francis Quamina Farrier

**Photographs**

Tim Swift, Tangerine Clarke  
 Guyana Outpost, Stabroek News

**Acknowledgement**

Silver Torch

GCA Media Team  
 Ave Brewster-Haynes (Chairperson),  
 Juliet Emanuel, Edgar Henry,  
 Lear Matthews, Claire A. Goring,  
 Ashton Franklin,  
 Margaret Lawrence,  
 Francis Quamina Farrier.

Please join our Facebook group,  
 Website: [www.guyfolkfest.org](http://www.guyfolkfest.org)

GCA Secretariat  
 1368 E.89 Street, Suite 2  
 Brooklyn, NY 11236  
 Tel: 718 209 5207

**I**n a few days we will come to the end of the Gregorian calendar year, 2013. Also known as the Western Calendar and the Christian Calendar, it presented an intricate succession of events for GCA in 2013. While the organization did open its year with a sparkling Art Show in Manhattan, it was hard put at times to remember the exhilarating ambience of Timehri Transitions: Expanding Concepts in Guyana Art. As months passed we seemed to be forced into increasing awareness of the subtexts to our 2013 theme: Sacrifice, Hope and Togetherness.

Our Memorial service originally planned for Jan Carew was expanded to include several more friends of GCA and icons on the Guyanese landscape. It must be noted that it was a very proud and well executed afternoon as many gathered to celebrate the achievements of Jan Carew, Montague Burke, Pamela Maynard, Trenton Mack and Clarence George. The cosmos was not done with us yet as we endured among our membership, individually, the passing of beloved family members and close friends. But as prepared as we thought we were, because of our involvement in many funerals and the rites that accompany death, nothing prepared us for the passing of Board Members Maurice Braithwaite and Muriel Glasgow within a few short months of each other. Because we loved them, we continue to mourn. And, even as we are mourning, we have remained steadfast in our

resolution to honor these GCA stalwarts by promoting their hopes and aspirations.

Indeed, the 2013 season went on with each event appearing to outdo the other. While the public saw what GCA had hoped was a remarkable performance, GCA itself struggling with its own collective and private grief presented events that seemed to outdo one another in quality: the Summer Caribbean Heritage Workshop Series; the Award Ceremony; the Kwe Kwe; the Literary Hang; Family Fun Day; the Symposium. Sacrifice, Hope and Togetherness!

We did this with the help and generosity of many whom we do not take for granted. They have been applauded through other media.

But, we have come now to a parting of the ways for 2013. We hail 2014 and our theme, "We Bridgin!"

We ask continued blessings for each one of you, our friends and supporters. May 2014 provide safe harbor for you all. And remember: "we bridging, we bridging, we bridging!"

Peace,

*Juliet Emanuel*  
 Editor.



# NELSON MANDELA

## HIS DAY IS DONE ...

We confess it in tearful voices.  
Yet we lift our own  
to say thank you.  
Thank you, our Gideon.  
Thank you, our David,  
our great,  
courageous man.  
We will not forget you.  
We will not dishonor you.  
We will remember and  
be glad that you  
lived among us,  
that you taught us  
and that you loved us all.

*excerpt from  
Maya Angelo's poem  
"His Day is done"*



I was aware that this man, now honored by nations of all creeds, was fading from this earth before our very eyes. I recall looking at the television pictures of him shuttling to hospital and finally to his own home. Yet on the night of Thursday, December 5 when, in browsing on the computer to find out whether a miracle would save the West Indies cricketers from a humiliating defeat by New Zealand, my eyes caught the headline. Nelson Mandela, who had demonstrated to the world that we could prevail over fearsome odds, was no longer with us. He had gone home. I was surprised, but not saddened—something very unusual for the soft-hearted person that I am. I was calm because my consciousness, my soul, told me that an extraordinary human being of our time had done a tremendously great thing. He had shown us that even though sometimes we may sink into despair against tremendous odds, in the long run, right would prevail, justice would overcome injustice, good would eliminate evil. The human spirit would finally conquer. Nelson Mandela stirred the conscience of the powers of the world and overthrew the evil system of apartheid which, on the basis of race, imprisoned millions of Africans in their homeland.

The media headlines redirected me to almost four decades ago when I was appointed Officer with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Guyana. My posting to the Permanent Mission of Guyana to the United Nations in New York gave me the opportunity to thoroughly assess the horrible system of apartheid, “man’s inhumanity to his fellowman”. It was my assignment to the Special Political Committee which passed resolutions calling for the liberation of the colonies of Southern Africa which gave me an insight into the atrocities of apartheid perpetrated at Sharpeville and Soweto. I also encountered the courage and the determination of the freedom fighters so eminently represented by the unshakeable stance of Nelson Mandela.

I was initially surprised as I took my seat on the Special Political Committee that a minority of white people could keep the majority of people in a state of servitude in the land of their birth for so long. The very foundation of a democratic state is that the views of the majority should prevail. The problem was that apartheid South Africa was not a democracy. It did not take me long to understand how the racists kept their stranglehold on the people. As Mao Tse-tung said, “Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.” The barrel of the gun and rigid policies kept the people under control. The Black people of South Africa were confined to scratch a living on virtual wasteland on so-called Bantustans, depriving them of any participation in the civil affairs. It is only due to the triumph of the human spirit that the people regained their humanity

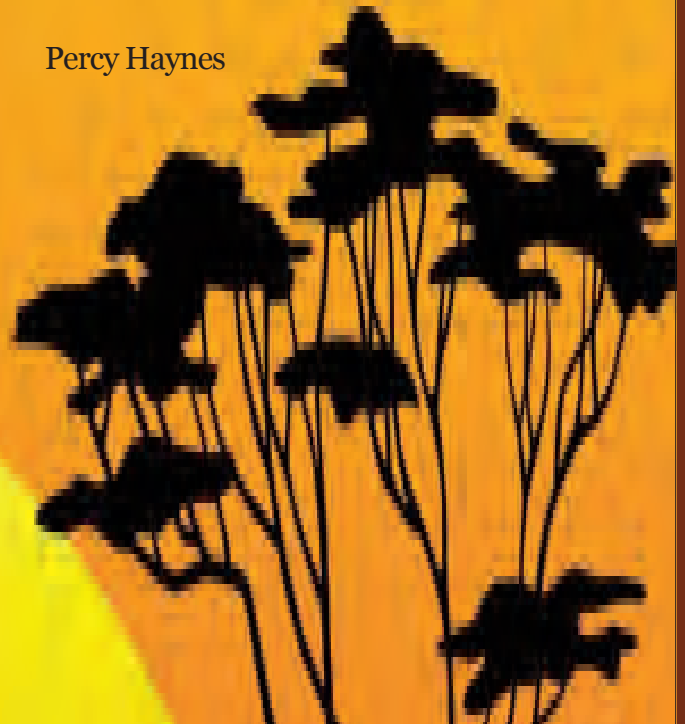
and Nelson Mandela, after twenty-seven years in prison, became the first Black President of South Africa. It was a moment of triumph in which Guyanese shared the knowledge that our country had played a role in vigorously calling for the dismantling of apartheid which was a part of Guyana’s foreign policy, under the leadership of President Forbes Burnham.

It is a popular pastime for the impulsive and the impatient to speak of the United Nations as a talking shop; some even contend that it is stagnated by impotence. Despite its lofty ideals of promoting peace in the world, the idealism of the United Nations is sometimes stymied by the national interests of powerful nations. But the case of the liberation of the countries of Southern Africa, efforts to dismantle apartheid, the ushering in of a democratic state under the leadership of Nelson Mandela demonstrate that the United Nations serves a higher purpose, reflecting the better nature of man. Guyana has no mighty army or deep treasury.

## NELSON MANDELA

# A BEACON OF LIGHT

Percy Haynes





## A BEACON OF LIGHT

Percy Haynes

The United Nations gives Guyana (and other similar countries) a voice in the discourse about the world's problems, which, at the time of Mandela's persecution, was dominated by the United States of America and the USSR. It was the time of the Cold War, during the travail of Mandela when Guyana made her voice heard strongly at the United Nations and other international forums where the issue of the abominable system of apartheid was considered.

In 1975, the voice of Guyana was among those of other nations when the General Assembly adopted a historic resolution heightening the conscience of the world against apartheid. On the issue of the Policies of Apartheid of the Government of South Africa, the General Assembly adopted a resolution proclaiming that "the United Nations and the international community had a special responsibility toward the oppressed people of South Africa and their liberation movements, and toward those imprisoned or restricted for their

struggle against apartheid."

Nelson Mandela, like a beacon of light, has shown the world that one man can make a difference.

He certainly belongs in Ralph Emerson's gallery of genius. Since his passing coincided with the miracle of the West Indies cricketers in New Zealand, I am somewhat hopeful that West Indies cricket will recover from its present decline. The triumph of Mandela gives me another hope – that the many newly independent nations, seemingly sunk into despair by corrupt politicians, will make a turn on the road to progress and real development.

# “I will forever cherish my visit to the ancestral motherland, the birth and resting place of Madiba, whose spirit lives on”

*Lear Matthews*

I recently visited Cape Town as part of a team project focusing on adult higher education within the context of local and global struggles for equity and social justice, principles espoused by Nelson Mandela. Following are impressions of this maiden sojourn, the highlight of which was a visit to Robben Island, the notoriously infamous island-prison where Mandela spent more than 17 years.

When I boarded the aircraft at Schipol, Amsterdam I noticed that I was one of the few “non-Caucasians” on the flight. Anxious, with anticipatory fascination about the trip to the motherland, I was surprised at this ethnic imbalance, but would soon learn that Cape Town has been a premier tourist destination for Europeans before and after Apartheid.

The Cape Town airport was quite impressive, with modern facilities and well developed environs. Ironically, the first Blacks I saw were a security guard and cleaning

personnel. This initial observation, I thought, afforded me a glimpse into the class structure of the society, though mindful that one must be cautious about premature judgments.

We first visited the township of Langa, which was racially segregated for Blacks under apartheid. I was consumed by a chilling ambivalence, seeing what I thought to be the most poverty-stricken enclave in Cape Town, yet felt that I was in familiar territory. Many of these people looked like me, and I felt an affinity with them. Although there were clear signs of material deprivation, the residents displayed a sense of dignity on that Sunday morning.



**Zulu men perform a traditional dance on the hills above former South African President Nelson Mandela’s home village during his state funeral December 15, 2013 in Qunu, South Africa.**



Many of them dressed in church regalia, appeared to be returning from religious worship. Some were doing business around makeshift market places, while others engaged in conversation or chores near concrete and wooden shacks. Our driver asked two young residents' permission to take their photograph, and after some coaxing, slightly embarrassed and timid, they obliged. One of them reminded me of my son. I thought for a moment whether that young man will ever get a chance to acquire a formal education and move on to a better life. Recent history of the region gave me hope that he will. The language spoken in many townships is Xhosa (remember Miriam Makiba's "click song"?). Mandela was a Xhosa traditionalist. But the principle languages of South Africa are English and Afrikaans. Langa was a sobering experience and I realized how fascinating, but complex a society South Africa is.

Robben Island is internationally known for the brutal imprisonment and banishment of hundreds of political prisoners. The diminutive Tour Guide was a former political prisoner and it was almost traumatizing to hear his graphic account of the ordeal during incarceration. As we sauntered through the compound, mesmerized, there was an eerie silence, broken intermittently by restrained sobs, particularly at the sight of Mandela's prison cell. The stark reality of what I was experiencing penetrated the depths of my soul at the Lime Quarry where prisoners toiled under slave-like conditions. The heat from the sun was almost intolerable.

The Guide pointed to a cave-like opening on one side of the quarry stating that Mandela and his comrades would hold "secret informal meetings of a political nature, while relieving themselves" because they were not allowed to communicate in other parts of the compound. He continued wryly, "the white guards were not allowed to use the same bathroom facilities." A small mound of quarry stones served as a makeshift monument, each stone representing those who died in prison.

District Six, was another symbol of man's inhumanity to man under apartheid. The houses in that community of 'coloreds' were mercilessly bulldozed and residents unceremoniously relocated to distant townships. "Colored" in South Africa has a different meaning from its usage in North America. There are two heritage categories that make up "Coloreds". One is the descendants of people from countries such as Malaysia and Nepal, and the other comprise the descendants of European colonizers and indigenous Africans. Phenotypically, they are lighter in skin complexion. Indian Asians are another distinct ethnic group. (Mahatma Gandhi lived in South Africa for

over 21 years). Though outlawed in post-apartheid South Africa, such forced categorization has lasting socio-political implications.

Although the apartheid system ended decades earlier, the psychological damage could take another generation to subside, and remnants of structural inequalities still exist. A local academic noted, "Mandela has been released, but South Africa is not free." This statement was made in light of existing disparities in that transforming society. However, in the face of poverty, ideological differences and tribal conflict, Mandela and his progressive cohorts have mobilized a visionary united South Africa, through education, reconciliation, and economic development programs. Dining at the restaurant Cape to Cuba, reminded us of the major contribution of Cubans to the anti-apartheid struggle.

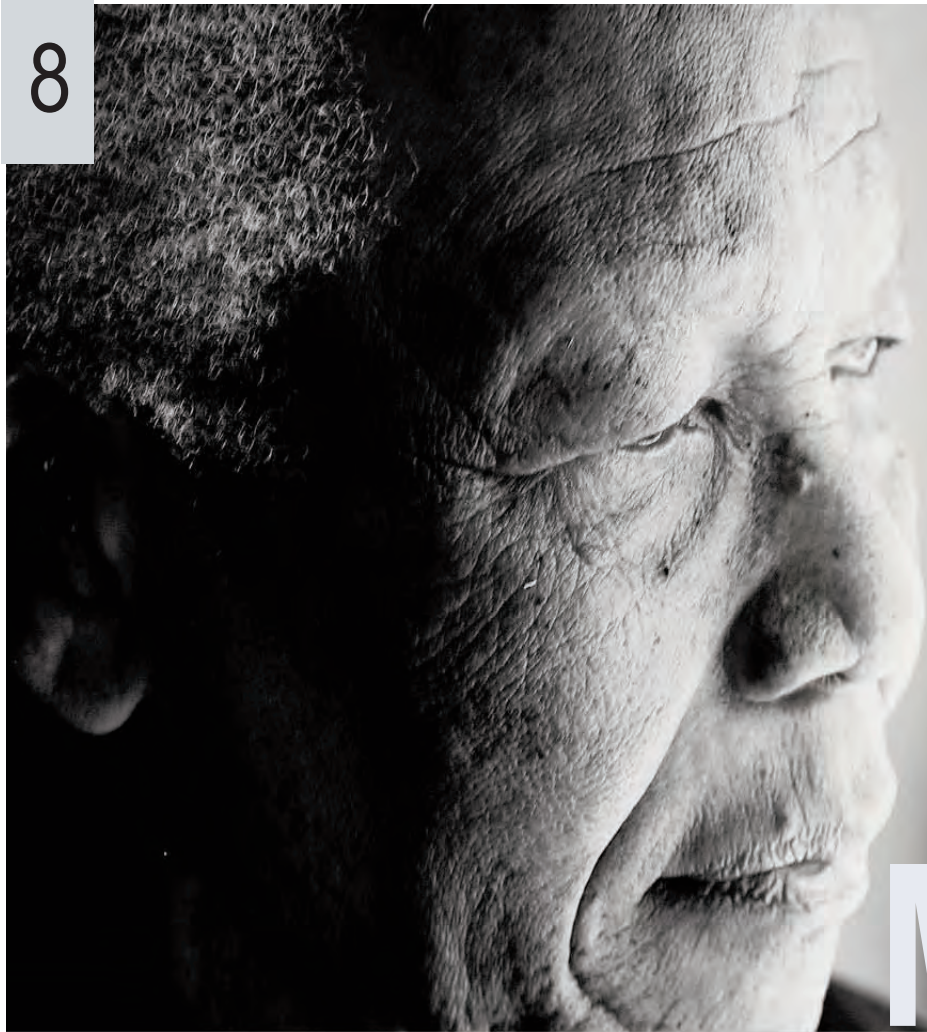
Notwithstanding its complex social structure and perplexing past, the natural beauty of the country, including the flora and fauna, is a thing to behold. Reputed as South Africa's oldest city, Cape Town's metropolis nestles in the 'bowl' formed by the majestic Table Mountain and its flanking peaks. The Cape of Good Hope, where the Atlantic and Indian oceans intersect, is an unforgettable sight. We stood in awe watching the waves lash rhythmically against the most south-western tip of the African coast.

Against this backdrop, however, many of the people with whom we spoke indicated that progress is slow, despite the change in the "complexion" of the government. Unfortunately, such impatience was underscored by the devastation of the AIDS/HIV epidemic and high crime rate in some parts of Southern Africa.

Cape Town has a bustling night life. On the final evening we were entertained by a group of ornately decorated Zulu drummers and dancers in a traditional African restaurant, where we had a sumptuous dinner of indigenous African cuisine, and our faces were painted in tribal designs. Cape Town was an invaluable, reinvigorating, educational experience. I will forever cherish my visit to the ancestral motherland, the birth and resting place of Madiba, whose spirit lives on.







# Mandela Africa's Greatest Story Never Told

Eric Phillips

*How does one write about someone who has had the most influence in your life after only meeting him on six occasions?*

*How does someone write about the “greatest human being of the century, if not of all time”?*

*How does someone write about an international hero, icon, servant leader, redeemer, savior and freedom fighter of indomitable will?*

*How does one write about a valiant soldier? A Man who was strong enough to forgive the most evil of men and women who created a new form of slavery.....and who boasted about it?*

*Witness, the words of the Man whom Mandela embraced as friend, and as Vice President, and as co-Noble Peace Prize Laureate. Witness the words of then President De Klerk in a 1985 speech*



**A greater message of Mandela, and one no one wants to speak about is that Mandela has showed that peace and forgiveness were necessary tools to ensure Black South Africans came to power and inherited a very strong economy.....**

**Another hidden legacy of Mandela was Black Economic Power.**

*Eric Phillips*

*“Pretoria has been made by the White mind for the White man. We are not obliged even the least to try to prove to anybody and to the Blacks that we are superior people. We have demonstrated that to the Blacks in a thousand and one ways. The Republic of South Africa that we know of today has not been created by wishful thinking. We have created it at the expense of intelligence, sweat and blood.....We do not pretend like other Whites that we like Blacks. The fact that, Blacks look like human beings and act like human beings do not necessarily make them sensible human beings. Hedgehogs are not porcupines and lizards are not crocodiles simply because they look alike. If God wanted us to be equal to the Blacks, he would have created us all of a uniform colour and intellect. But he created us differently: Whites, Blacks, Yellow, Rulers and the ruled. Intellectually, we are superior to the Blacks; that has been proven beyond any reasonable doubt over the years Hence, we have good reasons to let them all-the Mandelas-rot in prison, and I think we should be commended for having kept them alive in spite of what we have at hand with which to finish them off. I wish to announce a number of new strategies that should be put to use to destroy this Black bug. We should now make use of the chemical weapon. Priority number one, we should not by all means allow any more increases of the Black population lest we be choked very soon. I have exciting news that our scientists have come with an efficient stuff. I am sending out more researchers to the field to identify as many venues as possible where the chemical weapons could be employed to combat any further population increases. The hospital is a very strategic opening, for example and should be fully utilized. The food supply channel should be used. We have developed excellent slow killing poisons and fertility destroyers. Our only fear is in case such stuff came in!! to their hands as they are bound to start using it against us if you care to think of the many Blacks working for us in our homes”.*

In January 1991, I met Nelson Mandela just a year out of captivity at a dinner held at the American

Ambassador’s home in Pretoria, South Africa. I was the Chief-of-Staff of the USAID Delegation which was on a joint Presidential Mission with the Department of Health on AIDS and Child Survival in Africa. South Africa was the key stop in an 8 country Mission because of the release of Mandela and because Apartheid forces and 3 million white South Africans had subjugated 35 million non-White South Africans. HIV and AIDS was rampant in South Africa’s black population because of actions and non-actions taken by De Klerk’s Government. As you can see from De Klerk’s previous speech, Africans were inferior to God fearing Whites and should be terminated. Of course many of us forget this was and still is a prevailing attitude in the minds of many Europeans. Witness King Leopold’s murder of 10 million Congolese in the 1890s when villagers were forced to cut daily rubber quotas and their hands were cut off if they didn’t.

Sitting next to and being around Mandela for almost 6 hours changed my life and when he asked me to return to help South Africa, the deal was done. I returned to South Africa 6 years later and spent 7 ½ years.

It is against this historical backdrop I write about Nelson Madiba Mandela.

Global Icon of Peace, Great Servant Leader, Healer, Father of the Nation, Humanitarian, Savior, Statesman, Democrat, First Black President of South Africa, Elder.....World’s Greatest Human Being.

All that has been said over the last few weeks is true. He was also a Man of Grace, Wisdom, Extraordinary purposefulness, a very underrated strategist and tactician, a Messenger and Servant Leader.

But Mandela’s greatest legacy is not being discussed. And I believe it is my obligation to Mandela to briefly speak about it. Otherwise, the one-sided repositioning of Mandela will obscure his true legacy.

Nelson and Winnie Mandela are inseparable heroes of South Africa and Africa. Apartheid was slavery and in many ways worse than slavery. The Emancipation Proclamation freed CAPTURED Africans from slavery in 1838. Likewise, the Mandelas caused captured Africans in South Africa to be freed.

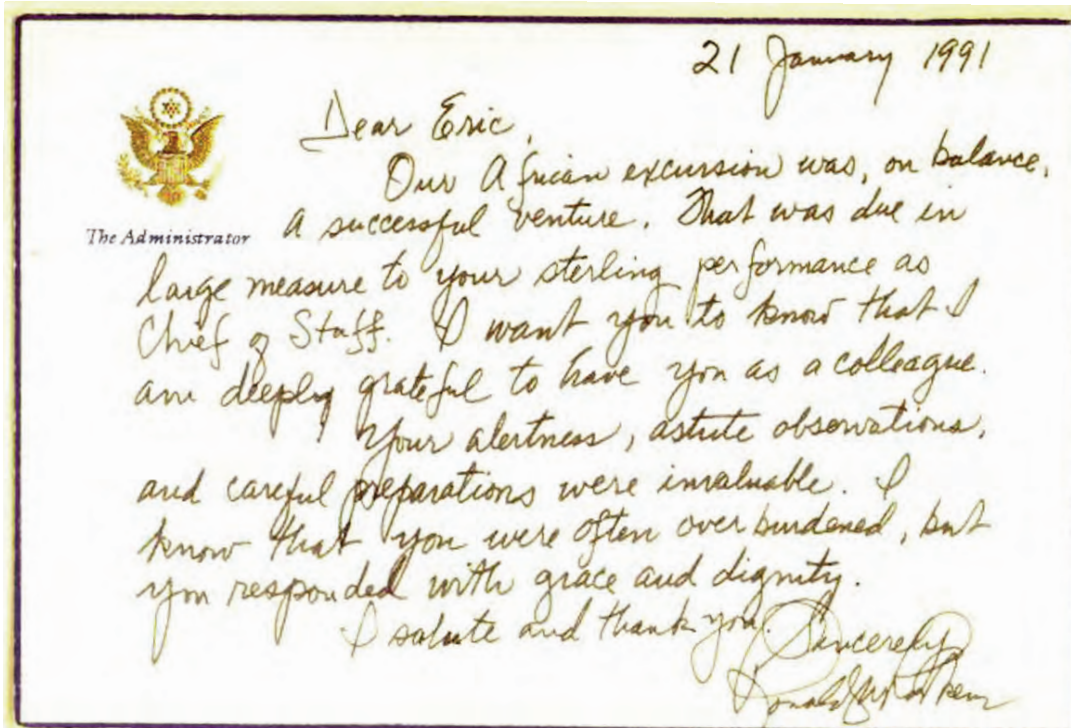
To many Mandela was a “terrorist” because he dared to fight for the rights of Africans. First Mandela tried negotiations, and was rejected. When peaceful means failed and White South Africans executed their massacre at Sharpesville....Mandela was a co-founder of Umkhonto we Siwze (Spear of the Nation” to fight might with Might. This legacy of Mandela to resist through war has been delicately wiped from his legacy to Africans. Namely, when peace doesn’t work, military action is necessary.



**In January 1991, I met Nelson Mandela just a year out of captivity at a dinner held at the American Ambassador's home in Pretoria, South Africa. I was the Chief-of-Staff of the USAID Delegation which was on a joint Presidential Mission with the Department of Health on AIDS and Child Survival in Africa.**

**Sitting next to and being around Mandela for almost 6 hours changed my life and when he asked me to return to help South Africa, the deal was done. I returned to South Africa 6 years later and spent 7 1/2 years.**





Eric Phillips

This was the reason Mandela went to prison with Apartheid agents being helped by the CIA who told them where he was and how he was disguised.

Another hidden legacy of Mandela was Black Economic Power. Through President Mbeki, non-white South Africans were able to gain some economic power and ownership from a White minority that owned 98 % of the economy during Apartheid.

A greater message of Mandela, and one no one wants to speak about is that Mandela has showed that peace and forgiveness were necessary tools to ensure Black South Africans came to power and inherited a very strong economy.....while at the same time highlighting that REPARATIONS is also a critical and sine qua non condition for Blacks to gain economic justice and reconciliation.

Twenty years after elections and a freed South Africa, Black South Africans are poor and not much has changed for the vast majority. Sure, a small number of Black South Africans, politically and socially connected have reaped tremendous benefits and have joined their White counterparts in wealth creation.

Mandela's legacy has shown us that capitalism cannot solve a chronic problem that has been created by racism, subjugation, brute force and economic exclusion of one group by another.

Mandela's truest legacy is the now worldwide but hidden legacy that highlights

Today as the World celebrates Mandela the real essence of the evil he fought has been carefully ignored. White South Africans created a system in which they enriched themselves at the expenses of non-whites.....by law, by force, by racism, by institutions. yet America, Britain, Holland, Germany, Belgium and Israel supported them for financial gain. The CIA was instrumental in having Mandela arrested and blocked sanctions

against South Africa's racism regimes. At one time, 6 South African families controlled 98 % of the Johannesburg Stock Exchange.

Apartheid used the same techniques used in slavery.

There is a famous African proverb "In a moment of crisis the wise build bridges while the foolish build dams". Today South Africans are being asked to be part of a Day of Reconciliation" to honour Madiba's life.

The best manner in which White South Africans and the few Black South Africans who have become filthy wealthy can show this reconciliation is by 'reparations' and the inclusion of the vast majority of South Africans into the sea of wealth that exists.

Absent this, another of Mandela's legacy .....the Spear of the Nation .....will rise again.

Mandela was a Man of Extreme intellect, extreme compassion, extreme love and extreme wisdom.....May these be the extremes of South Africans who embrace the principle...we are all South Africans and our Brother's Keeper.

## WE THANK YOU FOR YOUR GENEROUS SUPPORT DURING 2013

12

**O**n this joyful occasion, we, the members of the Guyana Cultural Association of New York, Inc., thank you for your generous support during 2013. In particular, we thank you for the support you gave to our 2013 Folk Festival season. We continue to be reminded that it was the best season ever and terms such as “awesome” continue to be used to describe it.

We appreciated your comforting embraces when we lost our dear brother Maurice “MoBraff” Brathwaite and our dear sister Muriel Glasgow.

The successes in 2013 reaffirmed our commitment to building partnerships and encouraging participation in the preservation, celebration, and promotion of Guyana’s rich multi-ethnic heritage and creativity. This spirit of partnership will continue to guide our work in 2014.

Our theme for 2014 is “*We Bridgin....*” This theme captures our commitment to exploring three crucial questions of our time: “Who are we? How can we live together? What can we become?” We hope that the work that we start in 2014 will allow us to provide comprehensive answers to these questions in 2016, the 50th anniversary of Guyana’s political independence.

We, the volunteers at GCA, hope that you will celebrate the season of love, sharing, and special cuisine. We look forward to the New Year and anticipate your continued support and participation.

“*We Bridgin ...*”

*Vibert C. Cambridge*, Ph.D.,

President

Guyana Cultural Association  
of New York, Inc.

**THE SUCCESSES IN 2013  
REAFFIRMED OUR  
COMMITMENT TO BUILDING  
PARTNERSHIPS AND  
ENCOURAGING  
PARTICIPATION IN THE  
PRESERVATION,  
CELEBRATION AND  
PROMOTION OF GUYANA’S  
RICH MULTI-ETHNIC  
HERITAGE AND  
CREATIVITY**





At the end of a period marked by frustrations  
and push back, there will be relief;  
**at the end of Advent, we will welcome  
the Christ Child; we will welcome joy.  
Merry Christmas everyone!**

Juliet Emanuel

The word itself is composed of the Latin words, “ad,” meaning “to” and “venire,” meaning to come. In a liturgical sense Advent connotes an expectancy of a good thing to come. A period of fasting, self examination and prayer, it is the first season of the Christian church’s liturgical year beginning on the fourth Sunday before Christmas. This year Advent started on Sunday, December 1st. It ended at Sunday, December 22nd. Generally Christians now anticipate the joy of Christmas even more since the wilderness of Advent has come to an end.

During this time anyone may have studied The O Antiphons from Anglicans Online or explored the Advent Conspiracy Movement (<http://www.adventconspiracy.org>) The Advent Conspiracy Movement asks readers to slow down, and experience a Christmas worth remembering; to do things a little differently, a little creatively—to turn Christmas upside down. Four general guidelines appear on the website: worship fully; spend less; give more; love all. These seem simple enough and are not any dicta we have not heard about before. Nevertheless, these reminders are timely especially

when one reads on the website, “What is the one gift you remember getting for Christmas last year? What about the fourth gift? Do you remember that one?”

Fully experienced, Advent is a time for reflection, and, according to Rev. Lynne Grifo in a recent homily, a stepping away from the familiar comforts of life. We, at GCA, may have felt that our limits were tested during 2013 and we waited for some understanding of the uncertainties and losses that seemed to plague our collective lives. It is in this wilderness, that any Advent symbolizes, where there seems to be no comfort, only testing and trial and risk, that we turn into ourselves and return to the center of ourselves and to hope. We wait as we do during Advent for that fulfillment of promises which we have seen again and again.

Often we Guyanese when faced with great stresses say, “This cannot go on and on.” We have come then to realize the strength and consolation that hope gives; that at the end of a period marked by frustrations and push back, there will be relief; at the end of Advent, we will welcome the Christ Child; we will welcome joy.

Merry Christmas everyone!

**HAPPY HOLIDAYS!**

*50 years later, “Happy Holiday” remains not only one of the most popular Christmas songs in Guyana but also one of the best recorded pieces of music from Guyana.*

*Church bells are ringing  
Santa’s Clause’s on his way  
Happy Christmas to you dear  
Happy Holiday..*

*My heart keeps pounding  
As the time rolls away  
Happy Christmas to you dear  
Happy Holidays.*

*And then the choir  
You can hear the voices  
of the angels rejoice, rejoice  
My heart keeps pounding  
As the time rolls away  
Happy Christmas to you dear  
Happy Holiday.*

*My darling  
Wishing you the best  
You know that my love for  
you did last, and will last  
for many more Christmases.*

# HAPPY MEMORIES OF A TRUE GUYANESE CHRISTMAS YESTERYEAR

Godfrey Chin's Nostalgias



## MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS

Youngsters earned 'small change' by completing household chores such as scraping furniture, staining and waxing the floors and making home-made plaster of paris figures, wall plaques and waxed crepe paper flowers which were sold to family and neighbors. Another opportunity to make a 'raise' was grinding the fruits after taking out the prune seeds, washing the salt from the butter and taking the pans of cake mix to the bakery.

Billy Moore's Happy Holiays (1959) evokes the true Guyanese Christmas spirit as did Bing Crosby's White Christmas around the world. From Billy's opening stanza "Church bells are ringing, Santa Claus' on his way, Merry Christmas to you dear, Happy Holidays." The spirit of the Guyanese Christmas, like the one we used to know, is conjured up, like that first Christmas described by Matthew and Luke.

The Christmas spirit is an integral part of our legends since Ole Kai washed over the Kaitour, or the obeah superstitious left meals on the forshore for wistful fairmaids. The scare of the young ones for the evr popular Satapee Bands was as "psycho" as jumbie stories, or Masacuraman sightings on the upper Demerara River. Itching palms assured money would be available for the upcoming holidays, and a trapped palm fly in the ceiling alerted "look out" for the postman next day.

Our Christmas spirit transcends the distance for homesick Guyanese living in snow-bound castles far from the mud land shores. Like the kissing bridge in the Botanical Gardens, it traverses the gap between precocious tots and know-it-all teenagers versus out of touch parents and grandparents. The irony is that we have all in turn been "somewhere on that rainbow circle of life"

The celebration of Christmas, over an extended period at year-end was the perfect celebration that fused the nation and heralded each New Year with the hope that prosperity will continue to bless. At Easter, we fly kites. At Christmas we fly blues, bills, bachannal and biliousness.

The Christmas spirit came with the few accoutrements that our forefathers brought to colonial BG, and was engendered with the polyglot intermix on slave plantations, rice and sugar cane fields, bauxite and gold mines, village communes and urban industry.

It encouraged the poor to spend more than they could afford for their nuff picneys, without fear of January-de-broke blues, and motivated the rich and scrooge-like to share some of their fatted calf. Granted the hand-outs were the cow-heel, the ox-tail, intestines and pig face which with culinary inventiveness learnt at Carnegie School, delectable national dishes such as pepper-pot, garlic pork, black pudding and souse came from those scraps.

In those days, like the biblical miracle of fishes and loaves, Guyanese traveling abroad on vacation proved themselves enterprising Marco Polos and Donald Trumps. How else could they explain how a measly US\$15.00 travel allowance bought enough to fill three suitcases, two barrels of Christmas goodies, and barefaced assurance to the local Customs Officer at Timehri that "Nothing to declare."

Christmas survived blackouts, yet the star of Bethlehem filled every heart and brought out the better angel in us. Worship, feast, festivity and community have always been the hallmark of the Guyanese Christmas spirit.

Our Christmas spirit is Guyana's pressure relief valve as carnival is to neighboring Trinidad. It's the season when poor man is rich man, when kindness, gentility and brother hood level out, like the water in yesteryear's vat.

The Christmas season starts from the early payday in November and for many. Will continue until twelfth night in January. Staff parties clashed with private entertaining and daily after work calendar engagements, were as profuse as local water-cooler gossip.



There were high expectations of a big bonus at work, the last December Box-hand and even a 'frek' from house visitors. We however ensured we had the gift envelope for the postman, the garbage collectors and the newspaper delivery kid.

Youngsters earned small change by completing household chores such as scraping furniture, staining and waxing the floors and selling home-made plaster of paris figures, wall plaques and waxed crepe paper flowers to neighbors and family members. We also made doll furniture from cigarette and match boxes glued together, and door mats and bed-spreads from scraps of left-over material from sewing. Another opportunity to make a 'raise' was grinding the fruits after taking out the prune seeds, washing the salt from the butter and taking the pans of cake mix to the bakery.

Our local version of chia-pet was setting rice paddy in bowls and watching them sprout, as promise of prosperity the next year. Volunteers were always sought to kill at least two chickens and a duck, to be plucked after being immersed in boiling water.

We all looked forward to last minute Christmas Eve night trips for the last "window-shopping" downtown, where spin boards, over/under and 3-card hustlers challenged the 'ice-apple' vendors for your remaining pocket-change.

Midnight Mass at the Cathedrals and the peal of the church bells and chime of the organs proclaiming "Joy to the World" was part of the season's church tradition, as well as the Police and Woodside Choirs singing carols at Company Path Gardens and at the Palms and other institutions.

Christmas yesteryear was also about Christmas morning delight as kids opened their gifts. Caps, nail and key bombs and carbon, all added to the cocophony of youthful bedlam.

Boxing Day, had no relations to boxing, but fist cards between Len Houston, Kid Galahad, Dewan Sing and Young Joe Louis were staged at the Olympic cinema with Madam O'Lindy's Vaudeville Shows, featuring Sam Chase and Jack Mello as added attraction.

Boxing Day open-house visits to friends and family saw passing Steel or Santapee Bands stop the drinking for a moment as coins were added to the tin-cups of Mother Sally or Mad Bull.

## DO YOU REMEMBER THESE SCENTS AND IMAGES OF CHRISTMAS YESTERYEAR?

- **Garlic Pork** frying on Christmas morning and the aroma wafting through the house.
- **Homemade bread**, sponge and fruit cake baking in the box oven.
- **Black cake** cooling after baking, wine and rum poured over the hot cake to prevent it from cracking open.
- Red Brunswick **Canadian apples** from from open crates in front of Stabroek Market.
- **Bunches of grapes** nestled in pitch pine sawdust boxes and weighed on balance scales.
- **Smell of Zex, Sunlight or Carbollic Soap**, jeyes Fluid disinfectant or Smell-O-Pine, used to scrub wooden floors and steps.
- **New linoleum**, cut to fit the kitchen floor, and a fresh oil cloth on the dining table.
- Wallaba wood burning in the Dover stove, and **flit sprayed to kill the mosquitoes.**
- **Fresh varnish, French Polish and Turps** Sub on the chairs, after cleaning with caustic soda.
- **Hubbuck's oil paint** touch up on the doors, walls, windows and sills, and the pan of water to draw the fumes out.
- The Singer or Necchi machine, sewing **last minute curtains**, aprons, new nighties and pajamas.
- **Cloves** stuck in the boiled **Swift Ham** which came from England, sealed in tar, and later baked with pine jam.
- The **peppercup** boiling away,
- The acrid smell of **caps, nail and key bombs and carbon** fired by the kids.



Food has always been one of the central features. Preparation started well before the day itself. Among the main items were black cake, ginger beer, imported apples, imported grapes, garlic pork, peppercup, pickled onions, and ham. There was also a variety of sweets. Drinks included ginger beer, sorrel, mauby, sweet potato fly, other kinds of fly, falernum, shandy, rum and wines, depending on the household.

# MUSIC AND THE GUYANESE CHRISTMAS

## THE GUYANESE CHRISTMAS SEASON EXTENDS BEYOND CHRISTMAS DAY. THERE IS BOXING DAY, OLD YEAR'S NIGHT AND TWELFTH NIGHT, EACH WITH ITS OWN SPECIAL MUSIC

Vibert Cambridge

The music of the Christmas season in Guyana is sacred and secular. It has folk, popular, and classical roots, and it is public and private.

**Christmas is much more than a season of carols. The music also delivers messages about the state of our culture.**

At one time, the music of the Christmas season was dominated by rhythms and images that were external, primarily British and American. Over time, additional rhythms and images have been added, especially in the music composed by Guyanese.

Guyanese composers have experimented with many rhythms. In the 1950s, The Four Lords used the 'Bion' beat developed by Al Seales and Bassie Thomas to deliver the perennial Happy Holiday. Others have used calypso, soca, reggae, masquerade, and other regional and international rhythms.

Over time, the lyrics have also changed. Guyanese and tropical themes have been added to snow, sleigh bells, and mistletoe. The lyrics of Guyanese compositions, especially those by musicians in the diaspora, identify a peaceful Guyana. They celebrate the nation's cuisine and legendary hospitality. The lyrics encourage Guyanese to return home for the season.

One of the leading exponents of this genre of Christmas song is Berbician-born, Florida-based John 'Slingshot' Drepaul. His Christmas in Guyana and A Very Merry Guyanese Christmas remind Guyanese about the legendary Guyanese Christmas season not from a Georgetown perspective but from the perspective of rural Guyana. Drepaul's lyrics reaffirm the fact that the season is celebrated by all Guyanese, including non-Christian rural residents.

If Drepaul's soca and chutney-rhythmed lyrics motivate the return home, Deryck Bernard tells us what happens when the Christmas Invasion takes place:

*Every Christmas in Georgetown,  
the place does always feel strange,  
with men cutting Yankee, fat women in shorts...  
They drinking you rum as if it can't done*

*And stuffing black cake like joke.*

*Christmas Invasion's chorus reminds us:*

*That is why they come back home with fuh Christmas*

*Even though they go way and leave us*

*They really miss home this time of year...*

**The new songs of the Christmas season are clearly about reconnection and forgiveness. It is about making the family whole again.**

Christmas music of the season has been delivered and continues to be delivered through a number of channels (carol singers, record stores, the mass media, public concerts, street performances, and fetes). Some traditions such as the steel band tramp, which flourished during the 1950s, are no longer present in Guyanese society.

Carol singers have been part of the Guyana Christmas music scene for the most of the 20th century. Members of churches, social groups, or neighbours would go singing from yard to yard. They helped to establish carols such as (O Come All Ye Faithful, Hark the Herald Angels Sing, Away in a Manger, and While Shepherds Watched their Flocks as primary carols in the Guyanese Christmas music repertoire.

Choirs such as the Woodside Choir and those associated with St George's Cathedral and the Brickdam Cathedral also contributed to the establishment of this musical repertoire through their public concerts at venues that at one time included the 'Big Tree' on Company Path.

In addition to presenting the majestic carols of our European heritage, these choirs, especially the Woodside Choir, have expanded their repertoire to include works by Caribbean composers such as The Annunciation Carol, composed by Guyana's Brother Pascal Jordan. On its 50th anniversary CD, Woodside Choirs Sing at Christmas, the choir presented Deryck Bernard's Christmas Invasion, along with many of the carols from our European heritage.

Carol-singing has never been limited to Georgetown. Bernard Heydorn reminds us in Longtime Days how wonderful it was be part of a congregation singing *Adeste Fideles* in a backdam church at Diamond Estate.



## MUSIC AND THE GUYANESE CHRISTMAS SEASON

17

We must not forget the part played by bands such as the British Guiana Militia Band (now the Guyana Police Force Band) and the Salvation Army Band in popularizing the music of the Christmas season in Guyana. For example, in December 1914 the British Guiana Militia Band introduced the now immortal Little Drummer Boy to Guianese audiences during a concert at the sea-wall. The Salvation Army Band, performing on the busy streets of Georgetown, brought Christmas cheer and reminded us to make a contribution to the less fortunate.

During the Christmas season, music has always been taken to the people. The BG Police Male Voice Choir launched their illustrious career with a concert of Christmas carols for patients in hospitals in Georgetown in 1944.

Christmas has always been a season for the gathering of family and friends, and music is an essential ingredient in these gatherings. Before the arrival of radio broadcasting in Guyana in 1932, the piano, the barrel organ, the violin, the concertina, and the gramophone were important vehicles for spreading joy at Christmas time.

During the first decades of the 1900s, The Daily Argosy carried many advertisements for musical instruments

and musical equipment starting from around October. The ads reminded the public that these items were necessary for Christians and even offered 'easy credit.' Among the establishments engaged in this commerce were The Argosy Co, Hack's Cycle Depot, Pradasco Cycle Store, and RG Humphrey & Co.

This pattern would continue across the early pre-radio decades and beyond. For example in 1925, Pradasco Cycle Store had a special promotion for the Christmas season. It offered "25 records free" to persons who purchased "one of our Dulceito English-made Gramophones." The advertisement also identified a wide selection of Gennett, Regal, and Columbia records for "your Merry Christmas Parties."

The new double-sides records included Christmas carols, Christmas hymns, and "Christmas Selections." Other records available included Dear Demerara March composed by Sgt Nichols of the BG Militia Band for the British Empire Exhibition of 1924 and a range of fox-trots, waltzes, and other popular music for dancing.

The gramophone was clearly an important musical artifact in Guyanese life, especially during the Christmas season.

*Vibert Cambridge*

### MUSIC AN IMPORTANT INGREDIENT IN THE GATHERING OF FAMILY AND FRIENDS AT CHRISTMAS



## MUSIC AND THE GUYANESE CHRISTMAS SEASON

The Motor Garage and Bicycle Warehouse announced in *The Daily Argosy* of November 7, 1915, the availability of "Reno Record Reviver," which made "old Gramophone Records equal to new."

The advent of radio in British Guiana in 1932 added another channel for the dissemination of music. In the very early days of radio in British Guiana, listeners could receive five channels of programming - the BBC from England, W2XAD and W2XAF from the United States, and two local channels, VP3MR and VP3BG. These channels exposed British Guiana to classical and popular music. Guianese heard programmes such as 'Rudy Vallee's Variety Hour' and 'Bing Crosby's Music Hall,' which provided a diet of non-sacred Christmas music, such as the perennial White Christmas.

For the past 70 years, radio has played a pivotal role in promoting Christmas music in Guyana. By the middle of November the radio waves would come alive with this music, although some efforts were made in the mid-1970s to "de-emphasize" Christmas. That effort, like so many others at social engineering in the post-independence era, failed because of popular resistance.

By the mid-1970s, more Guyanese had access to the record players and stereo sets assembled by GRECO, a subsidiary of Bookers Stores located at Victoria on the East Coast, and these sets ensured that 'Salsoul Christmas' was heard across the land. It is impossible to stop Christmas in Guyana.

Street performances have been another important Christmas tradition. The music of the masquerade bands is absolutely necessary for the season, with the boom, kittle, and flute to accompanying flouncers, stilt men, Mother Sallies, Mad Cows, Budhu Jaundos and Marajeens.

Masquerade music requires musical and verbal improvisation. A good masquerade flautist is a special kind of virtuoso. So is the Toaster - Guyana's prototypical rapper. The toaster has to be topical, reflecting on the state of the society. In the 1950s when masquerade bands were still referred to as santapee bands, the Toaster could not help reflecting on "the poor people in the jail drinking their sour ginger beer and eating salt fish tail." In the 1970s when the economy took a dive, a Toaster in Kitty Village was heard to say: "Plantain is a ting a doan eat at all/But, when starvation come, I does eat skin an all!"

In the early 1950s tramping on the road was one of the highlights of Christmas Day. Those were the days of the Quo Vadis and Invaders steel bands. Those were the days when Guyanese demonstrated that everybody, irrespective of race, colour, or class, could enjoy themselves together in a steel band. It was natural. It was not state-sponsored.

**IF WE PAY ATTENTION TO THE MUSIC ASSOCIATED WITH A GUYANESE CHRISTMAS, WE CAN LEARN SO MUCH ABOUT OUR HISTORY, OUR ASPIRATIONS AND OUR POSSIBILITIES.**

*Vibert Cambridge*

The Guyanese Christmas season extends beyond Christmas Day. There is Boxing Day, Old Year's Night, and Twelfth Night, each with its own special music. The Boxing Day picnic demands 'jump-up' music. The Boxing Day fetes were held at a range of dance halls. Bernard Heydorn has provided a comprehensive list - Frolic Hall, Garland Hall, Haley Hall, Prospect Hall, Rest Hall, and Tipperary Hall. According to Wayne Jones, "Boxing Day was another big day for Buxtonians." It was the day for 'Teacher' George Young's annual dance at Tipperary Hall. This dance was held annually from 1941-1969 and attracted patrons from outside the village. Attendees wore their "best outfits and tried to outdo one another in the various dances - foxtrot, flat waltz, square dance and tango." Music was provided by popular orchestras from Georgetown. These orchestras knew that they were expected to play music of a high standard. Jones has written, "City orchestras had a way that when they were playing in town they played the best music but in the countryside they felt anything could pass as good music. Not in Buxton."

Old Year's Night required a range of music and the obligatory Auld Lang Syne. Harry Whittaker's rendition is obligatory in some Old Year's Night parties in the Guyanese diaspora.

Some of us liked to extend the spirit of Christmas well into the New Year. However, 'Sir January De Broke' would always upset those plans. So, after a short pause, waiting for January's pay-day, Guyanese returned to a procession of barn dances, souse parties, 'Come-as-you likes,' '2 to 10s,' '3 to 12s,' and barbeques in preparation for the next Christmas season.

There is so much music associated with Christmas. If we pay attention to it, we can find out so much about our history, our aspirations, and our possibilities. Yes, Christmas comes but once a year, and everybody must have a share! So have a happy Christmas, and support a masquerade band. Who knows, there could be tramping in the streets next Christmas.



# Sugar Foot Joe

## The Masquerade Dancer

*Derrick "John" Jeffrey*

Derrick "John" Jeffrey, is a Guyanese writer, journalist, and retired United Nations Staff member, a former General-Secretary of the Guyana National Steelband Association and winner of the Dr. Cheddi Jagan Medal for Literature (Stand Pipe 1970)

Slowly lifting his head off a pillow on a hospice cot  
Where stars are born and the salt brown Atlantic  
chases the jumbie crabs from the mud-flat  
People say, "he mudda wash he foot wid white rum  
in a trench near de burial ground"  
That is why he can't resist the sound of the kettle drum  
Sitting up straight in a bed where he is given up for dead  
The kling kata-kang klic-ka-tang, klee-tag-tan rid-inn-dang  
Sticks on the rim of a kettle drum swirled around in his head  
Slowly climbing down one foot touches the ground  
Steading himself and holding the bed  
Revisiting an art some say is dead  
Peep-peeee pope-pee peep-pee-dep pedle-e-leep -  
peddle-eeee-peep, peeeeeee-picap pie-pee  
The tin flute rekindles the days of his youth  
Two feet down and ready to go "Blow man blooooo."  
Old age kept saying, "Please Joe--don't go."  
The thump, the boom, de boom  
de boom-boom of the base drum was too much to resist  
The flute, the kettle, and a base drum player name  
"Bicycle Man"  
The shack-shack shaker introduces the band  
"A wo fo happen les he happen one-time"  
"A rachie-bachie boom-boom"  
Sugar Foot waves his hand. The rhythm is fast  
Bam-Bam Sally shaking her ass stomping on Mad-Cow's grass  
This is for Christmases now and pass  
Nurses and doctors gather around  
as Joe moves to the rhythm of the kettle drum.  
Glittering sequence tingling bells Buck-beads  
move around in a shack-shack  
One step forward and two steps back  
The kettle drum rattles and the tin flute shrills  
Someone throws a Big Gil  
One brass penny is plenty money buy a Flutee or a mauby  
Flouncing to the ground in a split like James Brown  
The Big Gil is tin-cup bound. Wishing it was a shilling  
instead  
He continued to flounce to the music in his head  
The gathering grows larger around his hospice bed  
Kicking another coin with his big-toe--  
up and into his pocket it go.  
Ka-lit-e-tang kee-tang-tang reek-e-boom chee-ke-boom  
chak-a-shk shak-ka- shak  
Bam-Bam Sally leads the band--  
Mad Cow with tin-cup in hand "What a performance Joe  
Next time you should come out of bed and really give us a show."  
Time for your medication....Uncle Joe







# CELEBRATING KWANZAA IN GUYANA

A TIME FOR FAMILY & FOR  
NATIONAL REFLECTION...  
sharing, community development,  
self-determination and collective  
values for sustainable upliftment.



## KWANZAA IN GUYANA

21

**F**or more than decade the African Cultural & Development Association (ACDA) has celebrated KWANZAA in Guyana with joyful exuberance. On 26th December every year, ACDA holds a very elaborate "African Harvest" at its Thomas Lands headquarters that is attended by Guyanese from all parts of the country and by visiting Diasporians.

Amply described by Guyanese born Robin Williams who lives in the USA, "Kwanzaa was born out of a struggle by African Americans to, among other things, develop and project an identity in contrast to the racist stereotypes manufactured by the majority population, and perpetuate a set of positive values that best served the interest of the African American population and ultimately operate for the betterment of their nation as a whole". Kwanzaa has seven principles and is celebrated on seven days from 26 December to 1 January. The seven principles are

**Umoja (Unity)** To strive for and to maintain unity in the family, community, nation and race.

**Kujichagulia (Self-Determination)** To define ourselves, name ourselves, create for ourselves and speak for ourselves.

**Ujima (Collective Work and Responsibility)** To build and maintain our community together and make our brothers' and sisters' problems our problems and to solve them together.

**Ujamaa (Cooperative Economics)** To build and maintain our own stores, shops and other businesses and to profit from them together.

**Nia (Purpose)** To make our collective vocation the building and developing of our community in order to restore our people to their traditional greatness.

**Kuumba (Creativity)** To do always as much as we can, in the way we can, in order to leave our community more beautiful and beneficial than we inherited it

**Imani (Faith)** To believe with all our heart in our people, our parents, our teachers, our leaders and the righteousness and victory of our struggle.

At ACDA, the 26th December event held from 11 am until 4 pm, incorporates all the traditional USA celebrated elements but is also uniquely Guyanese.

Kwanzaa Festival begins with a "welcome" from the Chairperson of the event, usually Sister Clementine Marshall or Sister Penda Guyan, who speaks about the importance of the occasion as a time for family and national reflection. This is followed by "libations" by Brother Andrew Irving who calls on the Ancestors to be present and asks also for their blessings on the occasion. Seeds are then distributed to the audience to plant until next years' harvest. Drumming is an integral part of this activity.

This is followed by the main event which is the lighting

of three green, three red and a single black candle, each signifying one of the seven days and principles of Kwanzaa. As Brother Erving lights each candle on the Kinara and describes the meaning of the KWANZAA principle it represents, 7 individuals: oldest, youngest, male, female, visitors.....are asked to light a corresponding candle at the table they are sitting at. This is done with the help of the other members at the table.

Eric Phillips then does a KWANZAA message and speaks about sharing, community development, self-determination, self-esteem, self-respect and collective values for sustainable upliftment.

This is followed by Aisha Jean-Baptiste who speaks about the symbols and symbolism of KWANZAA. Here the audience is introduced to KWANZAA terms, its history and to its importance to Africans in Guyana and elsewhere. Those who are uninitiated with KWANZAA are given a real "knowledge" treat.

The floor is then open for KWANZAA messages from African groups who have sent representatives and for visitors or anyone so inclined

Drumming follows this section and then there is time for a meal.

All attendees including visitors and guests are treated to a wide variety of African vegetarian and non-vegetarian dishes and beverages, accompanied by African music and drumming.

After the "harvest" meal, ACDA adds its own unique activity to the annual KWANZAA event. For the last 18 years, ACDA has been proving scholarships and book prizes to the highest scoring African student at the most recently held CXC exams. This is an elaborate affair which is chaired by ACDA's Education and Management Committee (EMA) which has Board responsibility for ACDA's Centre of Learning and Afro Centric Orientation (COLLACO) school which has children aged 2 years 6 months to 7 years and which will evolve to a school that will have its students take grade 6 exams. The winners have their accomplishments written in a beautiful program which has the names of previous winners and are then asked to make a speech to the audience.

Finally ACDA's KWANZAA event is made complete with drumming, dancing and the singing of folk songs.

Hampers with fruits, vegetables, flour, rice, sugar, corn, plantains, oil, milk, sugar and other staples are then given to each family that attends

ACDA is hoping KWANZAA grows in Guyana as it is a very viable educational and celebratory event compared to the many "limes" that have now become customary on Boxing Day.



## SPREADING THE CHRISTMAS CHEER TO FELLOW BARONIANS

For the past six years Mr. Edgar Henry has returned to his hometown village at the Beterverwagting / Triumph area to provide food and toys to the youths of the village.

Approximately 150 children between the ages of 5 and 12 assemble at the BV / Triumph Resource Center to spread the Christmas Cheer.

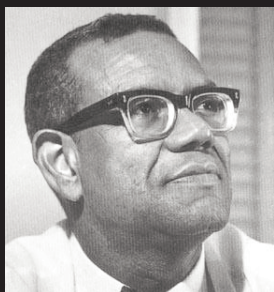
Mr. Henry is ably assisted by Sadhu Hoppie, Maclean Douglas and Samuel Hoppie.

## CHRISTMAS MEMORIES Captain McKenzie by Bourda Market



**"Sango boy and sango gal,  
Christmas mahning is here again,  
Sango boy, sango gal,  
Christmas mahning is here again.  
Neighba, mahning.  
Christmas mahning is here again  
Sango boy and Sango gal!  
Christmas mahning is here again.**





# A. J. SEYMOUR

## A CENTENARY CELEBRATION

**"SEE MORE POETRY":  
THEATRE GUILD PLAYHOUSE  
JANUARY 12, 2014**

The first production at the Theatre Guild Playhouse in Georgetown, for 2014, will be a special poetry show entitled, "SEE MORE POETRY". This grand poetry show, is being produced by the National Library, and is to observe and celebrate the Birth Centenary of Guyana's celebrated poet, Arthur James

Seymour. "SEE MORE POETRY" will be staged on Sunday January 12, 2014, exactly 100 years after A.J. Seymour was born.

Most of the well-known poems of A.J. Seymour, such as, "Over Guiana, Clouds", "Tomorrow Belongs to the People", "Name Poem", "Sun is a Shapely Fire", "The Lover Speaks", "There Runs a Dream" and many others, will be read by such theatre, radio and television personalities as Margaret Lawrence, Ian McDonald, Ron Robinson, Ras Michael, Rupert Roopnaraine, Rosamunde Addo, Derek Gomes, Russel Lancaster, Malcolm DeFreitas, Nazim Hussain and Francis Quamina Farrier among others.

Travelling to Guyana from the USA specially for this A.J. Seymour centenary poetry show, will be Joan Seymour, a daughter of A.J. Seymour and Jacqueline de Weever, the niece of the poet. Both of them will read Seymour poems of their choice.

A.J. Seymour died on Christmas Day 1988 at age 75. His poems have been translated into many languages, including Spanish and French.

*Francis Quamina Farrier*

*. . Seven days now this womb of sacred waters  
Has made its marriage with oblivion  
Over the sounding cliff of rock and I  
Amalivaca in this tiny wedge  
Driven between the witness centuries,  
Have drowned my mind within the moving flood,  
Married my human to watery particles  
Searching the smoothness secret of its power.*

*There is an ideal Kaieteur of souls  
Forever falling finally to death  
Dropping their colour, shape and their lost form  
From height of time into eternity. . . .*

From Amalivaca by AJ Seymour

### ARTHUR JAMES SEYMOUR

Guyanese poet and civil servant, was educated at Queen's College. He was deputy chairman of the Department of Culture, editor of the influential literary journal *Kyk-over-al* from 1945 to 1961, among other posts, and launched the pamphlet series of 'Miniature Poets' (1951-3), two of whose prominent authors were Wilson Harris and Martin Carter. Seymour was a prolific poet, but only with his seventh collection, *The Guiana Book* (1948), did he begin to have a distinctive voice of his own. His later poetry meditates on the blood-drenched history of the Caribbean and the crucible of forces, particularly the effects of the slave trade, which have moulded the present Guyanese identity. *Water and Blood* (1952), *Monologue* (1968), *Patterns* (1970), *Italic* (1974), *Mirror* (1975), *Images of Majority* (1978), and *Selected Poems* (1983) are only a few of his many other subsequent collections. Autobiographical volumes include *Growing Up in Guyana* (1976), *Pilgrim Memories* (1978), and *Thirty Years a Civil Servant* (1982). See Ian McDonald (ed.), *AJS at 70* (1984).

# THE NATIONAL DRAMA FESTIVAL 2013

The Third National Drama Festival of Guyana, which is now in session, seems to be exhibiting confirmation that there is a growing trend among Guyanese playwrights to use drama to tackle burning social issues. The 2013 Festival (NDF) continues with three plays on stage today: a double starting at 2.00 pm – The Date and Hamilton's Free Reign to be followed later at 8.00 pm by Paloma Mohamed's popular comedy Anybody See Brenda all at the National Cultural Centre.

In total there are 32 plays competing in five categories: Open Long Play; Open Short or One-Act Play; Junior; Debutante; and Secondary Schools. An overwhelming 25 of these are new plays, most of them created specifically for entry in to the Festival. Of the seven "old" plays, two are foreign dramas and five local. Four of those are re-runs of popular plays from the professional circuit which were previously box office favourites.

Generally so far it is observed that the quality of the productions is somewhat higher than last year. Along with that is the presence of more of the country's established groups and dramatists taking part in the competition, including Paloma Mohamed, Mosa Telford, Ras Leon Saul, Ronald Hollingsworth, Neaz Subhan, Mahadeo Shivraj and Sonia Yarde.. This is a notable

shift from previous festivals that were dominated by beginners and junior groups

It has been a desire of the festival since it started to attract the best practitioners and companies in the country,

*al creighton jr.*

which needs to happen if it is to be a truly national festival – a place where the best theatre is exhibited. But at the same time it owes its existence to a pronounced developmental function: that is to encourage and assist new groups and individuals to develop an interest in drama and choose theatre as a means of expression. This includes encouraging more secondary schools to develop drama and radically increase the number of Guyanese schools writing CXC Theatre Arts. The entries in NDF might not be the best place to measure success, because only seven schools entered, fewer than last year. The trend continues, however, as the so-called top and most prestigious schools are still absent, represented only by Queens College (QC) in the NDF. Also, most of the small number of schools who are doing the CXC Theatre Arts are also missing. That is strange.

The quite definite signs of a significant trend, however, is the distinct tendency of new plays to seek to reflect social problems. This is the case in the Third NDF where the vast majority of plays attempt to mirror the ills of the society, offer comments and condemnations, communicate messages and even aim at solutions.





Not surprising is the prevalence of this tendency among the church and religious groups. It is expected that they would seek to spread the gospel through drama and promote religious or moral principles. Interestingly, while they are not reticent in this regard, and do suggest that strong and steadfast faith is the key to solving problems, their plots predominantly dramatise social issues. Two of these plays, *Mara's Faith* and *Unequal Yoke* touch on a variety of issues that plague humanity. In *Mara's Faith* it is her constant belief and faith that preserves her from falling victim to them. The plays touch issues such as threats facing family life, absentee fathers, the relinquishing of responsibilities, deceit, migration and forgiveness.

Among the secondary schools there are recurring concerns for interesting ills such as child labour and child abuse treated by *The Lost Hope* by Taneka Caldeira of West Demerara and *A Flower Without Petals* by Jean Kingston of Ascension School as well as *Bladen Hall's We Gon Lose* by Jamaine Braithwaite, which also addresses drugs. Drug abuse is also a concern of *Dora Secondary* whose *I Should Have Known* by Jean Kingston mainly focuses HIV and the range of practices that puts one at risk. Quite prevalent among the schools are themes of domestic violence, rape and peer pressure. Children being forced to work is surprisingly prevalent and the plays couple this with exploitative parents.

In fact, domestic violence, child abuse and rape are issues that reappear in a large number of the plays in different categories, including the Junior and Open. Abusive parents and the consequences of their ill-treatment of children have severe and terrifying repercussions including domestic violence and levels of psychosis. Plays such as *A Darker Side* by Tashandra Inniss and Mosa Telford's *Before Her Parting* tackle these in different ways. Telford's play is further interested in violence against women and girls including rape, murder and violent robberies. Like in the schools' productions, Ken Danna's *The Farepicker* portrays desertion, absent fathers, family neglect and rape, while *Third Degree Graduate* by Vanessa Hinds also touches on drugs and prostitution while dealing with high unemployment among qualified people and peer pressure.

Several of these issues are very topical and some are issues of growing concern such as violence in schools which is the subject of *Bamboo Alley* by Beverley Cyrus. This play also introduces the subject of class, victimization against students, the attitude of teachers conflicts in schools.

The NDF has certainly been a cause of the very large number of new plays since it is clear most of them were created for the competition. A significant devel-



opment is the fact that a greater number of groups such as community groups, clubs and church groups are choosing to use theatre to deliver messages. This is not new to such groups, but the increase in these activities and the fact that they have resulted in fully developed plays for public performance is a notable factor.

The NDF has also provided direct assistance for this to happen since it has recruited persons trained for the purpose including students of the National School of Theatre Arts and Drama to go out in the field and give technical help to the groups. That might well be one of the reasons for the better quality seen so far in 2013.

However, the growing tendency among the new plays to attack social ills moves as well outside of the Festival. For a very long time popular plays dominated and many expressed concerns for "serious" drama. Today popular plays remain popular, and in the commercial theatre are still likely to succeed at the box office. Actually, comedy shows and *The Link Show*, steeped in humour as it is, are still the runaway crowd pullers. The major stand-up comedy 'festival' *Uncensored* and the show *Nothing To Laugh About* sell out every time.

In the face of that the vast majority of the new plays that have emerged in the past three years, to be specific, attempt to attack social ills. Some issues reappear in several of them. These include rape, child abuse including molestation of boys, domestic violence and cocaine use. The playwrights are recreating the rise of social realism in the theatre as it has happened in cycles since the late nineteenth century.

It is happening again in Guyana and has been given greater impetus by the presence of the National Drama Festival.

*al creighton jr.*

# *How Do I Love Thee*

## **West Indian Style**

You are the essence in my mauby  
De fish in my fishcakes  
I love you love you dearly  
You are the lard oil in my bakes  
You are the coconut in my sweetbread  
De pigtail in my rice  
Just like piece of curry goat head  
I will love you till I dead.

You are the sardine in my gravy  
The dumplings in my soup  
I love you more than mi belly  
Yes I love you bad fah true.

Like banana leaf around my conkie  
I'll be always close to you  
Sweet like sugar in your bush tea  
I'll do anything for you.

You are the sauce around my Cou Cou  
Hot like sweetbread when it done  
I will stick to you like dandruff  
Like the corns upon your toes  
Like the fat around your belly  
I'll be everywhere you goes

Cause you are my black pudding  
And I know I am your souse  
When you call I will come running  
Like when a boar cat see a mouse.

Oh my pepper on my pork chop  
Sweet like sorrel when it mix  
When my hands caress your body  
You feel just like a couple-six.

You are sweeter than a snowcone  
I will give you all I own  
You are sweeter than a hambone  
Soft and sweet like piece'o'pone.  
No one can take me from you  
Not in this life or death  
My Panya girl I love you  
It's just your mudda me caant tek.



# Pepperpot

Classic Guyanese Recipe (Guyana Outpost)

## Ingredients

- 2 lbs stewing steak (pork or beef) or brisket
- 2 pig trotters or cow's heels (optional: it will make it gooey)
- 2 lbs ox tail
- 1 cup cassareep
- 2 red hot peppers
- 1 in x 1 in stick cinnamon
- 3 heads clove
- 2 oz. sugar
- Salt to taste
- 2 stalks basil
- 1 bunch fine thyme
- 1 large chopped onion
- 3 cloves chopped garlic

**Pepperpot best when eaten with homemade bread.**



## Preparation

Clean the meat thoroughly.

Put the heel or trotters in covered pan with water to boil.

Skim. When half tender add other meat and hot water to cover.

Add all other ingredients and simmer until meat is tender.

Adjust flavor with salt and sugar.

Note: This dish develops flavor when left over a period of days. If left unrefrigerated, it must be reheated to a boil every day. This is a typical Amerindian dish.

**Best when eaten with homemade bread.**



I was saddened by the news of Muriel's passing even though I heard from Juliet Emmanuel about a month prior that Muriel was again in a fight for her life against a quite fierce and deadly opponent. When I spoke with her she assured me she was giving it a good fight. In other words, she was not going down without one. However, it is not her passing I want to dwell on. I want to focus on her remarkable life that we should all be so lucky if we could achieve half of her accomplishments.

I met Muriel about twelve years ago when the Guyana Cultural Association (GCA) became an entity and gradually cultivated a lasting friendship. I learnt at that time she was a cancer survivor, emerging triumphant with the use of holistic medicines from her first bout with this deadly disease that eventually took her life.

Muriel's life is a rich tale of courage, thoughtful, calculated work and adventure which began in Guyana, South America with stops in Haiti, America, some parts of Africa and elsewhere during her long and impressive career at the United Nations drilling wells and building latrines. Many trying the same format might not have feared as well as she has, exhibiting the capacity for hard work, dedication and an ability to balance multiple tasks exceedingly well, none more important than home and family.

Muriel developed a life-long interest in our environment, which largely stemmed from the work she pursued at the United Nations. Retirement from her UN activities left her with enough time to hone her entrepreneurial skills. She created an on-line sanctuary promoting health and nutrition practices and natural cures she herself used during her healing process after she was diagnosed for the first time with a life-threatening disease.

Instead of retreating to a sedentary lifestyle, Muriel took matters into her own hands and decided to opt for alternative treatment combined with spirituality. She chose not to surrender her body to the grueling regimen modern day science prescribed for dealing with this critical disease.

## PAYING HOMAGE TO A GREAT LADY

# Muriel

*Glasgow*

*Angela Massiah*





## PAYING HOMAGE TO A GREAT LADY *Angela Massiah*

She ran an on-line newsletter – Muriel’s Corner – which is a haven for those who are inclined to believe that medical science does not have all the answers to their ailments. The Site is a goldmine of information, inspiration, empowerment and enlightenment of a lifetime of work managed by her. Muriel was always very supportive of my radio efforts and would often share core concepts of Muriel’s Corner whenever she called for a contribution to my radio show, “Home & Abroad” which aired on WBAI – 99.5 F.M.

Muriel lived a full life, sculpting, creating prints, designing contemporary clothing with a mixture of African batik and European design which she promoted and marketed on her website Muriella’s Corner. She has also managed to add learning a foreign language – Arabic – to her already packed schedule.

Although retired, her work with the United Nations is

unending. She is a member on the Steering Committee Panel of Counsel offering lifestyle, career coaching and business counseling to entrepreneurs. Somewhere in this milieu, she remembers that she is also a wife and mother.

Hers is a story of great strength and resiliency hailed by the remarkable work she has done throughout her life. Her drive and enthusiasm for lifelong learning and the methodical way she has structured her life demonstrates clearly the capacity of women to be leaders and to excel at multiple endeavors which stands as an example to be emulated.

Apart from being one of the most handsome Black women I know with a great smile and soul, she became my confidant who has unselfishly offered her wisdom and guidance in my growth and development as an entrepreneur, grappling with sobering personal and business decisions.

I think there will be very few people, if any, who will disagree with me that Muriel was beauty personified, inner and outer. I will miss our edifying conversations.

Rest peacefully, friend.

# Muriel

## Agatha Glasgow

*This extraordinary and phenomenal woman had happiness to share with everyone and made a difference in other people's lives.*

*Patricia Jordon-Langford*

Once upon a time there was this person who came into this world in the ordinary Guyana way, on an ordinary Guyana day, and every day that person learned a little more, and grew a little more, that person developed talents and forward thinking ideas like nobody else.

That person had love to give and Happiness to share with everyone and made a difference in other people's lives. She grew up to travel the world, sprinkling her sunshine, implementing her ideas, changing lives and making a difference. That person served with UNICEF for over 30 years worked with Governments, NGO's, communities in various countries, designed developed and implemented strategies to influence UNICEF policies. That phenomenal person advocated for clean drinking water, hygiene, sanitation programs, women's rights, socio-economic and humanitarian development.

This phenomenal woman spread her wings to encompass the less fortunate, became a member of the

African Renaissance and Diaspora Network, liaise with business networks like CEO Space, and Women's Leadership Exchange. Her favorite saying was "Treat people as if they were what they ought to be and you help them become what they are capable of becoming". True to her ideas she spearheaded the development of an early childhood program with imagination/innovation and Creativity units (ICUs) where under-six children learn science- The STEM Program.

Communication..She was the ultimate and well-informed communicator. She knew of the importance of media and formed her own blog radio show - ("Yakkers Corner") and podcast network channel that broadcasted humanitarian stories and sustainable development initiatives.

So as it turns out the day that person, that beautiful Girl Child came into the world wasn't ordinary at all. It was the beginning of the unique, important life of an extraordinary and phenomenal woman - Muriel Agatha Glasgow-Ambassador of Peace, United Nations Mentor, exceptional mother, recipient of The Guyana Golden Arrowhead Award of Distinction presented by The Guyana Tri-State Alliance, Inc. The Guyana Consulate, and The Guyana Mission NY, The Guyana Cultural Association Award, The Certificate of Service of The United Nations Panel of Counsel to name a few. My friend, Muriel Agatha Glasgow, a daughter of Guyana, and a gift to the world who made this planet a better place. I am so glad that in her waning days I was able to spend some time with her where she was just as brave and as feisty as ever..

Farewell my Friend.

## OUR FRIEND REMEMBERED

To many of the supporters of Guyana Cultural Association on New York over the past decade Isabel Marie Cummings was another Guyanese. She seemed to be present, always, at GCA events. Her introduction to the events came through the first Symposium held at Borough of Manhattan Community College. She attended the first Literary Hang held at the Caribbean Literary Center, Flatbush Public Library, Linden Blvd. Brooklyn. She found her way, from Harlem where she lived, with a friend in tow, to the Kwe Kwe held at Meyer Levin School for the Performing Arts and returned to that venue for the plays and the Family Fun Day events that were put on and celebrated there over the years. She was at various Awards Ceremonies. Indeed, she was a repeat participant in so many of the events and exhibited such a quantity of the brochures and programs, and Hybiskus cards, that the assumption of her heritage came naturally to those who entered her office at BMCC. It was in that very office that a group viewed and discussed the Kwe Kwe video. Kwe Kwe was perhaps her favorite of all the events. She even gave her version of the Kwe Kwe at the bridal shower for one of her nieces at the Drew Hamilton Catholic Youth Organization Community Center in Harlem.

Isabel seemed omnipresent in the community. This was because she shared. In the context of the people of Guyana, she shared what she learned through GCA events – about the people, the links to our multiethnic heritage and our links to the diaspora. Of Panamanian/Grenadian ancestry herself, she sometimes let it rest when those questioning all

the Guyana literature in her office did not grasp quickly the difference between the nation names: Guyana and Grenada, acknowledging thereby our common experiences and values.

When Ms. Cummings died on November 20, 2013, she was such a force of activism in the community that, as is stated in her obituary, “her activities are too many to mention.” For us in GCA, in which organization she promptly paid her dues a decade ago, she will always be a friend and supporter. She ended most, if not all, of her letters and notes with the sentence, “Amare est amare,” to love is to be loved. Isabel, born of love, as she put it, to Augusto (Dora) and Alwyn Dennis on January 8, 1948, offered anyone who came within her metaphorical circle, first love, then a cogent appraisal of the connection being forged. She will be missed for her ability to laugh, uproariously, her generosity of spirit, her positivism and her great heart which finally failed on that Wednesday morning.

May she rest in peace.

*Isabel*  
*Marie Dennis Cummings*





## IN THE NEWSPAPERS ADVERTISEMENT OVER THE YEARS:

### 1941 EDITION OF THE BRITISH GUIANA CHRONICLE:

**Skinny women are as a rule irritable,  
nervous and often quarrelsome. That's  
why they need Ferrozone**

The advertisements also brought light relief, mostly claiming successes against various disorders. Says one: "Skinny women will never be popular. Skinny women are as a rule irritable, nervous and often quarrelsome. That's why they need Ferrozone." Even a British air raid victim praised the effects of Irving YeastVite.

### CHRISTMAS 1943: EDITION OF THE BRITISH GUIANA CHRONICLE:

**64-year-old woman fined \$15 for being  
in possession of Bush rum**

Meanwhile in Whim Magistrate's Court, a 64-year-old woman was fined \$15 for being in possession of Bush rum; Bissessar was fined \$3 for riding a bicycle with a defective brake and Rahaman, Salick and Sumpud were each fined \$15 or one month hard labour for fighting.

**Woman lost her middle aged spread  
with Kruschen Salts**

The headline "Terrible Eczema Goes Quickly" might have been misconstrued as a news story, so too a report of a woman who had lost her middle aged spread with Kruschen. "Wake up your liver bile with Carter's Little Liver Pills... harmless, gentle yet amazing in making bile flow freely." "Attention! Russian Bear Black Label rum sold out...so buy Red Label instead, (Phone C.530)."

**Canadian Healing Oil Robert's Syrup,  
Vicks Inhaler and Cattarhzone**

Advertisements tended to focus on respiratory ailments: Canadian Healing Oil Robert's Syrup, Vicks Inhaler and Cattarhzone with a sort of X-ray of a man's lungs. Then there was Scott's Emulsion- "Are your children as frail as flowers?"; Reckitts Crown Blue... Lighthouse Cigarettes and Nido powdered milk, "a dairy farm in your kitchen".



MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS IN GUYANA  
**" The Salvation Army  
Red Kettle Giving is Caring. "**

**The Salvation Army**, one of the major charitable organizations in Guyana, ringing that Christmas bell. Each year during the Christmas season, they have their "Red Kettle- Giving is Caring"- seeking help in supporting religious organizations, drug and alcohol rehabilitation and an array of other social services. Bands such as the British Guiana Militia Band (now the Guyana Police Force Band) and the Salvation Army Band played a major part in popularizing the music of the Christmas season in Guyana. The Salvation Army Band, performing on the busy streets of Georgetown, brought Christmas cheer and reminded us to make a contribution to the less fortunate.

November 18th marked the 35th anniversary of the People's Temple tragedy in Guyana. Here I reflect on dimensions of that unconscionable disaster. The story of the People's Temple symbolizes (a) the fallibility of persons whose path to the 'American dream' has been frustrated because of their ethnicity, economic hardship, or political ideology (b) the rabid power of a religious zealot over those seeking spiritual comfort and (c) developing nations' vulnerability to sundry international influences as they struggle to stymie conditions of poverty. The choices made by victims of discrimination and injustice vary from complacency to desperate group action. The latter characterizes the genesis of Jonestown.

This unprecedented event, in which more than 900 lives were lost, occurred after members of a religious cult settlement, forcefully drank cyanide-laced Kool-Aid. Reportedly a significant number of the dead were African Americans, and about a third of them children. Led by a controversial "religious" character, Jim Jones, some of the members were reportedly shot as they attempted to escape.

Lest we forget, that event set off an international fervor, eliciting conversations about cults, the role of religion and politics in violence, terrorism and racism. There have been lingering questions about the surreptitious nature of Jonestown, and benefits incurred by officials from Guyana and the United States. Unfortunately, the tragedy was for many North Americans their "introduction" to the nation of Guyana. This article examines the nature of a community development project gone awry and the psycho-social impact on a marginalized people. The actions of a megalomaniac, group dependency and experimentation in nation building characterized the Jonestown experience. It was the brainchild of an idealistic foreigner, who was initially supported by officials

in the United States, and encouraged by the ideals of postcolonial nation building.

Determined to implement its hinterland expansion program, and to overcome resistance to efforts at resettlement, the government of Guyana offered resources and encouragement for hinterland development, including in its policy the invitation to foreigners to settle in the interior. A group of Americans were encouraged to establish residence in the interior in 1974. Virtually unknown to most Guyanese, Jonestown became the largest and most advanced immigrant community in Guyana. It is believed that the group was given free reign to the interior because of the Guyana-Venezuela border dispute. Jonestown provided an American presence that Venezuela presumably dared not penetrate. This surrealistic community was given the government's blessing and viewed as a prototype settlement, representing the sort of activity instrumental in the transition to 'cooperative socialism.' In retrospect, that community was doomed to failure. At a time when Guyana was experiencing shortages of basic commodities, Jonestown residents enjoyed special privileges and had access to resources restricted from distribution within that society. Not only were the CIA and the American embassy more informed about People's Temple than were local military officials, but the latter were ostensibly prevented from investigating that 'isolated community' until after the tragedy.

Jones misled his followers by promising to take care of their basic needs. It was an experiment in human organization, involving a people searching for a better life and enticed by officials of a state struggling to conquer the problems of underdevelopment. Many members believed that they could create a community free from the problems encountered at home.

## REFLECTIONS ON A HIDDEN DIMENSION OF A 'PEOPLE'S TRAGEDY'

*Lear Matthews*





## JONESTOWN REVISITED

Although this north-south migration deviated from contemporary immigration patterns, like immigrants today, participants were after an elusive “dream”. Religion was used for preliminary indoctrination, conversion and control, sustained by harsh discipline reminiscent of the slave plantation centuries earlier. Duped by staged faith healing events, followers as well as officials in the US and Guyana, were manipulated into believing the authenticity of Jones’ project. Not only were members encouraged to develop other worldly expectations, but to expect a utopia—a place free from the prejudices and other social ills in the United States. Held against their will, many of the residents purportedly developed mental health maladies, while Jones displayed symptoms of anxiety and paranoia in the days leading up to the disaster. The People’s Temple debacle emerged from three divergent motivations- the Jonestown residents’ desire to create a better world, the Guyana government’s plan to develop the interior, and Jones’ determination to re-establish a power base away from US soil. What started out as a utopian experiment in community building, ended up an improbable venture, embarrassing to unsuspecting Guyanese, and a deadly alternative for hundreds of disenchanted Americans, who are often blamed for their own victimization. Ironically, a recent proposal to make Jonestown a tourist attraction is an attempt to capitalize on an unprecedented, transnational man-made disaster and submitting to human curiosity.

Thirty five years later, there have been worldwide movements such as the Arab spring and Occupy Wall Street Movement, seeking alternatives, desperately embracing democratic values, calling for progressive changes. The government of Guyana has entered hinterland development agreements with foreign states such as China while the Brazilians are establishing a curious foothold. Although such transnational activities have the potential of exploiting the country’s resources and creating challenges for its sovereignty, benefits to the nation are anticipated. Hopefully, tragedies similar to People’s Temple will not reoccur, but we must be vigilant and strive to overcome our differences humanely, as an ingredient of social justice and sustainability.

## RECIPE FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Take twelve whole months,  
Clean them thoroughly of all bitterness, hate, and jealousy.  
Make them just as fresh and clean as possible.  
Now, cut each month into twenty-eight, thirty,  
or thirty-one different parts,  
but don’t make up the whole batch at once.  
Prepare it one day at a time out of these ingredients.  
Mix well into each day one part of Faith,  
one part of Patience,  
one part of Courage, and one part of Work.  
Add to each day one part of Hope,  
Faithfulness, Generosity, and Kindness.  
Blend with one part Prayer, one part  
Meditation, and one Good Deed.  
Season the whole with a dash of good spirits,  
a sprinkle of fun, a pinch of play, and a cupful of good  
humor.  
Pour all of this into a vessel of love.  
Cook thoroughly over radiant joy, garnish with a smile,  
and serve with quietness, unselfishness,  
and cheerfulness.

**YOU ARE BOUND TO HAVE  
A HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

THE NEW YORK TUTORIAL SUPPORT GROUP  
P R E S E N T S



*Annual*  
**TWELFTH  
NIGHT**

**DINNER DANCE FUNDRAISER**  
FRI JANUARY 10<sup>TH</sup> 2014  
10:00 PM - 3:00 AM

ADMISSION  
**\$30.00**  
IN ADVANCE  
MORE  
AT DOOR

FOR MORE INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT:

KEITH CADOGAN.....	(646) 252-6606
DALE/LORRAINE EDINBORO.....	(347) 365-1456
WILTON/PAMELA GRANNUM.....	(718) 735-9186
JOYCE JERVIS-HENRY.....	(917) 693-5415
BARBARA SAMPSON.....	(908) 403-0474
CHERYL FERDINAND.....	(718) 773-0463
INGRID ALLEYNE-GREEN.....	(718) 531-0693
LEAR MATTHEWS.....	(718) 216-4505
DESIREE BRITTON-PRYCE.....	(646) 522-9063
PAULINE C. WEBSTER.....	(347) 323-2418

Springer  
718.346.8783